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HARPER'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXXVII.

JUNE, 1913 TO NOVEMBER, 1913



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Painting by W. H. D. Koerner Illustration for "David"

"YOU'RE A GREAT PARSON! TRYIN' TO TRICK ME TO YOUR CHURCH"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXVII JUNE, 1913 No. DCCLVII

Cayenne—the Dry Guillotine

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

OFF Port of Spain, Trinidad, the dull gray cattle-boat *Fagersand,* loaded with Orinoco beef for French Guiana, rode at anchor on the sapphire waters of the Paria Gulf. Her Norwegian complement had recently been depleted by "yellow jack" and beriberi. Morning found me aboard, bound for "*le guillotine sec,*" as Lamartine described Cayenne a half-century ago.

Cayenne — red pepper to the world at large, hell to the few thousands of convicts transported to this isolated, northeastern corner of equatorial South America. Here, it was rumored, existed one of the world's most antiquated and revolting penal systems, where thousands of men are not only transported for years, but exiled and doomed to a living death. Men from French Guiana had intimated conditions which vied with the cruelties of the old convict ships. I understood the system was legalized by progressive, intellectual France, under the Minister of Colonies, and that prison-reform movements in France had unsuccessfully tried to do away with the horrors of Cayenne.

That night we swung swiftly through the dangerous Serpent's Mouth into the yellow, soupy brine, abounding with sharks, and discolored for miles offshore by the opaque Guianan rivers which ever slush out to sea. In the Guianas the waters from rivers and sea spread over marsh and swamp, and the low-lying coast is the borderland of the most unhealthy regions of South America.

From the time of the French Revolution, political prisoners were sent to French Guiana, which later became a penal colony, together with New Caledonia, Réunion, and certain West-Indian islands. On March 27, 1852, laws, decrees, and regulations relating to transportation, deportation, and relegation of prisoners went into effect through the Minister of Colonies. Thus Louis Napoleon not only rid himself of political opponents, and from the overcrowded prisons of France exiled many criminals, but the government obtained forced labor and colonists. However, to-day France maintains only French Guiana in full operation as a penal colony.

Off the western seaboard of France lies the Île de Ré, with its quaint little fishing-village, San Martin de Ré, at whose water's edge stands a weather-beaten old citadel, now a convict station. In January and July its ponderous iron gates open and emit some half-thousand wretched men. Each has heard the Court of Assizes pronounce sentence that has made the blood chill, the brain whirl, the heart-throb almost stop—"Cayenne!"

Clad in coarse woolen garb and chained in pairs, like a monster brown snake this string of humanity creeps between glistening bayonets of double-ranked soldiers down the long wharf. In lighters they board the *La Loire,* and practically all know that the closing of the great gates of the citadel's iron maw has shut them from France forever.

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Five days the *Fagersand* nosed along the Guianan coasts. The Îles de Salut lay somewhere ahead in the darkness. Royale, the largest, headquarters of the commandant, confines the most desperate prisoners. Île Joseph is second, and Île Diable the smallest and most barren, famous through the infamous incarceration of the exiled Dreyfus.



STREET SCENE IN CAYENNE—THE TOWN-CRIER

A few lights twinkled on Royale; a sentry's call broke the stillness; rattle went the anchor-chain, then the warm glow of a lantern lined its way down the dark, velvety silhouette of the island like a copper scratch on an etcher's plate. I caught the swash-creak of oars, a boat manned by convicts pulled alongside, and an officer came aboard for mail. The gangway lantern shone down on the fever-wan, upturned faces of the silent rowers, and glistened on the loaded rifles of the guards, who sat vigilantly in the stern-sheets. Soon the boat pulled back to Royale, we continued on in the freshening trade-wind, and at dawn dropped our mud-hooks in the harbor of Cayenne, the only steamer there.

The fort-crowned hill was stenciled against the rose dawn, and other low hills merged mistily inland. Picturesque buildings lined the shore, nestled among trees, or stretched to the canal quarter of the town. The Ville de Cayenne is an old, gray-mottled city of wooden buildings, palm-trees, and quietness. It shelters a civil population of about ten thousand. Besides the civil police, there are only one hundred and sixty regular soldiers in the colony, yet it is a very peaceful country.

Along the streets, high-crowned on account of the heavy rains, were Frenchmen with tropical helmets, soldiery in attractive uniforms, Cayennaise and Martiniquaise creoles with multicolored head-gear, besides coolies from India, Africans, and Asiatics, all adding brilliant color to the scene. But there were others—little groups of thin, cadaverous-looking men, yellowed with the *fièvre paludée* (malarial fever), who go about irksome tasks day after day in the intense heat. The clothes hang loosely, the hats flap limply as the figures they crown bundle along; the identity of individuality lost in the bundle, but checked with a number; unfortunates who have slipped a cog in the wheel of life.

On arrival at Cayenne the condemned are classified and distributed throughout French Guiana to some half-dozen penitentiary establishments along the coast or near the river mouths, hemmed in on one side by the boundless ocean, on the other by the limitless jungle. Prisoners in general are spoken of as *deportés.* Those sentenced to hard labor are known as *transportés;* for life, as *relégués;* those on parole in the colony are known as *libérés.*

Transportés — highwaymen, robbers, murderers—are sentenced to hard labor with a minimum term of five years and a maximum of twenty. A term of eight years or more exiles them for life. Less than eight years involves an additional equal length of time in the colony on parole. *Relégués* are incorrigible criminals of the worst type, a few attain *libéré,* and a few are sometimes allowed to go to Dutch Guiana provided they report. *Transportés* go mainly to Kourou, Cayenne, and to St. Laurent on the Maroni River, *relégués* mostly to St. Jean, and desperate crim-

inals to solitary confinement on the Îles de Salut. The *deportés* are supervised by the *corps militaire des surveillants,* a corps of prison police under warders classified as *surveillants principals, surveillants-chefs de première classe,* and *surveillants-chefs de seconde classe.* Thus this small corps of *surveillants* and a little detachment of one hundred and sixty regulars controls nearly seven thousand *deportés.*

About the town these remnants of humanity were digging trenches, carrying heavy sacks of coal, etc., some so emaciated they could scarcely stand, all under the eagle eye of a white-helmeted guard with ever-ready revolver. Passing through the magnificent royal palms of the Place de l'Esplanade, I went to present my official letters to the Colonial Governor. He courteously offered every assistance in my ethnographical and geographical research, but excepted investigations of the prisons.

"You will publish something?"

"Yes," I frankly admitted; "but, monsieur, my letters vouch for me."

"It is not desirable to have outsiders enter the prisons."

"Why should you object to my seeing the system? I have already many facts, but I wish officials' opinions and to see for myself. I don't want to base all my opinions on *deportés'* information." The Governor caught my meaning.

"Well, it will be arranged," he promised.

"And this will include the privilege of taking photographs?"

"Photographs! *Jamais, monsieur!* We must protect the prisoners. Were you to publish photographs of any prisoner, objections could be made by his relatives to the Minister of Colonies."

"I will take no photographs of individuals without their permission, or of groups without first asking those who wish, to step aside"; and so permission was extracted.

I found I might be in Cayenne a month unless I again took the *Fagersand,* which had orders to touch in at St. Laurent, my destination, and two days later we entered the Maroni River. The *Fagersand* swung around point after point, often within fifty yards of the dense forest, where the great tentacled roots of the grignon-trees and moco-moco bushes arched into the swampy river edge, while above the mangle-trees the feathered palm-tops bent gently to the trade-winds. At last a large clearing, and St. Laurent, with a few wharves poking into the river, came into view.

Plunge! the anchor went to the muddy bottom of the Maroni, some French inspecting officers came aboard, and five *deportés* swung a lighter alongside for cattle. As the lighter loaded, shoved off,



TRANSPORTÉS LANDING THE "FAGERSAND'S" CATTLE AT ST. LAURENT

I slid down a rope and made the trip with four convicts — an Arab foreman, two Algerian blacks, and a blond youth.

"*Bis'lamah!*" (greeting). The Arab turned his finely cut profile and shot me a quick glance; a light kindled in his dark eyes when he found I knew Oran, his native town.

"And your offense?" I queried.

"*Affaire de femme*" — meaning, in consequence, he had killed a man. Often French *deportés* not only admit this as their crime, but many convicted of theft prefer it to the real charge.

I had been watching the half-stripped, fair-skinned youth, No. 36504, who showed, through superb muscles, splendid capacity for work and a mental superiority over the stevedore and crew of the *Fagersand*.

"You are French?" I said, turning to him.

"Belgian, monsieur."

"Why are you here?"

"I stole; the first time when very young; the last time, married and in need, I gave way to temptation."

"When will you leave the colony?"

"Never, unless I escape. I have tried, but was caught and given additional punishment."

"But you must not give up hope."

"Ah, monsieur!" and his deep blue eyes looked squarely into mine in a way I shall never forget. "I am *not* a criminal, I am *not* a thief." There was a tremble in the deep, rich voice as he went on: "I did steal, and deserved punishment, but not this. Look at me, monsieur," and he extended his open hands in front of him, "I am but a young man, but there is no hope."

Later that day I entered St. Laurent. From its edge the Maroni River stretches two kilometers to the Dutch Guianan shores, and ever sends its swift, gurgling current slushing to the sea. In the town, convicts, yellow with the pallor of that specter malaria, or with the stamp of death on many a countenance, intermingle with negroes, creoles, and French. From their camps on its banks Bush Negroes and cinnamon-colored Caribs come in and hang out near the Chinese and Hindoo huts on piles along the river edge.

At the office of M. Bravard, Director of St. Laurent, I was courteously invited in by M. Bravard himself, who impressed me, as did most of the higher officials, as eminently fitted for their difficult positions.

"Is a *relégué* incorrigible?" I asked, during our conversations.

"We must look at the matter philosophically," he replied. "Theoretically none are incorrigible; but one rarely reforms." Without doubt some of the



ENTRANCE TO CAMP DE LA TRANSPORTATION, ST. LAURENT

worst criminals in the world are here, but many are unfortunate or weak victims of circumstances, mainly subjects for medical treatment and reform.

"And the *transportés?*" I continued.

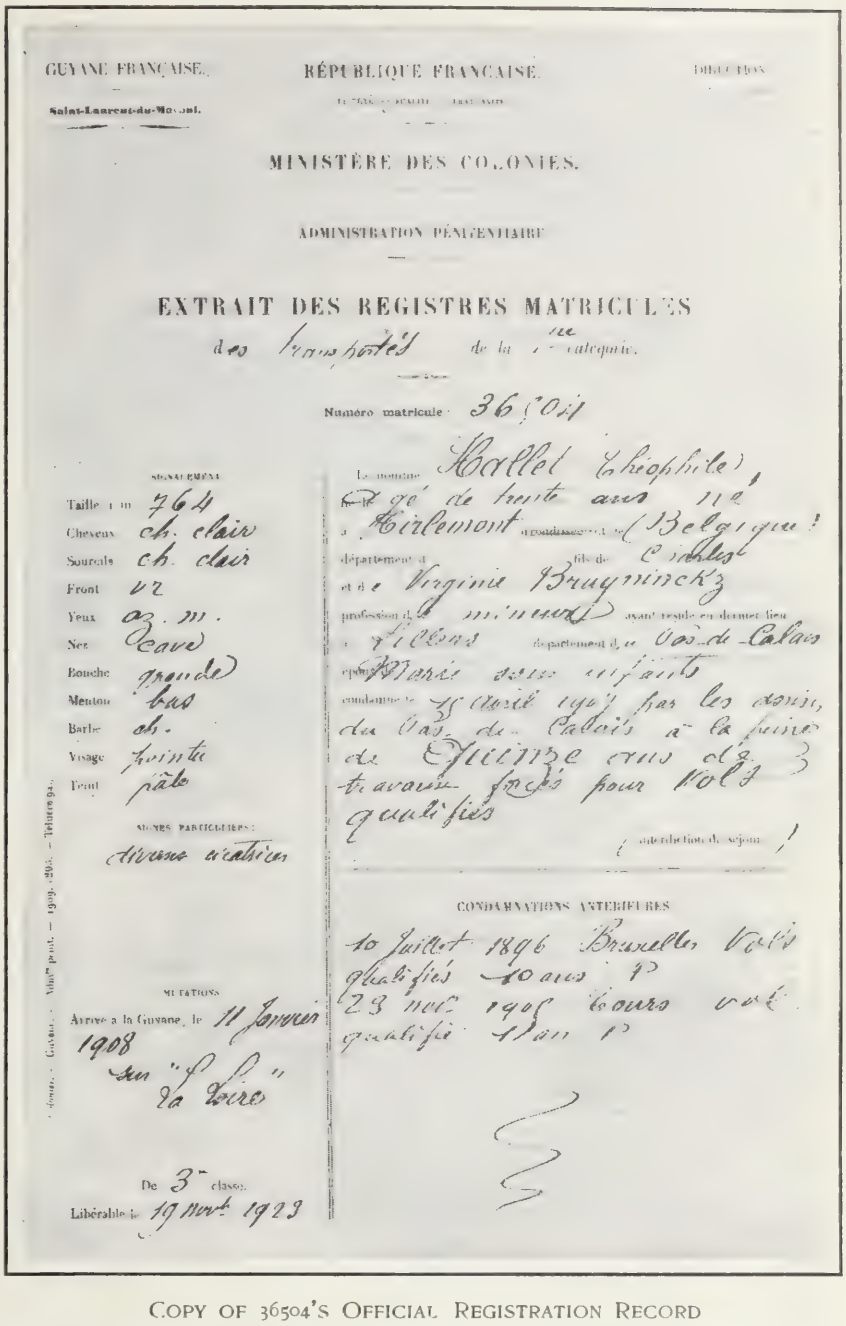
"Well, some are made *libéré* in the colony; a few of those sentenced to less than eight years have returned to France."

"One *transporté* impressed me very favorably." Then I related my conversation with the Belgian, adding: "He was very young when he stole, and under stress of circumstances; I cannot believe he deserves his sentence."

"Do you know his number?"

"Yes, 36504."

"He said he only stole, did he? We shall soon see what this fellow's crime is." No. 36504's registration paper was shortly spread before us, and to the Director's surprise, showed the man had told the truth.



GUYANE FRANÇAISE.

Saint-Laurent-du-Maroni.

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.

MINISTÈRE DES COLONIES.

ADMINISTRATION PÉNITENTIAIRE

EXTRAIT DES REGISTRES MATRICULES

des transportés de la 1re catégorie.

Numéro matricule 36504

Le nommé Hallet Théophile,

né de toute ans 11e

à Herlemont arrondissement de (Belgique)

département de fils de Gilles et de Virginie Bruyninckx

profession de mineur ayant résidé en dernier lieu

à Vieux département du Pas-de-Calais

épouse Marie sans enfants

condamné le 25 avril 1907 par les assises du Pas-de-Calais à la peine de Cinq ans de travaux forcés pour vols qualifiés

(interdiction de séjour)

SIGNALEMENT

Taille 1 m 764

Cheveux ch. clair

Sourcils ch. clair

Front vr

Yeux oz. m.

Nez Cave

Bouche grande

Menton bas

Barbe ch.

Visage fuyante

Teint pâle

MARQUES PARTICULIÈRES :

Diverses cicatrices

CONDAMNATIONS ANTÉRIEURES

10 Juillet 1896 Bruxelles Vols qualifiés 10 ans 1p

23 nov. 1905 Cours vol qualifié 1 an 1p

MUTATIONS

Arrivé à la Guyane, le 11 Janvier 1908 sur "S S" la Loire

De 3e classe.

Libérable le 19 Mars 1923

COPY OF 36504'S OFFICIAL REGISTRATION RECORD

This record shows that Théophile Hallet, barely out of his seventeenth year (1896), was sentenced for stealing to ten years at hard labor during the formative period of his life. During the ninth year of this period (1905) he was given another year for what seems to have been an offense more inadvertent and technical than otherwise.

On release he married, but in dire necessity gave way to a passing temptation, stole, and was caught. His two previous convictions were brought against him and he was condemned, at the age of thirty (1907), to fifteen years' hard labor in Cayenne—condemned to exile at arduous tasks in an equatorial, pestilential land without reprieve.

The hospitable proprietor of the little hostelry where I stayed was a *libéré.* The cook — how well he cooked! — was a *deporté,* and once cook for the Patriarch of Jerusalem; the waiter who served me was also a convict on parole, and the dispensers of the garbage were *deportés. Deportés* on parole lounged about the open windows at meal-times and watched me eat, and at each dawn the sullen clunk of the tread of a company of *deportés* awakened me, as, in the gray half-light, these outcasts of society passed to another day's toil. There were old men in the final lap of the great race of life, on the ever-circular, routine track of an exile in Guiana; there were young men on their first lap, with the same circular track ever ahead.

Deportés begin in the third and lowest class, mostly at arduous labor; some

quarry and break stones, others carry loads, fell trees, and construct roads at the different "camps"; the strongest break and the weakest die. Clearing "the bush" back of St. Laurent killed off European *deportés* like flies, so the work had to be given to Madagascan blacks. On promotion to second and first class, *deportés* may become rowers, masons, locksmiths, mechanics, painters, carpenters, gardeners, etc.; but the liberal professions are tabooed.



Typical Officers' Quarters at St. Laurent

Reveille arouses the sleeping camps each day at five, and coffee is served; at 6.30 the *deportés* form squads, and work is assigned each for eight hours of labor. The daily rations consist of only a plate of thin soup, one vegetable, a kilogram of bread, and 250 grams of meat weighed before cooking, which reduces the meat to 130 grams. At 10.30 comes breakfast; siesta is given in the most intense heat, but the sun is still glaring high in the heavens when they start at 1.30 for four more hours of toil. On return from work occurs roll-call, then a drum sounds, buckets of soup and meat are dealt out. From then on they have time to themselves until they turn in.

One morning, before the heat had dispelled the night vapors, I reached "Le Camp de Transportation." This was a great compound, fifty by four hundred meters, inclosed by a four-meter wall. Beyond the official headquarters and a well-patronized clinic near the gate, twelve barracks lined the central roadway, each having a capacity for sixty men. Here are quartered nine hundred *transportés,* besides three hundred recaptured men awaiting trial by the *Tribunal Maritime Special,* or Disciplinary Tribunal.

An armed guard accosted me at the gate, although my entrance had been authorized. My camera was at once taken, and the whole matter had to be gone over again. With a warder I passed through a phalanx of pitiful, sick men, grouped about the infirmary entrance. Back of the infirmary were the close-confinement cells for recaptured men. On my expressing surprise at the great number of tattooed *deportés,* the warder suddenly halted. "Look at this fellow," he said, roughly jerking up the loose jumper covering a convict's naked torso, which was, front and back, like many others, a walking exhibition of graphic art. Drawings of nude women were popular, and women's names or some sentiment toward some woman were predominant themes. Some tattoo their entire faces, or their upper lips in imitation of grotesque mustachios.

Once a *deporté* tattooed his face to resemble a wolf. A warder derisively called him hideous, whereupon the *deporté* clove the warder's skull with a pick-ax. One man we accosted had sought to remove his facial tattooing, possibly later, if escaping, to render himself less easily identified. The French system of identification was splendidly standardized, as was proved to me by one of the physicians in the anthropometrical laboratory. Here a complete and remarkable registration of a *deporté* was carried out in my presence.

The officers have a secret identification system. The *deportés* have a secret slang, handed down from the times of the old Bastile; also certain customs. For instance, after a *deporté* was called in, the officer inquired his number.

"5-5-6-2" was the answer.

"A *transporté,* you see; a *relégué* would have stated the same number as 55-62."

Sixteen and one-half kilometers beyond St. Laurent, on the Maroni, lies the great *relégué* camp of St. Jean, which, with St. Laurent and St. Maurice, confines about two thousand of the seven thousand *deportés* of French Guiana. Most of these *relégués* have been habitual clients in the Trial Court of Misdemeanors. Not condemned to compulsory labor, most of those who do work receive a mere pittance, although many skilled laborers among them receive better compensation. "Individual relegation" admits becoming *libérés* under very rigid and formidable rules.

The beginning of a tropical day found me in the little, open train of the only railway in French Guiana. M. Georges Clamageran, Arab interpreter, had been assigned me as escort. Through the flaps of the pretty red-striped car curtains we glimpsed the small establishments at St. Maurice and St. Pierre, and passed where the line splits off to St. Louis, another *relégué* camp; but most of the way dense forests shut us in on either hand until the train drew up before the commandant's headquarters, bordering the river at St. Jean.

St. Jean is situated on a few low, undulating hills which rise from the swamps. Below are banana plantations and gardens worked by *relégués,* laid out with characteristic French precision. Near the river *relégués* made bricks for the government buildings.

We ascended the hill between two *surveillants* and entered the Salle d'Honneur, a memorial recreation hall for warders. "*Legion d'Honneur Victims du Devoir*" ran the captions of the wall tablets. From where we sat I scanned the names—records of warders, some of which excite admiration and show the desperate character of many *deportés.* The smoke from M. Clamageran's cigarette rose in an unbroken film-streak of blue as he glanced at the list.

"That revolt of 1894 on Île St. Joseph was a bad one," he commented. "The guards fired at four convicts creeping in the darkness; the shots were the signal for revolt, and convicts armed with knives and improvised weapons poured like ghosts from all quarters, killed the attendants, and scattered to ambush. The colonial infantry from Royale rushed them at daybreak in a terrible death struggle. Mosca and Crevallay, whose names are on the center tablet, were both victims of this revolt, Crevallay receiving seventeen knife stabs.

"Several weeks ago convicts stole a



QUARTERS OF FIRST-CLASS TRANSPORTÉS, CAMP DE LA TRANSPORTATION, ST. LAURENT
The beds are of canvas stretched on framework; those of second and third class *transportés* are of planks

revolver from the house of warder M. Arrighi. Troisard, a convict, confessed, and accompanied the warder to a certain spot in the forests where he had hidden it. Suddenly he felled the warder with a working *machete,* then cut his throat. Bartoli, whose name you also see, was stabbed by a wood-cutter in the forests where we are now going with a warder."

We were soon being rattled along in a little hand-car on a rickety, narrow-gage track which wriggled its uneven mile and a half into the forest. The motor-power was an Arab and negro, accompanied by another *relégué* named Filipe, an intelligent man, foreman of the *chantiers,* who carried a drawn machete. There were three of us and three *relégués;* one of them was effectively armed. The track ended, and we pushed on another half-mile afoot. A great silence hung over everything — it was siesta for nature too—broken only by a falling fruit crashing to earth, an occasional bird flutter, or a sighing locust. The dense forest held a heavy, humid heat. In this vapid bath and swamp poison, unacclimated *deportés* must clear the dense undergrowth, fell the great sylvan giants, and transport them to the river in wearisome, endless toil.

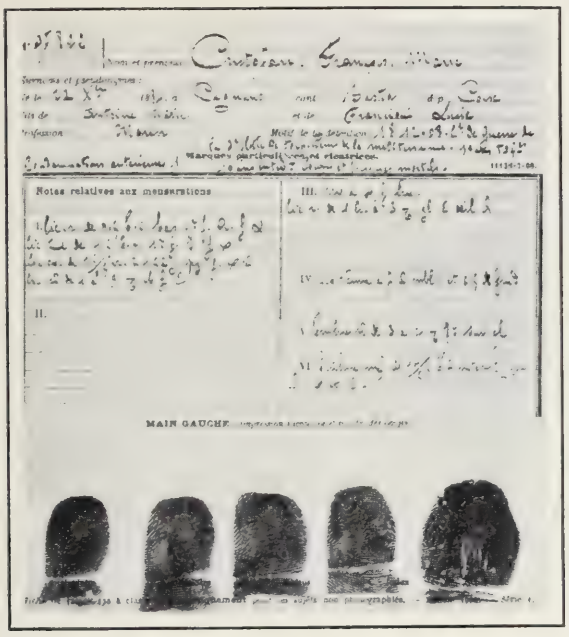
"You see, monsieur," and the warder stopped, puffing and florid, "as there is only one guard to every twenty-four *deportés* in these woods, many try to escape, but are recaptured." Little wonder, either, with this tangle of underbrush, the lair of deadly things, and watchful warders along the forest and river edge. As the *chantiers* separate to work, they must report to quarters within twenty-four hours, or be considered fugitives. I was informed that fugitives' names were retained on the roll for months. As long as the names were retained on the rolls the stipend was credited, but as the fugitives were not there, who received it? There is a common saying among *deportés* that officers arrive with half a trunk, and leave with six full ones.

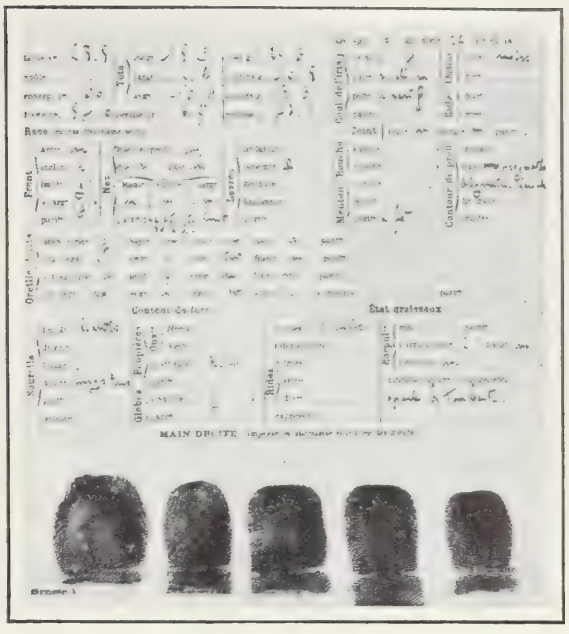
The quarters of the unmarried warders overlooked the prisons and *relégués'* quarters. Opposite each prison stood guards, each with a loaded side-arm. Everywhere I met opposition, and at the long structure containing the solitary-confinement cells only the strongest insistence let me in to the end of the narrow corridor.

A small, semicircular window over the door dimly lighted that end of the corridor, down which a row of fifteen grim, black doors, each with its grim, black lock, ranged into darkness. A death-like silence pervaded the corridor. On a card on one door I read the name B——. The "keys" threw back the great lock, and on the edge of a wooden bench sat a young, thin-faced, fever-



Fields at St. Jean under Cultivation by Relégués





REGISTRATION CARD OF A DEPORTÉ

Showing the intricate and complete system (Bertillon) of identification. Another card completes this registration and contains photographs, etc., of the *deporté*

stricken man of medium height. Blanket, clothes, a piece of half-eaten bread, and a little water were his belongings.

"*Vous êtes content?*" demanded the warder, sarcastically.

"I have to be," replied the prisoner.

Turning to me, the guard ironically remarked: "Monsieur is so interested, perhaps he would like to be locked in with this *relégué* for a while," and a moment later I found myself barred and bolted within the heated closeness, alone with the *relégué*. Only the faintest light penetrated this cell through a high, small opening, so the farther cells were in total darkness. Conversing with him rapidly, I found this ill-fed, fever-stricken, nerve-wracked wretch a fit patient for a hospital, but here instead for having been unable to longer resent the taunts of a bullying fellow-prisoner. "*Vous êtes content?*" The lock grated, we passed out into the brilliant sunshine.

It was but a few steps to the infirmary —a large, gray, solemn room, lined with tiers of beds. Many were occupied, and on one was an invalid suffering apparently from a severe case of abdominal dropsy. On the floor stood a dirty, dark-green wine-bottle containing a repulsive mixture which he told me was milk. An attendant laughingly and rebukingly took his protests against such food. I contended the man should be in the hospital, needed medical attention and proper nourishment. "What could you eat?" I asked. "Eggs," he thought; so on my handing the warder a five-franc piece, he grudgingly consented to have fresh ones supplied as needed.

The room led to a surgical laboratory where a wretch lay groaning on a crude operating-table, while, without anesthetics, a surgeon's assistant carelessly probed an abscess, apparently the result of mastoiditis. We returned to an open shed under which prisoners made hats from the palm-leaf called *awara*.

It being siesta-time, the men were confined in a near-by prison, which I entered despite the guard's warning of probable insults.

Some fifteen men lounged on a low, broad bench, some sleeping, others eating, a few working. They were a degenerate-looking lot—derelicts of humanity—but I wonder what physiognomical peculiarities would be revealed in many of us were we shorn of hair, ill-presented, unshaven of face, and clothed in coarse hat of *awara*, soiled, ill-fitting clothes, bare feet or sandals. To the surprise of the reluctant guard I arranged to buy a hat, whose maker agreed to finish it by afternoon.

The quarters of the *relégués* are distributed over a little plateau. Groups of

convicts lounged about or lay sick and incapacitated on the verandas. At night the barred iron door of each dormitory is locked, and outside paces a guard, revolver in hand. Sometimes under cover of darkness the inmates settle feuds. Occasionally, to establish leaders, rival gangs fight with cudgels, knives, and even paving-stones. Some disabled, others dead, the most indomitable are reconciled and form a tyrannical secret society. Many a poor wretch dreads the night hours, and one suspected of informing may be set upon by an enraged pack. Occasionally murder is committed, in profound silence, and daylight finds a dead or dying convict in the passageway or entrance. Questioning is useless, and few guards will risk life in entering the barracks when smothered cries and cursings warn them of internal strife.

All the men I talked with were well disposed toward me, one in particular—a tall, well-educated man with a pair of dark-rimmed glasses and large eyes fearfully strained through inability to secure proper lenses.

"You must not lose hope," I told a group of *relégués,* and almost swallowed my own words. "Hope!" burst out the rich, tremulous voice of the tall man. "It is always the same; there is no hope here." "No, no hope here!" was the echoed murmur of his comrades.

In photographing, every man was given a chance to step aside, but some sought to be taken. Filipe, the head *chantier,* accidentally included, was asked if he objected to my using the photograph. "Ah, what does it matter now, monsieur!" was the pathetic answer.

About siesta-time we trudged from the forest toward the Salle d'Honneur. Many *relégués* passed along the roadway to and from the "store," where they could spend their scant earnings in little luxuries or material for making salable articles to accumulate meager funds in event of escaping, or the ninety francs required as one qualification for parole. Several offered their little wares, a few of which I was permitted to buy.

A recent French writer claimed that "nowhere can be found a more real, moral hell than in these *relégué* camps." But the condition is due as much to the system which fosters it as to the *relégués* themselves. Some do boast of exploits inconceivably repugnant; and one, when asked his offense, replied laconically, "I only killed my mother." On this highway of convict life came a man absorbed in a plain-covered book. Here was one man at least, I mused, making good use of his spare time.

"What are you reading?" I asked, as we stopped him.

"Ha?" he queried, with a vacant stare.



QUARTERS OF THE RELÉGUÉS AT THE CAMP AT ST. JEAN

"Will you show me what you are reading?"

The open cover thrown back, an inner paper cover revealed a luridly colored, villainous scene. *Les Étranglers* ("The Stranglers") ran the title.

"Why do you read a book like that? There are others as interesting and better."

"This is what I like."

"Why don't you read the Bible?"— put in M. Clamageran, ironically.

"*Le Bible! bah!*" and with that we turned away and left him.

"Where can these men obtain such books?" I inquired of my companion.



ARTICLES MADE BY PRISONERS

An inlaid box, a hat of *awara*, a miniature guillotine (used as a cigar-cutter), a paper-knife, and a whip of *balata* (rubber)

"From a private library run by *relégués*— two Jews who are now *libérés*. They have a splendid store and make a good thing out of their library, exacting a sou a day per book, about one-tenth of a *relégué's* daily earnings."

"Does the government provide no library from which books of a desirable character can be drawn?" A negative answer was the reply. Clergymen told me prisoners listened with great respect to their teachings. The diabolical deeds of the few are emphasized, but one hears little of the steady plodding of thousands of *deportés* struggling earnestly for a good record and freedom so seldom gained.

Hot and thirsty, we reached the Salle d'Honneur for lunch. "Ah, I am transpiring very much," exclaimed M. Clamageran, mopping his brow and sinking into a chair. In front of us a beautiful bouquet of China rose blossoms graced the table. The tough old fowl for which the management charged me fifteen francs was served by a *relégué individuel* whose time was up in a few months.

"Will you return to France?" I asked.

"*Jamais!*" he replied, emphatically.

I was once looking through the official book, passport, and paper of another *relégué individuel*. In it were his thumb-marks, measurements, and printed regulations of his parole — a formidable list of exactions.

"What chance has a well-behaved *deporté* of being liberated at St. Jean?" I asked him.

"Very little. Much depends on the *surveillants*, who are mostly Corsicans and have strong prejudices. After five years with nothing against me they would hardly listen, saying I could not take care of myself."

"Is the food nourishing?"

"Fairly so, but much is appropriated by *surveillants* and others."

"And the work?"

"Outdoor labor in the forest is particularly hard. It is against the law to send new-comers into the woods or under the sun for six months, but little attention is paid to this."

"How many get fever or sickness?"

"All contract it some time; about one a day dies at St. Jean."

"Do the *surveillants* ill-treat the men?"

"Some do, but there are a few good ones. Sometimes they shoot men for slight offenses. Once I saw a *deporté* shot for answering back and refusing to do something. While the man was on the ground, wounded and begging for mercy, the *surveillant* shot him again and again. Another shot a man for



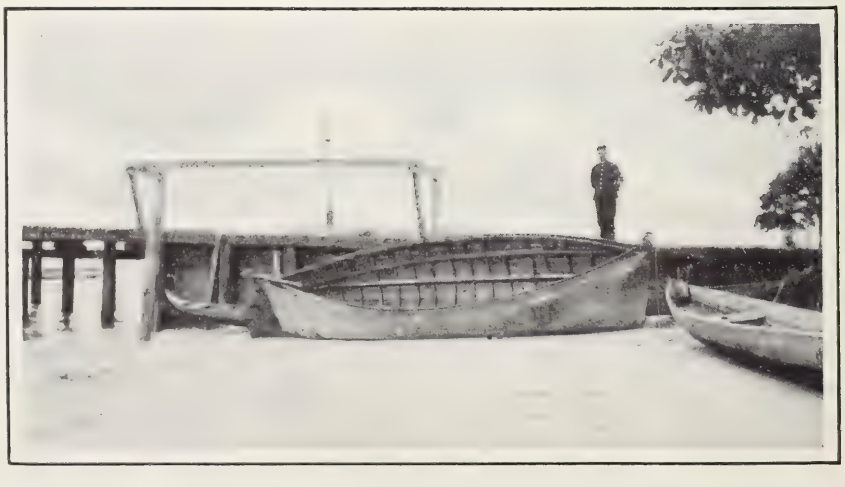
THE SURVEILLANT'S HAND-CAR AT ST. JEAN

throwing a bottle behind him. Sometimes the *surveillants* are killed in revenge."

It is said that even in the rare instance of ostensibly entirely liberating a man, the government always holds one day legally over him. The forced labor is more than the average man can long endure, while the suffering under special punishment is well-nigh inconceivable. Punishment falls heavily for the slightest offense, such as deprivation of the pittance allotted, which mysteriously disappears; then there is the *prison de nuit,* the *cellule,* the *bagne,* and *cachot.* I was told that at the camp for incorrigibles at Charvein, St. Pierre, and Kourou, to which I was not permitted to go, the worst punishments were meted out.

It is recognized among *deportés* that prisoners on the Îles de Salut are put in solitary-confinement cells which have an opening permitting the guard patrolling the roof to look in every few minutes to see that the *deportés* keep perpetually standing or walking during the entire day. Even the strongest, it is said, cannot survive this more than four years, and many die within a few months. A tolling bell announces the death of a *deporté.* Shortly his companions are ordered to dump the remains into the sea. As it strikes the muddy waters alive with sharks, each bearer faces his own final doom.

Capital punishment is the price of murder. A French writer states that the murderer's comrades at the penitentiary *must* assist at his execution. "They are placed near the guillotine, behind them stand the soldiers of the Colonial Infantry ready to fire, a voice cries out: 'All convicts on your knees! Heads bare!' All kneel and take off their caps. A convict must be the executioner, and as a distinctive mark of office has a right to wear a beard and don a black frock-coat and receive a reward for each execution: at New Caledonia sixteen francs and a box of sardines; at Guiana, where



A BOAT SECRETLY BUILT BY ESCAPING RELÉGUÉS
The boat and crew were captured by Caribs and turned over to the Dutch commandant at Albina

the tariff is very high, one hundred francs and a pot of jam.

When leaving St. Jean, the warder not only refused me the hat I had ordered, but returned to me the sick man's five-franc piece. After I had appealed to a superior officer the hat was ordered forwarded to me at St. Laurent.

"And the sick *deporté*, may not the money be used for him?"

"*Le canaille!*" he ejaculated.

"But, monsieur, you would not deny a sick dog comfort."



SICK RELÉGUÉS OUTSIDE THE CROWDED QUARTERS AT ST. JEAN

"*Eh bien, monsieur*—as you request."

Officers, high and low, seem to have a natural prejudice against *deportés*, and little or no belief in reform. *Deportés* should be made to feel that society seeks reform, not revenge; that it seeks to control and improve the Jean Val Jeans among them, and to uplift those who are not.

We reached St. Laurent, and the prison walls rose purple and grim in the darkening twilight. The stars twinkled in the silent heavens and the cradle of the new moon balanced itself in horizonal equilibrium in the blue vault. A few faint sounds came from the village, mosquitoes buzzed under the lid of my sun-helmet, four convicts slunk up the slimy gangway of the docks.

"*Qui vive!*" a sentry along the waterfront accosted me as he silhouetted against the last glimmering red-heat of afterglow over Surinam, where so many thousands of *deportés* have looked with longing across that hot-mirrored water; for since 1852 France has probably transported to Guiana at least thirty-eight thousand prisoners, and as there are now over six thousand in the colony, probably over thirty thousand have died in exile under a system which, excellent in some respects, is fundamentally wrong. The pale faces and emaciated forms of the prisoners tell their own story and bear out the Governor's remark to me that "the climate is a great factor in bringing repentance."

Some claim that not more than one hundred prisoners have ever finally got entirely away, though many have escaped only to be recaptured. M. Clamageran conceded that about four per cent. escaped, mostly from among the *chantiers*, generally across the Maroni River or by boat along the coast of Dutch and British Guiana. Some are shot in the attempt, some starve, while many, after suffering the terrors of a Guianan tropical forest, voluntarily return and are punished. Mr. Locke, a Dutch surveyor, told of finding three scantily clothed skeletons about a tree, the fugitives having succumbed to fever, the fate of many. Scattered about were a few belongings and a well-drawn map. Dutch officials told me that trails through certain parts of the Dutch Guianan wilderness have been secretly mapped by generations of *deportés*, and the maps are at the disposal of escaping convicts. Sometimes they cross the Maroni River by secretly building a crude boat, but usually on a raft of buoyant moco-moco stems.

Once on the Dutch side they are free from the French officials, but here their trials have scarcely begun, for besides the many dangers of these great forests there are the Amerinds, the redmen of the jungle, as well as the Bosch (Bush Negroes). Often, having secured money



DEPORTÉS DIGGING TRENCHES UNDER GUARD—CAYENNE

from home, *deportés* offer to pay the Bosch, who sometimes forcibly take it, rob them of everything, then turn them loose on the river. This often forces well-intentioned *deportés* to steal canoes or food for self-preservation. Vicious *deportés* have sometimes assaulted lone Bosch or Amerinds. The Bosch and Caribs, knowing them to be outcasts, frequently run them down as they would the wild peccari, or enslave them until life is all but extinct, then return them to the French authorities and claim the ten francs for capture on the river or in the bush, or the fifty francs if on the high seas.

In my explorations through Dutch Guiana alone with Bosch we paddled by abandoned moco-moco rafts, saw escaping *deportés* drifting down the riverways, and twice in one night were attacked by them in camp in the dense forest. Later I ran across many *deportés* working honorably on plantations or in business in Paramaribo. Although extradition holds in both Dutch and British Guiana, the Dutch are inclined to give *deportés* opportunity to reform, and in Paramaribo, it is said, a society exists to assist escaped convicts.

British Guiana usually orders *deportés* from the country within fourteen days. With tropical forests to east and west, and papers and money necessary for passage on an occasional steamer, departure is often impossible, as was proved by five *deportés* whose interesting story I listened to through the wooden bars in the Brickdam Police Station in Georgetown.

"What will be done with these men?" I asked the officer, as I looked at their emaciated forms and hopeless faces.

"They will be sent back on the next French mail." Back to two years' extra labor and additional punishment!

Some time before my arrival at St. Laurent two escaped *deportés* killed a Carib family at night, save a little lad who escaped. Previously Amerinds brought in captured *deportés* to the Dutch commandant at Albina, but for six months after this tragedy, escaping *deportés* were run down like wild beasts.

A *deporté* who was "wanted" was brought in one night by Caribs badly wounded—skull crushed in by a knobbed arrow. The Dutch commandant rushed him across to St. Laurent.

"Quickly," he urged the warder, as by lantern's glow he called attention to the wounded man. "Send for the doctor at once if you are to save this man's life."

"What! For a *deporté!*" exclaimed the warder. "The doctor is busy with my cow, which has broken its leg." The moaning man lay bleeding on the wharf until he died.

At twilight I visited the new hospital buildings, as half finished they loomed against the heated afterglow. They will at least aid many a weary sojourner in a more peaceful passing out—the only ticket of leave for the majority.

France many years ago, in freeing the slaves of Guiana, freed herself of the stigma of that institution. In the central square of Cayenne stands a sculptured monument to that achievement. On its base are words which many a *deporté* has read: *"Liberté, fraternité, égalité."* But these words will not be known in their fullest significance until France has removed from this institution the justifiable appellation—*"Cayenne, le guillotine sec."*

The Sea Hounds

BY DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

"THERE'S a hound at the door, Shawn O'Farrell,
There's a hound at the door.
If you take down the bar or the shutter,
I shall see you no more,
I shall see you no more!"

"Oh, it is but the sea that is loosing
The white dogs of its spray.
Take your gentle young arms from about me,
For I must on my way."

"But they whine at the window, O'Farrell,
How they sniff at the pane!"
"Oh, it is but the wind in its passing,
The wild wind and the rain."

"How they keen in their waiting, O'Farrell,
So I hold you, afraid."
"'Tis some soul that's nigh lost in the tempest
Who so calls for my aid."

"It's a witch of the waters, O'Farrell,
All sea-cold and wave-white,
With her hounds that will fawn till you follow
To your death in the night."

He has opened the door, Shawn O'Farrell,
And gone forth to the dark;
The wild hounds by his heel race and quarrel,
How they leap and they bark!

He has launched his frail boat on the waters—
He has pushed from the shore!
Pray, oh, pray for the soul of O'Farrell,
He shall come back no more.
"Shawn O'Farrell, O'Farrell, O'Farrell,
I shall see you no more!"

E. H.

Mr. Warner

BY JANE ANDERSON

"IT'S the worst I ever saw yet," the new clerk said. He glanced quickly about to be sure that they were not overheard. "I fitted her with half the stock, clean through satins and suèdes, so he'p me. And then . . ." He threw out his hands despairingly.

"Then she ups and strolls out," Mr. Warner concluded, "after saying she'll 'drop in another day,' huh? There's lots of 'em like that—the thing to do is to keep on grinning. Women, particular, don't think clerks are human beings." He slid a pair of high-heeled pumps into their snug box with the deftness and expertness of long experience. "I'll help you get these outer the way—you'll be quick at it pretty soon."

He stacked five of the boxes on his arm, and, sliding a ladder into position, hurried up it to replace the shoes on the shelves. The way he kept his balance, handled the boxes, and manipulated the ladder was a juggling feat that the new clerk watched with admiration and awe, for Mr. Warner turned and twisted and manœuvered with the agility of an acrobat. As he ran up and down the ladder the tail of his alpaca coat bobbed up and down behind him pathetically. His legs were lean and bony, and the knees of his trousers sagged from long service. Mr. Warner's face, too, was worn and lined, but a smile always trembled around the corners of his thin lips. His eyes, however, were forever solemn—round, and of a surprisingly naïve blue.

"You're quick at it," the new clerk said, when his collaborator had definitely regained the ground.

"It's easy," Mr. Warner answered, with a deprecatory gesture; but he blushed with pride. Praise from some one who is in a position to understand one's profession is the most exquisite flattery.

The floor-walker signaled with his pencil, and Mr. Warner hurried up the aisle. "Something in pumps for this lady—"

Mr. Warner started with surprise, and it was with difficulty that he said, "Something in pumps, madam?" He drew up his stool and seated himself before her. His voice and manner immediately became deferential, insinuatingly obeisant; with the advent of any customer he instinctively assumed a professional attitude and vocabulary.

But when they were unobserved he looked up at her and they both smiled discreetly. "You look swell, all right," he whispered. "You know, I think he took you for a customer — a real high-flier!"

"You get out, Mr. W.," his wife said. "He's just acting that way to please you. And when he did I kept it going by asking for pumps."

Since the dignitary in question knew his sub-servants by number rather than name, it was not likely that he would recognize Mr. Warner's wife on first sight. But Mr. Warner did not see fit to enlighten her on the general superiority of floor-walkers and their corresponding consideration of underlings. He was too happy. He was married to a very pretty woman, a fact which he had always appreciated, but never so much as on this gala day.

He made a pretense of measuring the pretty stockinged foot thrust out toward him, and Mrs. Warner said, "As long as I was down here I thought I'd drop in and see what kind of meat you wanted for dinner."

"Porterhouse steak," said Mr. Warner, facetiously, thoroughly pleased with the little drama he was enacting under the very eyes of his masters.

She laughed. "We've got eighteen cents for it to-day—I saved three cents on potatoes."

The bench alongside of them was rapidly filling with customers, so Mr. Warner murmured: "Get whatever you want, Clara. I'd rather not know, and then be surprised."

"Can't I just try on some of those?"



"YOU LOOK SWELL, ALL RIGHT," HE WHISPERED

Clara asked, looking longingly toward the electric-lighted show-cases beneath the shelves.

"Not to-day," Mr. Warner said, with unwonted firmness. "We are so busy just at this season. But you'll get your new pair soon—in less than two months now."

She got up reluctantly.

"I'll be home at seven," he said. "Good-by!"

"Good-by," Clara returned, and Mr. Warner snatched a valuable moment so that he could watch her walk away. It struck him anew what a miracle it was that he could have won her, for he knew her to be beautiful and superior. The realization of these things added an element of humbleness to his love. Following her with his eyes, he felt a lump rise in his throat; it came of a wondering pride and the sense of his own unworthiness.

The boot-shop where he clerked was one of the most fashionable on Fifth Avenue, and whenever he would glance up from a fitting to see Clara coming through the wide doorway, mingling equally with the rich and favored throng of women shoppers, he would tingle with pride. At such moments he reveled momentarily in a fleeting, vicarious aristocracy. But this day was an ecstatic day, surpassing all others. The super-

cilious floor-walker, undisputed judge of human nature, had mistaken her for a patron—probably the wife of some indulgent magnate. This made Mr. Warner realize poignantly how poor a setting he could afford for her beauty.

Mrs. Warner was not a tall woman, but she carried her head well, the chin upward and thrust a little forward, giving an illusion of height. She was slender, with a small, rounded waist and a full breast. She unfailingly selected dresses that left her throat bare, for she was proud of it, and wore a narrow, black ribbon to enhance its fairness. Her mouth drooped at the corners, so that her lips did not close firmly together, but were slightly parted, giving a petulant, half-questioning expression to her face, even in repose. Her eyes were blue, with black lashes so thick and straight that they cast shadows on her cheeks. But these things, while wont to capture the glance of passers-by even in a city where beauty is unceasingly garnered, were as nothing compared to the shapeliness of her feet. For these Mr. Warner provided foot-gear extravagantly: a pair of shoes for every season, four pairs a year, of excellent line and the latest novelty. It was beyond his means, but he gloried in it; also there was the discount given to an employee.

That the rest of Clara's wardrobe was inadequate was due not to Mr. Warner's lack of appreciation, but to the limitations of his income. In élite shops, with beveled mirrors and velvet foot-rests, the salary of a hireling is not magnificent. He would have arrayed her in velvet, would have adorned her with showy jewels; but she wore a tailored suit that shone suspiciously along the seams, and the straw in her hat was frayed from frequent turnings. For, with the most uncompromising economy, only two dollars could be saved from Mr. Warner's weekly envelope; and it was imperative that he appear well at the shop, else he would be docked for untidiness—which is a very short-sighted distribution of wealth.

On this particular day the underdeities, whose province it is to cherish those who serve, kept a smiling face toward Mr. Warner. At four o'clock, when the store was crowded, some hurried customer dropped a ten-cent piece. It rolled along the floor until halted by the leg of a footstool. There Mr. Warner found it. In strict justice, he knew that he should turn it in at the desk. He had a long debate with his conscience, for the coin was more than a dime to him. Finally he pocketed it; and in the next two hours while he was rushing hither and thither in a futile endeavor to please women who were fatigued by a long day of incessant spending he spent that dime in a hundred different ways.

It had been his custom to save a nickel each week by walking down to the shop one morning out of the six; it was not far—a little over fifty blocks. Unfortunately this necessitated his getting up at five o'clock, which is very early in winter. The city is dark, since the street lights have been extinguished and the dawn is new and pallid behind the great buildings. Also, it is wet and sloppy underfoot, and muddy trousers mean an unpleasant conversation with the floor-walker. But Mr. Warner had braved these things for five years, because the stake was high. With these two nickels he bought, at the end of every fortnight, a dime-novel—always on Saturday night; because, try as he would to save a chapter for another day, he must read it through from cover to cover. It would be late when he would steal into bed, sometimes after eleven o'clock; and Sunday morning was the one time he could sleep.

Mrs. Warner neither understood nor sympathized with this passion for gaudily covered literature; but she had long since learned that it was one of the paramount things of his existence, second only to his love for her. She could not know, of course, that when he was reading quietly in the corner under the gas-jet, and regularly turning the leaves, he was transported to another world—a tumultuous and tempestuous paradise where he lived terrible tragedies, exulted in strange emotions, and was brave and undaunted, unacquainted with such miserable fears as assailed another Mr. Warner when he hesitated under the protection of his doorway before venturing out into the ghostly street in that frightful, unlighted hour before the dawn.

But at six o'clock, when the store was

emptied and Mr. Warner's alpaca coat hung forlornly on its accustomed nail, the decision was made. It was to be an extra novel, because it was Saturday night, and the temptation was too powerful to be resisted. The walk down-town next week must take care of itself, as heretofore, when the time was ripe.

So, on his way home, he stopped in at the news-stand that he patronized. He felt a little chagrined that his unwonted visit aroused no comment on the part of the proprietor, and he deliberately created conversational lapses where it could be unostentatiously mentioned. But the proprietor was concerned over his own problem of daily existence, and had no time for the small courtesies of the world. Mr. Warner consoled himself by a detailed survey of the new literature displayed on the rack. He discovered that he had read three of the books, which filled him with a pleasant sense of superiority. At length, after prolonged fingering and debating, he selected a thick, dog-eared novel, the cover of which was decorated with the picture of a bride gowned in white satin, and made further alluring and mysterious by a long, filmy veil fastened to her hair with orange blossoms. The title of it was, *The Beautiful Maid of the South; or, The World Well Lost for Love.*

Mr. Warner laid his dime on the counter, and as he did so he was seized with sudden panic lest it should be counterfeit. But after a moment the proprietor pocketed it, and his customer went his way with a light heart.

Mr. Warner climbed the three flights of stairs to his home with legs that grew tired at the first landing. But his heart remained joyous and untroubled. He opened the door into the dark, narrow hall and felt his way along it to his own room. The kitchen door, which he had to pass, was closed, out of consideration for the other roomers, but there was everywhere a savory, complicated odor of cooking, in which frying onions fought for supremacy with some other tantalizing delicacy.

The Warners rented a furnished room in what had once been a seven-room flat. Years past, the deterioration of the neighborhood had precipitated these apartments into the hands of a shrewd mortgage-holder. He had straightway furnished every room in each flat as a bedroom, renting them for light house-



SHE COULD NOT KNOW THAT HE WAS TRANSPORTED TO ANOTHER WORLD



CHESTER STROLLED IN

keeping, which included the communistic use of the kitchen and bath. Mr. Warner paid five dollars a week for the front room. It had undisputed advantages: in the first place, it did not overlook a court networked with clothes-lines. There were two small windows, only one of which was obstructed by the fire-escape. Also, there was the luxury of a carpet, a frayed Brussels square, wherein violent roses and weather-beaten collies warred for attention. The furniture consisted of a trunk, a white iron bedstead, a bureau of some glossy yellow wood, and a folding table that Clara hid under the bed when it was not doing dining service. This ingenuity made it possible for two people to move around without colliding. One corner of the room was mysteriously shrouded by a blue calico curtain, strung on twine and secured by two nails driven bafflingly above the level of the eye. The family wardrobe was behind this drapery.

When Clara came in from the kitchen, she found Mr. Warner reading in his accustomed place beneath the gas-jet. He put his book down hastily and rose to make explanation and defense. But Clara was too elated to quibble over domestic details. Her face was flushed and radiant, and there were soft, moist curls around her forehead. Clara stopped before the mirror and brushed back her hair, securing it with her prettiest comb.

"Chet's going to be here for dinner," she said.

"Good!" said Mr. Warner. "Have we got enough?" he added, anxiously.

"Oh, I met him at the grocer's when I was getting my things," Clara explained, "and he said if I'd let him in on it we'd make it Dutch treat. He bought some potato chips—and a can of asparagus!"

"Golly!" said Mr. Warner. "I wondered what it was I smelled."

"Now you fix up the table, and I'll get things right in." She gave her hair a final pat before returning to the kitchen, and Mr. Warner began to bustle about from one room to the other, carrying dishes and food. Chester Brown's room was just across the hall, and they could hear him whistling as he made ready for dinner. Both Clara and Mr. Warner were excited over this event; their evenings together were oftentimes lonely—futile scheming and intriguing to save money robbing them of their right to gaiety and comradeship. And, aside from Chester, Clara would have nothing to do with the other roomers in the flat. By virtue of living in the front room, she had the privilege of passing on all new-comers, and of ostracizing those who did not meet with her demands. One little woman, in particular, was socially impossible. Although her husband earned twelve dollars a week, she took in sewing by the day to help meet the household expenses. Even Mr. Warner disapproved of this, notwithstanding that Clara had been a "finisher" in a dressmaking parlor before her marriage.



"Oh, her Husband kills 'em both," Mr. Warner replied

Mr. Warner was struggling with a hot vegetable-dish when Chester strolled in. "Hullo, Dan!" he said, leaning against the door-jamb with that untrammeled nonchalance with which a bachelor watches the troubled turning of domestic wheels.

"Hullo, Chet!" Mr. Warner said, when he was in control of the dish. "How's business?"

"It runs along," Chester answered, vaguely. "Got a raise," he added, with intense unconcern.

"Not again!" cried Mr. Warner, delight and incredulity warring in his face.

"Thirty a week now."

Mr. Warner gasped. His mind jumped to the infinite possibilities included in such an income. With that he could give Clara money every week—a large sum—to spend as she pleased. It made him think of the rapturous days when he had dreamed of being the owner of a small store, or at least a floor-walker in some big establishment down-town. But that was before the vital necessity of holding any job had become the primary thing of life.

"You'll be leaving us soon," Mr. Warner said, jocosely. "We can't put on any lugs like that."

"Not me," said Chester, moving aside to let Clara enter. "Not when I can get a good home-made feed like this for the asking." He looked up to meet Clara's eyes, and she gave him a fleeting smile.

They sat down at the table at once, Clara perched on the trunk in lieu of the extra chair. It was a joyous meal, for Chester and Mr. Warner were old friends. Chester was the manager of a

haberdashery, so there was a great deal to be said about business. Clara served the food, saw that the small table did not become too congested, and was rewarded by flattering comments on the tenderness of the round-steak—the asparagus didn't taste a bit canned, either.

She listened to all that was said, without interruption or suggestion. Frequently, during the course of the meal, she would glance from one man to the other, letting her gaze return each time to the visitor. Chester was a well set-up, youngish man, with dark, secretive eyes and a head of carefully brushed black hair. About this there was a faint, almost imperceptible fragrance of pleasing tonic. His clothes were of good cut and showed great attention to detail, even so much that the color of his socks was exactly duplicated in his tie.

After dinner he took out a cigarette and tapped the end of it on the table, to free it from any loose tobacco.

"I thought you were going to quit that," said Mr. Warner, reprovingly.

"Well, not just yet," Chester returned, smiling. "You don't mind, Mrs. Warner?"

"Dear, no!" said Clara. "I like the smell of the smoke. Mr. W. used to, but he doesn't now."

"Yes — before I was married," said Mr. Warner, adding, with no intention of reproach, "but it costs money—and it takes such a lot for two people to live on in New York."

When Chester's cigarette was finished he volunteered to dry the dishes for Clara. "We'll carry them out, too," he said, rising. "You go on with your reading, Dan."

Mr. Warner took up his book gratefully. "It's a great one," he said, in self-excuse.

"What's it about?" Chester asked, politely, but without interest.

"I've just been skipping—but a married lady falls in love with another man. It's too bad—her husband comes home one time without sending word, and then—"

"And then?" Chester repeated. Clara hurried toward the doorway with a perilous stack of cups and saucers.

"Oh, her husband kills 'em both," Mr. Warner replied.

"What!" Clara cried, from the door.

"Sure," he said.

"He must 'a' been pretty nervy," Chester remarked, making a pretense of clearing the table.

"I dunno," Mr. Warner said, thrusting his hands in his pockets and meditatively striding back and forth between the dresser and the bed. "Any man would."

Chester made no answer, and Clara hurried out into the kitchen, balancing the unwieldy dishes with difficulty. Mr. Warner himself felt immensely flattered and astonished at the assurance with which he had delivered his opinion. He had no aptness for words, and was slow to mention anything that deeply touched him. It was always hard for him to tell his wife that he loved her; invariably, at the last moment, his tongue would fail him, and he would substitute the word "like." Once or twice he had managed to confide to her that he knew it was wrong to ask her to scrimp and save for him as she was forced to do. Even this much had been difficult to say.

When Mr. Warner took his book and sat down in the corner, to all appearances he was reading. But instead, he was turning over and over in his mind what had been said. He had told them that it was right for a man to kill his wife if— He wondered if he would be brave enough; he tried to think of Clara in some other man's arms, and the very thought made him weak and sick, as if somebody had struck him in the pit of the stomach. But he was decided; at such a time he would not be afraid. He tried not to think of it any more, and opened his book.

Clara and Chester stole in and out of the room on tiptoe until everything was done—the inadequate table-cloth folded, and the collapsing table in its place under the bed. Then they went into the kitchen and closed the door.

"Save this?" Chester asked, pointing to some scraps of fried sweet-potato on the platter.

"Of course. How rich do you think we are?" she asked, sarcastically.

"Well, I don't see what you can stew up out of that."

"I've been making over leavings for five years, and there isn't much I don't

know about. Dresses, too — and everything," she added.

"It ain't right," Chester said, under his breath.

Clara turned away and made a move to put her hands in the soapy dishwater. But Chester caught her by the arm and, bending over, kissed the dimple in her white elbow.

The color came and went in her cheeks, and she breathed in hurried little gasps. "I told you you mustn't — again," she said, drawing back. "I'm — I'm afraid. You know what he said—just now."

"You know I ain't going to stop. It's too late—now." He caught her in his arms and kissed her. "You're too good-looking," he said, not letting her go.

"Don't!" she whispered.

"You didn't mean that—what you said this morning, did you, Clara?"

"Yes, I meant it. We ain't being fair to *him*." She tried to struggle out of his arms, but he held her closer.

"You ain't going to quit me," he said, thickly, with his face against her hair. "I'll take you away first."

"Away — where?" she gasped.

"Anywhere — now you give me a kiss."

But she hid her face against his shoulder. "No —no—we couldn't do that—go away like that. Nobody would have anything to do with us after . . ."

"Why, sure they would. And then . . . I'd sure buy you all the pretty clothes you ought to have — you'd sure make 'em sit up then! I can make lots of money, girlie. . . . Are you going to kiss me?"

"Yes," she murmured, and put her arms up around his neck. "But let me go quick—somebody might see you—"

Some one did see them; it was Mr. Warner. The under-deities had grown tired of smiling. Mr. Warner had been too upset to read, and had put aside his book to wander to the kitchen in search of company. So it happened that he heard quite plainly what they were saying, even before he pushed the door wide open and entered.

The woman saw him first and wrenched herself out of Chester's arms. She staggered back, catching at a chair for support. It turned over with a crash. Chester stooped down, righted it, and turned to face Mr. Warner across it; but his eyes shifted, and he could not



"I'VE BEEN MAKING OVER LEAVINGS FOR FIVE YEARS"

control his shaking hands even by clutching the rungs in the back of the chair.

To Mr. Warner these movements were unreal, and in no wise related to himself. The kitchen was like a vault, without light or air. He had to gasp for breath, and the figures of Chester and Clara advanced and receded in sickening waves. Then he began to believe that the thing was untrue, just a bad scene in a play, or a dream from which he would shortly awaken and be ashamed. He made an aimless gesture with his hands, and saw with startling clearness that they were covered with sweat. Chester was saying something, and Mr. Warner watched his lips, fascinated; but he did not hear any of the words. When the lips stopped moving, Mr. Warner started toward Clara, his arms outstretched.

Her eyes widened with terror. She dropped down on the floor and buried her face against his knees. "No! — no," she whispered.

Mr. Warner looked down on her bowed head, at the straight, white part in her hair. Then he began to feel embarrassed, overwhelmingly embarrassed. He realized everything, but he felt guilty, as if he and not Clara had been caught.

"Don't do that, Clara," he said. He waited for her to get up, but he made no move to help her. "What are we going to do?" he asked, helplessly.

"We'll—we'll go away," Chester stammered.



HE STOLE PAST WITH AVERTED EYES

Mr. Warner looked at him, and he began to feel dammed up inside his chest, as if something in there were bound in under iron bands that must break, sooner or later.

"Where to?" he gasped.

"Anywhere," said Chester, with trembling bravado.

"Good God!" cried Mr. Warner, and, turning, stumbled out into the hall. He got to the front room and found himself standing there in the middle of the floor. Everything was just as he had left it, the gas-jet burning steadily and *The Beautiful Maid of the South* open at the page where he had tried to read.

Then he remembered that the man in the book had killed his wife, and that he, Mr. Warner, had said that was what a man should do.

"I—I couldn't," Mr. Warner whispered.

He sat down in the wicker rocker by the window. Far below in the streets there were bright lights and the shuffle of many feet. But Mr. Warner neither saw nor heard; he was estimating his failure—as a man who has let the good things of life pass him by. He had got nothing. If he could only have been a floor-walker in the store down-town, maybe then the money would have been enough, and Clara . . . Perhaps, even as it was, he had not done his part by her; perhaps he should not have wasted his money buying novels—and there was the time spent in reading them.

Just then he realized that the white

cloth on the floor beside the chair was some of Clara's sewing. He picked it up, and remembered that she must come into the room for her things. He took his hat and coat from behind the calico curtain, and, holding them, tiptoed out into the hall. He had some vague idea of going out into the park and sitting on a bench until he could return and be alone. The kitchen door was a little ajar, and he heard Clara sobbing, and saying over and over, "Dan . . . Dan . . ."

He stole past with averted eyes; even though the door was closed he was afraid of seeing them again.

He crept down the dark stairs, holding timidly to the banister. Outside, in the shadow of the doorway, he stopped. It was cold, so he put on his coat. He felt terribly alone — the bands around his chest tightened and tightened until the beating of his heart was physical pain. He thought of the endless days that would come and go, of the empty room to which he must return at night.

He aimlessly crossed the street to a shadowy doorway and turned to look upward at the lighted windows of the third floor. Through the loosely drawn curtains he could see some one moving around hurriedly in the front room. The figure crossed to the window, and Mr. Warner saw that it was Clara. She reached up and drew the shade—as if to shut him out. It was then that the bands above his heart gave way, and he put his head down against the door-post and began to cry.

The Marble House

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

THIS is a curious house indeed;
No person stands in sight;
And all have everything they need,
If it be day or night.

And no one asks another one
If he be ill or well;
And no one speaks of work begun,
Or has a tale to tell.

And no one sings a pleasant song,
And love no more may plead
Forgiveness for a word of wrong,
Or some too careless deed.

There is one window and one door
In this most peaceful home;
And they who dwell here ask no more
Through wider fields to roam.

A lonesome name is plainly writ
Across the lintel high;
One word—you scarce would notice it
If you were passing by.

And rose may bloom and snow may drift,
But pink or white the lawn,
No lip will move, no eyelid lift,
No curtain be withdrawn.

The Mosque of Eyoub

BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

WHEN you have gone as far as the steamboat will take you, up the Golden Horn, beyond the farthest walls of ancient Byzantium, you set foot on the sacred soil of Eyoub Sultan. For the last mile or more, over the steamer's bow, the Mosque of Eyoub, a simple dome between two graceful minarets, has appeared rising amid a group of cypress-trees against a hill. Little domes seem to have drawn close to the parent mosque. They cover the tombs of illustrious dead. Closely gathered streets of red-roofed, faded wooden houses press in close protection about the mosque's silent groves. Through these groves run out narrow, stone-paved streets between stone walls. Within the old wrought-iron grilles that guard openings in these walls one sees groups of carved marble tombs. At intervals domed sepulchers mark the resting-place of saints. So in Eyoub one reaches the mosque past the wooden abodes of the living, through the cold stone streets of the dead.

From the village street two gateways give admissio· through high surrounding walls to the outer court. There thousands of pigeons live in the shadow of an enormous plane-tree that spreads its wide, protecting arms to shade the sacred court. Almost five hundred years have passed since the Sultan Mohammed II. set in the ground the sapling that has become an arboreal giant whose trunk is the girth of a group of thirty men. All day the doves coo their happiness to Allah for the peace of the great court, the protection of their tree of paradise, and for their guardian angel, always dozing below in the person of an old beturbaned Turk. He receives money from the faithful (a holy act), then scatters their beneficence in golden grain for the happy birds to flutter over on the sun-flecked court.

Under the great plane-tree men, too, find peace at Eyoub. Groups sit idly and watch the birds scatter about the court, or look up through cascades of leaves. Through a gateway one may look into the sacred inner court. In its center a rectangular grille, done in green and gold with a marble fountain at each corner, incloses an oasis of verdure shaded by venerable trees. The only other entrance to the mosque faces one across the court, and is approached through the stone streets that pass among the tombs. To the right a red curtain hangs within the carved marble portal of the mosque. Facing this on the left, let into a wall brilliant with ancient tiles in blue, is a beautiful gilded grille. Its center is fretwork in brass cut in Arabic characters, and in the middle is a small opening through which worshipers may peer. Rich silken curtains hang inside, that may be drawn should evil eyes seek to penetrate its mystery. Within is the most sacred spot in the Turkish Empire, as the mosque and its groves are the most revered. One day I tried to look inside. A dervish came quickly to the grille and blocked the view, the curtains were drawn, and a veiled woman who was in the court came forward and said impressively, "*Yasak,*" which means "It is forbidden." Yet I often hovered within the sacred court, as near to the grille as I dared, and for a whole month from its farther side, as my picture grew, I watched the outward expressions of the mystery.

It is an Oriental tale, and began in the dim ages past, when Mohammed lived and miracles happened in the sight of men. Having subdued the pagan tribes around Mecca, and desiring to carry the religion of the only true God out into the world, he sought a standard-bearer who would be chosen by Allah, and not by mortal man. A sacred dromedary was selected, and all the people of Mecca were warned that upon a certain day the prophet himself would ride this inspired beast through the streets, and no man



Painting by Sydney Adamson

GROUPS SIT IDLY AND WATCH THE BIRDS SCATTER ABOUT THE COURT

should interfere with it or divert it from its will. But at the house of whichever man it stopped, he was the chosen of Allah to carry the standard of Islam against the infidel. Covetous of the post, in their wiles the Arabs bought the choicest herbs, that were as the sweets of life to the camels of the desert, and hung them upon their doors that the beast might be induced to halt and feed. Heedless of these carefully planned seductions, the dromedary passed slowly on, leaving disappointed Meccans behind, till it came to the only house in the whole city that was not provided with a lure. The owner was even too poor to buy grass. Here the sacred beast halted, and the prophet descended to enter, but the man and his wife came out of the house and respectfully stood aside.

"Why do you leave your house?" asked Mohammed.

"When the Messenger of Allah enters it, there is no place for me; my house is thine," said the man.

"Know, O man, that Allah has chosen thee to be his standard-bearer. Thou shalt be the protector of the faithful in the land of the Romans."

Then the man bowed down before the prophet, and, kissing the hem of his garment, praised Allah in his name.

The man's name was Eyoub Ansari. For many years he bore nobly the standard of Islam. As he was growing old, one day he presented himself to Mohammed, prepared as for a journey, and with forty armed men.

"Whither goest thou?" demanded the prophet.

"To take the city of Constantine, for hast thou not spoken, O Prophet of Allah, with thine own lips, what has been revealed when thou saidst: 'Knowest thou a city whose two sides look upon the sea, and its third side upon the land? It will fall, not by weapons of war, but by the power of these words, "There is no God but Allah; Allah is great!"' And in the Koran is it not written, 'The greatest of princes is he who will make that conquest, and the greatest armies will be his'?" Thus spoke Eyoub.

The prophet looked at the aged warrior and at his few followers and marveled at the courage of the man. Then he said: "O Eyoub, thou wilt not succeed, for surely the time has not yet come."

Eyoub replied: "So be it, O Prophet of God. I can but try, and the grave of a martyr is an honorable one."

"Then go," said Mohammed, "and Allah be with thee."

With what followers he could gather on the way, Eyoub arrived at last almost at the walls of the Græco-Roman city, but his advance being perceived, an army was sent out against him. Eyoub was killed, and his little band was utterly destroyed. Eyoub died a man of eighty years, and this happened in A.D. 668.

As the centuries passed, fired by the prophecy, again and again the Arabs rolled their legions against "the third side that looks upon the land," only to perish in thousands, and leave upon the hillsides an army of graves.

But the fate of men and cities was surely being worked out, even as it was written. The Turkish Empire did not yet exist. The power of the califs in the south had decayed. Independent princes of Turkish tribes fought one another for the land of Asia Minor. The Greek power in Constantinople was on the wane. Tartar invaders struck where they could. One day Ertoghrul, a Turkish tribal prince, set out with a following of four hundred horsemen to seek his kinsman, the Emir Alaeddin. He became Alaeddin's greatest general, and carried victorious arms into surrounding lands. This was the nucleus of the Turkish Empire that under Ertoghrul's son Osman, who succeeded Alaeddin, reached to the shores of the Black Sea. So the Turkish nation is unknown to itself as "Turkish" (that being an opprobrious term suggesting barbarian), but they know themselves as Osmanlis, and it is the sword of Osman—whom they regard as the father of their country—that is girded upon each sultan at Eyoub, when the sacred rank is set upon him, just as in the rest of Europe a crown is placed upon the head of a king.

The descendants of Osman fought their way nearer and nearer to Constantinople, Allah aiding them by throwing down the walls of cities by earthquakes, that Turkish generals might enter without a blow. At last the prophecy was fulfilled, and Mohammed II.

the conqueror, took the city that once was Byzantium, then became Constantinople, and now is known to the world as Stamboul.

Out beyond the walls, in the pasture lands where a hill covered with stately cypress-trees overlooks the Golden Horn, then descends into a sheltered valley, a shepherd tended his flock of sheep and goats. He told a tale to the soldiers of the conqueror which brought the holy men and the Sultan Mohammed himself to the spot. In the pastures where the flocks grazed, the long, dry days of rainless summer burned the grass brown and dry, all save a circle that remained always, on the hottest day, a cool, moist green. Yet the flocks avoided this grass and never ate of it. Marveling upon this, the wise men who came with the conqueror bethought them and remembered the death of the saintly Eyoub Ansari, and believed surely that this must be his burial-place. But before they would erect a monument to the brave Eyoub they gathered round about the circle of green and called upon Allah to give them a sign. Immediately a foot appeared above the ground! Then they worshiped Allah, and revered the memory of Eyoub, a great warrior and a holy man, who died for the Crescent. The conqueror caused a mausoleum to be built upon this site, and gave it in charge of the most holy dervishes, who guard it, and they only may enter it to this day. Not even the Sultan is permitted to enter except once only in his life, the day on which the sword of Osman makes him Commander of the Faithful.



WOMEN MOURNERS AT THE MOSQUE

The original mosque has passed away, and the present building of white marble, with two beautiful minarets and an inner and outer court, was erected about 1799. Ever since its foundation the mosque has been forbidden to Christians, and all others not of the true faith. During his visit to Constantinople as the guest of Sultan Abdul Hamid, the German emperor used every persuasion, but all of



A SIMPLE DOME BETWEEN TWO GRACEFUL MINARETS

his power could not gain permission even to set foot in the outer court. It is said that during the Crimean War a French officer in disguise entered the baths attached to the mosque. He dropped dead on the spot! Later two other adventurous spirits entered the court in Moslem robes, and they at once fell down in a swoon, though tradition omits their ultimate fate.

But times have changed. In the reconstruction after the recent revolution, the Young Turks threw down many of the sacred traditions of their race, and by their order the gates of the mosque were opened to the feet of the unbeliever, much to the anger of the clergy, who watch with keen disfavor the presence of the alien hat. Wearing a fez, one may pass unheeded in the court.

An Englishman who loves this land and its people led me to Eyoub one perfect July day. Women were feeding the pigeons, believing this a potent act that would bring news from distant friends. Pilgrims passed in, resting upon their staves and murmuring, "Allah, Allah," as they passed within the gate. In a corner of the outer court is a door painted in green and gold, guarded by a crimson curtain. Here women alone may enter, and as they pass within they leave their shoes in charge of a turbaned man. Next to this is a *turbeh,* or tomb of a saint, open to view, but always guarded by a priest. Within the chamber a Koran rests upon a stand, and many brass candlesticks surround the large wooden sarcophagus. Upon this at the head, fixed on a short pole, is the turban of the dead saint. As one enters the inner court a grated window shows this interior on the left.

Set in the same wall, a little farther

on, appears the sacred grille which screens the ever-present mystery of that revered spot where Eyoub rests. An aged holy man sits near the grille at the base of a column, and chants the Koran in a mellow voice, with the lilt of Oriental music in its strange turns. The cooing of the doves mingles through the marble court with the echo of his endless song. Veiled black specters pass within the court, their rustling silks blending with the whisper of the trees. They raise their heavy veils and bathe pale, delicate faces in the marble basins, then pause before the grille and stand in silent prayer, outstretched palms upturned for the blessing of Allah. Children play about, heedless of this brooding mystery, and cats prowl with padded steps over the stones.

It was upon this scene that I came another day, not without some dread in my heart, and set up an easel, then began to paint. The black specters paused in amazement, then passed on. The children ceased their play, and gathered in silent groups to regard the sacrilege of the infidel. A crowd of men and boys gathered and spoke in low tones. Often I heard the dreaded "*Yasak*" passed among them. Priests passed about and looked with a puzzled air, surely believing that I had some powerful protection to dare this thing, and fearing to interfere. When the crowd pressed too close, one of the priests remonstrated and drove them back. My English comrade came and went rather nervously. A very old woman dressed in faded black, her face unveiled, leaning her bent form on a staff, halted and peered at this unwonted sight. She began to wail and cry aloud to Allah, then beat her stick upon the ground. But the small crowd hustled her rather roughly along, and she went on to the shrine, muttering threateningly.

During the afternoon, hearing French spoken, I turned to see a little, slight, elderly man in modern dress, but wearing a fez, talking animatedly to my companion. Unknown to me, the *dramatis personæ* of to-morrow's performance were unconsciously assembling, for just then two policemen passed. The little gray man talking French, I was afterward to discover, is known to the village of Eyoub as Abraham Effendi. He is a Karsite Jew, and they claim to have been in this part of the world even when the Greeks founded Byzantium. An ancient and honorable people, they gained freedom from taxation, with other privileges, by granting the ground to a saintly Turkish lady, on which she built the Yeni Valideh Mosque in Stamboul.

To-morrow came, and with it the sunlight in the court filtering through the sacred trees. The life of worship and mystery went on about me. The muezzin called for noonday prayer, and the imams chanted the service, musically, under the great dome. Absorbed in the painting of marble against a sky of delicate blue, the sense of danger had been lulled to sleep in me by the somnolent chant of the holy man repeating his Koran near the grille. Suddenly his chant ceased. I heard hurrying feet and looked up to see a police captain and two men, followed by a number of priests, a noisy mob at their heels, making toward me. I kept my seat and regarded the captain quietly. With unmistakable gesture, but in a language that I did not understand, he ordered me out of the place. But I remained seated, and indicated that I did not comprehend either his word or his meaning, and painted a stroke or two to show my unconcern. My coolness affected him. He seemed to conclude that I must have permission. After some further parley he put a guard of two police over me, and went off to consult I know not whom. I called him back, then led him to the shop of Abraham Effendi. He championed my cause nobly, and returned with me to the crowd, the deserted easel, and the two policemen in the court. The captain had gone off to report. A fanatic promptly shouted defiance at Abraham, and he, no longer peaceful, shouted a reply. Then we witnessed an Oriental duel, in which the human hand and face performed the most vehement gestures and violent contortions, and the sacred court rang with a noise that frightened away the pigeons and brought the holy man hobbling on his stick.

A group of Turkish naval officers, dressed in white but wearing the fez, joined the crowd. One of these, a gen-



WHERE WOMEN ALONE MAY ENTER

tleman-like fellow, spoke limited English and gave me glimpses of what was going on around. I suggested that the Embassy might help, or one could approach the Sheik-ul-Islam. He replied, "That might be, but we must wait till the police captain has returned." Abraham Effendi and his black-bearded adversary were still shouting at each other, the crowd alternately agreeing with this one and that, when a third policeman arrived smiling, to say that I might stay and "paint freely," as the naval officer interpreted. He and his companions saluted pleasantly, and went to pray at the shrine. The crowd melted to normal proportions. Some of the bystanders, apparently, were pleased at the outcome, others discontented. Abraham Effendi stood guard over me for a time; then, with a parting admonition to call him when in trouble, he went off to his shop, and I painted quietly till the shadows fell after the evening prayer. Probably it never will be revealed who granted this unusual permission, but it

seems possible that some one had sought and gained in high places a like privilege, and through mistaken identity for the time being, I was permitted to enjoy another's good fortune.

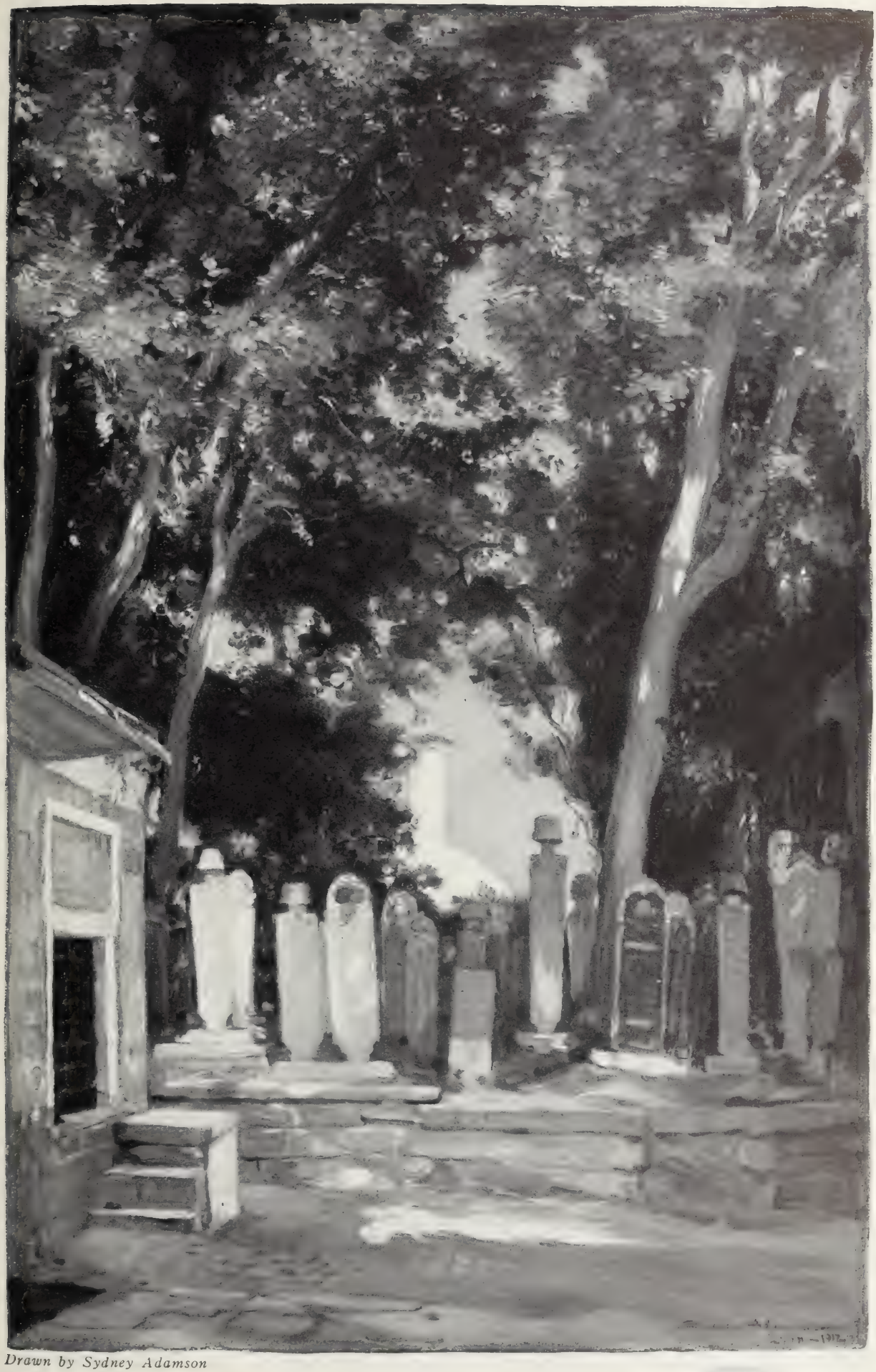
Friday, the Sunday of Islam, arrived with all its sacred ceremony. Wisely I left my paint-boxes behind and remained outside the gate, beside a friendly policeman, to watch the forms of worship in the court. The quiet of peace and seclusion that rests upon the mosque for six days departs upon the seventh. A multitude fills the place. Yellow matting covers the inner court, and hundreds who cannot enter the crowded mosque go through the prescribed movements, looking toward Mecca, in the court. It is a motley crowd. Hammals and boatmen from the wharves and caiques of the Golden Horn, great, picturesque brigands in gorgeous reds and blues, mingle with old Turks in robes of biscuit gray or brilliant yellow. Many, alas! are in modern European dress, with only the fez to mark their race and religion. Upon this day no one even glanced at the solitary infidel wearing a gray cloth cap. The policeman made a motion like one sketching on the palm of his hand, then shook his head. "It is not good to try it to-day," he intended to communicate.



ABRAHAM EFFENDI

After the crowd had gone and the mats were rolled up, I entered the court. Placards in Arabic, printed or written on cards of yellow, buff, or white, often edged with blue or purple, were hung all over the two wooden houses that stand sentinel by the mosque door and shelter the shoes of the worshipers. Round two sides of the court the walls were covered with these for nine feet above the ground, hung as closely as pictures in an exhibition. Men lingered to read what was written on them. The effect was novel and picturesque, but it was noisy to the mind, and like the crowds of Friday and feast-days, it drove away the spirit of peace that dwells within these courts.

The village looks up to the mosque, as in feudal Europe the hamlet looked up to the castle. The imams are the lords of Eyoub, and their white turbans and flowing robes are gravely saluted in the streets. Although they have salaries from the foundation which supports the mosque, yet they are free to engage in trade. It is not uncommon in a Turkish village to discover that an imam owns the melon-shop, or he may prove to be the milkman. They marry and live in their own houses, though quarters are provided in the mosque for those who remain single or care to reside there. The usual school, or *medresseh,* for the education of *softas* (theological students), is attached to the mosque. Here the imams teach and the students learn the muezzin cry, all the lore of the Koran, and how to intone the service for the living and the dead. Before a student becomes a full-fledged imam, it is said, he must study for fifteen years, and then be examined at the headquarters of the Sheik-ul-Islam, in order to be admitted formally to the clergy.

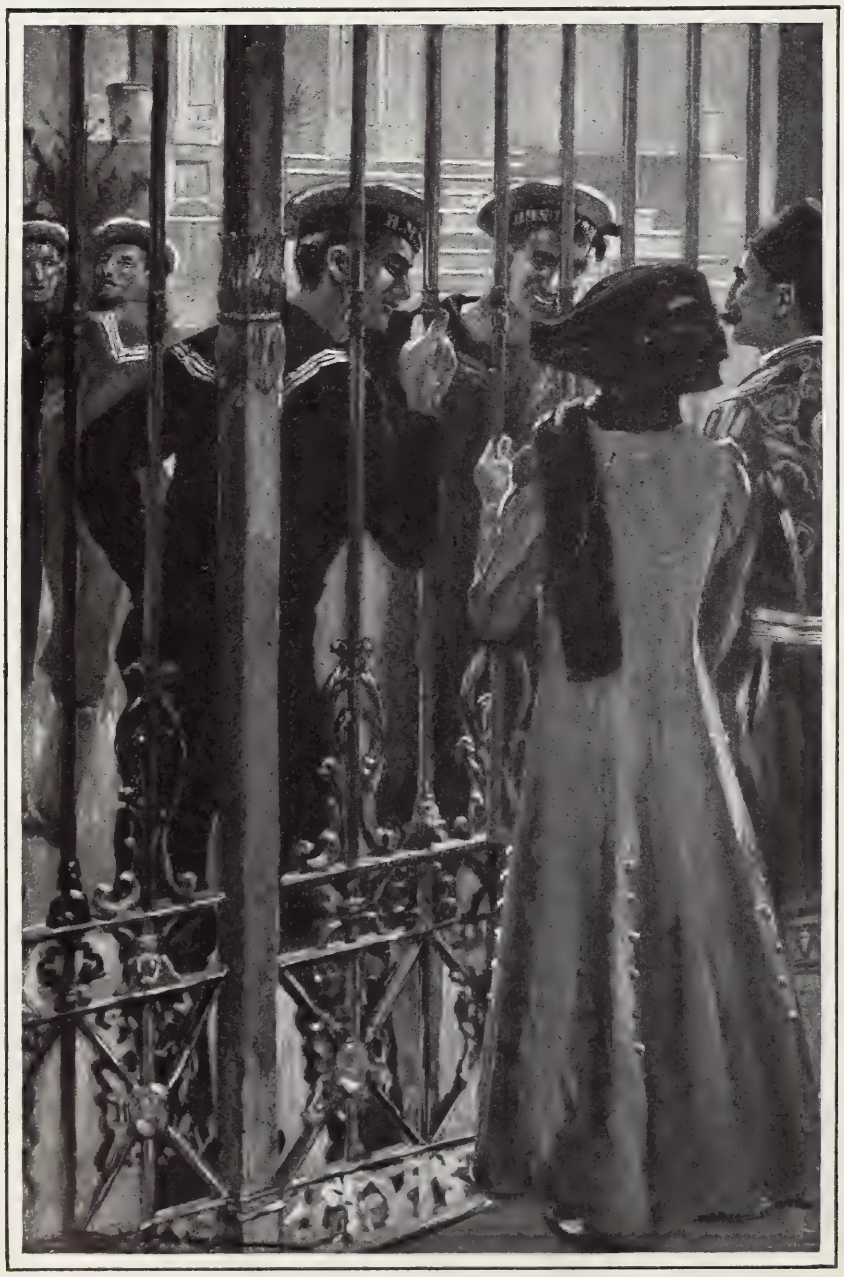


Drawn by Sydney Adamson

THE GRAVES AMONG THE TREES

A little way up the Golden Horn, where it bends to the north, stands a large building of the Mevleni Dervishes. It supplies the men who guard the sacred chamber behind the grille. In this building once a week they perform their strange rites, like men waltzing without a partner, until they are tired.

Often on my way to the shady café opposite the court with the great tree, I paused to watch the chips flying in the little shop where tombstones emerge from blocks of purest marble. Nowhere in the wide world are tombs so perfect as in Turkey. Always they are vertical, flat slabs or rounded columns, broader toward the top, narrow where they enter the earth or are set in rectangular sarcophagi. In carved relief of Chinese character, a woman's monument is surmounted by a basket of flowers, decoratively treated, and usually gilded. On the top of a man's tomb is either a simple stone fez or a large turban. The age and period of a grave appear from the shape of turban. The fez is often painted red; the turban may be white or green. On each column or slab a panel is marked out, and in Arabic relief stands the legend. The raised characters may be gilded, and show on a panel that is painted either green, blue, or black. Set in close array in the shade of a cool cypress grove, the vertical tombs, with the tall, upright, formal trees, make a picture of unusual beauty.



UNBELIEVERS ASSEMBLE ABOUT THE GRILLE

Among the other shops that I passed, some kindly faces greeted me behind the intimate appearance of their owners' wares. The lemonade-shop had a friendly aspect on a hot day, and here I satisfied a liberal thirst with a dangerous, bubbling, yellow liquid that seemed the more safe from the impossibility of any germ living in its mineral "lemon" flavoring. Here, too, I bought cigarettes from an elderly Mohammedan from Servia, whose linen drapery sheltered my painting tools on Sunday, when Abraham Effendi's shop was shut. Though an Israelite, he for policy closes on Sunday, as the great sewing-machine company which he represents is not a Jewish firm.

Upon a certain day in Ramadan I came out to see Abraham Effendi, and it was already late in the afternoon. Flags were draped about the entrance to

the domed turbeh that stands across the street. Over the window, in gold upon a red cloth, were written the virtues of a saintly grand vizier, whose remains rest within. Two policemen guarded the gateway. Through it we could see a close-packed crowd pushing across the pillared entrance into an inner chamber. One of the policemen was he who had brought me permission to paint in the mosque. My friend the Karaite passed in, and soon returned to say that they all listened to a voice chanting. Strange men with pointed white caps bound in green turbans, and wearing shaggy sheepskins about their shoulders, entered the gate. Among the holy men passing within were faces that seemed vaguely familiar, yet not faces of Eyoub, but rather the phantoms of some strange dream. One was a little old man, lean of body, with a keen gray eye that burned fanatically. He wore a black turban about a white fez. Abraham Effendi asked him if I might enter. With a glance of contempt and scorn, he refused, then hurried in, with the spring of a young man, for all his years. I followed the Karaite to his shop, and after regarding me closely in silence, he spoke. "If you are not afraid, put on my fez and go in."



A Hammal

Passing guiltily into the street, I expected all men to stare at this strange thing upon my head. No one even looked at its wearer. Soon I realized that I was protected, almost disguised, as a woman must feel who is closely veiled. The voice had called to the spirit of the two policemen, so I entered an unguarded door and passed across a stone court; then I mingled with the crowd that pressed within a pillared hall. Through an open door the dense crowd entered a chamber that was packed so that no more could fight farther in. A strange voice chanted as the imams chant a prayer. All were too absorbed to notice the face of the infidel. I pressed close to the mob, adding only another fez.

At last the voice ceased, and a movement began in the crowd. Men climbed on the stone balustrade of the pillared hall to see the dignitaries pass out. Among them were officers in uniform. They passed through the central hall and entered the domed turbeh with seven tombs that one may see from the street. But evidently the principal attraction had been the service of the strange voice, for many were now departing. An impressive graybeard in striped robes and sheepskin halted beside me, and, spreading out his palms, began to pray in a loud voice. All eyes were drawn to him, and finding him a dangerous companion, I slipped through the bystanders to the street.

One day, before Ramadan, I sat in the café opposite the gate of the outer court. Rain was falling. The little stools were tucked beneath the divan



THE CAFE WINDOW

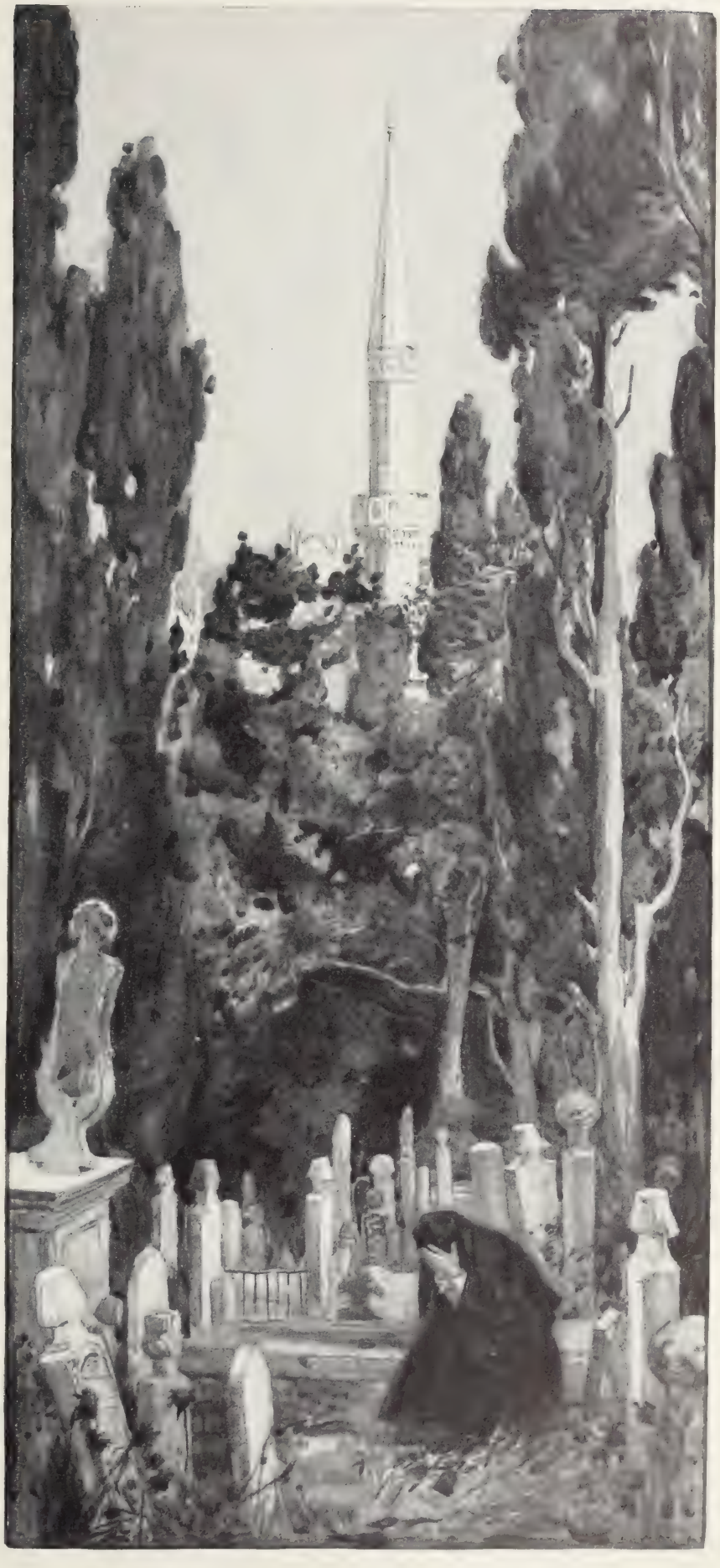
skirting the walls, for to-day no one would sit beneath the dripping trees.

A group formed by the window at my left. Looking between their fezzes, I could see the people coming and going from the mosque. Among them were veiled women in black, mauve, or purple, sometimes striped with silver or gold. Venders of simets and sherbet passed, seeking shelter for their wares. Soldiers rode past, bearing despatches or leading riderless horses. One remembered then that Italy was carrying war into the islands, and the Turkish governments, truly Oriental in the midst of a crisis, were quarreling among themselves. A police officer entered, and found his man in the group by the window. He seated himself and handed a folded paper. With a deprecating gesture and a low-spoken protest, the victim unfolded it gingerly, then read its contents. He folded it up, then offered to return it. Much persistence was required before the police official agreed to receive it. At last he took the paper and abruptly walked out, his sword dangling and his gray lamb's-wool fez glistening in the rain as it bobbed down the street. Soon the object of his attention rose, with some word of regret to his companions, and vanished. When he had gone they exchanged meaning glances, then leaned together and conversed in low tones. A tiny act in some human drama that perhaps the leaves may whisper of, but wise men hold their peace.

Unnoticed, a grave imam had entered, and touching the springs that released his own shoes, he left them on the floor and curled his clean boots under him on the divan. Men saluted him gravely with right hand raised to the temple, almost in military fashion. Some of the poorer ones stood up to offer him their greeting. Turks profess to have no caste, only the rich and the poor, and any man may rise to be the grand vizier. Yet in spite of this there exists a military caste, and the clergy, or *hojas*. The man who sat facing me was a cleric of the finest type, and a man of personal character and distinguished bearing. His features were fine, the gray eyes had a commanding glance. His beard and hair of silver

gray were neatly trimmed, and around his fez the white turban of his order was carefully wound. Over a striped cotton jacket he wore a long, dove-gray coat and baggy, gray trousers. His hands were fine and perfectly cared for. One of them gently caressed a rosary of amber beads. Between sips of coffee he enjoyed a cigarette. Other *hojas* arrived and grouped themselves around him. Then a Turk in European clothes, save only the fez, arrived, and was greeted warmly by the clerics. They conversed with much animation, and it was clear the newcomer was a man of some importance.

At the tables sat poorer men with colored cloths around their waists. A café attendant entered from the street with a long stick on which hung simets. These are a kind of bread made in large rings and covered with seeds. To my surprise he laid a simet in front of each guest on his table, or gave it in his hand. But he passed me as the only infidel in the café. One of the *hojas* called him and whispered a few words. The attendant then brought a simet and laid it before me on my table. The others began to eat their simets, and I followed their example. Soon the same attendant came in with glasses of sherbet made



A SINGLE MINARET RISES AMONG THE CYPRESS-TREES

from fresh fruit juice in sweetened water. These glasses he set before each guest as he had done the simets. All accepted as if this strange attention were a matter of every-day occurrence. No one had ordered these things, and no one declined. After the sherbet and simets had disappeared I threw down a coin to pay for the tea that I had on first entering, curious to see if the simets and sherbet were to be charged for. They were not. I arose, saluted the company, especially the *hoja* who had included me in this strange feast, and left the place. When the chief imam reads from the Koran to the students, he thus gives of his bounty to whoever may be in the café, that men may know of his piety and praise Allah. So it was afterward explained.

Each day, as I sat painting in the inner court when the noonday service was over, and sometimes, too, in the afternoon, the people gathered around a coffin covered with rich shawls set upon the ground before the grille. Reverently all palms were upturned while an imam intoned the service for the dead. Toward the end the people echo "Ameen" after every phrase. When the imam stops, all draw their palms downward, each over his own face, and it is finished. The coffin is lifted shoulder-high, and the bearers give way readily to any stranger who, for a few steps, will carry the burden, and thus gain sanctity in the eyes of God.

Up in the cemetery an open grave awaits. The dead are buried without the coffin, dressed only in their last wrapping. Water is sprinkled upon the earth, and while the mourners squat among the tombs the last rites are spoken. A priest chants for a time, and the end is a prayer. Then the beggars and the blind and the homeless children, who have gathered a little way off, are given alms by the mourning relatives.

At last there is only a freshly watered grave among the countless thousands that dot the hill beneath the dark cypresses. The kites cry shrilly, circling above the trees. Storks flap lazily past, rattling their bills. Here they are known as *hadji baba,* for, as every one knows, the storks of Eyoub migrate only to Mecca, and before they go for their winter pilgrimage they visit the court of the mosque and its sacred shrine. From a point where I often sit in the cemetery a single minaret rises among the cypress-trees. On the distant hill stands the magnificent Sulieman Mosque, a finger-print upon the horizon. Not far from it, in the distant city, one can see the minarets of the Mosque of Mohammed II. the conqueror, who planted the great plane-tree below and caused the first stones to be set of what is Eyoub to-day. It is a sacred name that has come down from the time of the Prophet, through all the ages, and lost nothing of its spell. The anointing-place of sultans, where the most holy dervish of Konia, the Chelebi Effendi, girds that mysterious sword of Osman upon the Commander of the Faithful, Eyoub is the beginning of all things Turkish, as, in its sacred tombs, it is the end. Where all their great must enter, Eyoub is surely the gate of the dead.

The Man in Front of Mannering's

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

FOR young John Ker, the chariot of Destiny was a parlor-car. He hesitated between that and the sleeping-coach, but the former evil seemed the less stuffy of the two. This trivial decision gave Destiny, that indefatigable school-mistress, her chance to teach him something.

Nothing could look less like the implement of a stern pedagogue than did the girl across the aisle. She was a pretty girl, but that was not her chief attraction. She carried her head in such spirited fashion that whoever looked at her became temporarily more erect by sheer force of example. Her deep blue eyes and one dimple hinted a vein of delicate mischief in her make-up, but it was in her mouth that her great charm resided. This feature was curved and flexible, with that incisive, lovely cutting of the lower lip above a firm, rounded chin, which suggests everything fine and sensitive in young womanhood.

Not many people make us aware at first glance that we wish to know them. This girl made John Ker feel that acquaintance was imperative. Being young and clean and having a deeply hidden vein of romance, he welcomed the intimation joyfully. An older man might have feared it, and justly, but John Ker was blessed with the happy courage of his inexperience. He never so much as thought of avoiding impending discipline by turning his chair to the window and reading his magazine. Instead he faced the aisle and cogitated. How was he to achieve the desirable end of acquaintanceship? He was not presumptuous by nature or by training. Even had he been so, presumption was the last quality in the world to recommend him to such a girl as this.

He frowned thoughtfully. If only people might address one another frankly and fearlessly in this life, as unabashed as spirits meeting on the green slopes of Paradise! How endlessly interesting such a world would be! He did not feel afraid of it. He was willing to take his chances of winning the approval of nice people if only his modest merits might be brought to their attention. But how to make such a beginning in this instance? Four feet away sat a maiden who looked more like his ideal woman than he had supposed any mortal girl could look, yet he was absolutely unable to ascertain if this were indeed She. Worse, any effort to do so would merely make her think him a mannerless cub who did not belong to her own kind of people. The situation was plainly hopeless.

When John Ker remembers what happened next, he is to this day astounded. For he had no sooner given a good, hard wish that a small accident might give him his opportunity than he heard the bumping of wheels on the ties, and felt the sickening sway of a rocking coach. "I guess this isn't what I want, after all," he remarked hastily to Destiny, but Destiny paid no further attention to him. She was busy with matters of life and death for scores of folk, some of whom were vastly more important than John Rockingham Ker.

Their own car left the track and tipped half-way over. When he gathered his wits together, Ker found himself spilled on the floor, with a battered head and a few cuts. He was on the down-hill side. The girl across the way had been thrown against his chair. Her hat was demolished, she was slightly stunned by a rap from a flying satchel, and her wrist was cut.

"Just a minute, please," said the young man, hastily. "I'll get you out—that is, I think I will!"

The girl opened her dark lashes slowly and made as if to raise her bleeding hand.

"Hold on! That will spoil your suit," he observed, in matter-of-fact fashion. Producing a large, fresh handkerchief, he managed to tie it around her wrist.

She smiled faintly in spite of shock,

fright, and injury. "You must have sisters!" she gasped.

"I have. Pity to spoil a perfectly good suit, especially a green one," returned John, cheerfully. "I rather like green ones myself. Do you think you can support yourself with that chair and lean back against the slant of the floor? I'll crawl up and see what I can see. If I call back to you, I want you to put this coat around your head and face a minute. I'm going to knock the rest of the glass out of the window. I think we can get out that way."

The girl crouched down obediently. John, still shaken but greatly resolved, found means to carry out his design. Safe on firm ground, they stared at each other a moment, uncertain of what came next. "You have certainly saved my gown, if not my life," laughed the girl, nervously.

Just then some one groaned, deep in the coach they had left. The two young people looked into each other's eyes piteously, moved by a single thought. It wasn't a thing to jest about, after all, this disaster which had flung them so suddenly into relation. John dived into his satchel hastily.

"See here; I've got a flask of whiskey and a roll of surgeon's plaster. What have you got?"

"A bottle of witch-hazel and some lavender salts," she returned.

"Get out the salts," he said, and thrusting the flask into her hands, swung himself back into the car.

But the groan had come from a woman more hysterical than harmed. It was an easy matter to extricate and quiet her, and they began to realize that this was not at all a bad accident. Had it occurred on the high bank, two hundred feet ahead, it would have been otherwise, but they were spared that horror. However, there followed many things for them to do together: others to extricate, children to quiet, cuts to tie up. You would hardly believe how much First Aid their joint medical resources and their young enthusiasm of helpfulness could give in such a moderate, well-conditioned disaster.

The girl said little, but John Ker noted that her hands were as deft as her chin was firm, her fingers as gentle as her eyes. And to him, excited, exalted, living on another plane from that of every-day life, everything she did or said made her more astonishing, more radiant, more dearly satisfying.

"The very one I hoped to find—hoped to find—" sang his heart. It was absurd, miraculous, what you will, but he did not doubt that it was true.

The wrecking-train came presently, and they climbed the bank above the track and sat on the heavy, matted grass, watching its operations. Forgetful of yesterday, regardless of to-morrow, they talked as old friends might, each unconsciously revealing the heart of youth to the other.

It was a heavenly day of mid-October. The cottonwood by the creek at their left dropped yellowing leaves into the brown eddies; the roots of a gaunt old sycamore flashed white against the bank as the sun struck them. Across the track was a field of yellow wheat-stubble, where the quail were running and calling. Around them was the opulent, comfortable autumn of the Middle West, dear and familiar to them both from childhood; yet to both the red-gold sunshine seemed to be gilding a strange hour, unlike all other hours their eyes had seen.

For himself, John Ker recognized this. To him the day was passing wonderful. But—did it mean anything to her?

She spoke suddenly. "These people look different—nearer, clearer, more alive than other people. Do you see it? Why is it, do you suppose?"

"We have been in danger—and out of it. Why shouldn't it make everything different?"

She shook her head. "It can't be that. I was in a boat-wreck once. Everything looked flat and far away — unreal, you know. This is very different."

The scream of a distant but approaching engine cut through her words.

"Probably that is the relief-train," said John Ker. "Our experiences are nearly over. I wonder— May I introduce myself? May I hope to know who you are? May I hope not to lose sight of you entirely?"

It was a simple, natural request. The girl found it so. She drew out her card-case and opened it. She was obviously about to pencil an address upon the card.

John Ker's problem was as nearly solved as that, when suddenly, tumultuously, he lost his head and spoiled it all.

"Why, I *can't* lose sight of you!" he said. "It would be absurd! I have been waiting to meet you all the days of my life. I was wondering just before the accident how I might tell you so without offense."

The girl caught her breath. Her fingers faltered. She shoved the card back into the little leather case and shut it uncertainly. Then, gaining sureness, she dropped the card-case back into her hand-bag and snapped the clasp.

"You must not speak to me like that!" she said, with decision. "That is ridiculous. I thought—I thought you knew better than that!"

"I am 'nice people' too," returned John Ker.

"I dare say you are. That is why you should know better," she answered, warmly. "I am a perfectly rational person, with the usual number of conventional parents and the usual amount of up-bringing. What do you expect me to make of such a statement as that?"

"Certainly not rudeness," said John Ker, with a composure which he admired in himself, but her face did not relax. He drew a deep breath and felt his heart beat hard. "Because I am 'nice people' is one reason why I know better than not to tell you what I am thinking," he went on, steadily. "See here! Just lay aside your conventional pre-judgments for a few minutes. Let us consider this thing together candidly and simply. Perhaps this is the most important hour of all our lives. Who knows? That's it, don't you see? The point is there. *Who knows?* Not you, and not I! For generations the poets have been telling us that the finding of the predestined mate is one of the biggest things in life to young people like you and me; that it does more than anything else to insure the earthly happiness we all are craving. Well!—I'm not even saying the poets are right, though my heart tells me they are. But *just suppose they are!* How ought we to behave in the presence of—of the great opportunity? If something tells me you are the one created creature to fill my life and finish it, what right have I to keep that to myself? Wouldn't it be cowardly and cheap and mean to let us both get on that train and be whirled back into our old lives without saying a word, just because I am afraid of being unusual? If it is true, it means as much to you as it does to me. Wouldn't it be foolish of you to shut up your card-case and turn your back on me because we haven't been introduced? Introductions are all right. I'll attend to all that later. All I ask now is a chance to prove myself to you. I like the dignities and ceremonies of life as well as you do—but just now we haven't *time* for them. To refuse me the acquaintanceship you were about to grant me is simply not good business. If life and love mean anything at all, it isn't playing the game! Once we are off this bank and back in the train again, the conventions will wrap themselves around us tight. Our only chance at this is *now!*"

Nearer, clearer, sharper, sounded the scream of the approaching train. "We must think quickly," urged John Ker. "What if this were the real thing for both of us—and our only chance at it?" he demanded, breathlessly.

"Oh," cried the girl, breathless, too, "but those things don't happen! I have always felt that the real thing came sweetly and slowly, built up through happy days of long acquaintance. I have felt it was a thing to be worked for—suffered for, even. Heaven doesn't just drop it in one's lap casually like this. Isn't it the reward of effort, the prize of struggle? It cannot—cannot be so simple, so easy a thing!"

"As simple as breathing — and as miraculous! It's here—or the chance for it. We have it. We hold our future in our hands this minute. Are you going to decree that we must let it go?"

"It can't be," she quavered, shaken. "It would be — too wonderful, too unusual."

"Romance is unusual. Love is wonderful. Romance has come to us this hour, and it may be love is on the way! Do you dare reject them utterly?"

She might have asked what right he had to thrust such a choice upon her, but she did not. When all is said and done, youth has a valid claim on youth, and romance a claim on all mankind.

She turned her face away from him suddenly, then turned it back. Her clear eyes were shining into his own.

"No," she said, bravely; "I will tell the exact truth, too. When you put it like that, I don't dare reject them—but I don't dare accept them! Of course, this — this unexpectedness is very interesting, but I am not at all sure that it means anything, and I am sure that the things that have been beaten into my consciousness by the training of generations must mean a great deal. At this very minute I am overcome by the thought of what your mother would say about a girl who listened seriously to such conversation from her son under such circumstances. You see, I am sure your mother is nice! But the nicer she is the less she would like it—don't you see?"

"Our parents were young once, and are human still," replied John, hopefully, "and they all say youth—that's you and I—has a right to its own world."

"There is much more to it than that," she said. "The new scientific attitude toward such things makes it even more important than the old sentimental one. It isn't only a question of parents who disapprove. It's you and I who disagree. You think this affair of finding the predestined mate should be simple, easy, beautiful, a white flower in the path, a blossom for the picking. Something tells me it is a matter serious and difficult, the reward of labor and the crown of life! Do you suppose a man's heart tells him the one thing and the woman's tells her the other? Can they both be true?"

The train had come, panting, to a standstill at their feet, and the passengers were moving toward it. He looked at her despairingly. Why must a woman interpose obstacles upon the heart's highway? He asked nothing but the card with her address that she had been about to give him of her own free will. Would she really withhold it? Suddenly he knew a thing to say.

"Have your way. I choose to follow it. Make your conditions. I accept them. It is for you to say. I leave it in your hands."

"Oh," she cried, in quick panic, "don't do that! I—I am afraid to choose!"

"You must."

The engine gave two short, sharp toots. "All aboard!" cried some one below them. The girl looked up, down, about. Suddenly life seemed vast and trackless, a jungle wherein a maid might lose herself a hundred times within sight of the safe, the sacred trail, predestined for her feet from all eternity. This lad's eyes were as clear as they were keen. Could he be that long-predestined guide? Was this, indeed, Destiny's own day? Something clutched deliciously at her heart.

"Very well. On my head be it! Come and find me!"

"Where?"

"This is the 15th of October. I am making a round of visits now. After three weeks I shall be in Kopomosa, to remain until the 15th of December. If this is more than an hour's interlude with you, discover me there. Present yourself to me and to my friends, duly accredited. Is it too much to ask? If you can do it—I shall have the greater respect for your point of view!"

"To-morrow I start for California on business for my father," said John Ker. "I can hardly return in less than five weeks. That will only leave me three weeks in which to seek you. But it was not meant that this should end here. I accept your challenge. But if I acquiesce in your terms now, I may demand advantage when I find you. That is only playing fair."

She met his long, eager look steadily and lifted her small head with gallant firmness as she answered, "I promise nothing except to acknowledge your acquaintance; but of course I shall play fair."

Mrs. Roderick Hendry put down the sugar-tongs and quite forgot to pass John Ker his teacup.

"But this is very exciting," she said. "You are thrown with a girl in an accident, and she refuses you her name and address, but dares you prettily to find her and learn them for yourself. I quite like that girl! Visiting here, did you say? What does she look like?"

John Ker described her eagerly. His hostess, a woman of sixty and one of his mother's oldest friends, watched him

curiously. It struck her that the boy looked less like his father than she had thought. His description was poetic, suggestive, suffused with the light that never was on land or sea; from it there emerged a girl's slender figure, distinguished, serious, yet mischievous, of a marvelous, delicate beauty and a yet more marvelous intelligence and sympathy. When he finished, Mrs. Hendry knew perfectly what to think of the incident, but she concealed her insight and shook her head.

"She has not come my way," she said. "I could not fail to notice a girl like that. You draw an admirable picture. Perhaps"—the lady hesitated as she gave this hint—"she may not be visiting any one I know."

"But you know everybody, don't you?" asked John Ker, bluntly.

"Practically."

"Well, then—"

"That's what I mean!" said Mrs. Hendry.

The young man laughed easily. "The lady may be quiet, but she is not obscure," he said. "You'll see. Anyhow, a nice girl is a nice girl. Don't you think I know?"

His hostess shook her head. "Are you wiser than all other men?" she asked. "However — I'll make inquiries. She might be out at Forest Park or Arcady. I'll see what I can learn."

"I hoped you might know—for you are my last resort. I was three days late, to begin with, you see. I've done everything I can think of. The first day or two were splendid—such glorious weather, all frost and sun. The air tasted like success, and I thought I might meet her any minute. But I've watched the matinée crowds; I've been up and down the streets; I've looked into shop-windows and picked out the things I thought she would stop to look at; I've lunched in a department-store tea-room — the women come and go until your head swims, and you don't want to see another woman while the world stands! Five days of it is a good deal, don't you think? I don't know what to do next except to repeat the whole programme. I suppose the second chapter of a story always drags."

"Give it up," said Mrs. Hendry, slowly. Something — a touch of tenderness and pity, perhaps—tugged at her heart, but she had long ago lost faith in young imagining. "It is pretty, but it doesn't really mean anything, you know. It is like a lyric that one reads and forgets. Dine with us to-morrow night and I will ask some of the girls I do know. I even have a niece-in-law I want you to meet—not that *she* is pretty."

John Ker hesitated. "If you don't mind," he said at last, "I think I would like to finish my search first. If I don't succeed by the 15th of December — as many charming girls as you please! But —not till then."

"That's pretty, too, but I recommend that you give it up."

He smiled and shook his head. Yet her attitude influenced him in spite of himself. "So my last resort can do nothing for me," he thought, as he walked away into the gathering night. "Well—I've got to figure it out by myself, that's all." These were brave words, but already his heart was sinking. He had come to the city expectant and elate, but hour by hour he had been waking to the fact that his search was feeble, and likely to be futile.

The next day was stormy, and he remained in his room all day, glowering and pondering. Gloom and impatience descended upon him. Like many other young persons he called them wisdom and yielded to their influence. The human atom is elusive in the whirling mass. If at home for weeks he did not run across men who had offices in the same building or frequented the same clubs as he, what hope was there of finding a stranger in a strange city? The notion was ridiculous! It would be sheer chance if he found her. Again, if fate meant them to meet, it might as well have happened on that first day of his search, when he was ready, heart and soul, for such a climax. Now—why, now, to be candid, he hardly cared whether they ever met or not! His quest had been foggy, uninteresting, uncertain. The glamour was gone from the adventure. There was nothing in it, anyhow. The whole thing was a bit of boy's nonsense that had no place in the real world. Looked at in the light of cold reason, it was folly.

"Folly!" he said, aloud, and felt himself indeed a man. Cold reason can kill

romance very rapidly. By luncheon-time there was very little left of this one.

Having demolished his dream, and himself for dreaming it, he turned aside inconsequently to blame the girl. He perceived it was the woman's fault. Why had she been so perverse, making difficulties where none existed? The whole thing had lain in her hands—and she had opened them and let it fall. She put away her card-case and snapped her hand-bag shut. On her head be the failure of the vision, the shattering of the dream!

Conscious that these reflections lacked chivalry, John Ker did not care. Moodily he pursued his thoughts: There were hundreds of nice girls everywhere. This was not the only one who could interest him supremely. Of course, a hero could not afford to admit such a thing, but, thank Heaven, he, John Ker, did not have to conform to that standard. He was just clay, the ordinary kind the dear Lord uses. He was nothing if not practical. It was the only thing to be in a fiendish world like this! Nine-tenths of his contemporaries and all of his elders would say he was wasting time in Kopomosa.

At this point he got up to hunt a time-table, and saw that the storm had abated. The half-deserted streets were blown full of snow. Having learned that his best train left at nine the next morning, he put on his overcoat and went out for a breath of air before packing his trunk.

When he came back to his room two hours later, John Ker marched straight to his mirror and faced himself. Having breathed ozone and faced the wind and fought the drifts for two hours, there had returned to him the thing that had gone out of him. It would be worth while knowing if the regeneration fresh air works in us is the reviving of our better selves or the inrush of something, not ourselves, that can only reach us in the open. It seemed to young Ker that he had come to his senses after a day of delirium.

He saw in the mirror a well-set-up young fellow, square of shoulder, clean of limb, frank of face. "Say, you're pretty punk, aren't you?" he demanded of the looking-glass man, and the latter nodded with a compression of the lips that made them look stronger and more like his father's than usual.

"Pretty punk. The thing you demanded of life was a romance. And you got it—as pretty a one as a man need ask. And now you have it, you want to back out. You haven't the sand to see the thing through. You are doing the baby act and blaming the girl. What did you think romance was, anyhow, if not a man-sized search?"

With his hands in his pockets, he began to pace the room. His face changed and softened. He saw again the girl as he had seen her first. He felt again that deep conviction that here his mating-quest had ended. And his heart spoke to him boldly, as the heart of youth should speak:

"If love is love—the blessing and the miracle, the freshening of all the ways of life, the comforter of the struggle and its reward—what are you that fate should drop it into your hands? The girl was right. It is a thing to fight for. Fate offers you a dare and tests you by the way you take it. Fate comes and says: 'Here, if you are bold and clever, faithful and persistent, is the maid of maids for you, and with her, shelter and security for your unquiet heart through all its earthly days. But if you weaken in your desire or waver in your search, if you faint or if you falter—then you may take what faint heart takes, or wed as weaklings do! Romance is what you make of it. The thing is in your hands.'"

Listening, John Ker knew that his heart spoke truth. And he set his lips.

"I have been stupid about this thing," he said, aloud. "Feeble and stupid. I must go at it differently. . . . Let me think. The points are these: I have barely ten days of time and a city to search through. Is there a place in this town which every woman in it is likely to pass in the next ten days? If so, where is it, and how can I make myself practically stationary at that spot? That's the problem. What's the answer?"

He dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands. The minutes dragged themselves along. The swift dusk fell and the room darkened around him.

"By Jupiter, I have it!"

John Ker got up and began to march

up and down excitedly. "That's it—and it is the only way. I will do it and keep at it till the time is up. Even if I fail to find the girl, I still have the dream. So either way I win. Whereas if I go home a quitter—I lose them both."

With these words there came to him also the sense that life is vast and trackless, a jungle wherein a man might lose himself a hundred times within sight of the safe, the sacred trail predestined for his feet from all eternity. But now he knew at last the blazings of that blessed trail!

"Romance is what I make of it!" he said, aloud and exultantly, and the words challenged the dark, silent room. "The thing is in my hands!"

Where the carriage street crosses the street of car-lines and congested traffic, stands the big department store of Mannering & Co. Half a block on each street it lies. Whoever goes in at one door is reasonably sure to emerge at the other. At the carriage entrance stands a man in livery.

We need not inquire too closely into the business transaction between John Ker and the incumbent of this position which resulted in the temporary taking over by the former of the latter's job. Happily they were of much the same size and physical aspect. Mannering's footmen, like the police, were always fine, upstanding specimens.

I shall not pretend that John Ker liked his task, or that anything but dogged determination held him to it. He hated it. It was monotonous and lacking in active exercise. Also, the weather was bad. The next ten days saw three snowstorms and a deal of windy weather. But he stayed on. The very hardest thing he had to bear was the hours when his perspective narrowed and he seemed to have no other life but this. Looking backward or forward, existence appeared to him an interminable procession of days in which he opened carriage doors, helped women across slippery walks, and told drivers to move on.

When this unwelcome frame of mind lasted too long, he would grimly rehearse to himself the logic of his situation; he was at the best strategic point in all the city for his purpose, and he was there ten hours a day. The outcome of the affair was with the gods. He was doing his uttermost. Let the winds beat upon him and the sleet, let come the frost or snow or the benumbing thoughts. He would square his shoulders and take what befell. For this, even this beggarly footman's task, was the Quest of the Beloved, and to be impatient or to be resentful was to be found wanting, unworthy.

Of plans to meet the situation when she should appear — for now, curiously enough, he no longer doubted her appearance—he had dozens, but what actually happened was, of course, quite different from any of these.

December 14th was a raw day of stinging wind. Even Christmas shoppers faced it reluctantly. He was helping an infirm old lady with a tortoise-shell cane across the sidewalk and into the door. As he turned back, her carriage still stopped the way. Just behind it was a limousine which held three women. On the back seat was his friend Mrs. Hendry and a portly lady unknown to him. Facing them, erect as a rose on its stalk, her cheeks pink with the bitter air, sat the girl he was seeking.

His heart gave a great leap and his head whirled. He was woefully taken aback. Mrs. Hendry must inevitably recognize him. What would she make of his presence there? Could she possibly know that that was the girl he had asked her help in finding? Had she and the girl been alone together, he could see himself claiming acquaintance boldly and asking for an introduction. He could have carried off that situation. But the presence of a third person infinitely complicated the affair.

In these days of his search, conventions and the speech of people had dropped out of his sight. It was swiftly borne in upon him now that he had to consider not only himself and the girl, but all her ties to her social world. To lift an eyelash in a way that would betray the real situation, or any situation, between them, would doubtless expose her to comment, and would certainly not be playing the game. And yet—and yet—he was aware of a quick up-flashing of the elemental masculine in him. He resented bitterly all at once his position with its duties and implications.

More—he knew with absolute certainty that if she accepted from him footman's service with no sign or acknowledgment, if she dropped her eyes and passed him, even though she did it from confusion and uncertainty, the bubble would burst on the moment! All possibility of sequel to their story would be over. Implacably, he demanded recognition then and there! He recalled the knight who retrieved the lady's glove from the lions, only to fling it in her face. Certain resentments are inevitable and right.

There came upon him a lightning flash or insight, and he saw that it takes two to complete a romance. If now, this instant, she would show faith as he had shown it—even faith as a grain of mustard seed—in him and his dreams, it would become reality for both of them forever! Whatever two consent together to believe becomes thereby a living fact above them both. His part was done. He and his romance stood there for her to take or leave. Their hour had struck. This time its issue lay with her.

All this passed through his mind as he was moving back toward the curb. But he opened the door of the limousine with an imperturbability that left nothing to be desired.

"John Ker! What in Heaven's name are you doing here?"

He lifted his cap, smiling. "Good morning, Mrs. Hendry. I hope I am winning a—wager; but I do not know. The walk is very slippery. Let me help you, please."

There was a breathless instant that seemed very long to him.

"Good morning, Mr. Ker!" It was the girl who spoke. She had caught his name and chosen her part; she leaned forward and smiled at him, a tremulous yet gallant smile. "I am so glad to see you! I did not know you were in town."

"Oh, really!" murmured Mrs. Hendry, clinging to his arm and turning about-face to the machine. "This is too much for my feeble brain. Why didn't you tell me that you knew Alida Hendry, or why didn't she tell me that she knew you?"

"Mr. Ker and I are old friends," said the girl, steadily, "but I didn't know that he was—winning a wager in Kopomosa. Aunt Eleanor"—turning to the portly, high-nosed old lady motionless on the back seat—"may I present Mr. Ker—Mrs. Robert Hendry!"

Mrs. Robert Hendry was evidently badly bewildered at the situation, but confidence in her sister-in-law helped her through the trying moment. She accepted the introduction, blinking rapidly with a rather vacant smile, and alighting from the car, accompanied by her niece, moved majestically toward Mannering's door. Mrs. Roderick Hendry, her vivid old face alive with speculation, still clung to the footman's arm.

"I must get to the bottom of this," she said. "See here, John Ker, you don't mean—you can't possibly mean the girl you were talking to me about was *Alida,* my niece-in-law, Alida Hendry?"

"Why not?" demanded John Ker.

Mrs. Hendry shook her head. "You described a little goddess, a veritable pocket-Venus! And Alida hadn't told me about being in any accident or meeting any personable young man. Of course, she is a nice girl, and not at all bad-looking—but still—but still—does she *really* look to you like that?"

John Ker's only answer was a smile. It was such a tender, radiant, triumphant smile that Mrs. Hendry involuntarily glanced at the sky with a feeling that the clouds had broken and all the raw winter air was warmed and sunlit.

"Ah, well!" she said. "Evidently I'm an old woman and I no longer see. That's it. I do not see. But I suppose it isn't necessary that I should. Thank Heaven for your youth, John, and dine with us to-night, won't you? The Robert Hendrys and Alida will be there."

"Thank you, I shall be delighted. This is my last day on this job," said the man in front of Mannering's. His manner was suave, composed, but his eyes were shining, and at the back of his head there sang itself a song that no man sings alone:

"Romance is what we make of it! The thing is in our hands!"

The Coryston Family

A NOVEL

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER III

"HER ladyship says she would like to see you, miss, before you go." The speaker was Lady Coryston's maid. She stood just within the doorway of the room where Marcia was dressing for the opera, delivering her message mechanically, but really absorbed in the spectacle presented by the young girl before her. Sewell was an artist in her own sphere, and secretly envious of the greater range of combination which Marcia's youth and beauty made possible for the persons who dressed her, as compared with Lady Coryston. There are all kinds of subtle variants, no doubt, in "black," such as Lady Coryston habitually wore; and the costliness of them left nothing to be desired. But when she saw Marcia clothed in a new Worth or Paquin, Sewell was sorely tempted to desert her elderly mistress and go in search of a young one.

"Come in, Sewell," cried Marcia. "What do you think of it?"

The woman eagerly obeyed her. Marcia's little maid Bellows did the honors, and the two experts, in an ecstasy, chattered the language of their craft, while Marcia, amid her shimmering white and pink, submitted good-humoredly to being pulled about and twisted round, till, after endless final touches, she was at last pronounced the perfect thing.

Then she ran across the passage to her mother's sitting-room. Lady Coryston had complained of illness during the day and had not been down-stairs. But Marcia's experience was that when her mother was ill she was not less, but more, active than usual, and that withdrawal to her sitting-room generally meant a concentration of energy.

Lady Coryston was sitting with a writing-board on her knee, and a reading-lamp beside her lighting a table covered with correspondence. Within her reach was a deep cupboard in the wall containing estate and business letters, elaborately labeled and subdivided. A revolving bookcase near carried a number of books of reference, and at her elbow, with the paper-knife inside it, lay a copy of the *Quarterly Review*. The walls of the room were covered with books—a fine collection of county histories, a large number of historical memoirs and biographies. In a corner, specially lit, a large bust of the late Lord Coryston conveyed to a younger generation the troubled, interrogative look which in later life had been the normal look of the original. His portrait by Holl hung over the mantelpiece, flanked on either side by water-color pictures of his sons and daughter in their childhood.

There was only one comfortable chair in the room, and Lady Coryston never sat in it. She objected to flowers as being in the way; and there was not a sign anywhere of the photographs and small knickknacks which generally belitter a woman's sitting-room. Altogether, an ugly room, but characteristic, businesslike, and not without a dignity of its own.

"Mother!—why don't you rest a little?" cried Marcia, eying the black-robed figure and the long, pale face, marked by very evident fatigue. "You've been writing letters or seeing people all day. How long did James stay?"

"About an hour."

"And Mr. Page?" Mr. Page was the agent of the main Coryston estate.

"Some time. There was a great deal to settle."

"Did you"—the girl fidgeted—"did you tell him about Coryston?"

"Certainly. He says there is only one house in the neighborhood he could take—"

"He has taken it." Marcia opened her right hand, in which she crushed a telegram. "Bellows has just brought me this." Lady Coryston opened and read it.

"Have taken Knatchett for three years. Tell mother." Lady Coryston's lips stiffened.

"He has lost no time. He can vex and distress us, of course. We shall have to bear it."

"Vex and distress us! I should think he can!" cried Marcia. "Has James been talking to him?"

"I dare say," said Lady Coryston; adding with a slight sarcastic laugh, "James is a little too sure of being always in the right."

From which Marcia guessed that James had not only been talking to Coryston, but also remonstrating with his mother, which no doubt accounted for Lady Coryston's worn-out looks. James had more effect upon her than most people; though never quite effect enough.

Marcia stood with one foot on the fender, her gaze fixed on her mother in a frowning abstraction. And suddenly Lady Coryston, lifting her eyes, realized her daughter and the vision that she made.

"You look very well, Marcia. Have I seen that dress before?"

"No. I designed it last week. Ah!"—the sound of a distant gong made itself heard—"there's the motor. Well, good night, mother. Take care of yourself, and do go to bed soon."

She stooped to kiss her mother.

"Who's going with you?"

"Waggin and James. Arthur may come in. He thinks the House will be up early. And I asked Mr. Lester. But he can't come for the first part."

Her mother held her sleeve, and looked up smiling—Lady Coryston's smiles were scarcely less formidable than her frowns.

"You expect to see Edward Newbury?"

"I dare say. They have their box as usual."

"Well!—run off and enjoy yourself. Give my love to Miss Wagstaffe."

"Waggin" was waiting in the hall for Marcia. She had been Miss Coryston's governess for five years, and was now in retirement on a small income, partly supplied by a pension from Lady Coryston. It was understood that when she was wanted to act duenna she came—at a moment's notice. And she was very willing to come. She lived in an Earl's Court lodging, and these occasional expeditions with Marcia represented for her the gilt on her modest gingerbread. She was a small, refined woman, with a figure still slender, gray hair, and a quiet face. Her dresses were years old, but she had a wonderful knack of bringing them up to date, and she never did Marcia any discredit. She adored Marcia, and indeed all the family. Lady Coryston called her "Miss Wagstaffe"—but to the others, sons and daughters, she was only "Waggin." There were very few things about the Coryston family she did not know; but her discretion was absolute.

As she saw Marcia running downstairs, her face lit up.

"My dear, what a lovely gown!—and how sweet you look!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Waggin!—and put on this rose I've brought for you!"

Waggin submitted while Marcia adorned her and gave various pats and pulls to her hair.

"There!—you look ten years younger," said the girl, with her bright look, stepping back. "But where is James?"

The butler stepped forward. "Mr. James will meet you at the opera."

"Oh, good!" murmured Marcia in her companion's ear. "Now we can croon."

And croon they did through the long, crowded way to Covent Garden. By the time the motor reached St. Martin's Lane, Waggin was in possession of all that had happened. She had long expected it, having shrewdly noted many signs of Lady Coryston's accumulating wrath. But now that "Corry," her dear "Corry," with whom she had fought so many a school-room fight in the days of his Eton jackets, was really disinherited, her concern was great. Tears stood in her kind eyes. "Poor Corry!" alternated in her mouth with "Your poor mother!" Sinner and judge appealed equally to her pity.

Marcia meanwhile sat erect and fierce.

"What else could he expect? Father *did* leave the estates to mother—just because Corry had taken up such views—so that she might keep us straight."



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

SHE SAW MARCIA RUNNING DOWN-STAIRS

"But *afterward!* My dear, he is so young!— And young men change."

Lady Coryston's death was not, of course, to be mentioned — except with this awe and vagueness—scarcely to be thought of. But hotter revolutionists than Corry have turned Tories by forty. Waggin harped on this theme.

Marcia shook her head.

"He won't change. Mother did not ask it. All she asked was—for her sake and father's — that he should hold his tongue."

A flush sprang to Waggin's faded cheek. "A *man!*—a grown man!" she said, wondering—"forbid him to speak out—speak freely?"

Marcia looked anxiously at her companion. It was very seldom that Waggin betrayed so much heat.

"I know," said the girl, gloomily. "'Your money or your life'—for I suppose it sounds like that. Corry would say his convictions are his life. But why 'a man,' Waggin?" She straightened her pretty shoulders. "I don't believe you'd mind if it were a woman. You don't believe in a *woman* having convictions!"

Waggin looked a little bewildered.

"I'm old-fashioned, I suppose—but—"

Marcia laughed triumphantly.

"Why shouldn't Corry respect his mother's convictions? She wants to prove that women oughtn't to shrink from fighting for what they believe, even—"

"Even with their sons?" said Waggin, tremulously. "Lady Coryston is so splendid—so splendid!"

"Even with their sons!" cried Marcia, vehemently. "You take it for granted, Waggin, that they trample on their daughters!"

Waggin protested, and slipped her thin hand into the girl's. The note of storm in Marcia's mood struck her sharply. She tried for a moment to change the subject. Who, she asked, was a tall, fair girl, whom she had seen with Mr. Arthur, "a week ago" at the National Gallery? "I took my little niece—and suddenly I turned, and there at the end of the room were Mr. Arthur—and this lady. Such a remarkable-looking young woman!—not exactly handsome—but you couldn't possibly pass her over."

"Enid Glenwilliam!" exclaimed Marcia, with a startled voice. "But, of course, Waggin, they weren't alone?"

"Oh no — probably not! — though— though I didn't see any one else. They seemed so full of talk—I didn't speak to Mr. Arthur. *Who* do you say she was?" repeated Waggin, innocently.

Marcia turned upon her.

"The daughter of the man mother hates most in the world! It's too bad of Arthur! It's abominable! It would kill mother if she knew! I've heard things said sometimes—but I never believed them for a moment. Oh, Waggin! —you *didn't* see them alone?"

The voice changed into what was almost a wail of indignation. "Of course, Enid Glenwilliam would never consider appearances for a moment. She does exactly what suits her. She never bothers about chaperons, unless she absolutely must. When she sees what she wants, she takes it. But *Arthur!*"

Marcia leaned back in the car, and as in the crush of traffic they passed under a lamp Waggin saw a countenance of genuine distress.

"Oh, my dear, I'm so sorry to have worried you. How stupid of me to mention it. I'm sure there's nothing in it."

"I've half suspected it for the last month," said Marcia, with low-toned emphasis. "But I wouldn't believe it!— I shall tell Arthur what I think of him! Though, mind you, I admire Enid Glenwilliam myself enormously; but that's quite another thing. It's as though mother were never to have any pleasure in any of us! Nothing but worry and opposition!—behind her back, too."

"My dear!—it was probably nothing! Girls do just as they like nowadays, and who notices!" said Waggin, disingenuously. "And as to pleasing your mother, I know somebody who has only to put out her hand—"

"To please mother — and somebody else?" said Marcia, turning toward her with perfect composure. "You're thinking of Edward Newbury?"

"Who else should I be thinking of!— after all you told me last week?"

"Oh, yes—I like Edward Newbury" —the tone betrayed a curious irritation —"and apparently he likes me. But if he tries to make me answer him too soon,

I shall say No, Waggin, and there will be an end of it!"

"Marcia—dearest!—don't be cruel to him!"

"No—but he mustn't press me! I've given him hints—and he won't take them. I can't make up my mind, Waggin. I can't! It's not only marrying him—it's the relations. Yesterday a girl I know described a week-end to me—at Hoddon Grey. A large, smart party — evening prayers in the private chapel, *before dinner!*—nobody allowed to breakfast in bed — everybody driven off to church—and such a *fuss* about Lent! It made me shiver. I'm not that sort, Waggin—I never shall be."

And as again a stream of light from a music-hall façade poured into the carriage, Waggin was aware of a flushed, rebellious countenance and dark eyes full of some passionate feeling not very easy to understand.

"He is at your feet, dear goose!" murmured the little gray-haired lady; "make your own conditions!"

"No, no!—never. Not with Edward Newbury! He seems the softest, kindest—and underneath — *iron!* Most people are taken in. I'm not."

There was silence in the car. Waggin was uneasily pondering. Nothing—she knew it — would be more acceptable to Lady Coryston than this match, though she was in no sense a scheming mother, and had never taken any special pains on Marcia's behalf. Her mind was too full of other things. Still undoubtedly this would suit her. Old family — the young man himself heir-presumptive to a marquisate—money—high character—everything that mortal mother could desire. And Marcia was attracted—Waggin was certain of it. The mingled feeling with which she spoke of him proved it to the hilt. And yet—let not Mr. Newbury suppose that she was to be easily run to earth! In Waggin's opinion he had his work cut out for him.

Covent Garden filled from floor to ceiling with a great audience for an important "first night"—there is no sight in London perhaps that ministers more sharply to the lust of modern eyes and the pride of modern life. Women reign supreme in it. The whole object of it is to provide the most gorgeous setting possible for a world of women—women old and young—their beauty, or their jewels, their white necks and their gray heads; the roses that youth wears — divinely careless—or the diamonds wherewith age must make amends for lost bloom and vanished years.

Marcia never entered the Coryston box, which held one of the most coveted positions on the grand tier, without a vague thrill of exultation; that instinctive, overbearing delight in the goods of Vanity Fair which the Greek called *hubris,* and which is only vile when it outlives youth. It meant in her—"I am young—I am handsome—the world is all on my side—who shall thwart or deny me?" To wealth, indeed, Marcia rarely gave a conscious thought, although an abundance of it was implied in all her actions and attitudes of mind. It would have seemed to her, at any rate, so strange to be without it that poverty was not so much an object of compassion as of curiosity; the poverty, for instance, of such a man as Mr. Lester. But behind this ignorance there was no hardness of heart; only a narrow inexperience.

The overture had begun—in a shadowy house. But the stream of the audience was still pouring in from all sides, in spite of the indignant "Hush!" of those who wanted not to lose a note of something new and difficult. Marcia sat in the front of the box, conscious of being much looked at, and raising her own opera-glass from time to time, especially to watch the filling up of two rows of chairs on the floor just below the lower tier of boxes. It was there that Mr. Newbury had told her to look for him. James, who had joined them at the entrance of the theater and was now hanging on the music, observed her once or twice uneasily. Presently he bent over.

"Marcia—you vandal!—listen!"

The girl started and blushed.

"I don't understand the music, James!—it's so strange and barbarous."

"Well, it isn't Glück, certainly," said James, smiling.

Marcia turned her face toward it. And as she did so there rose from the crash of its opening tumult, like a hovering bird in a clear space of sky, a floating song of extraordinary loveliness. It

rose and fell—winds caught it—snatches of tempest overpowered it — shrieking demons rushed upon it and silenced it. But it persisted; passing finally into a processional march, through which it was still dimly, mysteriously traceable to the end.

"The song of Iphigeneia!" said James. And, as the curtain rose, "And there are the gulfs of Aulis and the Greek host."

The opera, by a young Bavarian of genius, a follower of Strauss, who had but recently captured Munich and Berlin, was based on the great play of Euripides, freely treated by a translator who had known, a hundred and fifty years after Glück, how to make it speak, through music, to more modern ears. It was carried through without any lowering of the curtain, and the splendid story unfolded itself through a music at once sensuous and heroic, with a swiftness and a passion which had soon gripped Covent Garden.

There, in a thousand ships, bound motionless by unrelenting winds, lies the allied host that is to conquer Troy and bring back the stolen Helen. But at the bidding of Artemis, whose temple crowns the coast, fierce, contrary blasts keep it prisoned in the harbor. Hellas cannot avenge itself on the Phrygian barbarians who have carried off a free Greek woman. Artemis holds back the hunters from the prey. Why? Because, as goddess of the land, she claims her toll, the toll of human blood. Agamemnon, the leader of the host, distracted by fears of revolt and of the breaking up of the army, has vowed to Artemis the dearest thing he possesses. The answer is, "Your daughter!—Iphigeneia!"

Under pressure from the other chiefs of the host and from the priests, the stricken father consents at last to send a letter to Clytemnestra at Argos, bidding her bring their young daughter to the camp, on the pretext that she is to become the bride of the hero Achilles. The letter is no sooner despatched than, tormented with remorse, he tries to recall it. In vain. Mother and child arrive, with the babe Orestes; the mother full of exultant joy in such a marriage, the daughter thinking only of her father, on whose neck she throws herself with fond, home prattle, lifting Orestes to him to kiss, saying tender, touching things—how she has missed him—how long the time has been . . .

The young singer, an American, with a voice and a magic reminding many an old frequenter of Covent Garden, through all difference, of Giulia Ravogli in her prime, played this poignant scene as though the superb music in which it was clothed was her natural voice, the mere fitting breath of the soul.

Marcia sat arrested. The door of the box opened softly. A young man, smiling, stood in the doorway. Marcia, looking round, flushed deeply; but in the darkness only Waggin saw it. The girl beckoned to him. He came in noiselessly, nodded to James, bowed ceremoniously to Waggin, and took a seat beside Marcia.

He bent toward her—whispering, "I saw you weren't very full; and I wanted to hear this—with you."

"She's good!" was all that Marcia could find to whisper in return, with a motion of her face toward the Iphigeneia.

"Yes—but only as part of the poem! Don't mistake it—please!—for the ordinary 'star' business."

"But she is the play!"

"She is the *idea!* She is the immortal beauty that springs out of sorrow. Watch the contrast between the death she shrinks from—and the death she accepts; between the horror—and the greatness! Listen! —here is the dirge music beginning."

Marcia listened—with a strange tremor of pulse. Even through the stress of the music her mind went wandering over the past weeks and those various incidents which had marked the growth of her acquaintance with the man beside her. How long had she known him? Since Christmas only? The Newburys and the Corystons were now neighbors indeed in the country; but it was not long since his father had inherited the old house of Hoddon Grey, and of the preceding three years Edward Newbury had spent nearly two in India. They had met first at a London dinner-party; and their friendship, then begun, had ripened rapidly. But it was not till the Shrewsbury House ball that a note of excitement, of uncertain or thrilled expectation, had crept into what was at first a mere pleasant companionship.

She had danced with him the whole night, reckless of comment; and had been since, it seemed to her, mostly engaged in trying to avoid him.

But to-night there was no avoiding him. And as his murmured yet eager comments on the opera reached her, she became more and more conscious of his feelings toward her, which were thus conveyed to her, as it were, covertly, and indirectly, through the high poetry and passion of the spectacle on which they both looked. With every stage of it, Newbury was revealing himself, and exploring her.

Waggin smiled to herself in the darkness of the box. James and she once exchanged glances. Marcia, to both of them, was a dim and beautiful vision, as she sat with her loosely clasped hands lying on the edge of the box, her dark head now turned toward the stage and now toward Newbury.

The ghastly truth had been revealed; Iphigeneia—within earshot almost of the baffled army clamoring for her blood—was clinging to her father's knees, imploring him to save her:

"Tears will I bring—my only cunning—all I have! Round your knees, my father, I twine this body, which my mother bare you. Slay me not before my time! Sweet, sweet is the light!—drive me not down into the halls of death. 'Twas I first called you father—I, your first-born. What fault have I in Paris's sin? Oh, father, why, why did he ever come—to be my death? Turn to me—give me a look—a kiss! So that at least, in dying, I may have that to remember—if you will not heed my prayers."

She takes the infant Orestes in her arms:

"Brother!—you are but a tiny helper—and yet—come, weep with me!—come, pray our father not to slay your sister. Look, father, how—silently—he implores you! Have pity! Oh, light, light, dearest of all goods to men! He is mad indeed who prays for death. Better an ill living than a noble dying!"

The music rose and fell like dashing waves upon a fearful coast—through one of the most agonizing scenes ever imagined by poet, ever expressed in art. Wonderful theme! — the terror-stricken anguish of the girl, little more than a child, startled suddenly from bridal dreams into this open-eyed vision of a hideous doom; the helpless remorse of the father; the misery of the mother; and behind it all the pitiless fate—the savage creed — the blood-thirst of the goddess—and the maddened army howling for its prey.

Marcia covered her eyes a moment. "Horrible!" she said, shivering — "too horrible!"

Newbury shook his head, smiling.

"No! You'll see. She carries in her hands the fate of her race—of the Hellenic, the nobler world, threatened by the barbarian, the baser world. She dies to live. It's the motive of all great art—all religion. Ah—here is Achilles!"

There followed the strangest, pitifulest love-scene. Achilles, roused to fury by the foul use made of his great name in the plot against the girl, adopts the shrinking, lovely creature as his own. She has been called his bride; she shall be his bride; and he will fight for her—die for her—if need be. And suddenly, amid the clashing horror of the story, there springs up for an instant the red flower of love. Iphigeneia stands dumb in the background, while her mother wails, and Achilles, the goddess-born, puts on his armor and his golden-crested helmet. An exultant sword-song rises from the orchestra. There is a gleam of hope; and the girl, as she looks at her champion, loves him.

The music sank into tenderness, flowing like a stream in summer. And the whole vast audience seemed to hold its breath.

"Marvelous!" The word was Newbury's.

He turned to look at his companion, and the mere energy of his feeling compelled Marcia's eyes to his. Involuntarily she smiled an answer.

But the golden moment dies — forever. Shrieking and crashing, the vulture-forces of destruction sweep upon it. Messengers rush in, announcing blow on blow. Achilles' own Myrmidons have turned against him. Agamemnon is threatened—Achilles—Argos! The murderous cries of the army fill the distance like the roar of an uncaged beast.

Iphigeneia raises her head. The sav-

age, inexorable music still surges and thunders round her. And just as Achilles is about to leave her, in order to throw himself on the spears of his own men, her trance breaks.

"Mother!—we cannot fight with gods. I die!—I die! But let me die gloriously—unafraid. Hellas calls to me!—Hellas, my country. I alone can give her what she asks—fair sailing and fair victory. You bore me for the good of Hellas—not for your own joy only, mother! Shall men brave all for women and their fatherland?—and shall one life, one little life—stand in their way? Nay! I give myself to Hellas! Slay me!—pull down the towers of Troy! This through all time shall be sung of me—this be my glory!—this, child and husband both. Hellas, through me, shall conquer. It is meet that Hellenes should rule barbarians, and not barbarians Hellenes. For they are slave-folk—and *we* are free!"

Achilles cries out in mingled adoration and despair. Now he knows her for what she is—now that he has "looked into her soul"—must he lose her?—is it all over? He pleads again that he may fight and die for her.

But she puts him gently aside.

"Die not for me, kind stranger! Slay no man for me! Let it be *my* boon to save Hellas, if I may."

And under her sternly sweet command he goes, telling her that he will await her beside the altar of Artemis, there to give his life for her still, if she calls to him—even at the last moment.

But she, tenderly embracing her mother and the child Orestes, forbidding all thought of vengeance, silencing all clamor of grief—she lifts the song of glorious death as she slowly passes from view, on her way to the place of sacrifice, the Greek women chanting round her.

"Hail, Hellas, Mother-land! Hail, light-giving Day—torch of Zeus!

"To another life and to an unknown fate I go! Farewell, dear light!—farewell!"

"That," said Newbury, gently, to Marcia only, as the music died away, "is the death—*she accepts!*" Tears stood in the girl's eyes. The exaltation of great passion, great poetry, had touched her, mingled strangely with the spell, the resisted spell, of youth and sex. Newbury's dark, expressive face, its proud refinement, its sensitive feeling; the growing realization in her of his strong, exacting personality; the struggle of her weaker will against an advancing master; fascination—revolt; of all these things she was conscious, as they both sat drowned in the passion of applause which was swelling through the opera-house, and her eyes were still vaguely following that white figure on the stage, with the bouquets at its feet. . . .

Bright eyes sought her own; a hand reached out, caught hers, and pressed it. She recoiled — released herself sharply. Then she saw that Edward Newbury had risen, and that at the door of the box stood Sir Wilfrid Bury.

Edward Newbury gave up his seat to Sir Wilfrid, and stood against the back of the box talking to Waggin. But she could not flatter herself he paid much attention to her remarks. Marcia could not see him; but his eyes were on her perpetually. A wonderfully handsome fellow, thought Waggin: the profile and brow perfect, the head fine, the eyes full—too full!—of consciousness, as though the personality behind burned with too intense a flame. Waggin liked him, and was in some sort afraid of him. Never did her small talk seem to her so small as when she launched it at Edward Newbury. And yet no one among the young men of Marcia's acquaintance showed so much courtesy to Marcia's "companion."

"Oh, very fine! very fine!" said Sir Wilfrid; "but I wanted a big fight—Achilles and his Myrmidons going for the other fellows—and somebody having the decency to burn the temple of that hag Artemis! I say!"—he spoke, smiling, in Marcia's ear—"your brother Arthur's in very bad company! Do you see where he is? Look at the box opposite."

Marcia raised her opera-glass and saw Enid Glenwilliam sitting in front of the box to which Sir Wilfrid pointed her. The Chancellor's daughter was bending her white neck back to talk to a man behind her, who was clearly Arthur Coryston. Behind her also, with his hands in his pockets, and showing a vast expanse of shirt-front, was a big, burly man, who stood looking out on the animated spectacle which the opera-house presented,

in this interval between the opera and the ballet, with a look half contemptuous, half dreamy. It was a figure wholly out of keeping—in spite of its conformity in dress—with the splendid opera-house and the bejeweled crowd which filled it. In some symbolic group of modern statuary it might have stood for the Third Estate—for Democracy — Labor — personified. But it was a Third Estate as the modern world has developed it—armed with all the weapons of the other two!

"The Chancellor himself!" said Sir Wilfrid; "watching 'the little victims play!' I picture him figuring up all these smart people. 'How much can I get out of you?—and you?'"

Marcia abruptly put down the glass she held and turned to Sir Wilfrid. He was her godfather, and he had been her particular friend since the days when they used to go off together to the Zoo or the Pantomime.

"Do, please, talk to Arthur!" she said, eagerly, but so as not to be heard by any one else. "Perhaps he'd listen to you. People are beginning to notice—and it's too, too dreadful. You know what mother would feel!"

"I do," said Sir Wilfrid, gravely; "if that's what you mean." His eyes rested a moment on the striking figure of the Chancellor's daughter. "Certainly—I'll put in a word. But she is a very fascinating young woman, my dear!"

"I know," said Marcia, helplessly—"I know."

There was a pause. Then Sir Wilfrid asked:

"When do you go down to Coryston?"

"Just before Whitsuntide."

He looked round with a smile, saw that Edward Newbury was still in the box, and whispered, mischievously:

"Hoddon Grey, too, I think, will not be empty?"

Marcia kept an indifferent face.

"I dare say. You're coming?" Sir Wilfrid nodded. "Oh, *have* you heard—?"

She murmured to him behind her fan. Sir Wilfrid knew all their history—had been her father's most intimate friend. She gave him a rapid account of Coryston's disinheriting. The old man rose, his humorous eyes suddenly grave.

"We'll talk of this—at Coryston. Ah, Newbury—I took your chair—I resign. Hullo, Lester—good evening! Heavens, there's the curtain going up! Good night."

He hurried away. Newbury moved forward, his eager look on Marcia. But she turned, smiling, to the young librarian.

"You haven't seen this ballet, Mr. Lester?—Schumann's 'Carnival'? Oh, you mustn't stand so far back. We can make room, can't we?" She addressed Newbury, and before he knew what had happened the chairs had been so manipulated that Lester sat between Marcia and Newbury, while Waggin had drawn back into the shadow. The eyes of Marcia's duenna twinkled. It pleased her that this magnificent young man, head, it was said, of the young High Church party, distinguished in many ways, and as good as he was handsome, was not to have too easy a game. Marcia had clearly lost her head a little at the Shrewsbury House ball, and was now trying to recover it.

CHAPTER IV

AFTER one of those baffling fortnights of bitter wind and cold which so often mark the beginning of an English May, when all that the spring has slowly gained since March seems to be confiscated afresh by returning winter, the weather had repented itself, the skies had cleared, and suddenly, under a flood of sunshine, there were bluebells in the copses, cowslips in the fields, a tawny leaf breaking on the oaks, a new cheerfulness in the eyes and gait of the countryman.

A plain, pleasant-looking woman sat sewing out of doors, in front of a small verandahed cottage, perched high on a hillside which commanded a wide view of central England. The chalk down fell beneath her into a sheath of beech-woods; the line of hills, slope behind slope, ran westward to the sunset, while eastward it mounted to a wooded crest beyond which the cottage could not look. Northward, beginning some six hundred feet below the cottage, stretched a wide and varied country, dotted with villages and farms, with houses and woods, till it lost itself in the haze of a dim horizon.

A man of middle age, gray-headed,

spare in figure, emerged from one of the French windows of the cottage.

"Marion! when did you say that you expected Enid?"

"Between three and four, papa."

"I don't believe Glenwilliam himself will get here at all. There will be a long Cabinet this afternoon, and another to-morrow probably—Sunday or no Sunday!"

'Well, then, he won't come, father," said the daughter, placidly, thrusting her hand into a sock riddled with holes and looking at it with concern.

"Annoying! I wanted him to meet Coryston—who said he would be here to tea."

Miss Atherstone looked a little startled.

"Will that do, father? You know Enid told me to ask Arthur Coryston, and I wrote yesterday."

"Do? Why not? Because of politics? They must have got used to that in the Coryston family! Or because of the gossip that Arthur is to have the estates? But it's not his fault. I hear the two brothers are on excellent terms. They say that Arthur has warned his mother that he means to make it up to Coryston somehow."

"Enid doesn't like Lord Coryston," said Miss Atherstone, slowly.

"I dare say. He finds out her weak points. She has a good many. And he's not a ladies' man. Between ourselves, my dear, she poses a good deal. I never know quite where to have her, though I dandled her as a baby."

"Oh, Enid's all right," said Marion Atherstone, taking a fresh needleful of brown wool. Miss Atherstone was not clever, though she lived with clever people, and her powers of expressing herself were small. Her father, a retired doctor, on the other hand, was one of the ablest Liberal organizers in the country. From his perch on the Mintern hills he commanded half the midlands, in more senses than one; knew thirty or forty constituencies by heart; was consulted in all difficulties; was better acquainted with "the pulse of the party" than its chief agent, and was never left out of count by any important Minister framing an important bill.

He had first made friends with the man who was now the powerful head of English finance, when Glenwilliam was the young check-weigher of a large Staffordshire colliery; and the friendship—little known except to an inner ring—was now an important factor in English politics. Glenwilliam did nothing without consulting Atherstone, and the cottage on the hill had been the scene of many important meetings and some decisions which would live in history.

Marion Atherstone, on the other hand, though invaluable to her father, and much appreciated by his friends, took no intellectual part in his life. Brilliant creatures—men and women—came and went, to and from the cottage. Marion took stock of them, provided them with food and lodging, and did not much believe in any of them. Atherstone was a philosopher, a free-thinker, and a vegetarian. Marion read the *Church Family Times,* went diligently to church, and if she had possessed a vote, and cared enough about it to use it, would probably have voted Tory. All the same she and her father were on the best of terms and perfectly understood each other.

Among the brilliant creatures, however, who came and went, there was one who had conquered her. For Enid Glenwilliam, Marion felt the profound affection that often links the plain, scrupulous, conscientious woman to some one or other of the sirens of her sex. When Enid came to the cottage, Marion became her slave, and served her hand and foot. But the probability is that she saw through the siren—what there was to see through—a good deal more sharply than her father did.

Atherstone took a garden chair beside her and lit his pipe. He had just been engaged in drafting an important Liberal manifesto. His name would probably never appear in connection with it. But that mattered nothing to him. What did vex him was that he probably would not have an opportunity of talking it over with Glenwilliam before it finally left his hands. He was pleased with it, however. The drastic or scathing phrases of it kept running through his head. He had never felt a more thorough, a more passionate contempt for his opponents. The Tory party must go! One more big fight, and they would smash the unclean thing. These tyrants of land and church and

finance! — democratic England, when it once got to business—and it was getting to business—would make short work of them.

As he looked out over the plain, he saw many things well fitted to stir the democratic pulse. There among the woods, not a mile from the base of the hills, lay the great classic pile of Coryston, where "that woman" held sway. Farther off on its hill rose Hoddon Grey, identified in this hostile mind with church ascendancy, just as Coryston was identified with landlord ascendancy. If there were anywhere to be found a narrower pair of bigots than Lord and Lady William Newbury, or a more poisonous reactionary than their handsome and plausible son, Atherstone didn't know where to lay hands on them.

One white dot in the plain, however, gave him unmixed satisfaction. He turned, laughing, to his daughter.

"Coryston has settled in — with a laborer and his wife to look after him. He has all sorts of ructions on his hands already."

"Poor Lady Coryston!" said Marion, giving a glance at the classical cupolas emerging from the woods.

"My dear!—she began it. And he is quite right—he *has* a public duty to these estates."

"Couldn't he go and stir up people somewhere else? It looks so ugly."

"Oh! women have got to get used to these things, if they play such strong parts as Lady Coryston. The old kid-glove days, as between men and women, are over."

"Even between mothers and sons?" said Marion, dubiously.

"I repeat—she began it! Monstrous, that that man should have made such a will, and that a mother should have taken advantage of it!"

"Suppose she had been a Liberal," said Marion, slyly.

Atherstone shrugged his shoulders—too honest to reply.

He ruminated over his pipe. Presently his eyes flashed.

"I hear Coryston's very servants—his man and wife—were evicted from their cottage for political reasons."

"Yes — by that Radical miller who lives at Martover," said Marion.

Atherstone stared.

"My dear!—"

"The wife told me," said Marion, calmly, rolling up her socks.

"I say, I must look into that," said Atherstone, with discomposure. "It doesn't do to have such stories going round—on our side. I wonder why Coryston chose them."

"I should think—because he hates that kind of thing on both sides." The slightest tinge of red might have been noticed on Miss Atherstone's cheek as she spoke. But her father did not notice it. He lifted his head to listen.

"I think I hear the motor."

"You look tired," said Marion to her guest. The first bout of conversation was over, and Dr. Atherstone had gone back to his letters.

Enid Glenwilliam took off her hat, accepted the cushion which her hostess was pressing upon her, and lay at ease in her cane chair.

"You wouldn't wonder, if you could reckon up my week!" she said, laughing. "Let's see—four dinners, three balls, two operas—a week-end at Windsor, two bazaars, three meetings, two concerts, and tea-parties galore! What do you expect but a rag!"

"Don't say you don't like it!"

"Oh, yes, I like it. At least, if people don't ask me to things, I'm insulted, and when they do—"

"You're bored?"

"It's you finished the sentence—not I! And I've scarcely seen father this week except at breakfast. *That's* bored me horribly."

"What have you *really* been doing?"

"Inquisitor!—I have been amusing myself."

"With Arthur Coryston?"

Marion turned her large fresh-colored face and small gray eyes upon her companion.

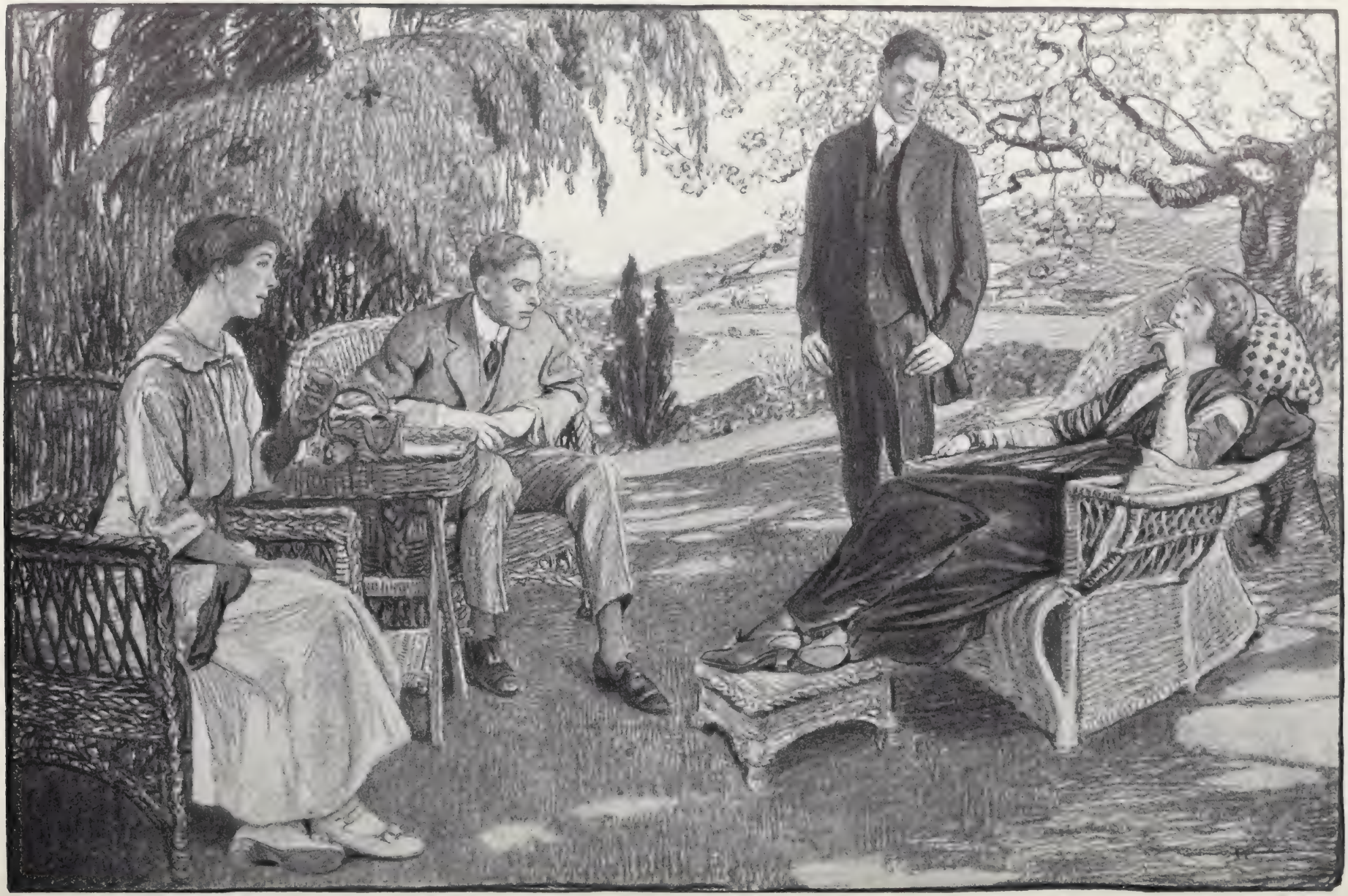
"And others! You don't imagine I confine myself to him?"

"Has Lady Coryston found out yet?"

"That we get on? I am sure she has never imagined that Mr. Arthur could so demean himself."

"But she must find out some day."

"Oh, yes, I mean her to," said Miss Glenwilliam, quietly. She reached out a



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"WHY SHOULD WOMEN SET UP A NEW WANT—A NEW SLAVERY—THAT COSTS MONEY?"

long hand toward Marion's cat and stroked it. Then she turned her large eyes of pale hazel set under beautiful dark brows to her companion. "You see —Lady Coryston has not only snubbed me —she has insulted father."

"How?" exclaimed Marion, startled.

"At Chatton House, the other day. She refused to go down to dinner with him. She positively did. The table had to be rearranged, and little Lady Chatton nearly had hysterics."

The girl lay looking at her friend, her large but finely cut mouth faintly smiling. But there was something dangerous in her eyes.

"And one day at lunch she refused to be introduced to me. I saw it happen quite plainly. Oh, she didn't exactly mean to be insolent. But she thinks society is too tolerant—of people like father and me."

"What a foolish woman!" said Marion Atherstone, rather helplessly.

"Not at all! She knows quite well that my whole existence is a fight—so far as London is concerned. She wants to make the fight a little harder, that's all."

"Your 'whole existence a fight,'" repeated Marion, with a touch of scorn—"after that list of parties!"

"It's a good fight at present," said the girl, coolly, "and a successful one. But Lady Coryston gets all she wants without fighting. When father goes out of office, I shall be nobody. *She* will be always at the top of the tree."

"I am no wiser than before as to whether you really like Arthur Coryston or not. You have heard, of course, the gossip about the estates?"

"Heard?" The speaker smiled. "I know not only the gossip but the facts—by heart! I am drowned—smothered in them. At present Arthur is the darling —the spotless one. But when she knows about me!"—Miss Glenwilliam threw up her hands.

"You think she will change her mind again?"

The girl took up a stalk of grass and nibbled it in laughing meditation.

"Perhaps I oughtn't to risk his chances?" she said, looking sidelong.

"Don't think about 'chances,'" said Marion Atherstone, indignantly—"think about whether you care for each other!"

"What a *bourgeois* point of view! Well, honestly—I don't know. Arthur Coryston is not at all clever. He has the most absurd opinions. We have only known each other a few months. If he were *very* rich— By the way, is he coming this afternoon? And may I have a cigarette?"

Marion handed cigarettes. The click of a garden gate caught her ear.

"Here they are—he and Lord Coryston."

Enid Glenwilliam lit her cigarette, and made no move. Her slender, long-limbed body, as it lay at ease in the deep garden chair, the pale masses of her hair, and the confident, quiet face beneath it, made a charming impression of graceful repose. As Arthur Coryston reached her, she held out a welcoming hand, and her eyes greeted him—a gay, significant look.

Coryston, having shaken hands with Miss Atherstone, hastily approached her companion.

"I didn't know you smoked," he said, abruptly, standing before her with his hands on his sides. As always, Coryston made an odd figure. His worn, ill-fitting clothes, with their bulging pockets, the grasshopper slimness of his legs and arms, the peering, glancing look of his eternally restless eyes, were all of them displeasing to Enid Glenwilliam as she surveyed him. But she answered him with a smile.

"Mayn't I?"

He looked down on her, frowning.

"Why should women set up a new want—a new slavery—that costs money?"

The color flew to her cheeks.

"Why shouldn't they? Go and preach to your own sex."

"No good!" He shrugged his shoulders. "But women are supposed to have consciences. And — especially—*Liberal* women," he added slowly, as his eyes traveled over her dress.

"And pray why should Liberal women be ascetics any more than any other kind of women?" she asked him, quietly.

"Why?" His voice grew suddenly loud. "Because there are thousands of people in this country perishing for lack of proper food and clothing—and it is the function of Liberals to bring it home to the other thousands."

Arthur Coryston broke out indignantly.

"I say, Corry—do hold your tongue! You do talk such stuff!"

The young man sitting where the whole careless grace of Miss Glenwilliam's person was delightfully visible to him, showed a countenance red with wrath.

Coryston faced round upon him, transformed. His frown had disappeared in a look of radiant good humor.

"Look here, Arthur, you've got the money-bags—you might leave me the talking. Has he told you what's happened?"

The question was addressed to Miss Glenwilliam, while the speaker shot an indicating thumb in his brother's direction.

The girl looked embarrassed, and Arthur Coryston again came to the rescue.

"We've no right to thrust our family affairs upon other people, Corry," he said, resolutely. "I told you so as we walked up."

"Oh, but they're so interesting," was Coryston's cool reply, as he took his seat by Marion Atherstone. "I'm certain everybody here finds them so. And what on earth have I taken Knatchett for, except to blazon abroad what our dear mother has been doing?"

"I wish to heaven you hadn't taken Knatchett," said Arthur, sulkily.

"You regard me as a nuisance? Well, I mean to be. I'm finding out such lots of things," added Coryston, slowly, while his eyes, wandering over the plain, ceased their restlessness for a moment and became fixed and dreamy.

Dr. Atherstone caught the last words as he came out from his study. He approached his guests with an amused look at Coryston. But the necessary courtesies of the situation imposed themselves. So long as Arthur Coryston was present, the Tory son of his Tory mother, an Opposition M.P. for a constituency part of which was visible from the cottage garden, and a comparative stranger to the Atherstones, it was scarcely possible to let Coryston loose. The younger brother was there—Atherstone perfectly understood—simply because Miss Glenwilliam was their guest; not for his own *beaux yeux* or his daughter's. But having ventured onto hostile ground, for a fair lady's sake, he might look to being kindly treated.

Arthur, on his side, however, played his part badly. He rose indeed to greet Atherstone—whom he barely knew, and was accustomed to regard as a pestilent agitator—with the indifferent good-breeding that all young Englishmen of the classes have at command; he was ready to talk of the view and the weather, and to discuss various local topics. But it was increasingly evident that he felt himself on false ground; lured there, moreover, by feelings he could hardly suppose were unsuspected by his hosts. Enid Glenwilliam watched him with secret but sympathetic laughter; and presently came to his aid. She rose from her seat.

"It's a little hot here, Marion. Shall I have time to show Mr. Coryston the view from the wood-path before tea?"

Marion assented. And the two tall figures strolled away across a little field toward a hanging wood on the edge of the hill.

"Will she have him?" said Coryston to Marion Atherstone, looking after the departing figures.

The question was disconcertingly frank. Marion laughed and colored.

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Because there'll be the deuce to pay if she does," said Coryston, nursing his knee and bubbling with amusement. "My unfortunate mother will have to make another will. What the lawyers have made out of her already!"

"There would be no reconciling her to the notion of such a marriage?" asked Atherstone, after a moment.

"'If my son take to him a wife of the daughters of Heth, what good shall my life be unto me?'" quoted Coryston, laughing. "Good gracious, how handy the Bible comes in—for most things! I expect you're an infidel, and don't know." He looked up curiously at Atherstone.

A shade of annoyance crossed Atherstone's finely marked face.

"I am the son of a Presbyterian minister," he said, shortly. "But to return. After all, you know, Radicals and Tories do still intermarry! It hasn't quite come to that!"

"No, but it's coming to that!" cried Coryston, bringing his hand down in a slap on the tea-table. "And women like my mother are determined it shall come to it. They want to see this country divided up into two hostile camps—fighting it out—blood and thunder, and devilries galore. Aye, and—" he brought his

face eagerly, triumphantly, close to Atherstone's—"so do you too—at bottom."

The Doctor drew back. "I want politics to be realities, if that's what you mean," he said, coldly. "But the peaceful methods of democracy are enough for me. Well, Lord Coryston, you say you've been finding out a lot of things since you've been settled here. What sort?"

Coryston turned an odd, deliberate look at his questioner.

"Yes, I'm after a lot of game—in the Liberal preserves just as much as the Tory. There isn't a pin to choose between you! Now, look here!" He checked the items off on his fingers. "My mother's been refusing land for a Baptist chapel. Half the village Baptist—lots of land handy—she won't let 'em have a yard. Well, we're having meetings every week, we're sending her resolutions every week, which she puts in the waste-paper basket. And on Sundays they rig up a tent on that bit of common ground at the park gates, and sing hymns at her when she goes to church. That's No. 1. No. 2—My mother's been letting Page — her agent—evict a jolly, decent fellow called Price, a smith, who's been distributing Liberal leaflets in some of the villages. All sorts of other reasons given, of course—but that's the truth. Well, I sat on Page's doorstep for two or three days—no good. Now I'm knocking up a shop and a furnace, and all the rest of the togs wanted, for Price, in my back yard at Knatchett. And we've made him Liberal agent for the village. I can tell you he's going it! That's No. 2. No. 3—There's a slight difficulty with the hunt I needn't trouble you with. We've given 'em warning we're going to kill foxes wherever we can get 'em. They've been just gorging chickens this last year—nasty beasts! That don't matter much however. No. 4—Ah-ha!"—he rubbed his hands—"I'm on the track of that old hypocrite Burton of Martover—"

"Burton! one of the best men in the country!" cried Atherstone, indignantly. "You're quite mistaken, Lord Coryston!"

"Am I!" cried Coryston, with equal indignation. "Not a bit of it. Talking Liberalism through his nose at all the meetings round here, and then doing a thing— Look here! He turned that man and his wife—Potifer's his name—who are now looking after me, out of their cottage and their bit of land—why, do you think?—because *the man voted for Arthur!* Why shouldn't he vote for Arthur? Arthur kissed his baby. Of course he voted for Arthur. He thought Arthur was 'a real nice gentleman'—so did his wife. Why shouldn't he vote for Arthur? Nobody wanted to kiss Burton's baby. Hang him! You know this kind of thing must be put a stop to!"

And, getting up, Coryston stamped up and down furiously, his small face aflame. Atherstone watched him in silence. This strange settlement of Lady Coryston's disinherited son — socialist and revolutionist—as a kind of watchman, in the very midst of the Coryston estates, at his mother's very gates, might not after all turn out so well as the democrats of the neighborhood had anticipated. The man was too queer—too flighty.

"Wait a bit! I think some of your judgments may be too hasty, Lord Coryston. There's a deal to learn in this neighborhood—the Hoddon Grey estate, for instance."

Coryston threw up his hands.

"The Newburys—my word, the Newburys! 'Too bright and good'—aren't they?—'for human nature's daily food.' Such churches—and schools—and villages! All the little boys patterns—and all the little girls saints. Everybody singing in choirs—and belonging to confraternities—and carrying banners. 'By the pricking of my thumbs,' when I see a Newbury I feel that a mere fraction divides me from the criminal class. And I tell you, I've heard a story about that estate—" the odd figure paused beside the tea-table, and rapped it vigorously for emphasis—"that's worse than any other villainy I've yet come across. You know what I mean. Betts and his wife!"

He paused, scrutinizing the faces of Atherstone and Marion with his glittering eyes.

Atherstone nodded gravely. He and Marion both knew the story. The neighborhood indeed was ringing with it. On the one hand it involved the pitiful tale of a divorced woman; on the other the unbending religious convictions of the Newbury family. There was hot championship on both sides; but on the whole the Newbury family was at the moment

unpopular in their own county because of the affair. And Edward Newbury in particular was thought to have behaved with harshness.

Coryston sat down to discuss the matter with his companions, showing a white heat of feeling. "The religious tyrant," he vowed, "is the most hideous of all tyrants!"

Marion said little. Her grave look followed her guest's vehement talk; but she scarcely betrayed her own point of view. The Doctor, of course, was as angry as Coryston.

Presently Atherstone was summoned into the house, and then Coryston said, abruptly:

"My mother likes that fellow Newbury. My sister likes him. From what I hear—he might become my brother-in-law. He sha'n't—before Marcia knows this story!"

Marion looked a little embarrassed, and certainly disapproving.

"He has very warm friends down here," she said, slowly—"people who admire him enormously."

"So had Torquemada!" cried Coryston. "What does that prove? Look here!"—he put both elbows on the table and looked sharply into Marion's plain and troubled countenance—"don't you agree with me?"

"I don't know whether I do or not—I don't know enough about it."

"You mustn't," he said, eagerly—"you mustn't disagree with me!" Then, after a pause, "Do you know that I'm always hearing about you, Miss Atherstone, down in those villages?"

Marion blushed furiously, then laughed.

"I can't imagine why."

"Oh yes, you can. I hate charity—generally. It's a beastly mess. But the things you do—are human things. Look here, if you ever want any help, anything that a fellow with not much coin but with a pair of strong arms and a decent headpiece can do, you come to me. Do you see?"

Marion smiled and thanked him.

Coryston rose.

"I must go. Sha'n't wait for Arthur. He seems to be better employed. But—I should like to come up here pretty often, Miss Atherstone, and talk to you. I shouldn't wonder if I agreed with you more than I do with your father. Do you see any objection?"

He stood leaning on the back of a chair, looking at her with his queer simplicity. She smiled back.

"Not the least. Come when you like."

He nodded, and without any further farewell or any conventional message to her father he strode away down the garden, whistling.

Marion was left alone. Her face, the face of a woman of thirty-five, relaxed; a little rose-leaf pink crept into the cheeks. This was the fourth or fifth time that she had met Lord Coryston, and each time they had seemed to understand each other a little better. She put aside all foolish notions. But life was certainly more interesting than it had been.

Coryston had been gone some time, when at last his brother and Miss Glenwilliam emerged from the wood. The tea-table was now spread in the shade, and they approached it. Marion tried to show nothing of the curiosity she felt.

That Arthur Coryston was in no mood for ordinary conversation, at least, was clear. He refused her proffered cup, and almost immediately took his leave. Enid subsided again into her long chair, and Atherstone and Marion waited upon her. She had an animated, excited look, the reflection no doubt of the conversation which had taken place in the wood. But when Marion and she were left alone it was a long time before she disclosed anything. At last, when the golden May light was beginning to fade from the hill, she sat up suddenly.

"I don't think I can, Marion; I don't think I *can!*"

"Can what?"

"Marry that man, my dear!" She bent forward and took her friend's hands in hers. "Do you know what I was thinking of all the time he talked—and he's a very nice boy—and I like him very much. I was thinking of my father!"

She threw her head back proudly. Marion looked at her in some perplexity.

"I was thinking of my father," she repeated. "My father is the greatest man I know. And I'm not only his daughter; I'm his friend. He has no one but me, since my mother died. He tells me everything, and I understand him. Why

should I marry a man like that, when I have my father! And yet of course he touches me—Arthur Coryston—and some day I shall want a home—and children—like other people. And there is the money, if his mother didn't strip him of it for marrying me! And there's the famous name, and the family, and the prestige. Oh yes, I see all that. It attracts me enormously. I'm no ascetic, as Coryston has discovered. And yet when I think of going from my father to that man—from my father's ideas to Arthur's ideas—it's as though some one thrust me into a cave, and rolled a stone on me. I should beat myself dead, trying to get out! I told him I couldn't make up my mind yet—for a long, long time."

"Was that kind?" said Marion, gently.

"Well, he seemed to like it better than a final No," laughed the girl, but rather drearily. "Marion! you don't know, nobody can know but me, what a man my father is!"

And, sitting erect, she looked absently at the plain, the clear hardness of her eyes melting to a passionate tenderness. It was to Marion as though the rugged figure of the Chancellor overshadowed them; just as, at that moment, in the political sense, it overshadowed England.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Old House

BY ETHEL AUGUSTA COOK

HOW lost in trees a gray house stands with flowers about the door;
A gravel path leads to the gate, a white road sweeps before.
O brooding house, and shadowy grass, and flowers red and sweet!
The white road sweeping straight away was made for children's feet.

Long years ago child voices thrilled among the swaying trees,
Long years ago a blithesome laugh was borne on every breeze.
In every mossy hollow then a goblin treasure kept;
In every fragrant blossom then a fairy lightly slept.

All day a horde of flying feet beat down the willing grass;
All day a bow of widened eyes watched mystic wonders pass
In shadows gray, and circling cloud, and showers that brightened all,
And through the hours a little bird made music with his call.

The wall closed out a world unknown and drew a world about,
But when the gate blew open once, wide wistful eyes looked out.
O brooding house, and shadowy grass, and flowers red and sweet!
The white road sweeping straight away was made for children's feet.

The road so white lay here in shade, and there in sunlight gleamed,
While all the way tall laughing grass its wayward tresses streamed.
So far it ran no one could say what place was at its end;
Wide, white, and straight, it swept away with never any bend.

The rushing feet have now grown slow, and go with quiet tread.
The fairies sleeping in the flowers woke long ago and fled.
The gate swings wide, the wall is down, the mystic road is clear;
But no one goes with dancing feet, or ever journeys here.

They fare, staid pilgrims, far and wide; the round world is their home.
They go on every road but this; on this they never come.
O brooding house, and shadowy grass, and flowers red and sweet!
The white road sweeping straight away was made for children's feet.

The Geniuses

BY V. H. CORNELL

BESIDES being geniuses, Philip and Desdemona were the parents of two children, Susannah Briggs and Dennis Kilpatrick, respectively. The names were by no means the choice of the parents. Grandfather Abbott, who was Philip's father, paid the rent of the charming flat occupied by the young couple, and a mother whose memory he cherished had been in her youth known as Susannah Briggs. Likewise Desdemona's father, whose part was to provide Maggie—a pearl of serving-maids—and other luxuries, thought highly of a certain Irish progenitor of his own; and these two saw, to say the least, nothing more than a fair exchange in their claim of some considerable rights to name Philip's and Desdemona's children. But almost any one will admit that the names were neither musical nor poetical, and, as Desdemona plaintively remarked to Philip, "'Dennis Kilpatrick' you couldn't even shorten to 'Sue'!"

For some time after becoming members of the family, the two children were not allowed to greatly disturb either the absorptions or the serenity of their parents. A period did arrive, however, when this serenity was in constant menace, as regarded both poet and musician. Philip loved harmonious sounds made by himself on the piano—particularly if composed by himself—even as Desdemona loved the making of rhymes to send to magazines; and he might be sitting in the parlor of the flat, his ear bent to some ravishing or elusive harmony, when suddenly the room might be invaded by sounds stridently inharmonious and anything but elusive. Or Desdemona, in the throes of a sonnet, which, as everybody knows, is of the most difficult style of poetry, might be feverishly groping for something other than "dose" to rhyme with "close."

"Do you think you couldn't contrive to make 'dose'"—it had been his own suggestion—"do at all?" Philip, pausing with his fingers above the keyboard, might inquire, concernedly.

Desdemona, her lovely gaze upon him, might seem to consider for a moment, and then shake her lovely head. Yet, not wishing to appear as though slighting his suggestion: "I think 'dose' might do very nicely if it were a doctor writing it, or if it were humorous poetry; but you see, dearest"—the tone liquidly sweet, as were all Desdemona's tones—"in these love sonnets—"

Bursting into such an atmosphere might—probably would—come Dennis Kilpatrick, somewhat stocky of build, to stumble over the rug and bump his nose on the piano leg, or Susannah Briggs, efficiently driving the cat and puppy harnessed to the toy automobile.

"Why doesn't Maggie keep them out?" Philip was constantly moved to inquire, but Maggie, whose life did not even remotely suggest a poet's dream, had everything else to do also, and of this Desdemona was vaguely aware.

"I think," she one day confided to Philip, "that they could learn to stay out without bothering Maggie all the time. I think they're old enough to be taught to—mind."

The idea had the force of entire novelty to Philip, and it appealed to him as any idea of Desdemona's did.

"Why, yes," he agreed; "of course they are. They seem"—he was giving the matter his first serious consideration—"they seem to me at least ordinarily intelligent for their ages. Don't they to you?"

"Certainly they do," said Desdemona, almost crisply. She had a vague flash of the mother defending her offspring. "The only thing is," she pursued, "how to go about it." She looked at Philip with a somewhat troubled expression. "We never have, you know."

Philip took her in his arms; he was always compelled to do it if she looked at him with a troubled expression. "Why," said he, with the air of its being the simplest thing in the world, "just tell 'em they can't come in, and if they do come in spank 'em. It's the universal procedure."



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutchcock Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

A GLANCE OF DANCING AUDACITY FLASHED UPWARD TO THE PARENTS

"I know they'd come in!" she said. She had a look of scared anticipation.

"Well?" he questioned. "I don't suppose we'd have to—do it—very hard the first time," he told her, comfortingly. He called: "Susannah Briggs, Dennis Kilpatrick, come here!"

They emerged from a space outside the immediate parental circle and stood respectfully, Susannah Briggs holding Dennis by the hand. Superficially, any marks distinguishing them as the children of genius were absent; they looked healthy and reasonably well cared for. Susannah was of blond coloring, Dennis darker. Dennis had his short legs incased in dark-blue rompers; Susannah wore a white frock, slightly soiled. A particolored ribbon tied her straight hair—Desdemona's curled. Desdemona herself had bought the ribbon, in the hope that some one of the colors in it would make its wearer prettier, for, saving a certain relieving assurance of glance, Susannah was almost plain. Her mother could not understand this, looking at Philip, nor could Philip, looking at Desdemona. It troubled them both, both having the artist's perceptions. Yet there was something about Susannah Briggs. It was her eyes which were her striking feature; not blue like Desdemona's, not dark like Philip's. They appeared to look in a calm and level manner upon general existence and upon their owner's particular environment.

"Now," said Philip, in a tone so gravely portentous that Susannah Briggs raised one eyebrow, "we are very busy this morning, and we want you to go down in the back yard and play like good children, and not come in till we call you. Do you understand?"

Susannah replied, slowly: "I'd hate to play down there all the rest of the day. Dennis would go to sleep. He's only three, you know."

Philip experienced a sensation of resentment. "Will you be good enough to tell me," he inquired, "just what you mean by that?"

"You'd never think to call us." Susannah's voice was too level; it seemed to merely acknowledge a fact as it stood. It also made Philip mentally acknowledge it, which had the effect of arousing parental ire in him.

"Young lady," he asked, sternly, "has it ever occurred to you children that you are old enough to mind? To just simply mind?" His emphasis was meant to reduce Susannah Briggs to a less disquieting attitude.

She allowed a brief, contemplative glance to rest upon him, then took her brother by the hand, a certain decisiveness in the movement. "I don't know whether it has to Dennis or not," she replied, briefly, "but I'll try him. Come on, Dennis."

Philip felt that the manner of their exit still left the situation rather in the hands of Susannah. He reflected upon it for some time after they were gone.

"You don't think," he presently said to Desdemona, "there is anything—abnormal—in any way about Susannah Briggs, do you?"

"There's—something," Desdemona admitted. "I don't think it's—I don't think she's going to be a—poet, or anything. I know I was never that way."

Philip smiled a little; even Philip could not imagine Desdemona as having been in the least like Susannah Briggs. "I'm rather puzzled about it," he said. He turned as the door flew open and the two children, evidently in the capacity of pursuer and pursued, rushed through it.

"I'm not coming in," announced Susannah, calmly, though hastily; "I'm just coming in after Dennis."

This being the visible fact, Philip exonerated his daughter, but addressed himself to his son with brevity. "Dennis Kilpatrick," he said, "you have been a very bad boy in not minding, and now I'm going to spank you." Then he suddenly wondered. "Do you know what 'spank' means?"

"I'll sit down on it!" exclaimed Dennis, and instantly took up a position which removed Philip's doubts. It also threatened his dignity. A glance of dancing audacity flashed upward to the parents.

Philip looked questioningly at Desdemona.

"Why," she said, "I suppose you ought to pick him up and—do it—anyway. You—could, you know."

"Sit tight, Dennis!" suddenly said Susannah Briggs, in a low, intense

voice. Her father looked at her; the gaze she returned him was unfathomable.

"I think," she said, "you'd better let me tend to him. I just went to ask Maggie a word and he slipped in. I won't let him again. Come on, Dennis."

Dennis obediently rose, keeping, however, the endangered part of his being watchfully turned from Philip, and Susannah led him to the door. The parents stood in uncertainty. Somehow they did not feel well enough acquainted with Susannah Briggs to detain her.

After there had been quiet in the room for some time, Philip asked Desdemona, "What do you suppose she meant by that?"

"By what, dearest?" Desdemona had suddenly found the rhyme she had been groping for; her tone, though sweet, was abstracted.

"She must have been trying to read," pursued Philip, as he crossed over to the piano. He was composing a fantasy which he called "Circles," and was fascinated by it. It was a series of one-two-three sounds which you played with the hands crossing and recrossing each other, the fingers seeming to revolve swiftly all up and down the keyboard. He felt sure that it would make him famous—both Desdemona and he lived in a dream of future fame. Grandfather Abbott and the family of Desdemona flouted the idea, although the loveliness of Desdemona and the almost equal lovableness of Philip made pronounced disapprobation difficult; and Philip and Desdemona, with their beautiful dispositions, forgave this attitude, and returned one of a most disarming friendliness. Philip had an occasional music pupil, but he had become very indifferent to this manner of making a livelihood. Besides, in any absences of his from her side, Desdemona pined; and as even the relatives could not bear the thought of Desdemona's pining, he had come to be, by tacit consent, excused from any prominent part in the maintenance of himself and his family.

So now, while Desdemona was completing her fourth or fifth sonnet to love—she had set out to write a hundred or so after the style of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's on the same subject—and Philip was softly manipulating the piano keys in fragments of the "Circles," down in the back yard—it was really a pretty tiled court with a tiny grass-plot from which tenants were requested to "keep off"—on a bench in the shade of the wall, sat Susannah Briggs, apparently absorbed in an immense volume held on her lap with difficulty, and having for its title *The Wandering Jew.* There was no doubt that Susannah was reading it—reading it aloud—for Dennis Kilpatrick, curled at her side, his face toward her, was following the motions of her lips with a look of painful and earnest concentration upon his own young features.

"I guess you're tired of listening," said Susannah at last, with something of a sigh on her own account. "I don't think myself much of it is very interesting. But I s'pose if anybody could stand it to write it all, we ought to be able to, to read it. I don't intend to write any but just interesting kinds. We'll look at the pictures awhile now."

"I could make a panther," said Dennis, suddenly—they had found a picture of one, and Susannah had read its name and what it was doing—"if I had a lead-pencil."

"You couldn't, either," returned Susannah, matter-of-factly; "nobody can but artists. Artists made all these pictures."

"I'm an artist," said Dennis.

Susannah looked rather contemptuously at him and turned over the leaf. "You're only three," she said. "I never heard of anybody being anything when they weren't but three."

But awhile after they had gone up to the dining-room, Dennis came over to her on his fat legs; she herself was curled up in the morris-chair, thinking. Sounds of the piano were coming from the parlor, and it was partly about that that Susannah was thinking. Maggie was watering the geraniums in the dining-room windows; she had bathed and reclothed the children; Susannah's straight, yellowish hair was tied with a ribbon of the same hue, and it seemed also to match her straight, level gaze in some fashion. Dennis had been lying on his stomach under the dining-table, with the big book out of which they had looked at the pictures open on the floor beside him. He

now laid a dirty sheet of paper in Susannah's lap and stood on tiptoe to lean on the arm of the chair and look into her face.

"I told you I was one!" he said, triumphantly.

"One what?" asked Susannah, whose reflections he had broken into.

"You know—" his look became slightly anxious. "I don't remember the name of it."

Susannah's glance fell upon the sheet of paper. "An artist," she said, unthinkingly. Then she looked closely at her brother and back at the picture again. "I shouldn't wonder if you were going to be some kind of a genius, too, Dennis," she said, slowly and soberly.

Unquestionably it was the privilege of Maggie to get married; it is of every one who has the opportunity; and living as she had in an atmosphere of sonnets, it is quite possible that Maggie may have absorbed from them something of the idea. At any rate, after Thomas Maguire had finally threatened to leave and return no more unless she made up her mind and took him, she reluctantly did so. Reluctantly, because of Philip and Desdemona and the children; for who could say so well as Maggie what the world would be to them without her?

After her departure there was a strange era in the flat; there were servants who left, extravagant servants, servants who stole, and servants who slapped Dennis, and servants who would not mind Susannah Briggs. Even Philip and Desdemona felt the strain a little, although less than any one else concerned. But the situation told upon those who really did have to worry about it, and one day Grandmother Abbott, who, although she has not been previously mentioned, was a person of considerable weight in the family, put forth the astonishing proposition that Philip and Desdemona could manage to exist without any servant at all.

Almost equally astonishing was the effect upon the other relatives, who, the spell being once broken, began either to express or to feel the same opinion. The idea took root among them that Philip and Desdemona, though as lovely and lovable as ever, were not thereby of necessity rendered wholly irresponsible; that, as a matter of fact, genius to the contrary notwithstanding, it might even be good for them to assume some of those duties which more ordinary mortals accept as a matter of course. Heartless as it may seem to write the fact in cold blood, when once the relatives had allowed themselves to think about it, these two unusual beings had very much worn upon their nerves and patience; the decree went forth, and Desdemona, poet as she was and still slenderly fair and young like her immortal namesake, became expected to wash her hands at the kitchen sink, and peel the potatoes for her family's dinner.

She was very docile about it, so much so that the relatives felt ashamed of themselves. Also it is surprising how little may be done in the way of housekeeping if one (or two) earnestly set out to do little—for it may be said for Philip that he was always ready to assist in doing it. Desdemona swept the floors—sometimes—wearing a charming dust-cap under which showed tendrils of hair, and which made very lovely her eyes.

"Do you think," she might ask Philip, raising them to him, "that when you go to sweep a room you ought to sweep first or dust first?"

"I think," Philip might reply, taking her in his arms, "that you sweep first. You see," with superior logic, "if you didn't, you'd stir the dust all up again while you were sweeping." Also he had some vague memories of his childhood to guide him. "You sweep, and then you let the dust settle, and then you dust."

"Oh yes," Desdemona might say, with instant and beautiful understanding, and she found she could make several lines of a sonnet while it was settling. She had reached the seventy-ninth one, and Philip must have been a good part of the distance around the "Circles," when the thing that tumbled the universe into ruins about her happened — or, rather, when she discovered it behind the sideboard while sweeping the dining-room. It was evidently a literary production of Susannah's.

"This is a story," caught Desdemona's eyes, "that I am going to write for a magazine. Its title is going to be 'The

Geniuses,' and it is about my father and mother. It is a true story."

Desdemona here gave a gasp, and felt an instinctive need of Philip. Susannah was now nine years of age; it suddenly came fearfully to her that Susannah might have something to say in this manuscript.

"She stood leaning against the refrigerator" (read Desdemona), "her face deeply absorbed in thinking of a word that would rhyme and her dinner burning. She was a poet and all the neighbors know it — I didn't make that up myself because I am not one. I hope I never will be. The other day I heard Miss McKenney" (who was Susannah's teacher) "say to Miss Carboro" (who was the principal) "that of course father and mother would have gifted children, but even if I am one, I am determined to be something else besides a poet. I know too well the unhappiness which is caused by them.

"The back lid of the stove was off, and the smoke was pouring into the room, but being a poet, she didn't know it—no, I will say 'didn't realize it' to save it from being a rhyme. It is very difficult to live with one all your life and not get in the habit of it.

"The back lid of the stove was off because the damper is broken and you can't turn it up from the outside, and mother—I mean the poet—never thinks to put it back on after she has taken it off to turn up the damper. The reason why the damper is broken is because the poet's husband was one too—at least he was a musician and composed things on the piano and didn't think about dampers or the stove smoking if you left the lid off any more than the poet did. Grandmother Abbott says they're a pair of them and it would be hard to tell which is the biggest one, but I pretended not to know what she meant because she has no business to call them that even if they are. I think myself though that if mother wasn't one the two words would mean about the same— I mean 'poet' and the word Grandmother Abbott meant. I absolutely refuse to become one.

"Dennis isn't going to be a musician like father either, but I guess he'll have to draw pictures. He can't seem to help it. He has made one for a children's magazine called 'The Motherless Brood.' It was going to be pathetic, about little birds and other creatures whose fathers and mothers had been cruelly slain to go on ladies' hats, and things like that or got caught. I told Dennis he'd better make it about us because we are one, but decided that he could not as it would reflect on our parents. So I had him make it of an incubator getting on fire like Grandfather Abbott's did, and all the chickens rushing out into the cold without time to put their feathers on. (Of course I only said that to make it sound funny.)

"I wrote to the Editor and explained to him that Dennis's picture ought to get the prize because if he would stop and think about it, this brood was the most pathetic one of all because it had 'never had no mother.' He wrote back that he had very much enjoyed both the picture and the letter and how old was Dennis, and he sent the five dollars himself because he said he was afraid the judges wouldn't have a sense of humor. He meant that he knew the picture only pretended to be pathetic, but they wouldn't. We have spent most of the money for candy and lunches because we sometimes become tired of eating bread and milk on the pantry shelf, and we have not told our parents about it because they would not be interested. They are unnatural parents.

"They have allowed their two beautiful children to grow up without any of the tender and refining influences of a mother's love, and since Maggie left they have mostly combed their own hair and Dennis's too—I have, I mean, although I don't know just how to put it in about it to make it sound like a story. If it weren't for Aunt Jessica I don't know what we would do about clothes and things, as mother—or the poet, rather— never thinks about it, only whether you look pretty after it's on and wonders why you don't.

"'She thinks she has to spend her time
In searching after words that rhyme'—

and I only did that to show that I could be one if I wanted to. But I hope I shall never have that desire.

"Of course Maggie was all right as long as she lasted, but even then 'in



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

"I GUESS YOU'RE TIRED OF LISTENING," SAID SUSANNAH

happy homes they saw the light' where their fathers and mothers weren't making sonnets or playing on the piano and forgetting all about dampers and other kitchen things, and their young souls were filled with bitterness—well, I don't suppose Dennis's was so much, because I've always been a father and mother to him and he isn't hardly old enough anyway, but I think it has a little. They have never been allowed to disturb their parents' thoughts and harmonies, and when very young were about to have been spanked for this—at least Dennis was—and since then they have held themselves proudly aloof."

Here the manuscript abruptly closed.

When Susannah and Dennis came in from the morning session of school, it was to find their lunch spread in very unusual state in the dining-room—their mother's first step toward reparation. For Desdemona, since that wreck of the universe which had seemed to follow the reading of Susannah's story, had been receiving revelations. Mothers of children couldn't be poets; they could just be mothers of children! If they were not, the children would rise up as Susannah and Dennis had done; Desdemona had not known that before, and Philip had not, but Susannah had known it!

Desdemona had a sudden, sweeping understanding of Susannah — Susannah, whose child's eyes had seen what her mother's could not, and whose lips would not speak; Susannah, who had held herself "proudly aloof," who had accepted having her "young soul filled with bitterness"—yet who would not allow her parents to be "called that, even if they were"! A choking yearning filled Desdemona's breast for Susannah!

"Why don't we eat on the pantry shelf?" Dennis asked, in wonderment; but Susannah ate without comment, her glance going every now and then toward her mother.

"You mustn't go back without washing your face, Dennis," she said when they were through, and went to the kitchen to wipe her own on the towel. A pang went through Desdemona's heart —yes, Susannah had been a father and mother to Dennis!

Before they left, Susannah went toward Desdemona, stopping before she quite reached her. She said:

"What's the matter, mother? Are you sick?"

Desdemona shook her head; her lips slightly quivered. A queer expression passed over the child's face.

"I guess papa'll be back in a little while," she said, in what seemed like a studied tone. "I wouldn't cry."

"It isn't that," Desdemona said. Then her voice choked; she turned away abruptly.

At the door Susannah paused. "Good-by, mamma," she said. Desdemona made a barely audible response. Out in the vestibule Susannah stopped again and stood as though in uncertainty. "Good-by, mamma," she repeated.

"Good-by," returned Desdemona, and tried to keep the sob out of the word. It was partly a sob of happiness. Susannah's face—the carefully veiled concern in her voice—Susannah cared! In spite of it all, she cared!

The front door closed, and then Desdemona heard it open again.

"Good-by, mamma," called Susannah.

"Good-by, dear!" she called back, reassuringly. For now her heart was singing; now she knew the heart of Susannah Briggs, and that it was not too late!

When she put the manuscript into Philip's hands a little later, he read it through twice without looking up from its pages: it seemed that Susannah had made good her promise to write "only interesting kinds."

After the second reading, his eyes sought Desdemona's. Their own understanding was so complete that the one long look they gave each other was all that was needed. And presently Philip asked:

"Whom do they get to mend dampers —plumbers?"

A shadowy smile flitted over Desdemona's storm-ravaged but still lovely countenance. "We might," she said, "ask Susannah. She probably knows."

Some Sevillan Incidents

BY W. D. HOWELLS

THROUGH all the many changes from better to worse, from richer to poorer, Seville continued faithful to the ideal of religious unity which the wise Isabel and the shrewd Ferdinand divined was the only means of consolidating the intensely provincial kingdoms of Spain into one nation of Spaniards. Andalusia not being Gothic had never been Aryan, and it was one of her kings who carried his orthodoxy to Castile and established it inexpugnably at Toledo after he succeeded his heretical father there. When four or five hundred years later it became a political necessity of the Catholic Kings to expel their Jewish and Moorish subjects and convert their wealth to pious and patriotic uses, Andalusia was one of the most zealous provinces in the cause. When presently the inquisitions of the Holy Office began, some five hundred heretics were burned alive at Seville before the year was out; many others, who were dead and buried, paid the penalty of their heresy in effigy; in all, more than two thousand suffered in the region round about. Before he was in Valladolid, Torquemada was in Seville, and there he drew up the rules that governed the procedure of the Inquisition throughout Spain. A magnificent *quemadero,* or crematory, second only to that of Madrid, was built: a square stone platform where almost every day the smoke of human sacrifice ascended. This crematory for the living was in the meadow of San Sebastian, now a part of the city park system which we left on the right that first evening when we drove to the Delicias. I do not know why I should now regret not having visited the place of this dreadful altar and offered my unavailing pity there to the memory of those scores of thousands of hapless women who suffered there to no end, not even to the end of confirming Spain in the faith one and indivisible, for there are now, after so many generations of torment, two Protestant churches in Seville. For one thing, I did not know where the place of the *quemadero* was; and I do not yet know where those Protestant churches are.

If I went again to Seville I should try to visit them, but, as it was, we gave our second day to the Alcazar, which is merely the first in the series of palaces and gardens once stretching from the flank of the cathedral to the Tower of Gold beside the Guadalquivir. A rich sufficiency is left in the actual Alcazar to suggest the splendor of the series, and more than enough in the gardens to invite our fatigue, day after day, to the sun and shade of its quiet paths and seats when we came spent with the glories and the bustling piety of the cathedral. In our first visit we had the guidance of a patriotic young Granadan whose zeal for the Alhambra would not admit the Alcazar to any comparison, but I myself still prefer it after seeing the Alhambra. It is as purely Moorish as that, and it is in better repair if not better taste. The taste in fact is the same, and the Castilian kings consulted it as eagerly as their Arabic predecessors in the talent of the Moslem architects whom they had not yet begun to drive into exile. I am not going to set up rival to the colored picture postals, which give a better notion than I could give of the painted and gilded stucco decoration, the ingenious geometrical designs on the walls, and the cloying sweetness of the honeycombing in the vaulted roofs. Every one will have his feeling about Moorish architecture; mine is that a little goes a great way, and that it is too monotonous to compete with the Gothic in variety, while it lacks the dignity of any form of the Greek or the Renaissance. If the phrase did not insult the sex which the faith of the Moslem insufferably insults, one might sum up one's slight for it in the word effeminate.

The best of the Alcazar is the Alcazar gardens. But I would not ignore the home-like charm of the vast court by

which you enter from the street outside to the palace beyond. It is planted casually about with rather shabby orange-trees that children were playing under, and was decorated with the week's wash of the low, simple dwellings which may be hired at a rental moderate even for Seville, where a handsome and commodious house in a good quarter rents for sixty dollars a year. One of those two-story cottages, as we should call them, in the ante-court of the Alcazar had for the student of Spanish life the special advantage of a lover close to a ground-floor window dropping tender nothings down through the slats of the shutter to some maiden lurking within. The nothings were so tender that you could not hear them drop, and besides, they were Spanish nothings, and it would not have served any purpose for the stranger to listen for them. Once afterward we saw the national courtship going on at another casement, but that was at night, and here the precious first sight of it was offered at ten o'clock in the morning. Nobody seemed to mind the lover stationed outside the shutter with which the iron bars forbade him the closest contact; and it is only fair to say that he minded nobody; he was there when we went in and there when we came out, and it appears that when it is a question of love-making time is no more an object in Spain than in the United States. The scene would have been better by moonlight, but you cannot always have it moonlight, and the sun did very well; at least, the lover did not seem to miss the moon.

He was only an incident, and I hope the most romantic reader will let me revert from him to the Alcazar gardens. We were always reverting to them on any pretext or occasion, and we mostly had them to ourselves in the gentle afternoons when we strayed or sat about at will in them. The first day we were somewhat molested by the instruction of our patriotic Granadan guide, who had a whopper jaw and grayish blue eyes, but coal-black hair for all his other blondness. He smoked incessant cigarettes, and he showed us especially the pavilion of Charles the Fifth, whom, after the use of all English-speaking Spanish guides, he called "Charley Fift." It appeared that the great emperor used this pavilion for purposes of meditation; but he could not always have meditated there, though the frame of a brazier standing in the center intimated that it was tempered for reflection. The first day we found a small bird in possession, flying from one bit of the carved wooden ceiling to another, and then, taking our presence in dudgeon, out into the sun. Another day there was a nursery-girl there with a baby that cried; on another, still more distractingly, a fashionable young French bride who went kodaking round while her husband talked with an archæological official, evidently Spanish. In his own time, Charley probably had the place more to himself, though even then his thoughts could not have been altogether cheerful; whether he recalled what he had vainly done to keep out of Spain while taking the worst of Spain with him into the Netherlands, where he tried to plant the Inquisition among his Flemings, he was already much soured with a world that had cloyed him, and was perhaps considering even then how he might make his escape from it in the cloister.

We did not know as yet how almost entirely dramatic the palace of the Alcazar was, how largely it was representative of what the Spanish successors of the Moorish kings thought those kings would have made it if they had made it; and it was probably through an instinct for the genuine that we preferred the gardens after our first cries of wonder. What remains to me of our many visits is the mass of high borders of box, with roses, jasmine, and orange-trees, palms, and cypresses. The fountains dribbled rather than gushed, and everywhere were ranks and rows of plants in large, high earthen pots beside or upon the tiled benching that faced the fountains and would have been easier to sit on if you had not to supply the back yourself. The flowers were not in great profusion, and chiefly we rejoiced in the familiar quaintness of clumps of massive blood-red cox-combs and strange yellow ones. The walks were bordered with box, and there remains distinctly the impression of marble steps and mosaic seats inlaid with tiles; all Seville seems inlaid with tiles. One afternoon we lingered longer than usual because the day was so sunnily warm in the garden paths and spaces, without

being hot. A gardener whom we saw hung oftenest about his flowers in a sort of vegetable calm, and not very different from theirs except that they were not smoking cigarettes. He did not move a muscle or falter in his apparently unseeing gaze; but when one of us picked a seed from the ground and wondered what it was, he said it was a magnolia seed, and as if he could bear no more, went away. In one wilding place which seemed set apart for a nursery several men were idly working with many pauses, but not so many as to make the spectator nervous. As the afternoon waned and the sun sank, its level rays dwelt on the galleries of the palace which Peter the Cruel built himself and made so ugly with harsh brown stucco ornament that it set your teeth on edge, and with gigantic frescos exaggerated from the Italian, and very coarse and rank. It was this savage prince who invented much of the Alcazar in the soft Moorish taste; but in those hideous galleries he let his terrible nature loose, though as for that some say he was no crueler than certain other Spanish kings of that period. This is the notion of my unadvertised *Encyclopædia Britannica,* and perhaps we ought to think of him leniently as Peter the Ferocious. He was kind to some people and was popularly known as the Justiciary; he especially liked the Moors and Jews, who were gratefully glad, poor things, of being liked by any one under the new Christian rule. But he certainly killed several of his half-brothers, and notably he killed his half-brother Don Fadrique in the Alcazar. That is, if he had no hand in the butchery himself he had him killed after luring him to Seville for the tournaments and forgiving him for all their mutual injuries with every caressing circumstance. One reads that after the king has kissed him he sits down again to his game of backgammon and Don Fadrique goes into the next room to Maria de Padilla, the lovely and gentle lady whom Don Pedro has married as much as he can with a wedded wife shut up in Toledo. She sits there in terror with her damsels and tries with looks and signs to make Don Fadrique aware of his danger. But he imagines no harm till the king and his companions, with their daggers drawn, come to the curtains, which the king parts, commanding, "Seize the Master of Santiago!" Don Fadrique tries to draw his sword, and then he turns and flies through the halls of the Alcazar, where he finds every door bolted and barred. The king's men are at his heels, and at last one of them fells him with a blow of his mace. The king goes back with a face of sympathy to Maria, who has fallen to the floor.

The treacherous keeping is all rather in the taste of the Italian Renaissance, but the murder itself is more Roman, as the Spanish atrocities and amusements are apt to be. Murray says it was in the beautiful Hall of the Ambassadors that Don Fadrique was killed, but the other manuals are not so specific. Wherever it was, there is a blood-stain in the pavement which our Granadan guide failed to show us, possibly from a patriotic pique that there are no blood-stains in the Alhambra with personal associations. I cannot say that much is to be made of the vaulted tunnel where poor Maria de Padilla used to bathe, probably not much comforted by the courtiers afterward drinking the water from the tank; she must have thought the compliment rather nasty, and no doubt it was paid her to please Don Pedro.

We found it was pleasanter going and coming through the corridor leading to the gardens from the public court. This was kept at the outer end by an "old rancid Christian" smoking incessant cigarettes and not explicitly refusing to sell us picture postals after taking our entrance fee; the other end was held by a young, blond, sickly-looking girl, who made us take small nosegays at our own price and whom it became a game to see if we could escape. I have left saying to the last that the king and queen of Spain have a residence in the Alcazar, and that when they come in the early spring they do not mind coming to it through that plebeian quadrangle. I should not mind it myself if I could go back there next spring.

We had refused with loathing the offer of those gipsy jades to dance for us in their noisome purlieu at Triana, but we were not proof against the chance of seeing some gipsy dancing in a café-theater one night in Seville. The decent place was filled with the "plain people," who sat with their hats on at rude tables

smoking and drinking coffee from tall glasses. They were apparently nearly all working-men who had left nearly all their wives to keep on working at home, though a few of these also had come. On a small stage four gipsy girls, in unfashionably and untheatrically decent gowns of white, blue, or red, with flowers in their hair, sat in a semicircle with one subtle, silent, darkling man among them. One after another they got up and did the same twisting and posturing, without dancing, and while one posed and contorted the rest unenviously joined the spectators in their clapping and their hoarse cries of "*Olé!*" It was all perfectly proper except for one high moment of indecency thrown in at the end of each turn, as if to give the house its money's worth. But the real, overflowing compensation came when that little, lithe, hipless man in black jumped to his feet and stormed the audience with a dance of hands and arms, feet and legs, head, neck, and the whole body, which Mordkin in his finest frenzy could not have equaled or approached. Whatever was fiercest and wildest in nature and boldest in art was there, and now the house went mad with its hand-clappings and table-hammerings and deep-throated "*Olés!*"

Another night we went to the academy of the world-renowned Otero and saw the instruction of Sevillan youth in native dances of the *haute école*. The academy used to be free to a select public, but now the chosen, who are nearly always people from the hotels, must pay ten pesetas each for their pleasure, and it is not too much for a pleasure so innocent and charming. The academy is on the ground floor of the *maestro's* unpretentious house, and in a waiting-room beyond the shoemaker's shop which filled the vestibule sat, patient in their black mantillas, the mothers and nurses of the pupils. These were mostly quite small children in their every-day clothes, but there were two or three older girls in the conventional dancing costume which a lady from one of the hotels had emulated. Everything was very simple and friendly; Otero found good seats among the *aficionados* for the guests presented to him, and then began calling his pupils to the floor of the long, narrow room with quick commands of "*Venga!*" A piano was tucked away in a corner, but the dancers kept time now with castanets and now by snapping their fingers. Two of the oldest girls, who were apparently graduates, were "differently beautiful" in their darkness and fairness, but alike picturesquely Spanish in their vivid dresses and the black veils fluttering from their high combs. A youth in green velvet jacket and orange trousers, whose wonderful dancing did him credit as Otero's prize pupil, took part with them; he had the square-jawed, high-cheek-boned face of the lower-class Spaniard, and they the oval of all Spanish women. Here there was no mere posturing and contortioning among the girls as with the gipsies; they sprang like flames and stamped the floor with joyous detonations of their slippers. It was their convention to catch the hat from the head of some young spectator and wear it in a figure and then toss it back to him. One of them enacted the part of a *torero* at a bull-fight, stamping round first in a green satin cloak which she then waved before a man's felt hat thrown on the ground to represent the bull hemmed about with *banderillas* stuck quivering into the floor. But the prettiest thing was the dancing of two little girl pupils, one fair and thin and of an angelic gracefulness, and the other plump and dark, who was as dramatic as the blond was lyrical. They accompanied themselves with castanets, and though the little fatling toed in and wore a common dress of blue-striped gingham, I am afraid she won our hearts from her graceful rival. Both were very serious and gave their whole souls to the dance, but they were not more childishly earnest than an older girl in black who danced with one of the gaudy graduates, panting in her anxious zeal and stopping at last with her image of the Virgin she resembled flung wildly down her back from the place where it had hung over her heart.

We preferred walking home from Señor Otero's house through the bright, quiescing street, because in driving there we had met with an adventure which we did not care to repeat. We were driving most unaggressively across a small plaza, with a driver and a friend on the box beside him to help keep us from harm, when a trolley-car came wildly round a corner at the speed of at least two miles an hour



GARDENS OF THE ALCAZAR

and crossed our track. Our own speed was such that we could not help striking the trolley in a collision which was the fault of no one apparently. The front of the car was severely banged, one mud-guard of our victoria was bent, and our conversation was interrupted. Immediately a crowd assembled from the earth or the air, but after a single exchange of reproaches between the two drivers nothing was said by any one. No policeman arrived to *constater* the facts, and after the crowd had silently satisfied or dissatisfied itself that no one was hurt it silently dispersed. The car ambled grumbling off and we drove on with some vague murmurs from our driver, whose nerves seemed shaken, but who was supported in a somewhat lurching and devious progress by the caressing arm of the friend on the seat beside him.

All this was in Seville, where the popular emotions are painted in travel and romance as volcanic as at Naples, where no one would have slept the night of our accident and the spectators would be debating it still. In our own surprise and alarm we partook of the taciturnity of the witnesses, which I think was rather fine and was much decenter than any sort of utterance. On our way home we had occasion to practise a like forbearance toward the lover whom we passed as he stood courting through the casement of a



REMAINS OF OLD ROMAN WALLS OUTSIDE SEVILLE

ground floor. The soft air was full of the sweet of jasmine and orange blossoms from the open patios. Many people besides ourselves were passing, but very gently and in a well-bred avoidance of the dark figure pressed to the grating and scarcely more recognizable than the invisible figure within. I confess I thought it charming, and if at some period of their lives people must make love I do not believe there is a more inoffensive way of doing it.

Ordinarily I should say you could not go amiss for your profit and pleasure in Seville, but there are certain imperative objects of interest like the Casa de Pilatos which you really have to do. Strangely enough, it is very well worth doing, for, though it is even more factitiously Moorish than the Alcazar, it is of almost as great beauty and of greater dignity. Gardens, galleries, staircases, statues, paintings, all are interesting, with a mingled air of care and neglect which is peculiarly charming, though perhaps the keener sensibilities, the morbider nerves may suffer from the glare and hardness of the tiling which render the place so wonderful and so exquisite. One must complain of something, and I complain of the tiling; I do not mind the house being supposed like the house of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem.

It belongs to the Duke of Medina-Celi, who no more comes to it from Madrid than the Duke of Alva comes to his house, which I somehow perversely preferred. For one thing, the Alva palace has eleven patios, all far more forgotten than the four in the House of Pilate, and I could fully glut my love of patios without seeing half of them. Besides, it was in the charge of a typical Spanish family: a lean, leathery, sallow father, a fat, immovable mother, and a tall, silent daughter. The girl showed us darkly about the dreary place, with its fountains and orange-trees and palms, its damp, Moresque, moldy walls, its damp, moldy, beautiful wooden ceilings, and its damp, moldy staircase leading to the family rooms overhead, which we could not see. The family stays for a little time only in the spring and fall, but if ever they stay so late as we had come, the sunlight lying so soft and warm in the patio and the garden out of it must make them as sorry to leave it as we were.

I am not sure but I valued the House of Alva somewhat for the chance my visit to it gave me of seeing a Sevillan tenement-house such as I had hoped I might see. One hears that such houses are very scrupulously kept by the janitors who compel the tenants to a cleanliness not perhaps always their nature. At any rate,

this one, just across the way from the Alva house, was of a surprising neatness. It was built three stories high, with galleries looking into an open court and doors giving from these into the several tenements. As fortune, which does not continually smile on travel, would have it that morning, two ladies of the house were having a vivid difference of opinion on an upper gallery. Or at least one was, for the other remained almost as silent as the spectators who grouped themselves about her or put their heads out of the windows to see, as well as hear, what it was about. I wish I knew and I would tell the reader. The injured party, and I am sure she must have been deeply injured, showered her enemy with reproaches, and each time when she had emptied the vials of her wrath with much shaking of her hands in the wrong-doer's face she went away a few yards and filled them up again and then returned for a fresh discharge. It was perfectly like a scene of Goldoni and like many a passage of real life in his native city, and I was rapt in it across fifty years to the Venice I used to know. But the difference in Seville was that there was actively only one combatant in the strife, and the witnesses took no more part in it than the passive resistant.

I have kept the unique wonder of Seville waiting too long already for my recognition, though in its eight hundred years it should have learned patience enough for worse things. From its great antiquity alone, if from nothing else, it is plain that the Giralda at Seville could not have been studied from the tower of the Madison Square Garden in New York, which the American will recall when he sees it. If the case must be reversed and we must allow that the Madison Square tower was studied from the Giralda, we must



THE JUNK AND SECOND-HAND-GOODS MARKET

still recognize that it is no servile copy, but in its frank imitation has a grace and beauty which achieves originality. Still, the Giralda is always the Giralda, and, though there had been no Saint-Gaudens to tip its summit with such a flying-footed nymph as poises on our own tower, the figure of Faith which crowns it is at least a good weather-vane, and from its office of turning gives the mighty bell-tower its name. Long centuries before the tower was a belfry it served the mosque, which the cathedral now replaces, as a minaret for the muezzin to call the faithful to prayer, but it was then only two-thirds as high. The Christian belfry which continues it is not in offensive discord with the structure below; its other difference in form and spirit achieves an impossible harmony. The Giralda, however, chiefly works its enchantment by its color, but here I must leave the proof of this to the picture postal which now everywhere takes the bread out of the word-painter's mouth. The time was when with a palette full of tinted adjectives one might hope to do an unrivaled picture of the Giralda; but that time is gone; and if the reader has not a colored postal by him he should lose no time in going to Seville and seeing the original. For the best view of it I must advise a certain beautifully irregular small court in the neighborhood, with simple houses so low that you can easily look up over their roofs and see the mighty bells of the Giralda rioting far aloof, flinging themselves beyond the openings of the belfry and making believe to leap deafeningly out into space. If the traveler fails to find this court (for it seems now and then to be taken in and put away), he need not despair of seeing the Giralda fitly. He cannot see Seville at all without seeing it, and from every point, far or near, he sees it grand and glorious.



HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS—THE ALCAZAR

I remember it especially from beyond the Guadalquivir in the drive we took through Triana to the village of Italica, where three Roman emperors were born, as the guide-books will officiously hasten to tell, and steal away your chance of treating your reader with an effect of learned research. These emperors (I will not be stopped by any guide-book from saying) were Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius; and Triana is named for the first of them. Fortunately, we turned to the right after crossing the bridge and so escaped the gipsy quarter, but we paused through a long street so swarming with children that we wondered to hear whole schoolrooms full of them

humming and droning their lessons as we made our way among the tenants. Fortunately, they played mostly in the gutters, the larger looking after the smaller when their years and riches were so few more, with that beautiful care which childhood bestows on babyhood everywhere in Europe. To say that those Spanish children were as tenderly watchful of these Spanish babies as English children is to say everything. Now and then a mother cared for a babe as only a mother can in an office which the pictures and images of the Most Holy Virgin consecrate and endear in lands where the sterilized bottle is unknown, but oftenest it was a little sister that held it in her arms and crooned whatever was the Spanish of—



MOORISH INTERIOR—THE ALCAZAR

"Rack back, baby, daddy shot a b'ar;
Rack back, baby, see it hangin' thar."

For there are no rocking-chairs in Triana, as there were none in our backwoods, and the little maids tilted to and fro on the fore-legs and hind-legs of their chairs and lulled their charges to sleep with seismic joltings.

When the street turned into a road it turned into a road a hundred feet wide; one of those roads which Charles III., when he came to the Spanish throne from Naples, full of beneficent projects and ideals, bestowed upon his unwilling and ungrateful subjects. These roads were made about the middle of the eighteenth century, and they have been gathering dust ever since, so that the white powder now lies in the one beyond Triana five or six inches deep. Along the sides occasional shade-trees stifled, and beyond them gaunt, verdureless fields widened away, though we were told that in the spring the fields were red with flowers and green with young wheat. There were no market gardens, and the chief crop seemed brown pigs and black goats. In some of the foregrounds, as well as the backgrounds, were olive orchards with olives heaped under them and peasants still resting from their midday breakfast. A mauve bell-shaped flower plentifully fringed the wayside; our driver said it had no name, and later an old peasant said it was "bad."

At the entrance to the ruins of the amphitheater which forms the tourist's chief excuse for visiting Italica the popular manners softened toward us; the village children offered to sell us wild nar-



Plaza del Duque

cissus flowers and were even willing to take money in charity. They followed us into the ruins, much forbidden by the fine, toothless old custodian who took possession of us as his proper prey and led us through the moldering caverns and crumbling tiers of seats which form the amphitheater. Vast blocks, vast hunks of the masonry are broken off from the mass and lie detached, but the mass keeps the form and dignity of the original design; and in the lonely fields there it had something august and proud beyond any quality of the Arena at Verona or the Colosseum at Rome. It is mostly stripped of the marble that once faced the interior, and is like some monstrous oval shaped out of the earth, but near the imperial box lay some white slabs with initials cut in them which restored the vision of the "grandeur that was Rome" pretty well over the known world when this great work was in its prime. Our custodian was qualified by his toothlessness to lisp like any old Castilian the letters that all other Andalusians hiss, but my own Spanish was so slight and his *patois* was so dense that the best we could do was to establish a polite misunderstanding. On this his one word of English, repeated as we passed through the subterranean doors, "Lion, lion, lion," cast a gleam of intelligence which brightened into a vivid community of ideas when we ended in his cottage, and he prepared to sell us some of the small Roman coins which formed his stock in trade. The poor place was beautifully neat, and from his window we had a view of Seville, signally the cathedral and the Giralda, such as could not be bought for money in New York.

The one incident of our return worthy of literature was the dramatic triumph of a woman over a man and a mule as we saw it exhibited on the parapet of a culvert over a dry torrent's bed. It was the purpose of this woman, standing on the coping in statuesque relief and showing against the sky the comfortable proportions of the Spanish housewife, to

mount the mule behind the man. She waited patiently while the man slowly and as we thought faithlessly urged the mule to the parapet; then, when she put out her hands and leaned forward to take her seat, the mule inched softly away and left her to recover her balance at the risk of a fall on the other side. We were too far for anything but the dumb show, but there were, no doubt, words which conveyed her opinions unmistakably to both man and mule. With our hearts in our mouths we witnessed the scene and its repetitions till we could bear it no longer, and we had bidden our cabman drive on when with a sudden spring the brave woman launched herself semicircularly forward and descended upon the exact spot which she had been aiming at. There solidly established on the mule, with her arms fast round the man, she rode off; and I do not think any reader of mine would like to have been that mule or that man for the rest of the way home.

We met many other mules, much more exemplary, in teams of two, three, and four, covered with bells and drawing every kind of carryall and stage and omnibus. These vehicles were built when the road was, about 1750, and were, like the road, left to the natural forces for keeping themselves in repair. The natural forces were not wholly adequate, in either case, but the vehicles were not so thick with dust as the road, because they could shake it off. They had each two or four passengers seated with the driver; passengers clustered over the top and packed the inside, but every one was in the joyous mood of people going home for the day. In a plaza not far from the Triana bridge you may see these decrepit conveyances assembling every afternoon for their suburban journeys, and there is no more picturesque sight in Seville, more home-like, more endearing. Of course, when I say this I leave out of the count the bridge over the Guadalquivir



THE COURT OF FLAGS AND TOWER OF THE GIRALDA



PAVILION OF CHARLES V.—GARDENS OF THE ALCAZAR

at the morning or evening hour when it is covered with brightly caparisoned donkeys, themselves covered with men needing a shave, and gay-kerchiefed women of every age, with boys and dogs underfoot, and pedestrians of every kind, and hucksters selling sea-fruit and land-fruit and whatever else the stranger would rather see than eat. Very little outcry was needed for the sale of these things, which in Naples or even in Venice would have been attended by such vociferation as would have sufficed to proclaim a city in flames.

On a day not long after our expedition to Italica we went a drive with a young American friend living in Seville, whom I look to for a book about that famous city such as I should like to write myself if I had the time to live it as he has done. He promised that he would show us a piece of the old Roman wall, but he showed us ever so much more. We passed out of the city by a gate where in a little coign of vantage a cobbler was thoughtfully hammering away in the tumult at a shoe-sole, and then suddenly on our right we had the Julian wall: not a mere fragment, but a good long stretch of it. The Moors had built upon it and characterized it, but had not so masked it as to hide the perdurable physiognomy of the Roman work. It was vastly more Roman wall than you see at Rome; but far better than this heroic image of war and waste was the beautiful old aqueduct, perfectly Roman still, with no visible touch from Moor, or from Christian before or after the Moor, and performing its beneficent use after two thousand years as effectively as in the years before Christ came to bless the peacemakers. Nine miles from its mountain source the graceful arches bring the water on their shoulders; and though there is now an English company that pipes other streams to the city through its underground mains, the Ro-

man aqueduct, eternally sublime in its usefulness, is constant to the purpose of the forgotten men who imagined it. The outer surfaces of the channel which it lifted to the light and air were tagged with weeds and immemorial mosses, and dripped as with the sweat of its faithful toil.

We followed it as far as it went on our way to a modern work of peace and use which the ancient friend and servant of man would feel no unworthy rival. Beyond the drives and gardens of the Delicias, where we lingered our last to look at the pleasurers haunting them, we drove far across the wheat-fields where a ship-canal five miles long is cutting to rectify the curve of the Guadalquivir and bring Seville many miles nearer the sea than it has ever been before; hitherto the tramp steamers have had to follow the course of the ships of Tarshish in their winding approach. The canal is the notion of the young king of Spain, and the work on it goes forward night and day. The electric lights were shedding their blinding glare on the deafening clatter of the excavating machinery, and it was an unworthy relief to escape from the intense modernity of the scene to that mediæval retreat nearer the city where the *aficionados* night-long watch the bulls coming up from their pastures for the fight or the feast, whichever you choose to call it, of the morrow. These amateurs, whom it would be rude to call sports, lurk in the wayside café over their cups of chocolate and wait till in that darkest hour before dawn, with irregular trampling and deep bellowing, these hapless heroes of the arena press to their doom.

On the eve of All Saints, after we had driven over the worst road in the world outside of Spain or America, we arrived at the entrance of the cemetery where Baedeker had mysteriously said "some sort of fair was held." Then we perceived that we were present at the preparations for celebrating one of the most affecting events of the Spanish year. This was the visit of kindred and friends bringing tokens of remembrance and affection to the dead. The whole long, rough way we had passed these on foot, and at the cemetery gate we found them arriving in public cabs, as well as in private carriages, with the dignity and gravity of smooth-shaven footmen and coachmen. In Spain these functionaries look their office more solemnly even than in England and affect you as peculiarly correct and eighteenth-century. But apart from their looks the occasion seemed more a festivity than a solemnity. The people bore flowers, mostly artificial, as well as lanterns, and within the cemetery they were furbishing up the monuments with every appliance according to the material, scrubbing the marble, whitewashing the stucco, and repainting the galvanized iron. The lanterns were made to match the monuments and fences architecturally, and the mourners were attaching them with a gentle satisfaction in their fitness; I suppose they were to be lighted at dark and to burn through the night. There were men among the mourners, but most of them were women and children; some were weeping, like a father leading his two little ones, and an old woman grieving for her dead with tears. But what prevailed was a community of quiet resignation, almost to the sort of cheerfulness which bereavement sometimes knows. The scene was tenderly affecting, but it had a tremendous touch of tragic setting in the long, straight avenue of black cypresses which slimly climbed the upward slope from the entrance to the farther bound of the cemetery. Otherwise there was only the patience of entire faith in this annually recurring visit of the living to the dead: the fixed belief that these should rise from the places where they lay, and they who survived them for yet a little more of time should join them from whatever end of the earth in the morning of the Last Day.

All along I have been shirking what any right-minded traveler would feel almost his duty, but I now own that there is a museum in Seville, the Museo Provincial, which was of course once a convent and is now a gallery, with the best, but not the very best, Murillos in it, not to speak of the best Zurbarans. I will not speak at all of those pictures, because I could in no wise say what they were, or were like, and because I would not have the reader come to them with any opinions of mine which he might bring away with him in the belief that they were his own. Let him not fail to go to the museum, however; he will be the poorer beyond

calculation if he does not; but he will be a beggar if he does not go to the Hospital de la Caridad, where in the church he will find six Murillos out-Murilloing any others excepting always the incomparable "Vision of St. Anthony" in the cathedral. We did not think of those six Murillos when we went to the hospital; we knew nothing of the peculiar beauty and dignity of the church; but we came because we wished to see what the penitence of a man could do for others after a youth spent in wicked riot. The gentle, pensive little mother who received us carefully said at once that the hospital was not for the sick, but only for the superannuated and the poor and friendless who came to pass a night or an indefinite time in it, according to the pressure of their need; and after showing us the rich little church, she led us through long, clean corridors where old men lay in their white beds or sat beside them eating their breakfasts, very savory-looking, out of ample white bowls. Some of them saluted us, but the others we excused because they were so preoccupied. In a special room set apart for them were what we brutally call tramps, but who doubtless are known in Spain for indigent brethren overtaken on their wayfaring without a lodging for the night. Here they could come for it and cook their supper and breakfast at the large circular fireplace which filled one end of their room. They rose at our entrance and bowed; and how I wish I could have asked them, every one, about their lives!

There was nothing more except the doubt of that dear little mother when I gave her a silver dollar for her kindness. She seemed surprised and worried, and asked, "Is it for the charity or for me?" What could I do but answer, "Oh, for your Grace," and add another for the charity. She still looked perplexed, but there was no way out of our misunderstanding, if it was one, and we left her with her sweet, troubled face between the white wings of her cap, like angel's wings mounting to it from her shoulders.

We had expected to go to Granada after a week in Seville, but man is always proposing beyond his disposing in strange lands as well as at home, and we were fully a fortnight in the far lovelier capital. In the mean time we had changed from our rooms in the rear of the hotel to others in the front, where we entered intimately into the life of the Plaza San Fernando as far as we might share it from our windows. It was not very active life; even the cabmen whose neat victorias bordered the place on three sides were not eager for custom; they invited the stranger, but they did not urge; there was a continual but not a rapid passing through the ample oblong; there was a good deal of still life on the benches where these enjoyed the feathery shadow of the palms, for the sun was apt to be too hot at the hour of noon, though later it conduced to the slumber which in Spain accompanies the digestion of the midday meal in all classes. As the afternoon advanced, numbers of little girls came into the plaza and played children's games which seemed a translation of games familiar to our own country. One evening a small boy was playing with them, but after a while he seemed to be found unequal to the sport; he was ejected from the group and went off gloomily to grieve apart with his little thumb in his mouth. The sight of his dignified desolation was insupportable, and we tried what a copper of the big-dog value would do to comfort him. He took it without looking up and ran away to the peanut-stand which is always steaming at the first corner all over Christendom. Late in the evening—in fact, after the night had fairly fallen—we saw him making his way into a house fronting on the plaza. He tried at the door with one hand and in the other he held the bag of unexhausted peanuts. He had wasted no word of thanks on us, and he did not now. When he got the door open he backed into the interior still facing us and so fading from our sight and knowledge.

He had the touch of comedy which makes pathos endurable, but another incident was wholly pathetic. As we came out of an antiquity-shop near the cathedral one afternoon we found on the elevated footway near the Gate of Pardon a mother and daughter, both of the same second youth, who gently and jointly pronounced to us the magical word *encajes*. Rather, they questioned us with it, and they only suggested, very forbearingly, that we should come to their house with them to see those laces, which of course

were old laces; their house was quite near. But that one of us twain who was singly concerned in *encajes* had fatigued and perhaps overbought herself at the antiquity-shop, and she signified a regret which they divined too well was dissent. They looked rather than expressed a keen little disappointment; the mother began a faint insistence, but the daughter would not suffer it. Here was the pride of poverty, if not poverty itself, and it was with a pang that we parted from these mutely appealing ladies. We could not have borne it if we had not instantly promised ourselves to come the next day and meet them and go home with them and buy all their *encajes* that we had money for. We kept our promise, and we came the next day and the next and every day we remained in Seville; but we never saw those dear ladies again.

These are some of the cruel memories which the happiest travel leaves, and I gratefully recall that in the case of a custodian of the Columbian Museum, which adjoins the cathedral, we did not inflict a pang that rankled in our hearts for long. I gave him a handful of copper coins which I thought made up a peseta, but his eyes were keener, and a sorrow gloomed his brow which projected its shadow so darkly over us when we went into the cathedral for one of our daily looks that we hastened to return and make up the full peseta with another heap of coppers; a whole sunburst of smiles illumined his face, and a rainbow of the brightest colors arched our sky and still arches it whenever we think of that custodian and his rehabilitated trust in man.

I must not fail to urge the reader's seeing the Columbian Museum, which is richly interesting and chiefly for those Latin and Italian authors annotated by the immortal admiral's own hand. These give the American a sense of him as the discoverer of our hemisphere which nothing else could, and insurpassably render the New World credible. They bring him from history and make him at home in the beholder's heart, and there seems a mystical significance in the fact that the volume most abounding in marginalia should be *Seneca's Prophecies.*

The University, or, rather, the University Church, I would not have any reader of mine fail to visit. A noise of recitation from the windows looking into the patio followed us up-stairs; but maturer students were reading at tables in the hushed library, and at a large central table a circle of grave authorities of some sort were smoking the air blue with their cigarettes. One, who seemed chief among them, rose and bowed us into the freedom of the place, and again rose and bowed when we went out. We did not stay long, for a library is of the repellent interest of a wine-cellar; unless the books or bottles are broached it is useless to linger. There are eighty thousand volumes in that library, but we had to come away without examining half of them. The church was more appreciable, and its value was enhanced to us by the reluctance of the stiff old sacristan to unlock it. We found it rich in a most wonderful *retablo* carved in wood and painted. Besides the excellent pictures at the high altar, there are two portrait brasses which were meant to be recumbent, but which are stood up against the wall, perhaps to their surprise, without loss of impressiveness. Most notable of all is the mural tomb of Pedro Enriquez de Ribera and his wife: he who built the Casa de Pilatos, and as he had visited the Holy Land was naturally fabled to have copied it from the House of Pilate. Now, as if still continuing his travels, he reposes with his wife in a sort of double-decker monument, where the Evil One would have them suggest to the beholder the notion of passengers in the upper and lower berths of a Pullman sleeper.

At noon on the 4th of November the sun was really hot in our plaza; but we were instructed that before the winter was over there would be cold enough, not of great frosty severity, of course, but nasty and hard to bear in the summer conditions which prevail through the year. I wish I could tell how the people live then in their beautiful, cool houses, but I do not know, and I do not know how they live at any season except from the scantiest hearsay. The women remain at home except when they go to church or to drive in the Delicias—that is to say, the women of society, of the nobility. There is no society in our sense among people of the middle classes; the men when they are not at business are at the café; the women when they are not at mass are at home.

That is what we were told, and yet at a moving-picture show we saw many women of the middle as well as the lower classes. The frequent holidays afford them an outlet, and indoors they constantly see their friends and kindred at their *tertulias*.

The land is in large holdings which are managed by the factors or agents of the noble proprietors. These, when they are not at Madrid, are to be found at their clubs, where their business men bring them papers to be signed, often unread. This sounds a little romantic, and perhaps it is not true. Some gentlemen take a great interest in the bull-feasts and breed the bulls and cultivate the bull-fighters; what other esthetic interests they have I do not know. All classes are said to be of an Oriental philosophy of life; they hold that the English striving and running to and fro and seeing strange countries, come in the end to the same thing as sitting still; and why should they move? There is something in that, but one may sit still too much; the Spanish ladies, as I many times heard, do overdo it. Not only they do not walk abroad; they do not walk at home; everything is carried to and from them; they do not lift hand or foot. The consequence is that they have very small hands and feet; Gautier, who seems to have grown tired when he reached Seville, and has comparatively little to say of it, says that a child may hold a Sevillan lady's foot in its hand; he does not say he saw it done. What is true is that no child could begin to clasp with both hands the waist of an average Sevillan lady. But here again the rule has its exceptions and will probably have more. Not only is the English queen-consort stimulating the Andalusian girls to play tennis by her example when she comes to Seville, but it has somehow become the fashion for ladies of all ages to leave their carriages in the Delicias and walk up and down; we saw at least a dozen doing it.

It may surprise some to learn that Spanish women do not smoke, unless they are *cigarreras* and work in the large tobacco factory, where the "Carmen" tradition has given place to the mother-of-a-family type, with her baby on the floor beside her. Even these may prefer not to set the baby a bad example and have her grow up and smoke like those English and American women.

The strength of the Church is, of course, in the women's faith, and its strength is unquestionable, if not quite unquestioned. In Seville, as I have said, there are two Spanish Protestant churches, and their worship is not molested. Society does not receive their members; but we heard that with most Spanish people Protestantism is a puzzle rather than offense. They know we are not Jews, but Christians; yet we are not Catholics; and what, then, are we? With the Protestants, as with the Catholics, there is always religious marriage. There is civil marriage for all, but without the religious rite the pair are not well seen by either sect.

Whatever flirting and intriguing goes on, the public sees nothing of it. In the street there is no gleam of sheep's-eying or any manner of indecorum. The women look sensible and good, and I should say the same of the men; the stranger's experience must have been more unfortunate than mine if he has had any rudeness or unkindness from them. In the shops, especially the antiquity-shops, there is bargaining, because the Spaniards are willing to gratify the foreigner's passion for beating down; but otherwhere one price was asked and held to. In little things and large, I found the Spaniards everywhere what I heard a Piedmontese commercial traveler say of them in Venice fifty years ago: "They are the honestest people in Europe." In Italy I never began to see the cruelty to animals which English tourists report, and in Spain I saw none at all. If the reader asks how with this gentleness, this civility and integrity, the Spaniards have contrived to build up their repute for cruelty, treachery, mendacity, and every atrocity; how with their love of bull-feasts and the suffering to man and brute which these involve, they should yet seem so kind to both, I answer frankly, I do not know. I do not know how the Americans are reputed good and just and law-abiding, although they often shoot one another, and upon mere suspicion rather often burn negroes alive.

Slim Uncle Piet

BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU

"NOW, Willem Smit," said Anna, his wife, as they waited with their son Cornelius at Donkerspruit, in the Transvaal, for the down-country coach, "remember that, whatever Uncle Piet says, you must not contradict him. You must say 'ja' when he says 'ja,' and 'nie' when he says 'nie.' And so with you, Cornelius. Tant' Emma Steyn has it from a cousin of her husband, who knew Uncle Piet when he was trading glass beads for cattle with the Zambesi Kaffirs, that he is worth twenty thousand pounds." She rolled the syllables under her tongue. "Twenty thousand pounds! And sixty-four, and no children by any of his three wives, and not likely to marry again after having got into those unsettled traveling ways. And, above all, don't you let any of those slim [cunning] Smutses get hold of him. They're almost as near to him as we are, seeing that Jan Smuts's grandfather was a cousin of Uncle Piet's father's first wife by marriage, who refused to marry him because he was bald, and your grandfather married Jan Smuts's great-uncle's aunt Bessie, who danced with Sir Henry Smith and had her dress ripped up with his spurs."

"Ha!" snorted her husband, grinding his teeth, "just let Jan Smuts try to take him away from us! He'd do anything for money if I'd let him. But trust me to know how to treat Uncle Piet properly. It shall never be said that I failed in hospitality or contradicted those of my own blood."

"Here comes the coach, pa," interposed Cornelius, a lean, lack-luster youth of nineteen, who had been holding the horses.

"And not a Smuts in sight!" ejaculated Vrouw Anna, thankfully. "Dear Lord! One would have expected to see the whole family swarming at the coach office like ants round a side of bacon. Now, Willem, remember my last words to you!"

A cloud of dust, revolving rapidly in the direction of Donkerspruit, soon determined itself into a coach drawn by ten mules, which, enlivened by the sight of their tin-roofed stable, waltzed into the terminal, the Cape-boy driver cracking his hippopotamus-hide whip and the baggage leaping in the boot. The coach came to a standstill, the mules, freed from their harness, lay down and rolled in the dust, and a middle-aged man, wearing a silk hat and a suit of black broadcloth, opened the door of the vehicle, glanced out, smiled pityingly at the waiting group, and descended.

"Jan Smuts!" gasped Tant' Anna, indignantly. "He must have met the coach at Potgieter's!"

"Then, ma," said the lackadaisical Cornelius, "Uncle Piet must be inside."

That this deduction was correct became obvious a moment later, for the head and shoulders of Jan Smuts disappeared inside the coach again, and then, very, very slowly, an elderly gentleman, enormously fat, began to emerge sidewise.

"Careful, my dear uncle," exclaimed Jan Smuts, just loudly enough for the words to reach the three. "A little to the right. Now a little to the left. Now you are stuck, uncle. Now you are free again. Now your coat-tails are caught on the door handle. Now bend a little, dear uncle, and give me your hand. So! Here is the ground." He looked round. "*Machtig!* Hessie has not yet arrived with the Cape cart. You will not mind waiting a minute or two, uncle?"

Uncle Piet, having collected his physical medium upon the ground, looked round and saw the waiting three.

"Ha! Here is a spider!" said the old gentleman. "In this I shall ride."

"No, no, that spider is no use, uncle," cried Jan Smuts, in agitation. "It is not heavy enough. My Hessie is on the way now with my Cape cart. You would go through the bottom of that spider uncle."

"Nephew," said the old gentleman, severely, "let me tell you that I have also gone through the bottom of a Cape cart. If I choose to go through the bottom of a spider instead of a Cape cart, I am going to do so. Are you going to stop me, Jan Smuts, when my father's first wife refused to marry your grandfather because he was bald? Are you going to dictate to me, you who would never have been born at all if my father's first wife had not refused to marry your grandfather? Answer me that, Jan Smuts!" exclaimed the old gentleman, who was rapidly working himself into a condition of violent agitation.

What Jan Smuts would have answered is doubtful, for at that moment her feminine intuition informed Tant' Anna that the psychological moment had come. Ambling forward, she flung her arms round Uncle Piet's neck and bestowed a resonant kiss upon his cheek.

"Welcome, Oom Piet!" she exclaimed. "Don't you remember me, uncle?"

"Why — why — this must be little Anna!" exclaimed the old gentleman, holding her off at arm's-length and scrutinizing her thoughtfully. The result of his examination proving satisfactory, he kissed her in turn.

"Come here, husband, and kiss Uncle Piet," she called. "And you, Cornelius. Oom Piet, you remember Willem. Don't you recollect how jealous he was when he came to *opzit* with me and you had hidden the candle?"

"Ha, ha!" chuckled the old gentleman, holding his sides. "Put your hand in the small of my back, Nephew Willem. I'm going to laugh, and I always fall down when I laugh unless somebody supports me. Ha, ha! But I'm too old to *opzit* any more. Since my last wife died, three months ago, I've been pining for her. I don't think I shall get married again this year—perhaps never, if I can find a good home with somebody."

Anna Smit winked significantly at her husband, and then, perceiving that the routed Jan Smuts was reassembling his forces, she ordered him and Cornelius to hoist Uncle Piet into the spider. They got him in, creaking and groaning like a top-heavy chiffonnier, and he was already seated when Jan Smuts came to the fore.

"Stop, uncle!" he shouted. "You don't know where you are going! You must come home with me! Thief!" he cried, shaking his fist at Willem Smit, "you stole my office as field-cornet, and you stole my good name, and now you are stealing my uncle!"

Whatever facts lay hidden beneath these cryptic observations, Willem Smit heeded them not.

"Now you are right, uncle," he said. "The ponies are strong, and so is the framework. Sit in the middle and balance it, uncle. Get in, woman. Is all ready, Cornelius? So! Tchkkk!" And the ponies set off in the direction of the Smit farm, leaving Jan Smuts standing in the road cursing and brushing his silk hat the wrong way in his indignation.

"And so this is your son," said the old gentleman, when he had got his pipe alight. "Why, he is the very image of you, nephew. Is he a good boy?"

"Fine—a fine boy, and nearly nineteen," answered Willem Smit, proudly. "I'm going to marry him soon. I'm looking round for him. There are three girls I've got my eye on, but I haven't been able to decide yet. There's Minna Roos, whose husband's expected to die next week—he's got water on the lungs and can't live; she's only thirty-two and will be a treasure to him, for she's a good house-worker—but she's rheumatic, and when she gets rheumatics she has to lie in bed, and they always come on in the wet season when the sheep need looking after. If only they'd come on in the dry season—but the doctor says it can't be managed. Then there's Paula Meyer, with the horse-teeth — she's my first choice, but her father's likely to lose all his money if the Rhodesian Bank fails, as people say it's going to. And there's a girl I'm inquiring about, although I haven't seen her yet. She's forty-five, and a little old for Cornelius, but they say all her sheep are imported merinos, and she's got a mixture that keeps them alive when others die. So I say to the boy: 'Go slow, Cornelius, and don't be impatient. I wasn't married till I was almost twenty, and people were beginning to shake their heads and wonder and'—"

"Look! Look!" exclaimed Uncle Piet, as a Cape cart came dashing along the

road toward them. In it, plying the whip against the flanks of two spirited horses, sat a strikingly pretty girl of about eighteen, with a fresh, rosy face and flaxen hair, one strand of which fell out from under the shield of a great white sunbonnet. "Who's that?" he cried. "She can't be married, or she would be home baking and washing instead of driving along the road. There's the girl for Cornelius. Don't say a word now, nephew, for I've set my heart on it, and that's the girl I mean him to marry. What are you blushing with anger for, Cornelius? Why, Nephew Willem, you aren't looking at her!"

And to increase his consternation, the damsel, without the slightest acknowledgment of his bow and the friendly flourish of his hat, drove past them, head in air. Uncle Piet stared at Willem, whose eyes were fixed with interest upon a passing cloud.

"What's the matter, nephew?" inquired the old gentleman in amazement. "Don't you like looking at pretty girls? Didn't you see something passing in the road?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Willem Smit, suddenly rousing himself, "you mean that horned toad that hopped out of the watercourse?"

Oom Piet, more amazed than ever, let his pipe fall, and only recovered it by an effort that tilted the spider violently to one side. Suddenly he became aware that Tant' Anna was winking violently at him with both eyes. Awakening to the situation, he winked back with equal vehemence, while Willem Smit, emitting puffs of smoke, peacefully contemplated the enlarging outlines of the farm-house that had sprung into view.

"Here we are, home," he cried, as at length the spider halted. "Help Oom Piet down, Cornelius. Come in, Oom Piet. Take the best chair, uncle, and stretch your feet out on the milking-stool. Wife, make coffee at once. And now, uncle," he continued, taking down a square black bottle from a shelf, "what do you say to a little tot of schnapps before supper?"

He poured out two liberal portions, one of which he handed to the old gentleman, who gulped it down, blinking his eyes rapidly.

"I hope that you will make your home with us until—I mean as long as you live, uncle," said Willem Smit, smacking his lips. "And now I must go and put up the horses. You won't mind my leaving you for a few minutes, Uncle Piet?"

"Is Willem touched here?" asked Uncle Piet, tapping his forehead, as Tant' Anna came in carrying a dish-pan and mixing-board. She rolled up her sleeves and began fashioning pan-cake dough. "Have you tried Antman's brain syrup?" he continued. "They say it cures—"

"No, uncle, you didn't understand," replied Tant' Anna. "That girl was Hessie Smuts."

"What! Not Jan Smuts's daughter? *Machtig,* that reminds me! Why did he slink off like that instead of letting me ride in his Cape cart? Did he think I would injure his cart? He's a proud stomach who ought to be put down. And he seemed such a peaceful man, and never contradicted me once while we were in the coach. But Hessie! If I had known, I would have made her stop and give me a kiss. Hessie Smuts, the daughter of my dear nephew Jan!"

"Yes, Oom Piet," said Tant' Anna. "They have the next farm, over the rise."

"Well, but—she isn't married or bespoken, you say? Why, Willem must be crazy. She's just the girl for Cornelius—fifteen hundred *morgen* of land, and shorthorns and merinos, Jan Smuts was telling me! I must speak to Nephew Willem at once."

"No, no, uncle," said Tant' Anna, in a half-whisper. "It wouldn't do any good. Willem and Jan don't speak to each other now. They quarreled so bitterly last Christmas that they'll never speak to each other again."

"Quarreled! Over what? *Machtig,* a man's a fool to quarrel when he's got a son and his neighbor has a daughter—at least until the marriage is over. Then, of course, they always quarrel. What did they quarrel about?"

"They won't tell," said Tant' Anna, plaintively. "It was so bad that they don't want even to think about it. Of course, they've quarreled all their lives, but they always made it up again till now. I hoped that when Hessie Smuts came home from boarding-school last

month the children would naturally take to each other, but they both pass with their heads high in air, and she sits at home all day working samplers at the window in front of the wagon road, and looking up into the air when Cornelius passes."

"Ah! Umph!" said Uncle Piet, thoughtfully. "The window faces the wagon road, you say?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Why doesn't she sit at the other window that doesn't face the wagon road?"

"That's because she wants to show Cornelius that she isn't thinking about him, uncle."

"Um! Um!" said Uncle Piet, relighting his pipe and beginning to puff. "Send Cornelius in to me when you go out, niece. I want to find out if he remembers his catechism."

Presently Tant' Anna carried away her dishpan and mixing-board, and a few moments afterward Cornelius slouched in.

"Come here at once, great-nephew," cried Uncle Piet. "How old are you?"

"Nineteen, great-uncle," replied Cornelius, respectfully. "Do you want to hear me say my catechism?"

"No, I don't, donkeyhead," responded Oom Piet, in exasperation. "Do you want to get married, Cornelius?"

"Ja," said Cornelius. "Pa's going to find a girl for me."

"Cornelius," said the old gentleman, suavely, "that was a fine girl we passed on the road this morning—Nephew Jan Smuts's daughter. Did you happen to notice her?"

"No, great-uncle," replied Cornelius, yawning.

"No!" repeated Uncle Piet, almost losing his pipe in his astonishment. "No, did you say? Why, her eyes are like—like the skies, and her lips are like—like rhubarb," he continued, floundering a little in his search for the right simile. "And her father's got fifteen hundred *morgen* and fifty imported shorthorns; he told me so himself. What's the matter? Has the world changed since I've been away? Tell me, has the world changed?"

"I—I haven't heard about it, great-uncle," faltered Cornelius.

"Then why don't you make up to Hessie Smuts?" shouted the old man.

"Pa's going to marry me next month," responded the lanky one. "He's waiting to see whether the Rhodesian Bank fails or not. If it doesn't, Paula Meyer's going to have me. If it does, it's going to be somebody he's got his eye on now, unless Minna Roos's husband dies and her rheumatics gets better."

"You scoundrel!" shouted the old gentleman, thoroughly exasperated. "Don't you ever disobey anybody?"

"I always do what pa tells me to, great-uncle," answered Cornelius, sententiously.

"You *smerksel!* You *smeerlap!* You Kaffir dog! Get out of my sight!" exploded Uncle Piet. "Stop! Come back! I've got twenty thousand pounds, and you aren't going to get a penny of it—do you understand that? Stop arguing with me! I won't be contradicted by my great-nephew! Now get out of my sight again!"

"What's the matter, uncle?" cried Willem Smit, coming in through the stable. "Is anything wrong? Were you calling for some more schnapps?"

"I—I—ja, give me some more," stuttered the old gentleman, and Willem got down the bottle again and poured out two more portions.

"Nephew Willem, why have you quarreled with Nephew Jan Smuts?" asked Uncle Piet, suddenly.

"Him?" shouted Willem Smit, setting down his glass. "Why, he—he said I was a robber, a mover of boundaries, a—"

"Ha! But what did you say to him first?"

"I told him—I told him—" stammered Willem, so inarticulate from anger that he was unable to answer.

Oom Piet swallowed his schnapps, tilted up the glass, and drained the dregs. Then, getting his hand with difficulty into the pocket of his overcoat, he pulled out a large nightcap of red wool, which he adjusted over his ears.

"I think I shall go to bed now," he said. "I'm going to think. I always go to bed when I'm going to think. Maybe I shall get up again this evening. Put your hands in the small of my back, nephew, and help me to my feet."

He slept soundly during the remainder of the afternoon, and did not get up till

the next morning, nor wake, except when Tant' Anna brought him his supper, which he ate with his eyes closed. At breakfast, however, he was wide awake and aggressive.

"I'm going to pay a visit to my nephew Jan Smuts," he announced.

"What, uncle!" cried Willem Smit, letting the knife fall from his mouth in his astonishment. "Him? Don't go there, uncle. He'll never let you go away again. He only wants your money."

"Wants my money?" Uncle Piet bellowed. "Well, what if he does? Why shouldn't he want my money? I hope every one else wants my money. It's good money, isn't it? Am I going to be dictated to by you, Nephew Willem? Are you going to kidnap me to stop my going to see my nephew Jan, who met me in the coach? Am I to have no liberty? Answer me that, nephew."

"Yes, uncle," said Willem Smit, submissively.

"I should hope so," said the old gentleman, glaring round him in a bellicose manner. "I'm going to visit my nephew Jan and his pretty daughter. Perhaps I shall come back again and perhaps not. Perhaps I shall get married again and perhaps not. Niece, put a candle in my pocket—a long one, in case I go *opzitting*. Bring up the horses and inspan them to the spider, Great-nephew Cornelius, and drive me over to visit my nephew Jan."

As pickets of opposing armies are reputed to meet in friendly barter during improvised truces, so Tant' Anna Smit and Tant' Emma Smuts would meet by the watercourse separating the farms, whither they went to supervise the work of the Kaffir laundresses. These friendly reconnaissances were, indeed, indispensable to two women thirsting for news in that sparsely inhabited district, and were tacitly accepted by the heads of the two estranged families.

For three days no word had come from Uncle Piet. He had driven up to the Smutses' farm, had been dismounted from his seat in the spider, and, being acclaimed by his relatives, had shouted to Cornelius to drive away. And that was the last that had been heard of him.

Thursday was, by mutual agreement, the common washing-day. Tant' Anna curbed her impatience. She knew that, whether to jeer or to confide, Tant' Emma would not be able to resist the temptation to tell her of her guest's doings. On Thursday morning she marched down to the spruit accompanied by the native women with laundry-bags, and, surely enough, encountered Tant' Emma, with her own laundresses, upon the opposite bank.

"Good day, Cousin Emma," remarked Tant' Anna, affably. "It is a long time since I have seen you. The rains are overdue and the grass is all withering away."

"If they don't come soon the dams will run dry and the cattle die," observed Tant' Emma, while the native women, winking at one another, dipped the linen into the stream and spread it out upon flat stones.

"I hear there is a new sheep disease in the Zoutpansberg district," Tant' Anna said. "The Predikant says it is because the Government has been flying into the face of the Almighty by poisoning the locusts that He sent to plague us."

"Praise God it won't spread into Donkerspruit," answered the other. "My husband has had all his crops ruined by locusts."

"Cousin Emma," said Tant' Anna, desperately, "how long is Oom Piet going to stay with you?"

Tant' Emma set her hands upon her hips and looked at the other pityingly.

"Haven't you heard?" she asked, in a soothing voice. "Son-in-law Piet is going to stay with us forever."

"Son-in-law!" ejaculated the other.

"Ja, I said son-in-law and I meant son-in-law," said Tant' Emma. "Don't you know he has been *opzitting* with Hessie these two nights?"

"With Hessie!" exclaimed Tant' Anna, feeling her spirits sink. "*Allemachtig!* Why, he told me he wasn't going to get married again this year."

"Ah, well, men are weak creatures," said Emma Smuts. "They don't know their own minds. It takes a woman to know her own mind. What a pity it is that my husband is so angry with poor Willem! 'Jan,' I said to him only this morning—'Jan, forgive him. Let bygones be bygones and invite him to the

wedding like a Christian man.' But you know how obstinate men are, Cousin Anna. I couldn't get him to forgive Willem at all. Perhaps after the marriage it will be different."

"Cousin Emma," pleaded Tant' Anna, "tell me what happened."

Unable to restrain herself any longer, Tant' Emma relented.

"Well, I'll tell you, then," she said. "The very minute that Oom Piet set foot in the house, I saw that he was taken with Hessie. And what does he do but ogle her and stare at her all day. And that same night, when I asked him if he was ready to go to bed, he winked at me. 'No,' he said, and pulled a candle out of his pocket — 'no, I'm going to *opzit* with Cousin Hessie.' So Jan and I went to bed, after marking the candle half-way down, as was only decent, seeing that they had known each other such a short time. And there they sat together, courting half the night; and when I went into the room next morning the candle was burned clear down to the mark. So I said to Hessie: 'Be careful, girl. You know what an obstinate man Oom Piet is, and what a fine catch he is. Don't be too forward, and yet don't contradict him, but lead him on.' Well, of course, there were tears and all sorts of foolishness, but I said to her: 'Oom Piet is sixty-four, and his father died of dropsy at seventy, and his father's father died of dropsy at seventy; and if we could find out what his father's grandfather died of, you see if it wouldn't prove to be dropsy at seventy, too. And Oom Piet has twenty thousand pounds, all in good money.' So to-night—to-night I've made a candle for him that will burn eight hours," she ended, triumphantly. "And if a man doesn't propose after *opzitting* for eight hours, why, then, he isn't going to propose at all."

Tant' Anna stood dumfounded. But before she could gather her wits together to make some answer a native boy came running across the fields.

"Missus, missus!" he cried to Tant' Emma, "Baas Piet has had the Cape cart inspanned and driven away swearing, and Baas Jan says for you to come home as fast as you can!"

This accumulation of surprises completely broke down Tant' Anna's equanimity. Leaving the colored women to complete their tasks alone, without even a parting warning, she turned and hurried back to the house as fast as she could go — to meet a Cape cart being driven rapidly away, and to find Oom Piet installed again in the comfortable chair and railing at Willem Smit.

Uncle Piet turned heavily in his chair when she came in.

"Where have you been, woman?" he shouted to the astonished Tant' Anna. "Why isn't my coffee ready?"

"Why, Oom Piet—" stammered the astonished lady, "I'll—I'll make it at once."

"Good!" snorted Uncle Piet. "And as for you, nephew, keep that *skellum* out of my sight," he continued to Willem, indicating Cornelius, who, trying to appear as small as possible, was crowding against the door. "Am I to live surrounded by donkeyheads all my life? Am I to have them make my days a misery when I come to lay my bones upon my own nephew's threshold in my old age? If so, I know where I won't have to look far to get married again. If it wasn't out of respect for my last wife I'd do it at once. Am I to live surrounded by donkeyheads, nephew? Answer me; am I?"

"No, no, Uncle Piet," said Willem Smit, soothingly. "Cornelius, go into the stable and stop aggravating your great-uncle. Now, uncle, what do you say to a little tot of schnapps?"

After the schnapps and the coffee the old gentleman suffered himself to be mollified.

"It isn't because I wasn't well treated by my dear nephew Jan that I came back," he said. "No, it was because he said things about you that I couldn't endure. I wasn't going to sit still and hear my own flesh and blood insulted. He said you lived like Kaffirs, and had meat only on Sundays, and that you were a hypocrite, and robbed the offertory after you had taken up the collection, and that you—"

"What!" shouted Willem Smit, springing out of his chair. "The jackal, the slave of Satan! Why—why—"

"Sit down, nephew!" shouted the old man. "I won't be argued with when I'm talking. "The way he hates you isn't anything compared to the way my great-

niece Hessie Smuts hates Cornelius. She says he comes skulking round their farmhouse like a Kaffir's dog looking for a bone, and that his looks remind her of a hyena, and that— Nephew! There's that donkeyhead outside the door again!"

"Cornelius!" shouted his father, "go into the stable, or I'll sjambok you with my hippopotamus-hide whip."

Oom Piet had evidently come back to stay. As for his matrimonial projects, whether they had proved realizable or not, they had obviously been postponed, for the old gentleman showed no signs of any inclination to depart. Day by day his tyranny increased. Lolling back in the comfortable chair, his pipe in his mouth and the red woolen nightcap stuck grotesquely over his ears, he ruled the household with a rod of steel. Tant' Anna, in resignation, sought only to appease him; Willem Smit, cognizant of an increasing spirit of insurrection, was torn between two motives; as for the unhappy Cornelius, he ate and slept in the stable, and never dared show his face inside the house. So five days passed. On the sixth day a passing transport-rider handed Willem a copy of *Het Volk,* the Boer Nationalist newspaper.

Willem Smit came striding into the house, spectacles on nose, waving the week-old sheet. His demeanor was that of a man under the influence of extreme excitement. Inside the parlor Uncle Piet was scolding Tant' Anna about his breakfast. The lean Cornelius lounged at the stable door, a bitter smile upon his face. During the past five days he had moved like a sleep-walker, and his appetite had almost disappeared.

"Wife! Wife! Uncle Piet!" shouted Willem, "the Rhodesian Bank has failed. *Het Volk* says that the depositors have lost a quarter of a million pounds. Ha! Serves them right for going against Our Lord's command to lay up their treasures in heaven! Praise Him, I've always kept my money in the wagon-box, as my father did before me. Why, Uncle Piet, what's wrong with you?"

For the old gentleman's eyes seemed starting out of his head, and he seemed to be on the verge of apoplexy.

"Show me the newspaper!" he gasped, and when his nephew placed the sheet, with its great head-lines, before his eyes, he pushed it from him, and, rising unaided, tottered into the middle of the room.

"Aren't you well, uncle?" cried Willem. "Come! A drop of schnapps."

"No, no," muttered the old man, stumbling toward the door of his room. He halted upon the threshold, drew out his colored handkerchief, and began weeping noisily. "Forgive me if I have been impatient with any of you," he sobbed; and the door closed behind him.

Willem Smit stared at his wife, picked up the newspaper which his uncle had let fall, looked at it, and laid it down again. Tant' Anna looked at her husband. A gleam of understanding began to shine in Willem's eyes. He looked toward the door of his uncle's room, moved uncertainly in its direction, and had apparently made up his mind to enter, when Cornelius came running in.

"Pa!" he screamed, "Jan Smuts is driving here as fast as he can in his Cape cart."

"*Allemachtig!*" muttered Willem Smit, and went back to the entrance. Approaching rapidly, he saw Jan Smuts urging on his horses, and with him Hessie, his daughter. Jan Smuts pulled in his steeds, sprang out, flung the reins round the hitching-post, and rushed up to his enemy.

"Willem! Willem!" he shouted, "have you heard the news? *Allemachtig!* The Rhodesian Bank has failed, and the depositors have lost a quarter of a million pounds."

"Well?" asked Willem Smit, looking coldly upon the other.

"Well!" echoed Jan Smuts, who seemed to have forgotten all about their enmity. "*Machtig!* His money was all in that—every penny of it."

"What!" cried the other, now equally interested. "Uncle Piet's? How do you know? Did he say so?"

"No, but he couldn't hide it from me. I was curious to know if he was really as rich as he pretended, and I discovered the secret from words he let drop when he didn't know I was finding out about it. No wonder he wanted to come here and live upon charity and marry my daughter! So as soon as I heard the news I had the cart inspanned

immediately and came here to warn you, and made Hessie come with me so that she could prove what I wanted to say to you."

"Jan Smuts," said Willem Smit, regarding the other icily, "you said I lived like a Kaffir, and that my family lived like Kaffirs."

"I?" exclaimed Jan Smuts, in a tone of pained surprise.

"You said that we had meat only on Sundays, and that I was a hypocrite and robbed the offertory after I had taken up the collection."

"Willem, you're crazy," cried Jan Smuts, in indignation. "I never said anything of the kind. But you told Uncle Piet that I sjamboked three Kaffir children to death and put their bodies in the spruit under a boulder, and that Tant' Emma did her washing with earth because she couldn't make soap properly, and that—"

"Jan Smuts, you're out of your senses," shouted Willem. "I never said anything of the sort. Who told you that?"

"Hessie, come here!" called Jan. "Didn't Oom Piet tell me, in front of everybody, what I have been saying?"

"Yes, father," said Hessie.

Willem Smit turned to where his son lounged by the stable door, an intent listener.

"Come here, Cornelius," he shouted. "Didn't Oom Piet tell me that Cousin Jan had said those things that I've been telling him about?"

"Ja, pa," answered Cornelius.

"And he said that your Hessie said that Cornelius skulked round about your house like a Kaffir's dog looking for a bone," continued Willem Smit, remorselessly, "and that his looks reminded her of a hyena."

"Why," thundered Smuts, "the child has never said one word about your son. But what did your son say about her? That she was trying to catch Oom Piet because he was a rich old man and likely to die some day, only he was too slim for her, and that he wouldn't take her if I had fifty thousand *morgen* and fifty thousand sheep and fifty thousand shorthorns, and that—"

Here Willem Smit stepped briskly up to his enemy.

"Jan Smuts," he said, "we have both wronged each other. We have been warming a serpent that has bitten the hands that fed him. I see it all now: he wanted to make us enemies, us two old friends, so that he could profit by it. And I—out of the kindness of my heart I fed him and warmed him and let him give me orders—orders to me, in my own home—and drive my poor son out to live in the stable, because he hated him."

"Why," exclaimed the other, "for three days he never stopped scolding and arguing. It was more than flesh and blood could bear. *Machtig!* I wouldn't let him come back to me if I were offered a hundred pounds to take him. And he had the impudence to want to *opzit* with my daughter!"

"He shall not stay in my house another hour," said Willem, firmly; and just then the inner door opened and Uncle Piet came out. Smit cleared his throat.

"So, Uncle Piet, I hear that you have lost all your money," he began, firmly.

"I, nephew?" inquired the old gentleman, in mild astonishment.

"In the Rhodesian Bank," Willem continued. "Didn't you put every penny of your savings in that godless company, and didn't they fail and lose a quarter of a million pounds for their depositors?"

"Nephew, you must be mad," said Uncle Piet. "Why, my money's all in my belt, strapped round my waist. That's what makes me look so fat. I am a little fat, but not so fat as I appear to be with all my money strapped round my waist in my belt."

"*Allemachtig!*" ejaculated Jan Smuts and Willem Smit simultaneously, and for some seconds a painful silence lasted.

"But why did you cry, uncle, when I told you the bank had failed?" asked the latter presently.

"Ha!" said the old gentleman, "I was crying about poor Paula Meyer with her horse's teeth, because she won't be able to get married, now that her father's lost all his money." He glanced swiftly about him. "Why, look at my dear great-nephew Cornelius!" he said. "Look at your daughter Hessie, Nephew Jan! Come here and put your hands in the small of my back, nephew; I'm going to laugh."

The Equity in a Job

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS

TO help the poor is a traditional British impulse. The most essential task England has undertaken confounds that tradition. It aims at the discovery of means to obviate the need of charity. England is beginning, constructively at least, instead of remedially, to work her way toward a perfected organization for finding work for every man with the least waste to him and to the state. She begins at a time when "for every man who owns, nineteen do not own." All that the nineteen possess is their working power. The effort to give every human being his chance to employ this power, reinforced by a vigorous campaign for the abolition of poverty, proves that socialization of feeling is in progress. Facilities for obtaining employment, scientific study of destitution, insurance against the irremediable fluctuations of industry, minimum wages in some trades, and a Development Commission which may serve as a balance to the labor market are important parts of the system already established.

In Great Britain more than poverty is confronted. Mills hum with industry. Rich men's pockets overflow with money. Never was such an era of ship-building. Yet in this fruitful hour of prosperity we face a host of working men and women with no jobs, having no share in the general well-being. Destitution undermines the physical and mental health of the nation; two million of her population, under-employed or unemployable, are on or below the line which separates poverty from pauperism, destitution, and degeneracy. Most of them are living testimony to the fact that England has heretofore neglected her equity in a large proportion of her citizens.

The strongest cog in the machinery so far set in place is the National Labor Exchange. It is therefore to the local branches that one must go to observe the basis of the work. At one of these, in a sordid quarter, before a dingy row of store buildings, was gathered a waiting throng of shabby women. Overhead hung a sign with the name of the organization, and in the windows were placards, "Register here for unemployment insurance." Within, a weaving mass filed by the inclosed counters where many clerks wrote rapidly. Here was the man who had been out of work two months and could yet come up with a swing, sign his card, and hand it back to the clerk with a gay "Righto, old boy!" Behind him followed his cringing, vigorless, hopeless, unclean brother in misfortune, who slouched up and made his mark where the clerk had placed his initials. Two thousand registered at this one exchange that morning.

A scene uninviting and commonplace, it is important to England and to us. It marks at a typical location the operation of two new institutions which Great Britain has established, in a fine spirit and on a large scale, in order to deal preventively with the deep fog of poverty which rests on our times. Overhead the pale sun was breaking through the thick, smoky mist of a frosty winter morning in London, emblematic of new light penetrating to the lives of the toilers. Among the crowd was a man of fifty, standing apart. He was stalwart, clear-eyed, and evidently a good workman.

"I'm a p'inter," he said. "I've been out of a job twelve weeks, now. That's extraordinary for me. I've not in memory been out of work more than four weeks at one time. It's been rainin' now for three months steady. Makes my sort of work bad. It's hard on Polly and Bob the three kids at 'ome—Sally and Bob and Lizy—with no p'y comin' in. 'Keep 'em out in the fresh air,' said one of these county visitors; but what good is fresh air when there's nothin' to eat, scurcely? I've been comin' in here every day, and I've asked about outside, and

not a job's offered yet. I'm a good p'inter. I get good wiges. There simply isn't enough work to go round. W'en you're out of work the rent goes on, the gettin' hungry goes on, the coal bill goes on, and what money you may 'ave laid by don't last long. W'en you've been out twelve weeks you 'aven't paid many contributions, and your unemployment insurance don't run long, either. Them that has just stopped after a good job gets quite a spell; but then it's only seven shillings a week. Even at that we're glad enough to get it; but what lastin' good is seven shillin's for a wife and three when it's only for two or three weeks?"

"Excell," said a voice at his shoulder, "they sent me out to get you. There's a job you might fit. A West End place telephoned. It's inside painting, but it pays the same wages."

Excell started for the office at once and never looked back. He came by five minutes later with a new light in his eyes and a card in his hand. "I'll get it," he said, cheerfully. He looked at the shabbier crowd around the insurance doors. "But there's somethin' I don't understand about it," he added. "Every one of these men has a right to a job. The Exchange is all right. It helps. But it needs more than that." With a puzzled expression he hurried out after his own new employment.

The other countries of Europe have all established labor exchanges where master and men may come together with convenience. These, however, are not national, but communal or municipal. In Germany they gain a national character by being linked together by telephone, telegraph, and mail. England had nothing but her local Distress Committees to deal with unemployment. Today, from its central office in London, the Board of Trade, an adjunct of the government, operates a whole system of exchanges, and connects, through some four hundred branches, all the industrial regions of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. Individually and through the central office these function in sympathy. Labor, crude or specialized, young or old of both sexes, demanded in one region can be called from any other without delay.

Listed situations are either filled directly by the agency in which they are filed, or, lacking the proper applicants, they are put "in circulation." Every trade has its number and decimal divisions. On the application card a cipher uniformly used by the exchanges records the last work the man had, the job he wants now, his age, the employers he has been sent to, whether taken on, how long retained, and the general impression he makes. Usually the steady and efficient men can be recognized. Employer and applicant are filed under the same trade number in separate boxes on differently colored cards. Instant reference can be made for either side. This simple device, being universal, enables the number wanted to be wired to the central office and sent out to the branches. When he is located, the reply can briefly present the character of the applicant. In case of need this man is furnished with a pass or railway ticket. The cost of the latter he is given time to repay. This arrangement has objectionable features, since the laborer must both bear the brunt of the expense and take the whole chance of the job lasting long enough to make it possible for him to refund the money to the government. In spite of this discouragement to long journeys, the exchange tends to fluidize the movement of labor throughout Great Britain, and furnishes a reliable, neutral medium of information about supply and demand.

The administrators of the law planned from the first to make the act advantageous to both employer and worker. In this they have definitely succeeded. Since it is not compulsory to register either vacancies or applications for work, as it is in some European communes, the record shown by the third year of operation demonstrates that they are doing good service. Of the vacancies listed by employers, approximately eighty per cent. were filled. In four weeks of last November more than fifty-four thousand adults, of whom forty-one thousand were men, were found situations. In the same period twelve thousand six hundred girls and boys, all between fourteen and seventeen, were given jobs. Of casual laborers — cotton-porters in Liverpool, cloth-porters in Manchester, dock-laborers, sandwich-men, and others—four

thousand two hundred and forty men were given thirty-nine thousand jobs. Three thousand of the dock-workers received more than twenty-five thousand jobs. This is because of the systematic handling of this class of labor in the exchanges where they are not union men. At this time in all the textile trades there was a scarcity of adult women and of skilled men for the engineering and metal trades, and many places could not be filled. In the twelve months ending at that time more than seven hundred thousand places had been filled by adults and children; not a bad record for a voluntary service still in its beginning.

Trade-unions and employers looked askance at this experiment. The natural fear that the government would send strike-breakers to fill the places of strikers antagonized the unions. The employers, familiar with the large body of unskilled and inefficient unemployed, anticipated that the men sent would be unsatisfactory. Both were quickly reassured. The policy of the Exchange has been from the first to keep out of all trade disputes and to supply only efficient men, specialists if desired, in any sort of work where they are needed. When there is a strike, both sides may send a statement describing the situation to the nearest exchange and renew it every seven days. The applicant for a job is permitted to read these and determine for himself what course he will follow.

Out of the calamitous class with which England's Poor Law continually and vainly battles, one hundred thousand registered at the start, the worst of the casual, unskilled and incompetent. The Exchange had to fight its way through the whole mass to get the desirables. It does not intentionally send a man to a situation he is not capable of filling. When recognized, the Exchange must let the horde of helpless pass by, however sadly, only noting them as they go on their way to the Poor Law administrator or to the gates of private charity. Automatically this class diminished of its own accord because it was too onerous a task to appear at the exchange and register, according to the requirements, every day. Their cards lie in the "dead" box.

Laboring-men of the sturdy type found profit in registering their names with a machine in which the majority of the jobs of the entire nation were dropped, classified, and handed out. Efficient men all over the country were enlisted. In the early days of the operation, an engineering firm which needed a particularly skilled man whom they had been unable to find by the old methods wrote to the Exchange and described exactly what it wanted. The manager immediately sent out an inquiry for such a man, went to great trouble to search for him, and in a short time located him in another part of England. He proved entirely satisfactory to his employers. That firm thereafter used the same source to fill all its vacancies. Several hundred great industrial corporations now set up at their gates metal placards bearing the information that they engage all their labor through the National Exchange. There is sound and practical reason in this. While it relieves the manufacturer, it also puts an end to the weary tramping of unemployed labor, rain or shine, day after day, from factory to factory. The Exchange sends the best choice of the applicants, but the manager can come himself to select men from the lists or the waiting crowd. "By luck or merit" the National Labor Exchange has won favor in its primary function. It has possibilities greater than this, clearly proven in the case of the Liverpool dock-workers. There it was utilized as a regularizer of the market. No means for solving the difficult problems of the casuals has ever worked so successfully.

Transport-workers, where they are not tightly unionized as they are in London, cotton-porters in Lancashire and Yorkshire, unskilled labor, men without trades, constitute a force to be dealt with by some system worked out to the satisfaction of both sides concerned. The Liverpool "dockers" presented this task to the Labor Exchange in 1912. There was an enormous number of casual workers, in the main unorganized, requiring some skill for their trade; they were overwhelmed by the horde, often farm-laborers, lured to the city by the five shillings a man might earn by a day's work on the docks, making the condition of

those already dependent upon these jobs more casual and more precarious.

With all these men seeking jobs, the employers frequently complained they could get no labor. There would be a dearth of men at one point and a crowd at another in the eight miles of river-front. The problem was under-employment at its worst, and presented a new sort of undertaking for the officials. How many men were needed, how to create an intelligent fluidity of labor, how to determine the identity of the real dockers, were the basic questions. Employers and unions consenting, six stands were set up on the docks where all jobs going would be registered by the employers. These stands were all connected by telephone with the central office of the Exchange, which kept track of the demand for men. Tally-cards were given to those who could show that they had worked on the docks. Only those having these cards, on which were their names and numbers, were permitted to use the stands, to each of which a definite squad was assigned.

Having thus systematized the supply of labor and the supply of jobs, they provided two surplus stands. All men not employed up to a certain hour went to these and waited for applications from employers for reasons connected with the tides, late arrivals, or early despatch of vessels suddenly needing extra men. This arrangement was found to work admirably. It has an added benefit. Previously the men had lost frequently half a day collecting their wages. Now employers send the accounts and the money to the Labor Exchange. These are distributed at the stands to which the men report for assignment. It is a concrete demonstration of the ability of the new system to organize a local labor market. The drain of job-hunting is eliminated, the chaotic influx of raw material has been stopped, the men are satisfied, and the employers have as many men as they require. A committee periodically determines when fresh blood is needed and issues new tally-cards.

Feats like this are for England the preliminary stages in labor engineering, a distinct and little-developed branch of social engineering. They could not have been done unless employers and workers had agreed upon compulsory hiring through this agency. Legal compulsory listing of all vacancies and applications might make of the Exchange a test-tube in the laboratory of labor in which not only the unfit would be detected, but the other elements of unemployment be clearly distinguishable by the lay as well as the academic economist. From the standpoint of unemployment insurance it is equally necessary. If "reasonable employment" can be furnished, insurance pay is not given. Automatically the Exchange should know the supply of jobs.

The junior department shows immediately the principal source of poverty to-day. It is a cheerful and a hopeful place, but it proves definitely and with abundant illustration that the root of trouble lies in the flood of untrained juveniles dumped from the school-house doors at the age of fourteen on the labor market. In London, where there are few big industries but unnumbered situations for boys and girls constantly shifting, this flood of aimless children is easily to be observed. There are encouraging reports of the number of places filled, and it is not the fault of the Exchange that it cannot report on the jobs kept. Except in the negative, when the job-takers come back for a new enlistment they do not know. Girls and boys are in separate departments, as are also adult women, and all have women officers in charge of them. Generally well and intelligently managed, with every consideration for the ultimate welfare of the applicant, the officers direct some youths into permanent employment who would otherwise be "drifters." With all they can honestly and conscientiously do, new thousands float yearly toward the mass of unskilled, who at forty lack initiative or efficiency, and sooner or later come on the rates. Even with the most encouraging applicants the dangers are obvious.

James Rough knew what he wanted: a place at fifteen shillings. He was seventeen years old, and in three years, with typical lack of aim, had had twelve different jobs. All he could remember of these was that he had been an errand-boy, a page, a helper in an electric firm, clerk in a store, and finally a worker in a shop where he had learned to use the

lathe. "I liked that," he said. "Stayed there six months; but the boss found a younger boy for less money."

It took much telephoning to other exchanges to locate a job on the lathe. James was given an official card and sent off cheerfully to seek his new chance. His experience with the smaller boy and the lesser price is undoubtedly the same experience other lads have had, for James worked his way up. Every year forty or fifty thousand children who come to the adult wage period, particularly in the textile factories where they have learned no trade, are dismissed to make room for the incoming "fourteens," as they are industrially known. Unless they have some self-directing ability, as James Rough appears to have developed, at twenty they are dispensable.

"Sammy 'Adler," as he called himself, age fourteen, followed James. He had found himself a job with a tailor the first day out of school. He didn't like that trade, but he didn't know what he wanted. The customary thumb-nail report which the head-master is supposed to furnish the Exchange with every "leaver" read: "Fair capability, somewhat deterred by lack of interest in exerting himself. Father in the mortuary line, mother decent."

Questioned by the young woman in charge, Sammy testified that he had earned eight shillings and wanted that again, that he wouldn't go to another tailor, and that his parents didn't know what he ought to do. The officer, in an undertone, consulted her assistant.

"The father's trade is a close trade," she suggested. "Perhaps he would take the boy into the undertaking business." Sammy shook his head when this was proposed to him.

The Exchange officer ran her eye over the new list of vacancies. There was a job listed at Robinson's drapery-shop with eight shillings, but it meant "living-in."

"Mother's decent," she commented to the assistant. "The boy would be better off at home than living-in. He'd not suit Robinson, either. He likes them sharp." She turned to Sammy. "What do you say to being a butcher's assistant?" Sammy was silent and unmoved.

"Can you ride a bicycle?" His dull, gooseberry eyes gleamed for the first time, and his manner was almost enthusiastic. "Yes, miss, I can ride a bike."

"Well, then, you would deliver for him, and in the time at the shop you could learn 'boning-out.' It's a good trade; seven shillings a week to start with." Sammy hesitated an instant over the money, but soon departed. The butcher's trade looked to him like a profitable career because it was intimately connected with a "bike."

Three days later he was back for another try. To carry a full basket on the handle of a bicycle and dodge taxi-cabs and busses on a slimy street requires nerve and skill. Sammy lacked them. After he had spilled three or four loads, his chance to learn "boning-out" and other parts of the butcher's trade vanished. His mother, sent for on his first application, appeared at the evening conference which the Junior Department has established. Sammy seemed to her quite clever. "When 'e was a toike," she said, "'e used to draw wot 'e knew about, an' that was 'earses, 'is farther being in the business, I s'pose." The exchange officer duly recommended courses in drawing at night school; but Sammy had had enough of school. It was too late for that. He was provided with a new place as page in a store. The affinity between Sammy and the men down-stairs was plain.

In the girl's department was Maggie, a tailor's improver. The ranks in this trade are apprentice, improver, and assistant. She was sixteen, and expected ten shillings a week, considered good pay for that age.

The officer went through the list of jobs. "Let me see—you're gentlemen's trousers, aren't you?" she was asked.

"Yes'm," replied Maggie, unoffended.

"Do you do anything else?"

"No, miss."

"I haven't that now. The tailoring trade is slack. You have never done anything on coats?"

"No'm, only once I filled in on ladies'." The officer called up the other exchanges. One had a job at buttonholes.

"I can't do them. I know it pays better. I have an aunt who does 'oles. She's too tired at night to teach me."

"Come in to-morrow, then. I will

notify the General Office. It's a little sad waiting, but you shall have something as soon as it turns up."

One little girl in London, and all the branches of the National Exchange looking for the one specific set of seams she could sew! A wonderful new agency; but the heart of the matter is that Maggie knows neither what comes before nor what follows her piece of work. The Exchange officers do their best, often a very good best under the existing conditions. To alter these is beyond their reach. It must be done long before the children come into their hands. It is behind the boys and girls with the one specialized task, and no training even for that at fourteen. It is in the period which precedes their appearance on the labor market, fourteen years, in which the little they acquire beyond reading and writing has no connection with their later work.

Not yet at the springs of youth where the children begin their education for citizenship, neglecting for the time the reservoiring at the fountain-head, scarcely touching the upper reaches where they are being stunted and deformed mentally and physically, but at the confluence of all the tributaries where they have been plunged into the flowing torrent of unskilled labor, England has begun her attack upon her greatest problem, the permanent proportion of unemployed. Systematized over the entire country, the labor exchanges attest the beginning of a struggle to grasp and master at its climax the great body of possibly employable, and prevent it from sweeping on into destitution. By the mobilization of labor which is thus far advanced she is providing a solution of the problem of the working-man who cannot be employed in his own neighborhood and has no way of his own of getting advice of any but the immediate local demand for his ability to work; the man who slips gradually into poverty and unless rescued drops into the unemployable. To-day the country of Great Britain with all its labor offerings is in the manufacturing centers within an hour's walk from his lodging-place.

The state has gone even further than this, and is also creating and mobilizing special jobs to keep a man employed until he can be permanently placed by the Exchange. Potentially great and wholly constructive for this purpose is the Development Commission, to which have been given unique powers which it will test at the next marked trade depression. This remarkable commission occupies a strategic position on the stream of the unemployed. Posted some distance below the Labor Exchange, it is constructing sluices through which to turn the surplus men over new fields of industry in time of distress and use them on necessary projects. The commission has power to create on its own responsibility great public works, and is intrusted by the government with an ample income. Being specifically required to carry on these projects "with regard to the state of the labor market," the commission may arrange them to meet those crises when there is great congestion of the unemployed in the cities.

By the work offered on these big enterprises it will be possible to decentralize the pressure of the surplus of labor. This surplus is in three divisions: the seasonable labor which is out of work for a part of each year, like Excell, the painter, by slacking from climatic or industrial causes; the cyclically unemployed who are idle only when the world market is overstocked and the whole trade world is depressed; and the unskilled, efficient or inefficient, who have too little to do unless contractors are busy with big work. For each of these classes this Development work will offer a new chance of occupation. Reforesting the rocky hills, moors, and heather lands, building new ports, reservoiring destructive rivers, developing water-power, draining and settling farm-lands, are within the scope of the plans. The commission in its relation to the labor market is a pioneer in a new field, and may serve as a great diversion channel.

In the light of such efforts, from the dusky background of neglect to which it has too long been relegated, comes forth the fact that every man possesses the right to have work; he has an equity in a job. No effort to cure labor and poverty can be fully successful until this correlative of the state's equity in a man is acknowledged. Truly a provocative statement, it is always met by the Bib-

lical quotation concerning the omnipresence of the poor. Hand in hand with it goes the old faith of the aristocracy that the natural inequality of man, which no amount of law, of course, will prevent, will continue to create rich and poor. Herein the differentiation between the grades of poverty, destitution, insufficiency, and comparative lack of riches is not made. Poverty in the last sense cannot be exorcised. Destitution and positive insufficiency can.

The state must, then, while working upon its own equity in a man, acknowledge his equity in his job. Efficient or inefficient, the equity of the individual exists, but when he is incompetent it is so badly damaged as to be of slight value. His taxes are in arrears. The outstanding mortgage on his abilities held by society makes it impossible for him to realize anything on this neglected property. Likewise the equity of the state is rendered useless. It then becomes a question what sort of bankruptcy court he must enter. The old refuges of human insolvency, poorhouses, asylums, and jails, have answered no purpose but isolation. Labor colonies have only a limited usefulness.

For the state this is unprofitable business. It has left two things entirely undone. Bound by the traditional fear of destroying individual initiative and responsibility, it has neither delivered the job nor begun to develop its equity in the children so that they will be able and fairly certain to make proper returns on society's investment when they have matured. With enormous work to be done, it has thrown youth, unprepared, unskilled, pellmell into industry. It has been compelled to maintain in institutions the men and women who result from this lack of foresight, and to pay heavily besides in marked physical degeneration, crime, and insidious disease. The waste of the system is appalling. To a loss it is impossible to estimate, both in England and our own country, must be added the debit of equally widespread and increasing human misery.

The state needs its men. Every effort to increase, to protect, and conserve a man's working power must be made. Men still wearing out in industry often might be saved by a re-education to simple trades. In the Midlands the quarries are filled with shoe-operatives, exhausted for factory work by the vibration and speeding-up. They fortunately find here at hand this simple labor, easily learned, out-of-doors. In the cities such change of occupation is less easily effected. If the state intelligently undertook, before he became hopeless, re-education and replacing of the individual, possibly providing separate maintenance for the family while the trade was being learned, it would logically attack destitution and crime, and cost at least no more than our present wasteful system.

"The back of England's poor is broken," said Hilaire Belloc. The government alone can do that marvelous surgery which makes it possible to live and work with a fractured spinal column, an operation until recently believed both physically and economically impossible. Mending the present generation with humane legislation has led to the invention of new instruments, now somewhat clumsy, rudimentary, and inefficient, but the evolution of which is like to be as wonderful and imaginative as the aeroplane, and on a far greater plan. Wages boards and arbitration courts, to provide that adults shall receive sufficient compensation, are now operating in some few trades and bid fair to be extended. Planned as a fine humanitarian relief, social insurance against illness, accident, old age, and unemployment is a brave attempt at social justice. At present the unemployment section involves the back-handed settlement of questions demanding constructive rather than involuntary attack.

The task of dispelling the enveloping fog of poverty, while tremendously difficult and only just begun, is well undertaken. The similar though less congested mass of out-of-work men which exists in the United States renders England's method of grappling with the problem pregnant with suggestion for us as we set out on the task of first protecting and then improving our equity in a man, a necessary part of the great "welfare war" which represents the rising spirit of America.

David

BY LUCINE FINCH

THE old minister shook his head an inconceivable number of times and looked over his glasses, which he wore away down on his nose, quite out of range of his eyes, with kindly though somewhat inattentive gaze at the big young man who sat opposite him.

"There's no denying it, John," he said, tapping the table with slender, philosophical fingers, "no denying it whatever. I've failed with Miss Luly Toothacre. She is my one regret in leaving North Fairport. I've failed there."

The big young man crossed his arms on the much-littered table and leaned forward on them.

"Who knows, Doctor?" he said, briskly. "Perhaps Miss Luly Toothacre was left for me. There isn't—there doesn't seem to be—much for a fighting man to do here. Everybody, from all you tell me, is so exceptionally good."

Again the old minister shook his head. "That's it," he said, enigmatically—"that's it—*good*. I don't know—I don't know . . ."

"You mean there's a difference between virtue and goodness?"

"Perhaps I do. One road is more shut than the other certainly. There are a godly lot of folk here. They all come to the church each Sabbath day to hear the Word. The collection is to be counted upon to a cent. There are no poor. The streets are kept clean and the citizenship is good." He spoke as if he were trying to convince himself of something. "And yet—"

"Perhaps," said the younger man, leaning nearer—"perhaps, sir, they're *too* good. You know what I mean. Too virtuous."

The old minister smiled. "You're young," he said, a little wistfully; "the fight is all before you, and the sun is high. They need youth. That's why I'm retiring. Go at them in your own way, God's way, without fear. I think they've grown complacent in mine. They need stirring."

There was silence for a moment. Then the old minister said, "There are just two things I want to ask you to do for me."

"Done, sir!" said the big young man, with accomplishing vigor in his voice.

The older man again looked wistfully at him, with the longing for youth in his gaze. "One of them, as you may have conceived, is Miss Luly Toothacre. Do what I have failed to do. None of us can do it now. We've lost our chance. We're too late. Her life has been hard and bitter, I fear, and strangely alone. And too silent, too silent!"

The younger man nodded. He hadn't the old-fashioned phraseology of the other, but he was keen to understand the genuine feeling in the words.

"What's the other thing, sir?"

"The other thing is rather more personal. I had no notion of asking it when you came in. I've no notion now why I ask it—except that there is something about you—well, it's this. Will you take the trouble, once in a while, to look at our cemetery lot, Margaret's and mine? My son and my daughter lie there, and their mother and I have formed the habit these twenty years of—"

The younger man broke in. "Thank you for that, Doctor," he said. "I'll go every week. You may count upon me."

"I do. And I thank you. So will Margaret. She finds it particularly hard to leave—that place, even for Italy. But you will find it a pleasant place to go."

"I'll go gladly, sir. Now tell me a little about Miss Luly Toothacre. If I'm to help where you've failed, as you say, I've a big thing to do. It's rather refreshing to think of. I like big things to do!"

The wistful look came again into the old minister's face. "I understand," he said, gently.

"Of course I know I couldn't do it unless you set me fair along the road."

The old minister smiled. "It's a long story, stretching over forty years, and yet there isn't much to tell. That's the pity of it. Not much to tell. . . . When I came here forty years ago, come next Sabbath day, I heard from time to time of—what was called—the scandalous conduct of Miss Luly Toothacre. She was twenty three or four or thereabouts at that time."

"What had she done?"

The old minister put the tips of his slender fingers contemplatively together and pursed his soft, old, thin lips. "I wouldn't discuss a woman," he said, delicately, "with another man, except the one who might help her."

"Of course not, sir."

"She had been—indiscreet. No more than that. It seems she had a lover; one David Holt, who, so far as I can find out, had no harm in him, beyond being a dreamer of dreams. Miss Luly, I believe, was very simple and straight and practical, and he was the poetry of her life. When I come to say it in words, it sounds very meager, and yet it is this woman's whole life. Well, he—they—I believe the charge was, part of it, that they — read poetry together — in the woods—"

The younger man threw back his head, and his ringing laugh filled the room. There was the rush of youth in it and the comfort of youth for youth. He stopped suddenly.

"How terrible!" he said, the significance of the story suddenly coming over him. "How terrible!"

"It wasn't so very bad, what they did," said the old minister, "the chief wrong being that no one had ever done it before them. But it might have been better for them if they had been content to—stop at the edge of the woods."

"Of course they wouldn't do *that!*" . . .

"Well, maybe not, maybe not. Yes, you're right. They wouldn't do that. I don't judge them. Their hearts were young."

"Forty years! What became of him—of them?"

The old minister rose to open a window. "It's close in here," he said. "That's the point. . . . He died."

"Poor girl!"

"Yes, poor girl!"

They both forgot they were speaking of a sour old woman of more than sixty years.

"He was taken ill suddenly, with pneumonia, I believe. Their story always affected me. He was ill only a short time, and—well, here's the point of it all.



"THERE'S NO DENYING IT, I'VE FAILED WITH MISS LULY TOOTHACRE"

Miss Luly Toothacre, who lived quite alone, I believe, and had no relatives, took him into her own house and nursed him there until the end."

"And that's all?"

"That's all."

"Cruel!"

"The will of God!"

"With man's will clouding it. Poor girl! Anything more?"

"This. The church criticized her severely for it. Sent the minister to reason with her the day the boy died. She never forgave them that."

"I don't blame her!"

The old minister put his hand across his mouth with a gesture that was almost feeble.

"What else, sir?"

"Not much. She moved out on the edge of the town, out the cemetery way. I used to go to see her. I went a number of times. But it did no good."

"What happened, sir?"

"She—turned me out."

"Turned you out!"

"Just that. The poor soul shut the door in my face. She's a vigorous woman. She felt I was her enemy—"

"And David's — that's what she couldn't forgive."

"My calling was against me. The voice of God was hushed in her poor heart."

"Did this happen more than once, sir?"

"A number of times. I prayed and persisted. But she never let me get near enough to speak. At last she took a simpler way of ridding herself of us all. When she saw any one of us coming, and she seemed to sense it more than see it, more like a creature than a woman, she would put on her bonnet and shawl and pass us by, at her own gate, with her head in the air and a bitter line about her mouth, poor, sad woman!"

"And this has gone on for forty years?"

"Forty years. Some people are dead who were young at the beginning of those years, some have forgotten, and the others don't care."

"Don't you think they ought to care?"

"Ah yes. But forty years is a long time, a long time."

"A long time indeed for a woman to suffer alone, sir!"



THEY READ POETRY TOGETHER IN THE WOODS



SHE WOULD PASS US BY AT HER OWN GATE

"We met her at the cemetery often, Margaret and I, and we tried there to speak to her. But she left suddenly in anger. Margaret said that was her only comfort—going there. And a woman is wiser in grief than a man. So we let her be. We did not intrude upon her there."

"I'd like to know her."

"Well, I believe you may find a way to it."

"Be sure I shall try, sir."

"One thing she continues to do and has done for many years, even in spite of protest. This marks her unpopularity—"

"What's that?"

"Feeds the tramps. Dozens of them, droves of them, come to her house to beg. They remain to work. All of her work is done, I believe, by tramps. The town has protested in various ways, thinking it makes a center for them. It did no good. She has taken her way in all things, and in this."

"But I think that's a splendid thing for her to do! She makes them work, doesn't she—really work?"

"Oh yes. Three of them, I am told, built her a small barn. They were there many weeks. Oh yes, they work."

"Then she's a public benefactor. The habit of mind is all the trouble with a tramp. She changes that."

"That's right; believe in her. That's the way to help her. I wish I were younger. I, too, might find a way. But not now, not now. So I pass my desire and my prayer on to you."

The big young man rose. "I want to know her," he said. "She interests me strangely. I feel I've nothing to give

her but human sympathy and understanding and my belief in her."

"So God speaks, my son!"

"He's a good boy, Margaret," said the old minister over his tea. "I like him. I wish we had a son like—like that. . . . More tea, dear, if you please. It's uncommonly good. . . . You're looking like a rose to-night, Margaret."

The first Saturday afternoon after he was settled in North Fairport, John Hamilton went out to look over the Doctor's lot. He wore his oldest clothes, a rough, gray flannel shirt, open, and showing a fine-enough young throat; rather a disreputable-looking hat, and he carried a rake and hoe over his shoulder. He passed along the street whistling, with his heart clear. John Hamilton was good to look at in his fresh, unconscious youth, evidently a brown, out-of-doors fellow, with freedom for his call. North Fairport was his first parish, and he meant to do well by it. His heart was full of dreams, and his mind was keen to carry them out. He met a few of his parishioners, all of whom stared at him very frankly, and looked long after he had passed, of which he was thoroughly unconscious. He stopped and talked, the disreputable hat in hand, with little Mary Cheney, whom he was to love later. And long after he had passed her, picking up his whistle where he left off, he smiled happily, remembering her eyelids when she looked down.

"Lashes like a child's," he said to himself, and trilled along his gay tune, not knowing that youth and love and spring were at him. He bowed as ceremoniously to old Mother Winston, the voluble baker lady, as he did to Mrs. Wilkes-Farrington, in her easy carriage.

The cemetery was on a hill, above the town, and, as the old minister had said, was a pleasant-enough place to go to.

"Good!" said John Hamilton, throwing his hat on the ground. "I feel just like digging in the earth!"

He put his tools down and rolled up his sleeves, reading the two inscriptions on the one big stone as he did so. "They lie pleasantly," he said to himself. "I want to get down on my hands and knees and smell the earth's freshness. Hello!"

For he had caught sight of a strange thing in the next lot, near by.

A gaunt old woman sat with her back against a big tree, reading aloud. Her calico sunbonnet lay on the ground beside her, and the wind blew the gray wisps of her hair about her face. John Hamilton watched her for a moment. He heard:

"'Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time.' . . ."

"Keats!" said John Hamilton. "Miss Luly Toothacre!" And he quickly withdrew his gaze and set himself to dig about the rose-bed where the hardened earth lay. Something burned in John Hamilton's eyes. He so purposely avoided paying attention to the next lot that he presently began to whistle ever so softly to himself.

Suddenly he heard a harsh voice say, "Stop that whistling!"

John Hamilton obeyed without turning his head. There was silence for a moment, and he went on with his work. Then he heard again:

"'More happy love, more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting and forever young' . . ."

John Hamilton suddenly stopped his work, shouldered his tools, and walked swiftly away, taking care not to glance toward the old woman as she sat, her feet straight out before her, on the ground, reading to her dead lover, in a voice made tender by the love she could not forget.

Three times he went thus out to work, and three times he found Miss Luly Toothacre there. Once he saw her lean over to flick some dead leaves off the mound with tender possession, as a woman might touch her lover's sleeve.

At first she had looked at him indignantly as an intruder, but John did not glance toward her; so she got used to seeing the young man at his work, and went on with her reading. It seemed to be Keats that she read mostly, sometimes Shelley, and once a poet that he did not know. It flashed across his mind that perhaps it was her own poet whose lines she was reading. This was the time she

leaned over to brush the dead leaves from the grave. Then John felt sure.

And to-day she spoke to him, to his surprise and unreasonable delight. "There'll be a rain before night, likely."

And John answered without turning, "Yes."

Then she began reading, and John Hamilton went on with his work. He was building a low stone wall about the lot to keep the terrace from slipping with the spring rains. He had carried the stones in his old farm wagon, and his horse stood by, comfortably cropping the grass along the path.

Suddenly Miss Luly Toothacre stopped reading, put a leaf in her book to mark the place, and came over to him.

"Young man," she said, in an accusing tone. John Hamilton turned. "You are employed by this—man—to look after his lot?"

"Yes, I am to take care of it," said John, choosing his words carefully.

"Well, do you want to earn a little more?"

With quick insight he saw a chance to serve her. "Yes, I do," he said.

"You ain't a tramp, are you?" she asked, and John answered, "No."

"You ain't hungry, are you?"

"Yes, I am," answered John Hamilton, honestly. "I generally am hungry."

"You see that white house?" said Miss Luly Toothacre, pointing to a low, rambling cottage a half-mile away.

"The one with the two towers?" asked John.

"They ain't towers," Miss Luly said, indignantly; "they're silos."

"Oh yes."

"Well, I make 'em work for me there on that place. And I give 'em the best food I've got, and plenty of it. You're welcome there."

"Thank you," said John Hamilton, with fervor.

The old woman shifted her weight and took off her slatted sunbonnet to fan her face.

"If it rains before night I want those flowers taken off that grave, and in the mornin' I want some fresh ones onto it. I've got to go off for a day. Can I trust you to do it?"

"Yes," said John Hamilton, "I'll do it."

"Would you rather take it out in food or money?" asked Miss Luly Toothacre.

"Food."

"Well, I'd rather pay you in food. I don't like to pay money for this, though I'm an old fool to say it. What's your name?" she asked, fiercely.

"John."

"Where d'you live?"

John pointed to the village. "Over there."

"Well, God help you!" said Miss Luly, with seeming inappropriateness. "I'll be back to-morrow by dark. Can you last out till then?"

John stooped for his rake. "This is wicked of me," he said to himself, and "Yes," he said aloud. "Easy. I'll come to-morrow night if you'll let me."

"Let you!" said Miss Luly. "Why shouldn't I? Ain't you hungry? Well, if you're hungry, come along. Food's food, whether it's mine or yours, and due to all. Put the pink buds on,"



SHE SAT WITH HER BACK AGAINST A TREE, READING ALOUD

said Miss Luly, moving away from him. "Come over here and I'll show you . . . these. They'll be open by mornin', especially if it rains. They're tight now, but I know 'em. They can't fool me! They'll be open. And you put that crowd of white ones on the other two graves."

"I will," said John Hamilton.

Miss Luly looked at him sharply, then she dived down into a voluminous pocket.

"Here!" she said. "Nothin' like an apple to fill you up. You eat that. It's off my own place. So I know it, from the seed up. I'm goin' now. Don't forget."

"I won't." He stood looking at her, the apple in his hand, as she stalked grimly away, like some Fate. Then he turned and saw on the low urn that headed the mound one word, "David."

"That's her whole story," said John Hamilton; "David." And he called after her: "Shall I loosen this earth a little around these roses? It 'll be good for the rain to get deep into it."

Miss Luly turned and came back quickly, as if glad of an excuse. "Well, you might," she said. "Let's see." And they both kneeled down and put their hands on the earth. "Dry's a bone, and packed flat!" said Miss Luly, getting up a little stiffly. John wanted to help her, but sat on his hand instead to keep it down.

"You loosen it."

"I will. Glad to."

Miss Luly looked at him again sharply, then turned away. "Don't you break any of my shoots," she said.

"I won't. I know about working a garden."

Miss Luly turned quickly. "You think it's a garden, too," she said. "So do I." She walked three steps toward him, then retreated four.

"See here," she said, roughly. "I was just thinkin' when you hollered after me. "I need a man's hand to this place. Bendin' a back 's old as mine 's no good to it, nor to the earth, either. I haven't got the strength I used to have, though I've enough, I've enough," she said, with curious, creeping tenderness in her voice, as if reassuring David. Then she suddenly remembered John.

"P'r'aps," she said, in a brisk, businesslike tone—"p'r'aps you'd like a job—permanent. Would you?"

John Hamilton didn't take time to think. He answered quickly: "Yes. I'm to look after his — I could do yours just as well as not, if you'd let me."

"For pay?" asked Miss Luly Toothacre, sharply.

John paused long enough to catch her searching look. Then he said: "Oh yes, for pay, or—food. Just whatever you thought. I'd do it for nothing if you'd let me."



JOHN HAMILTON WATCHED HER FOR A MOMENT

"Why?" asked Miss Luly. "Why should you do it for nothin'?" She was quickly on the defensive. John saw his mistake. He answered as roughly as he could:

"No reason at all. You pay me and I'll do it. And I'll do it to please you, too," he added.

"You will or I'll know it!" said Miss Luly.

John thought, "So will I," and bent over a rose-bush to hide his smile.

"I'll give you fifty cents a month to do it, and not a cent more," said Miss Luly. John quickly considered her proposition. It seemed the only way. He wouldn't let himself think further.

"Isn't that — a good deal?"

—"And not a cent less," said Miss Luly, as if just completing her last remark.

"All right," John Hamilton said, digging carefully about a root — he was down on his knees now, not to let her see his face. "All right, but I'd rather take it out in food."



THEY BOTH KNEELED DOWN AND PUT THEIR HANDS ON THE EARTH

"So you can," said Miss Luly. "Lord knows I've plenty and to spare. You're welcome. 'Tain't nothin' to me which you take."

"I'll come up to-morrow night and you can settle it. Then if you want me to work for you, I will," said John, digging feverishly.

"I want you if you suit me. And I'm hard to please, young man!" And with these threatening words she left him.

John Hamilton mopped his brow. The perspiration stood in beads on his forehead. "Well!" he said. "I've done it! Just so I don't lose her. . . . I hope she'll find it out—here," he said, looking helplessly at the low urn marked "David."

"Well, you ain't a snivelin' parson, anyway," said Miss Luly, "but you're a deceivin' young man. What 'd you do it for?" she demanded. He looked up at her as she stood towering over him; he had never noticed before what a tall old woman she was. He was sitting at the spotless deal table in her kitchen, eating his first meal for the "pay" she was to give him. He held a piece of bread in his fingers and crumbled it helplessly into his plate.

"There wasn't any other way to know you," he said. "I had to. I felt it wasn't quite—fair, but I had to."

"Why in—*thunder*—did you want to know me?"

"I—I liked you."

Miss Luly sat down suddenly. "You beat me!" she said. "I never saw a man like you in my whole life. Never!"

John crumbled his bread.

"I suppose they told you great tales of me?" she asked, with sudden suspicion.

"No," said John. "No one ever spoke to me of you except—a friend of yours—once."

"I haven't any friends," said Miss Luly. "Who?"

"Old Dr. Merideth."

"Pshaw!" said Miss Luly. "That old man's a soft fool!"

"He's your friend."

"Pshaw!" said Miss Luly again.

"I suppose I was wrong. I know I was. But I did want you to come to my church."

Miss Luly rose and slammed two doors, with no apparent reason. "Well, I won't!" she said. "And you can put that in your pipe and smoke it! I won't!"

John Hamilton smiled at her. He couldn't help it.

"You're a great parson!" said Miss Luly. "Tryin' to trick me to your church!"

"Not exactly," said John. "Be fair! I told you before I asked you to come."

"The sheep and the goats!" said Miss Luly. "There ain't a sheep, let alone a goat, that wouldn't act with more sense than most people, and have more charity. You're imposin' on the creatures to liken 'em to people."

John felt his theology gradually departing from him. "I suppose that idea came from the fold, and all that—the care of them, you know," he said, weakly.

"I don't know," Miss Luly said. "Care! Care, indeed! Fine care they take. God help us! I don't need anybody!"

John stood up beside her and folded his napkin carefully. "But you will let me work on the place for you?" he said, anxiously. "If I do it to suit you?"

"Why should I?" said Miss Luly, wrathfully. "You're a man of God, ain't you? Well!"

"A man of God may dig in the earth for a friend," said John Hamilton, quietly.

"Friend!" said Miss Luly Toothacre, sniffing, as if it had been long years since she had thought of the word. "Pshaw!" She walked over to the window and stood there for a moment with her back to him. Then she turned.

"You're a deceivin' young man," she said, relentlessly, "and I don't want any more of you. You go your way and I'll go mine. I've gone mine a long time now, so I know it. Leave the hungry men to me. They're my friends."

"There are different kinds of hunger," John Hamilton said.

"Now you're goin' to preach. Well, not in this house. Prayin' is over here. You talk sense or you get out! That's all."

"I go to the Doctor's twice a week," John pleaded, as if for some great gain. "You needn't see me. I don't care for that. But I wish you'd let me work on the lot."

"Why?" said Miss Luly Toothacre, with almost a sob in her voice, which she covered by harshness. "You tell me why."

"Because there isn't any reason," John said, stupidly.

"Every chance you'd get you'd fetch the Gospel to me. Oh, I know you! I won't hear a word of cant. I'm not made so's to bear it. That's all. If there is a God," said Miss Luly, as if to herself, "David knows it, and that's enough for me. I don't need to. He's not the kind of God they preach about. I know that."

It was the first time she had spoken David's name, and John Hamilton felt that she had given him a gift. He moved a little nearer her.

"I wish you'd let me," he said, helplessly for so big a young man. "I'm used to that place now. I need the good old brown earth to dig in. You needn't ever see me. I'll come when you aren't there."

"You're the most persistent young man I ever did see!" said Miss Luly Toothacre. "There ain't a grain of sense in your way of talkin' or doin'. How could I pay the *minister* to do a job for me?"

"Put it in the church plate, then."

"I won't!" said Miss Luly, savagely. "I won't! and that's flat!"

"Of course not. Well, give it to some other fellow, then."

"I don't believe in givin' money to tramps."

"Then pay me!" John said, desperately. "Pay me! Why shouldn't you?"

"Ain't you the biggest fool alive, now!" said Miss Luly, almost admiringly. "I never did!"

"I like that place," said John, only heeding the pain hidden in her voice. "I'm used to it now. It rests me to work there. I don't ask you to come to my church or to listen to my God. I ask you to let me come to yours."

It was growing dusk, and John Hamilton suddenly felt tired and dispirited. He knew that if he went away the old woman would never let him come again. The habit of a lifetime stood in the way of that. Yet there seemed nothing more he could say. He turned to the door.

"Well, if you won't—" he said.

"Who said I wouldn't?"

"Will you?"

"Did I say I would?"

"No."

"Well, then, I will. But don't you say any prayin' words over me or—over David. We don't want 'em. You let us be."

"I will," said John, eagerly. "I will, all I can."

"What d'you mean—all you can?"

"Oh, nothing. I—I don't always know when I'm praying," John said, smiling.

"Then you guard against it, you understand! I won't have it."

"All right," said John Hamilton, "if you'll let me work for you, I don't care a rap about the praying part." And he added to himself, "It's all the same."

"Here," said Miss Luly, "you strike a match and light the lamp. It's darker'n pitch! You haven't ate a mite of supper!" she accused him.

"I couldn't, you know, until I'd told you."

"Umph! Well, now's you're here and it's all set out, you may as well eat it."

"I will," said John, slipping boyishly into his chair. "I'm as hungry as a bear. I hate—I hate to eat alone. I wish you'd—"

"Oh, I just pick!" said Miss Luly. "I don't eat. I just pick! You eat your food now. Words enough!"

He did not tell her that there came very near being no prayer-meeting that night because the new minister was unaccountably late.

Loss

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

ONCE was the need of you
A pain too great to bear,
And all my heart went calling you
In work and song and prayer.

But now dull time has brought
A sadder, stranger lot—
That I should look upon the day
And find I need you not.

Exploring the Atom

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

IF you take a lump of dry salt between your thumb and fingers, you may readily reduce it to an impalpable powder. If you were to dust some of the almost invisible grains of this powder upon a glass slide and examine them through a microscope, you would find that the smallest of the dust-like particles now seems rather like a rough and jagged piece of rock than like the infinitesimal thing that it appeared to the naked eye. It is easy to believe that this fragment of matter is built up of smaller particles, and is nowhere near the limits of divisibility.

If now you put a few drops of water on the slide, you will see the rock-like particle of salt fade away and dissolve into nothingness. It has become absolutely invisible. If the microscope you are using is a powerful one, this means that there remains no particle of the salt of the size of one-hundred-thousandth of an inch.

In point of fact, the portion of salt has now been separated into molecules so small that many millions of them must be massed together to form the smallest visible particle of matter. These molecules are moving about freely in the solution among the molecules of water. Individually they are so small that they do not obstruct the light-waves; hence the transparency of the solution of which they now form a part.

But if you were to thrust a platinum wire into the solution and then hold the wire in the flame of a Bunsen gas-burner, the flame will instantly take on a peculiar green color which proves to the discerning eye that the particles of salt have been rendered luminous. If this green flame is examined through a spectroscope, the rays of light coming from it will be observed to be split up into a characteristic series of lines.

This particular series of spectral lines would not appear in light emanating from anything but sodium. No other substance in the world can duplicate that record. The same series of lines might appear in the light coming from the sun or from a star; but they would prove the presence of sodium at the source of light. These lines *spell* sodium in the language which any chemist in the world can read; and the signature of the spectrum cannot be forged or duplicated.

What is true of sodium is true of every other element. Each has a sign manual which it writes as a series of lines in the spectrum. The chemical test thus afforded is exquisitely delicate. There may be but the smallest trace of a given substance present, as in the case of our infinitesimal droplet of salt solution, but the telltale lines of the spectrum will record the trace of this individual substance, even in the midst of many other substances.

If while examining our sodium flame through the spectroscope we were to hold the flame between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet, we should observe that the sodium lines which before appeared single are now split in two and separated. This phenomenon is called the Zeeman effect, in honor of its discoverer, Professor Peter Zeeman, of Amsterdam. It is a phenomenon of vast importance from the physicist's standpoint, inasmuch as it gives interesting clues to the activities of the atomic forces and to the character of light.

This phenomenon of the splitting-up of spectral lines has been observed by Professor George E. Hale, Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory, in connection with the light emanating from spots on the surface of the sun. The observation shows that sun-spots are powerful magnetic fields. Thus the sun-spot gives a demonstration on a magnificent scale of physical laws that may be tested, changed only in degree and not in kind, in the laboratory. Incidentally, Professor Hale's observation explains the relation that had previously

been observed between outbursts of sun-spots—which are in reality gigantic volcanoes of gaseous matter—and the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism.

A further interest attaches to the Zeeman effect (whether manifested in the laboratory or in the sun) from the fact that it demonstrates the close relationship between magnetism and light. In Professor Zeeman's words, it shows that light is an electrical phenomenon. Meantime our experiment with the sodium flame demonstrated, obviously enough, a close relation between the activities of molecules or atoms of matter and the origin of light itself.

A single experiment thus suffices to show curious and interesting relationships between the ultimate particles of matter and those manifestations of energy which we term light, electricity, and magnetism. Meantime it is matter of every-day observation that there is ordinarily the closest relationship between light and that other manifestation of energy termed heat.

It is no matter for great surprise, then, to be told that the different portions of the spectrum into which a beam of light is spread out show different degrees of temperature when tested by an apparatus of sufficient delicacy. It appears, in point of fact, that the dark lines in the spectrum are also areas of relative coolness, and that the spectrum may be charted by moving a sufficiently delicate heat-measurer along it. The instrument with which this feat of measuring infinitesimal gradations of temperature is accomplished is known as a bolometer, and was invented by the late Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution.

The principle on which the bolometer is constructed demonstrates that any change of temperature in a metal changes the capacity of that metal as a conductor of electricity. By using an excessively tenuous, flattened thread of platinum for his conductor, and an exquisitely sensitive galvanometer to register the effects, Langley produced an instrument which will respond to changes of temperature so slight in degree that no one could reasonably have supposed them measurable. Indeed, the feats accomplished by the little instrument are as incredible, not to say fantastic, as the feats of the spectroscope itself. A generation ago instruments for physical research had attained a high stage of development; but to measure a change of temperature of one-thousandth of a degree was considered a remarkable feat. The layman will be disposed to admit that it is a remarkable feat. But the perfected Langley bolometer measures a change of one-hundred-millionth of a degree. It is competent to deal with the infinitesimal quantities of heat that come to us from such bodies as the moon and the brighter stars.

As a practical apparatus the bolometer's chief use has been to test the precise quantities of heat that come to us from the sun. Langley himself used it for this purpose, and since his death Professor C. G. Abbott has conducted an elaborate series of experiments, chiefly at the solar observatory at Mount Wilson, to determine the "solar constant." Knowledge thus gained will perhaps ultimately be available in predicting weather conditions here on the earth as influenced by sun-spots or other solar phenomena.

But aside from these practical results, very great interest attaches to the work done with the bolometer, in that it enables the observer to detect and measure the presence of waves of energy beyond the visible spectrum. Indeed, it appears that the chief concentration of heat-rays occurs in the dark region below the deepest red. Langley was able with the bolometer to chart this infra-red region of invisible light, if the term be permitted. He not only tested its gradations of heat, but showed that it is crossed by hundreds of characteristic cool bands comparable to the dark lines of the visible spectrum. Meantime it had been discovered that the rays of light that chiefly affect the photographic plate are those toward the violet end of the spectrum, and extending into a region beyond the utmost visible portion of the violet. It had long been known that the color red represents relatively long light-waves, whereas violet represents short waves. It now became obvious that the eye detects only a small part of the series of ethereal vibrations, and that all radiant energy given off by a luminous body includes a long series of waves on either side of the visible spectrum, each series having its peculiar and characteristic effects.

This dissection of the ray of radiant energy was made, as we have seen, with the aid of the spectroscope. It is obvious, however, that an ordinary beam of light, before it is split up by a prism, must contain the entire series of waves of energy — heat-waves, light-waves, and ultra-violet waves — blended and intermingled. We have just seen that different portions of these waves may be tested by the thermometer (or by its more delicate counterpart, the bolometer), by the eye with or without the aid of the spectroscope, and by the photographic plate.

But there is a joint effect of the waves of radiant energy which may be interpreted in terms neither of heat, light, nor photographic effect, but in terms of physical pressure.

The exquisitely delicate instrument which measures this effect is called the radiometer. It was devised by two American physicists, Professors E. F. Nichols and G. F. Hull, and it is in effect a more delicate modification of an apparatus first made by the English physicist Sir William Crookes. The little instrument demonstrates that the waves in the ether which are interpreted as heat or light or electro-magnetism, and which are rushing through space at the speed of 186,000 miles per second, wash against any object that lies in their path with an actual pressure — manifesting themselves as a positive push, in addition to their other effects.

This is quite what one might expect, perhaps, were it not that the ether is so exceedingly intangible an entity — one dare not say substance. Clerk-Maxwell, the most famous student of the ether, did indeed declare, from theoretical considerations, that this push must take place. But between theory and demonstration there may be a wide gap, and it remained for the experiments of Professor Lebedew in Europe and of Professors Nichols and Hull in America, undertaken simultaneously but quite independently, to place the matter beyond dispute. Now we know that every ray of sunlight gives a positive push to any material substance it reaches, and that a similar push accompanies all other radiations. And as every body not at the absolute zero of temperature—a degree of cold never yet attained in a terrestrial laboratory, and obtaining, if anywhere, only in the depths of stellar space—is giving off radiations, it follows that all bodies are pushing and tending to repel all other bodies that their radiations can reach.

The instrument that has demonstrated the existence of this hitherto only vaguely suspected force consists of two disks of thin glass (one disk blackened, the other polished), suspended by a mica thread in a vacuum. When waves of radiant energy impinge on this delicate apparatus they disturb its balance, because the blackened disk absorbs the rays, whereas the bright disk reflects them. So wonderfully delicate is the adjustment that a candle placed more than one-third of a mile away turns the vanes of the instrument through nearly one hundred scale-divisions. As one-tenth of a single division can be readily detected, it will be seen that a candle at this distance by no means puts the implement to its fullest test.

It is estimated that, were there no atmospheric obstruction, the candle could be detected at a distance of sixteen miles. The face of an observer can be detected at a distance of several miles; at two thousand feet it turns the vanes through twenty-five scale-divisions. So every human countenance glows as a beacon-light, signaling out for miles in every direction — only one must be equipped with a radiometer if one would note or heed the signals.

Directed toward the sky, the radiometer proves adequate to the task of registering the radiant energy of the larger stars and planets. The experiments of Professor Nichols have sufficed to show that the radiation push of a star cannot be definitely predicated from observation of its luminosity. Thus it was found that the planet Saturn has only about three-fourths the thermal effect of the star Vega; the star Arcturus produces three times the effect of Saturn; the planet Jupiter more than six times as much—relations quite different from the relative brightness to the eye of these various bodies.

Doubtless in time extended observations will teach us important lessons about the nature of the various stars,

as recorded by variations in radiation. Meantime, the proof that this radiant push exists and is everywhere operative is in the highest degree interesting and important. For an ether wave that pushes with such force against anything with which it comes in contact must be a factor in the distribution throughout the universe not only of energy but of matter. Professor Svante Arrhenius, the famous Swedish physicist, has estimated the size of a particle of matter which would be driven before the light-waves, as particles of dust are driven before the wind. He believes that radiation pressure explains the phenomena of the comet's tail, of the sun's corona, and of the aurora borealis, the latter being due to the activities of electrified particles driven to the earth from the sun. Thus radiation is in a sense a counterforce to gravitation.

What gives the phenomenon chief interest from the present standpoint, however, is that it shows the tremendous energy of the atomic forces that send out the ether waves. A molecule or atom vibrating in such a way as to send off—at the rate of many billions per second, and at a speed of 186,000 miles per second—waves powerful enough to drive relatively large particles of matter before them must be in itself a center of energy of astounding power, notwithstanding the incomprehensible minuteness of its size.

All these studies of the different manifestations of energy point in the direction of the atom, and give us more or less vague estimates of the activities of its tiny structure. It remained for a new line of investigation to reveal the atom itself. The new observations came about through the discovery of substances having curious properties hitherto unsuspected but now familiar to every one under the name of radioactivity.

The initial discovery of a radioactive substance was made by the French physicist Becquerel, through the accidental observation of the effect of the chemical called uranium on a photographic plate. The discovery of other radioactive substances, including radium, by Professor and Madame Curie, quickly followed, and the strange new properties were studied by many workers, chief among whom is Professor Ernest Rutherford, now of Manchester University.

The essential phenomenon of radioactivity consists in the giving off of rays capable of affecting the photographic plate and of penetrating opaque substances. The radiation comprises at least three different types of rays, which have been named alpha, beta, and gamma rays. It is now known that the alpha rays consist of relatively heavy particles which are in reality atoms of helium, each carrying a double charge of positive electricity. The beta ray is identical with the cathode ray, which develops when electricity is passed through a Crookes or vacuum tube. The gamma ray is identical with the X-ray, which is developed when a cathode ray strikes the walls of the glass receptacle. It is due to the impingement of beta rays on the particles of the radioactive substance itself, and it probably constitutes a pulsation in the ether of a kind analogous to the waves of light and electro-magnetism. But its precise nature is not very clearly understood.

The alpha ray has been studied with great care, and it has given up one secret after another. That the alpha particle is an atom of helium is a startling fact. For helium is an *element,* hitherto known as an inert constituent of the atmosphere. And to suppose that one element can be transformed into another is to suggest a restoration of the obsolete heresy of the alchemist. Nevertheless the demonstration is complete that the alpha ray does consist of helium atoms, and that it is precisely the same whether it emanates from thorium, from radium, or from any other known radioactive substance — however the fact may be explained.

Of the many theoretical and practical considerations that attend the subject, none perhaps has a greater interest than the experiments which have made it possible to isolate an individual atom and actually to test its size.

The apparatus through which this seemingly miraculous feat has been accomplished is known as the electroscope. It is an instrument which constantly serves the student of radioactivity. Even as compared with the spectroscope and bolometer and radiometer, it is an ap-

paratus of extraordinary delicacy. The spectroscope, as we have seen, reveals infinitesimal traces of a substance; it can show the presence of the minutest quantity of a gas in a tube that, in ordinary parlance, would be said to be absolutely empty. But even the best vacuum that the physicist is able to produce contains many millions of gaseous molecules to the cubic inch; so, after all, the spectroscope is dealing with a vast swarm of molecules when it performs its most delicate feats. But the electroscope, as just intimated, is capable, under certain circumstances, of detecting the presence of a single atom. The tests that it can apply are estimated to be 500,000 times more delicate than the finest tests of the spectroscope.

In principle the electroscope is simplicity itself. It consists essentially of two bits of gold-leaf suspended loosely together. If these gold-leaves are electrified, their mutual repulsion holds them apart. But if the electricity is discharged, they fall together. Under ordinary conditions perfectly dry air is a non-conductor of electricity; therefore a charged electroscope shows its leaves spread apart. If the atmosphere is electrified, or, as the technical phrase is, ionized, it becomes a conductor and permits the electricity to escape.

The test which showed the ultimate capacity of the electroscope was made recently by Professor Ernest Rutherford. He connected an electroscope with a closed cavity having a small aperture on one side, and near this aperture he placed a surface covered with radium. A certain number of the alpha particles thrown out by the radium could enter the receptacle through the aperture. The radium was placed at such a distance that only three or four particles per minute would be shot through the little window. It was found possible to adjust the electroscope to such a state of delicate responsiveness that the entrance of a single alpha particle discharged it. Thus it was possible to compute the number of alpha particles that are sent out by a given quantity of radium in a given time. Other experiments conducted by Professor James Dewar, of London, have carefully measured the quantity of helium gas that arises from a given quantity of radium. It is obvious that the two experiments combined show the number of helium atoms that make up a given quantity of helium gas.

Now it has long been known that all gases under equal conditions of temperature and pressure contain the same number of molecules. A molecule may contain one or more atoms, but this also is something that the physicist has long been able to compute. It follows that the physicist is now able, thanks to the test performed by Professor Rutherford with the electroscope, to compute the number of atoms in any gas of known chemical composition. As most solid substances can be reduced to the gaseous condition in known proportions, the number of atoms in a given quantity of any solid may also be quite generally computed.

The figures revealed are utterly bewildering. Professor Rutherford found that a gram of radium gives off thirty-six billion helium atoms per second. A cubic centimeter of helium gas contains atoms to a number represented by this absurd row of figures: 2,560,000,000,000,000,000,-000—which is read, I believe, two sextillion, five hundred and sixty quintillions. The weight of a single atom is the part of a gram represented by a fraction having 1 for the numerator, and for denominator 68 followed by twenty-four ciphers—carrying the count to octillions.

Of course, such figures convey little definite meaning. Perhaps they serve, however, to give at least an inkling of the utterly incomprehensible smallness of an atom. Reflecting, then, that the electroscope is able to detect the presence of a single one of these atoms, we find ourselves in the presence of an instrument the delicacy of whose operation is little less than awe-inspiring.

We know that the big telescopes, aided by the photographic plate, reveal stars to the number of at least one hundred millions lying utterly beyond the confines of unaided vision. Now it appears that a pinch of salt which one could hold on the point of a penknife is made up of atoms numbering not hundreds of millions merely, but billions of billions. The population of atoms in the smallest particle of matter visible under the micro-

scope is greater by far than the total human population of the globe since the race developed. And a little instrument composed of two fragments of gold-leaf makes it possible to perform the miracle of counting these denizens of the realm of infinite littleness.

Moreover, there is a second method, also devised by Professor Rutherford, by which the helium atoms may be counted as they fly off in the form of alpha particles from radium; a method that seems even more wonderful than the other, because of its extreme simplicity and the fact that it depends upon direct vision. The method consists of watching through a microscope a small portion of a screen covered with a compound of sulphide of zinc or willemite. This screen, as originally devised by Professor Crookes, has the property of emitting sparks of light when bombarded by the alpha particles as they fly off from a radioactive substance. As ordinarily witnessed, the bombardment suggests a shower of shooting-stars; or it may be even better likened to the splash of raindrops on a dimly lighted pavement. The instrument is called a sphinthariscope.

Professor Rutherford adjusts a bit of radium near the screen in such a way that all the rays are shut off from it except those passing through a small aperture. He can then through a microscope count the splashes of light, each of which is due to the impact of a single alpha particle. He can thus estimate accurately the number of particles given off by a known quantity of radium in a certain time, as before. The result coincides with the other method of counting, within the limit of errors of observation. Thus there is a check on the method of counting and measuring the atoms, and we may feel fairly sure that the bewildering result already given represents substantially the facts.

Although this method of counting the atoms depends upon direct vision, it must not be inferred that the observer actually sees the atom itself. What he sees is the commotion created among the particles of the sensitized screen when the atom dashes into their midst. When you fire a rifle-ball into the smooth surface of a lake half a mile away, you see the splash of the water clearly enough, but of course you do not see the rifle-ball itself. The effect is precisely similar when the splash of light caused by the alpha particle is viewed. The alpha particle itself is as far beyond the range of vision, even aided by the most powerful microscope, as a rifle-ball would be at the distance of several miles.

To give a tangible idea of the hopeless invisibility of an atom, we may note that the smallest particle of matter visible under the magnifying influence of the most powerful microscope is of such dimensions that 50,000 such particles placed in line would be required to extend across the space of one centimeter (about two-fifths of an inch). If we calculate the cube of this number, we find that 125 thousand billion such particles could be crowded into the space of a cubic centimeter. But Professor Rutherford's census of the atoms, as just outlined, shows us that twenty billion times that number of helium atoms would exist in the form of gas in the same space. Of course, the molecules of a gas are widely separated. So it follows that the smallest particle of solid matter visible through the most powerful microscope contains many times twenty billion atoms.

Very recently Sir Joseph Thomson has discovered yet another method of making individual atoms give visible evidence of their presence. The medium through which the record is transcribed is in this case the photographic plate. In a word, Professor Thomson literally photographs the atoms. His method of letting the atom transcribe its own record on the sensitive plate is by far the most delicate method yet devised of analyzing the constituents of a gas.

The gases to be tested are introduced in exceedingly small quantities into a glass bulb, which is called a vacuum bulb because it is supposed to contain nothing at all. When an electric current is passed through this vacuum, the bulb glows with a peculiar phosphorescence, and the now familiar phenomena of the cathode ray are manifested—the cathode ray consisting, as we have seen, of negative particles of electricity. It has now been shown that particles of another type traverse the tube in the opposite direction to that in which the cathode particles are streaming. A perforation being made in

the electric cathode, these retrograde particles pass through the aperture and impinge on the glass bulb back of the cathode. Because of the method in which they are tested, these rays have been called "canal rays" by the German physicist Goldstein, who first observed them.

Sir Joseph Thomson tested these rays by subjecting them to the simultaneous influence of an electric current and a magnetic field. Electricity deflects them in one direction, and magnetism in another, so that as a result they are diverted from their direct path and assume an elliptical orbit. The record of their divergent flight is instantaneously impressed on a photographic plate. To casual observation the photograph suggests a shower of shooting-stars or tiny comets, or in some cases an auroral display. But Sir Joseph Thomson has been able to demonstrate that each streak of light represents the flight of a particular type of atom, and that different atoms are deflected in degrees precisely dependent upon their atomic weights. The hydrogen atom, for example, being very light, is deflected more than the helium atom, and this in turn is deflected more than the still heavier atom of oxygen. So here again the individual atoms are made to record their presence.

The method has great interest for the chemist because it enables him to detect the presence of quantities of a foreign gas too minute to be indicated by the spectroscope. The rays are registered within less than a millionth of a second after their formation, and Sir Joseph Thomson suggests that when chemical combination or decomposition is occurring in the tube the method may disclose the existence of intermediate forms which have only a transient existence.

Already it has been shown that even an elementary gas may consist of a mixture of a great many different substances. In the case of oxygen, the photographs reveal no fewer than eight different forms of atoms and molecules, ranging from individual neutral atoms of oxygen to molecules composed of six atoms with a positive charge of electricity.

Thus the physicist not only photographs the atoms, but records their intimate transformations and combinations.

We have seen that the atoms which thus give up their secrets to the photographic plate are billions of times smaller than the smallest particle of matter that is directly visible under the microscope. It would seem, then, as if this recent feat of Sir Joseph Thomson, together with the spectacular demonstrations of Professor Rutherford, must carry us into the realm of the invisible almost to the limits of imaginable minuteness. But, in point of fact, there remains one other step that the physical investigators of our time have been able to take, which would still further tax credulity were it not certain that the things recorded are the results of definite experimentation and not of mere day-dreaming.

The final feat of analysis to which I now refer is that which demonstrates that within the smallest atom there is a *something* almost two thousand times smaller than the atom itself — a something that is detachable from the atom, and susceptible of being measured as to its mass and tested as to its electric charge with the aid of apparatus actually in use in the laboratory. This ultimate particle of matter is called the electric corpuscle or electron. We owe our knowledge of it chiefly to Sir Joseph Thomson. It is the smallest thing in the world; and it is probably the basal substance out of which all matter of whatever character is built. Our present view of it must be confined to a brief reference to the manner in which it has been weighed and measured.

The electron was first revealed in the cathode ray, which, as we have seen, is generated in a vacuum tube when electricity passes through it. The cathode ray, as such, consists of a stream of electrons driven off from the negative pole or cathode. The fact that these particles are deflected by an electric current shows that they are tangible substances, and the amount of deflection with a given current makes it possible to compute the charge of electricity they carry.

The electron appears again as the constituent of the so-called beta ray given off by a radioactive substance. Electrons may also be liberated from ordinary matter when any substance is heated to a very high degree, or when rays of ultraviolet light impinge on a metal at ordi-

nary temperature. Yet again, they appear in ordinary gases when a heavy charge of electricity is forced through the gas—say, a lightning-stroke. They are likewise liberated in a gas subjected to the X-ray or to the so-called gamma ray of radium.

It required a vast deal of experimenting to show that the electrified particles which appear under these diverse circumstances are in reality one and the same thing. The demonstration was made, however, and several means were found of testing the quantity of electricity which the particle carries, and even of counting the particles themselves.

The simplest method of counting the particles is by passing the X-ray through a portion of air, and then allowing the air to expand in a receptacle. Expansion cools the air and causes the deposit of droplets of water—in effect miniature dew-drops—upon the electrons. The particles of water thus formed constitute a fog which begins to settle toward the bottom of the receptacle. The rate at which the particles settle can be determined by direct observation of the upper surface of the fog.

Heavy substances, as everybody knows, fall under influence of gravity at a fixed rate, regardless of size or weight. But minute particles, on the other hand, make their way downward through the atmosphere at a rate that varies with their size, in accordance with a law named Stokes's law, after its discoverer. This direct observation of the rate of settling of the particles of water condensed on the electron gives the size of the particles. Another computation shows the total amount of condensed vapor; so a simple division gives us the number of the droplets, and hence of the electrons. Then the total charge of electricity carried by all the electrons can readily be measured with the electrometer, and again all that is necessary is to divide this quantity by the number of electrons to find the quantity of electricity which each conveys.

The experiment shows that the unit charge of electricity carried by the electron is always the same. Professor R. A. Millikan, of the University of Chicago, has recently confirmed this by a series of ingenious experiments, in which he isolates a droplet of oil and observes it through a miniature telescope while it takes up one or more electrons from the air. His experiments permit him not only to measure accurately the electric charge of an electron, but to deduce the number of molecules in any substance, the force of molecular energy, and the weight of the atom.

The experiments show, further, that the total mass of the electron is due to its electric charge. Stated otherwise, the electron is not merely a unit particle of electricity — it is nothing but electricity. It is not matter in the ordinary sense of the word. It is a center of force, a concentration of energy, and may perhaps be thought of as a little whirl in the ether. It carries energy in a perfectly definite quantity, and must be thought of as occupying a definite position in space, and as having what might be called an atomic structure.

But the amazing thing is that its mass is found to be about seventeen hundred times smaller than the mass of the hydrogen atom, which had hitherto been the smallest thing of which the imagination of men of science had taken cognizance. We have already reviewed mystifying rows of figures, showing us that the helium atom is trillions of times smaller than the smallest particle visible under the microscope. Yet we know that this helium atom is four times as large as the atom of hydrogen. And now it appears that the electron is seventeen hundred times smaller still. It taxed the imagination to conceive even in the vaguest way the all but infinite littleness of the helium atom; yet to build up the structure of one such atom would require almost seven thousand electrons.

As regards bulk, the electron is, according to the French physicist Jean Becquerel, billions of billions of times smaller than the atom. To make the comparison vivid, Becquerel likens the electrons in an atom to a swarm of gnats gravitating about in the dome of a cathedral.

As we penetrate thus far and farther into the realm of the infinitely little, seeing in imagination the smallest visible particle of matter resolved into myriads of molecules, each molecule into sundry atoms, and each atom into its teeming

swarms of electrons, the question naturally arises, What lies beyond?

The answer is, that, so far as present-day science knows, the electron is the last term of the series. Since the mind cannot grasp the conception of empty space, physicists imagine an all-pervading ether, permeating everywhere between the particles of matter, and serving as the medium of communication whereby energy is transmitted from one particle of matter to another throughout the universe. Light, electricity, magnetism, radiant heat, are various manifestations of energy transmitted, as it is believed, in the form of waves in the ether.

This ether, as the physicist conceives it, has neither weight nor discrete substance. It is the unique, all-pervading something that is neither energy nor matter. Its importance from a human standpoint may be summarized in the statement that but for the ether neither light nor heat would come to us from the sun. When we reflect that the ether is supposed to penetrate everywhere between the particles of matter, and that material substances, so far as experiment goes, move through the ether without being in the remotest degree obstructed, it will be obvious that this all-pervading medium is an ever-present mystery. It has been a puzzle to surmise how the particles of matter could produce waves in a medium which seemed in no wise to obstruct the activities of these particles.

But now it appears that the link between the structureless ether and matter, with its atomic structure, is found in the electron. This infinitesimal particle grips the ether somewhat as material substances grip the air, and its activities set up waves in the ether which are as tangible as the waves that radiate out from a pebble dropped into the smooth surface of a pond.

The ether-waves set up by the electron vary in length or degree of agitation. But they move through space at a uniform rate of speed which has been demonstrated to be about 186,000 miles per second. Waves of a certain degree of agitation we interpret as heat; waves of another order we interpret as light—red light, or green or yellow or blue or violet, according as the waves are longer or shorter. Still shorter waves produce ultra-violet light, which affects the photographic plate, but is invisible to the eye. Waves of yet another order constitute electro-magnetic currents, such as are used in wireless telegraphy.

But, according to the view of present-day physics, no one of these sets of waves would agitate the ether were it not for the activities of the electrons, which, grouped in various fashions, are hurtling hither and thither within the structure of every atom of matter, or are dashing at breakneck speed from one atom to another.

Some imaginative physicists think of the electrons as making up planetary systems within the atom, and as circling about with infinite speeds in orbits differing only in their infinitesimal smallness from the orbits of planets and stars of the visible universe. Other physicists caution us against drawing too close analogies between the stellar and atomic systems. But all are agreed that the activities of the electron, whether thought of as orbital or as vibratory, are enormous. Sir Joseph Thomson estimates that an electron once dislodged from its atomic system may dash hither and thither from one atom to another at such speed as to change its location forty million times in a second.

Be that as it may, the demonstration seems complete that the activities of the electron, and these alone, produce the manifestations of energy which we interpret as light, radiant heat, and electricity. All chemical action is likewise held to be due to the activities of the electron. It is suspected that gravitation is of the same origin.

The electron which thus seems to be responsible for all manifestations of energy is regarded by many physicists as the sole constituent of matter. Different kinds of atoms, in this view, differ from one another only in the varying number or diverse arrangement of their component electrons. It seems well within bounds, therefore, to say that this inconceivably minute particle, which is far and away the smallest thing of which present-day science has any knowledge, is at the same time far and away the most important thing in the universe.

Huntford's Fair Nihilist

BY HOWARD PYLE

THE romantic episode of the fair Nihilist occurred in that period of Huntford's life before he began painting great mural paintings and while he was as yet merely in repute as a clever painter of illustrations for the magazines of the day.

It was in the fall of '81, and at that time he occupied a rather large but dingy studio, with a bedroom adjoining, in a lean and ugly four-story brick building on Thirteenth Street, just off Broadway. He had come to New York from a provincial city two years before, with a great deal of talent and some excellent letters of introduction.

His talents found him plenty of work, his letters of introduction admitted him into pleasant homes, and his poverty spurred him on to those vehement efforts that were afterward crowned with so great a success.

Huntford used to breakfast and lunch at the old Budapest Bakery, where they had the best coffee and rolls in New York. He dined at a cellar restaurant on Broadway, just below Fortieth Street. It was a great resort, that cellar restaurant, where the younger artists of the day, and some of the older fellows also, used to dine. A long table was provided for the artist patrons, and anybody could sit where he pleased — only that old Bowles, the sculptor, always sat at one end, and McClafferty, the landscape-painter, at the other.

That was a democratic table where those young fellows sat and dined. They all talked Art; they argued with loud voices; they interrupted one another; they disputed and contradicted—sometimes with loud shoutings at one another. Each man was sure that his own opinions were perfectly correct, and that his neighbor was, to state it mildly, altogether mistaken in his views.

Such was the free-and-easy life that Huntford led in those green and salad days of his beginnings. It was upon this life that the personality of Fräulein Victoria, the fair Nihilist, was suddenly projected, changing the entire color and flavor of his after existence.

Huntford's studio was on the second floor of the building which he occupied, and just over the frame-maker's shop. On the third floor back was a smaller suite of rooms, consisting of a studio, a little reception-room, and a bedchamber; all of which overlooked the quadrangular well of a big brick building in the rear. Old Blount, the marine-painter, occupied those rooms when Huntford first came to New York, but in the fall of '81 he moved out. Shortly afterward the apartment was taken by an elderly German, and the words "Frederick Vollmer—Heraldic Designer" appeared upon the tin sign tacked upon the door.

Herr Vollmer was established in his studio for nearly two weeks before Huntford became really acquainted with him. He used to hear the old fellow sometimes going down-stairs. This was always after dark—for he never came out of his room during the daytime. His step, though firm, was very light and soft, and he would always hesitate at the bottom landing for a moment or two before passing out into the lamplit street. No one ever entered his studio, and no one, so far as Huntford could learn, ever spoke to him. At intervals Huntford could hear the notes of a piano, beautifully played, sounding from his studio, but beyond these he made no other sign of life. The young fellow came to feel very sorry for the old German gentleman in his loneliness and solitude.

One evening, just after the dusk of twilight had fallen, Huntford left his studio with intent to take a little walk up-town before his dinner. He lingered for a while upon the landing and listened, for Herr Vollmer was playing Chopin very beautifully in his studio upon the floor above. A sudden resolution seized upon Huntford to call upon him. He

ascended the stairs, instinctively walking upon tiptoe; he hesitated for a moment or two upon the landing before the door, and then tapped lightly upon the panel.

Instantly the music ceased, and there was a pause of dead silence. Huntford stood patiently in the lamplit dusk, and presently he heard Herr Vollmer moving softly within. Then the door was opened very slowly to the width of an inch or so, and one eye and a section of Herr Vollmer's face appeared at the narrow crack.

"I hope I don't intrude," said Huntford, "but it seemed to me that such near neighbors as we are ought to be better acquainted with each other. The fact is," he added, "I am ashamed of myself that I have not called upon you before."

"Ach, ja!" said Herr Vollmer. "Dot is so! Come in! Come in!" He stood aside and Huntford entered. Herr Vollmer motioned him to a sofa or lounge beneath the studio window, and as Huntford sat himself down upon the soft—the luxuriously soft—seat, he was impressed (although he could see but indistinctly in the rapidly gathering darkness) with the elegance, it may even be said with the sumptuousness, of Herr Vollmer's surroundings. The only signs of Herr Vollmer's particular craft was a partly finished heraldic design pinned to a drawing-table with thumb-tacks, and a large colored drawing of a coat of arms, finished, framed, and hung against the wall beside the floor.

"Do you speak German?" said Herr Vollmer, turning from the lamp which he had just lighted.

"No," said Huntford. "I wish I did."

"Do you speak French?" Herr Vollmer asked again.

"Not very well," Huntford acknowledged. "Indeed," he added, "I should make a poor fist at it if I tried."

"Ach, ja!" said Herr Vollmer. "Dot is a pity."

"You speak beautiful English, sir," said Huntford.

"You think so?" said Herr Vollmer, with a pleased smile.

Then there was a pause of silence, in which Herr Vollmer smoked contentedly, as though relegating it to Huntford to carry on the conversation.

"You were playing very beautifully upon the piano just now when I came in," said Huntford.

"Ah?" said Herr Vollmer. "You like my playing?"

"Indeed I did," said Huntford, and he added, crudely: "Chopin is my favorite. I wish you would play some more."

"To be sure! To be sure!" said the old gentleman. He instantly arose and went to the piano and began playing. Huntford knew but little of music, but he was conscious that Herr Vollmer indeed played very remarkably. He sat partly listening, partly thinking—speculating and guessing about the old gentleman and his surroundings: Who and what was he? Whence did he come? Why did he live so luxuriously in so poor a neighborhood? He could then evolve no theory to fit the facts as they appeared before him.

Such was the beginning of an acquaintance which, if it may be said to have matured, did so entirely through Huntford's own efforts. For Herr Vollmer, though he was always pleased, kind, cordial, made no advances upon his own part. Nevertheless he accepted all Huntford's civilities with an urbane and very gentlemanly good-humor.

Huntford was often in his room, and was always welcomed, and two or three times (always upon Huntford's invitation) Herr Vollmer visited the young fellow's studio, where he looked curiously at his pictures and with great apparent interest, but without any professional comment whatsoever. Upon Huntford's invitation he went with him several times to dinner at Muldoon's, the cellar restaurant where the fellows dined, and on these occasions the old gentleman would eat his dinner almost in silence, smiling pleasantly, answering to all that was said with great civility, but always remotely individual and apart from the others. The young fellows called him "Count Vollmer," and he accepted the title smilingly, without comment or remark.

This phase of Huntford's acquaintance with Herr Vollmer continued for two or three weeks. Then came a very memorable evening, when the old German was suddenly presented to his consideration in an altogether different light.

It was after a dinner at Muldoon's—



Drawn by Howard Pyle

HERR VOLLMER QUIETLY STEPPED OUT INTO THE STREET

the last dinner that Herr Vollmer ever ate in the cellar restaurant. Huntford and he had finished, and were upon their way back to Herr Vollmer's room. Huntford was speaking about some German illustrations, and he was so busy talking and so interested in what he was saying that he did not notice that Herr Vollmer was unusually silent and unresponsive.

As they drew near to Thirteenth Street, Herr Vollmer suddenly slipped his arm within Huntford's. "My friend," he said, cutting in upon Huntford's talk, "do not turn at Thirteenth Street; we are being followed."

Huntford was struck silent in an instant. "Followed!" he repeated, blankly.

"Ja," said Herr Vollmer; "do not turn your head, but walk as though you did not know."

Huntford's mind was instantly flung into a tumult. Followed! What did it mean? Why were they being followed? Who was following them? It required almost a physical effort upon his part to prevent himself from turning his head. Meantime Herr Vollmer said nothing, being busied, apparently, with his own thoughts. He still kept his arm linked within Huntford's, and so they walked quietly up Broadway, around the corner of Fourteenth Street, and toward the cab-stand opposite the old Rialto in front of the Union Square Theatre. As they approached the stand, Herr Vollmer said, speaking very quietly:

"We shall take a cab, and then I will leave you. When you get to the end of your ride pay the cabman and let him go; I will pay you again when you return."

Huntford, astounded and silent, followed his companion across the dim, lamplit street. Herr Vollmer chose a cab with some particularity.

"Drive us," he said to the cabman, speaking in a clear and distinct voice—"drive us to four hundred and fifty-two Fifth Avenue."

He opened the door and entered the cab, Huntford following him, still silent and bewildered.

The cabman climbed to his seat and folded his blanket carefully about his legs. As he gathered up his reins, Herr Vollmer quickly and quietly opened the door near to him and stepped out into the street upon the side away from the sidewalk. As he did so the cab drove off, and Huntford, after a moment or two of paralysis, closed the door which his companion in his sudden flight had left open.

Huntford's thoughts as he traveled up Fifth Avenue were, as may be supposed, both tumultuous and confused. He was thrilled with a not unpleasurable excitement. What did it all mean? He felt like a man in a story, and he could hardly believe that these things were really happening to him. Hardly for a moment did he entertain the thought that Herr Vollmer was a mere vulgar criminal escaping from justice; but a thousand surmises flew through his mind as to why the old gentleman should be escaping a pursuer, and as to why it had been necessary for him to escape by a cunning trick like the clever rogue in a detective story.

At last the cab drew up to the curb, and Huntford leaped out and handed the man his fare. The fellow was evidently greatly astonished to see only one gentleman get out of the carriage wherein two had entered, but he made no comment. He gathered up his reins and drove slowly away up the lamplit street.

Ere the cab disappeared, another drove rapidly up, and even before it had stopped the door was flung violently open and a stout, burly little man, with black mustaches waxed and turned up at the point, hopped out upon the pavement. He ran to Huntford and, catching him violently by the arm, poured out upon him a torrent of excited German words.

"I don't understand you," said Huntford. "I don't speak German."

"Ach!" cried the other, with an oath. "Dot man who vas mit you come, vere is he alretty?"

"You're mistaken," said Huntford. "Nobody was with me; I came alone."

The little German cried out aloud in his own language. He paused—he smote his fist violently against his forehead. "Ach!" he cried to the cabman. "Follow dot cabriolet und catch it ven it stops, und I gif you five taller!" He leaped in even as he spoke, banged to the door, and the cab went off with a whirl.

Huntford went straight back to Thirteenth Street and to Herr Vollmer's studio. He was so consumed with curi-

osity to know what the late adventure portended that he ran up the stairs two or three steps at a time and smote his knuckles very sharply upon Herr Vollmer's door.

"Come in," Herr Vollmer called, and Huntford entered. Herr Vollmer was placidly reading a German newspaper and smoking his great meerschaum pipe. He looked up over his eye-glasses at Huntford. "Ah," he said, "you have returned? That is good! Now I will play for you Beethoven, or Mozart, or Chopin, or what you like!"

Only once did Herr Vollmer again refer to the episode. As Huntford was going he said, "How much did you pay the cabriolet?"

"I gave him a dollar," said Huntford.

"That was a great deal," remarked the old gentleman. He took out a pocket-book that was apparently well filled and gave Huntford a crisp, new note. He never afterward spoke of the affair.

It was shortly after this that the mystery that surrounded Herr Vollmer was further complicated by the appearance of the fair Nihilist upon the scene.

A day or two after the incident of the cab ride, Huntford returned from lunch at the Budapest Bakery and saw an exceedingly neat but very plain coupé, with a driver and a footman clad in plain livery, waiting in front of the entrance of the studio building. He wondered to whom the outfit could belong, and as he stood speculating for a moment with his foot upon the step the postman came. Huntford asked if there were any letters, and the postman gave him three.

"Here's one for Mr. Frederick Vollmer," the man said.

"All right! Give it to me," said Huntford, "and I'll take it up to him myself."

He went straight up to Herr Vollmer's studio and rapped upon the door, and he was surprised, almost startled, to hear a clear, high, feminine voice from within call out, "*Entrez!*" and then, "Come in!"

He was so taken aback that he hesitated a moment, with his hand touching the knob. Then the voice called out a little louder and a little higher than before, "Come in!" and thereupon Huntford opened the door.

A young lady was sitting under the studio window. The light from above and behind fell upon a soft mass of exceedingly fair hair, and seemed to surround her head as with an aureole of brightness. This same light was reflected back into her face and illuminated it with a clear and pearly luster. She was faultlessly dressed, but with almost an exuberant taste. A cloak trimmed with fur, a great black hat with a mass of curling ostrich feathers, and a pair of slim, gray gauntlets lay upon the couch beside her.

Huntford, holding the door partly open as in preparation for an immediate withdrawal, said, "I beg your pardon. I didn't know that Herr Vollmer had a visitor. I only came up to bring him a letter that the postman left with me at the door."

He was very much embarrassed, and was conscious that his excuse had been clumsily framed. She looked coolly and steadily at him for a moment or two, and then smiled, and said in a queer, lisping, accented, yet perfect English:

"You are Mr. Huntford?" Huntford bowed acknowledgment. "Herr Vollmer — my uncle Frederick," she said, "has often spoken of you to me."

At that instant Herr Vollmer himself entered the studio from a back room. He had a portfolio in his hand, and he appeared hurried and vexed.

Huntford again made his explanation with distressing embarrassment. He said that he did not know that Herr Vollmer had a visitor—that the postman had given him a letter, and that he had fetched it to save delay and by way of an accommodation—that he was very sorry indeed to have intruded.

Even before he had finished his lame and halting excuses, Herr Vollmer turned his back almost brusquely and laid down his portfolio with a smack upon the piano.

The young lady had watched first the one and then the other. Then, as the old gentleman smacked down his portfolio, she spoke, suddenly, sharply, and imperatively, in German. The effect was magical. Herr Vollmer instantly swung around and bowed to her almost submissively. She spoke again with equal sharpness and emphasis, and Herr Vollmer instantly clicked his heels together and delivered a deep and stately bow to Huntford, bending his body as by a hinge at the hips.

"Mr. Huntford," he said, "at her request I have the honor of presenting you to Fräulein Victoria — my niece, Fräulein Victoria Wittenheim." He spoke very precisely, as though choosing his words with elaboration, and he enunciated them with a more than usual foreign accent. Fräulein Victoria smiled very kindly upon Huntford as he bowed.

"Herr Vollmer," she said, "did not mean to be cross to you" (she spoke very quaintly), "but he is just now vexed. It happens that we have some important matters to be discussed, and so I know that you will not want to stay. But I hope soon—very soon—to have the pleasure of making your better acquaintance."

Then Huntford in some way got himself out of Herr Vollmer's room and went down-stairs to his own studio.

The next morning there was a knock at his door. He opened it, and was astonished to see Herr Vollmer. The old gentleman had never come uninvited before. He did not enter now, but, standing upon the landing, he delivered to Huntford a profound bow similar to that with which he had favored him the day before, when he introduced him to Fräulein Victoria Wittenheim—a very stiff, very formal bow—his heels close together, and his body bending hingelike in the middle.

"Mr. Huntford," he said, "the Fräulein Victoria, my niece, has commanded me to tell you that she will be pleased to have you dine with her in the evening."

Huntford was very much surprised. "Oh! Thank you," he said. "I shall be delighted. Won't you come in?"

"Thank you, no," said Herr Vollmer. "I have matters that need my attention. I will call for you at half-past seven."

That evening the old gentleman called, as he had promised, promptly at half-past seven. "You will find a carriage at the door," he said. "If you will go down and take your seat in it, I will join you in a moment."

Huntford obeyed, somewhat astonished. The neat coupé which he had seen the day before was at the curb in front of the building, the footman standing beside it waiting, with his gloved hands folded in front of him. He opened the door the instant that Huntford appeared, and then held it ajar after he had seated himself. A moment later Herr Vollmer appeared at the door of the building. He paused within the portal for a moment, looking sharply up and down the street ere he came forth. Then he stepped quickly across the pavement and popped into the carriage beside Huntford. Instantly the door was shut, and at the same moment Herr Vollmer pulled down the curtain on his side, and almost immediately the carriage moved away at a rapid pace.

Huntford did not speak. He was struck with the obvious solicitude of the old gentleman to escape observation. He wondered why Herr Vollmer was so anxious not to be seen. Perhaps he feared lest the stout little gentleman with the black, waxed mustaches should be near by. Then he noticed that the coupé in which he rode was very luxurious. He wondered what it all meant! He wondered where he was being taken!

The coupé drove rapidly down to Fifth Avenue; down to Washington Square; around the square and up Fifth Avenue again, moving ever more and more swiftly. It whirled rapidly up Fifth Avenue to Twenty-third Street; across Madison Square; up Madison Avenue to Thirty-fifth Street, and then around the corner toward Park Avenue. Then it drew up sharply in front of one of those plain, narrow, typical houses of the genteel side streets of the day.

Even as the carriage stopped at the curb, the footman dropped from his seat and opened the door, and Herr Vollmer stepped out and hurried across the pavement to the house. The door was immediately opened to him, and as they passed within was immediately closed behind them.

There was a wonderful flavor of mystery about the entire affair—Huntford thrilled with the romance of it. The mysterious riding around and around ere the final and not distant destination was reached was startlingly suggestive of infinite precaution to escape pursuit. Who were these people with whom he was becoming acquainted? Why did they seek so obviously to escape notice?

Now that he stood in Fräulein Victoria's house he was amazed at the unexpected style and affluent taste of the establishment. Two silent men servants

instantly appeared as if by magic and relieved him and Herr Vollmer of their hats and coats. There were rich, soft rugs upon the floor; there were pictures upon the walls; the furniture was ornate and heavy; a perfume of flowers filled the house.

They entered the drawing-room, and as they did so the Fräulein Victoria laid aside a book which she was indolently reading and arose to greet them.

She was clad in an evening dress of soft, clinging white, simply but perfectly made, and fitting her slender figure with astonishing precision. Her long, slender, perfectly round white neck was encircled with a necklace of diamonds, and her fingers were brilliant—almost too brilliant—with a load of jeweled rings.

The little dinner for three was of the very best, and was served to perfection. Fräulein Victoria played the hostess with a certain easy dignity, which was only lessened in Huntford's eyes when, at the end of the dinner, with her coffee she lit a cigarette. It was in those days altogether unusual for ladies to smoke cigarettes after dinner. She perhaps read something of Huntford's surprise in his looks, for she said:

"Your American ladies do not smoke cigarettes? No? Try one of these and you will see what they miss. The Austrian Ambassador—"

Herr Vollmer interrupted her with a few words in German. She laughed, and gave a puff of her cigarette.

"True," she said. "I forgot. No matter about the Austrian Ambassador."

After dinner they ascended to the rooms above.

"And now," she said, "Herr Vollmer—my uncle Frederick—shall play us some Chopin, and we will sit in the next room and listen to him."

She did listen for a little while, fanning herself very slowly. Then presently she began to talk to Huntford about himself. The frankness of her questions concerning his most intimate affairs would have been impertinent had she not been so obviously and so innocently unconscious. She was very much interested in all that he told her about himself, and was evidently quite as much amused. She asked him about his people, his associates, the life he led in the studio, the life he led in society; about how long he worked every day, and how much he earned. She asked everything as though she had a perfect authority to do so, and Huntford, delighted with the drollery of it all, told her everything that she desired to know.

Then he began asking her about herself—it seemed to him to be only fair that he should be allowed to do so in return for his complaisance in submitting to her cross-examination. She was much amused that he should question her, but was apparently a little reluctant to answer him.

Huntford was more interested in her than he had ever been in any one in all of his life before. Her total lack of knowledge of social life, the perfect and unembarrassed freedom with which she asked him about himself and his most intimate affairs both amused and entertained him. He could in no wise reconcile her perfect ignorance of the social limitations in such a common matter as the ordinary limit to impertinent curiosity with the perfect ease and precision with which she had been able to play the grand hostess at her own table. Who was she, and what was she, he wondered—and it was just at this point in his thoughts that she told him that her people did not allow her to know society. "Who are your people?" he asked.

In an instant the smile faded from her face; she drew herself up and looked, or rather stared, coldly and haughtily at him. The next moment, however, she smiled. "*N'importe.* You should not ask me such questions," she said.

There was a moment's pause; Huntford felt that he had been distinctly rebuffed.

"You must not be cross," she said. "There are things that are forbidden for me to talk about to any one. Herr Vollmer — my uncle Frederick," she continued, changing the subject—"says that your friends with whom he sometimes dines call him 'Count.'"

"Yes," said Huntford, "they do. He has rather a distinguished, aristocratic air. You may have observed it yourself."

She laughed very heartily. "Poor Uncle Frederick," she said.

"I feel very sorry for him," said Huntford. "He must be under considerable



Drawn by Howard Pyle

SHE BEGAN TO TALK TO HUNTFORD ABOUT HIMSELF

expense, and I don't think he has had a single order for heraldic designs since he set up his studio."

Again she laughed joyously. "Oh, Mr. Huntford," she said, "that is very droll! *Mais n'importe;* I see to it that poor Uncle Frederick has all that he needs."

Huntford was suddenly enlightened upon one point. That explained why the poor old gentleman lived so luxuriously, and why he was so in awe of his niece. She was wealthy and she was supporting him. Huntford had almost forgotten the music; now he suddenly began listening to it again. Poor old Herr Vollmer! He was playing so patiently and so beautifully in the adjoining room. He doubtless had to play when she bade him, and to cease when she told him to stop. The pathos of his servile position struck Huntford with a pang of pity. "It is a sad thing," he said, "for a man to be dependent upon another for his support."

She smiled with perfect indifference. "Ah," she said, "you mean Herr Vollmer? He does not mind; he has been dependent upon my family as long as I can remember."

Again Huntford wondered who her family could be, but this time he did not venture to question her.

Suddenly, as he sat thinking, she turned toward him. "And now, Mr. Huntford," she said, very calmly, "I am going to venture to ask you to go. The evening has been very pleasant to me, and I hope that you will call upon me soon again, for I like you very much." She smiled up at him very kindly, but did not arise.

As Huntford walked home that night his brain was in a whirl. What did it all mean? Who were these strange people? Who was she? Then suddenly, in a flash, the secret stood revealed. A short time before, the Czar of Russia had been assassinated, and people still talked much about it. These people were Nihilists! They had escaped from Europe and were hiding here in New York! In an instant he saw it all as plain as day.

Huntford began calling at the little house in Thirty-fifth Street once or twice a week, and ended by calling every day. He frequently dined at the house, and was always treated as an intimate and privileged visitor.

Of course he fell in love—ardently, deeply, profoundly, passionately in love; how could it be otherwise? Her beauty; the charm of her alternating moods of condescending, amused familiarity and sudden hauteur; the singular mystery that surrounded her; all so attracted him and so appealed to his imagination that his passion, when it became kindled, did not quit him day or night. It became with him so that he could not chain his attention to his work because of the divine restlessness that haunted him.

For a while he struggled against his fate. He knew how impossible hope was for him. She was a woman with untellable secrets buried in her life. Her existence was separated from his by an impassable gulf. And yet in his love dreams it seemed to him that by some chance of fate the impossible might become the possible.

And then came the end.

He had called upon her in the afternoon. She sat upon a sofa and he upon a soft, deep chair facing her. He gazed at her, and his love was so vivid that it seemed to struggle like a live thing within him. His heart thrilled and his every nerve tingled. Suddenly she looked steadily at him.

"Mr. Huntford," she said, quite coolly, "surely you are not going to make love to me."

He sat stunned. Had she dealt him a blow he could not have been more overwhelmed. It seemed to him for a moment that he had not power to move. He heard, as remotely, the blood surging in his ears. At last he found speech. "Why should I not?" he said, in a hoarse and panting voice.

She raised her brows ever so little. "Why should you not?" she repeated. "Well, there are many reasons why you should not—but I cannot tell them to you. But this I will say: if you knew who I am, and what I am, and why I live in your ugly city of New York as I do, you would no more think of making love to me than you would to a woman in another world. *Cela suffit.*"

"I do not care who you are or what you are!" cried Huntford, in a voice smothered with passion. "I do know that you and your uncle are hiding here in New York from the police of your

own country, but I do not care for that! I do know that you are—that you are—" He paused.

"That we are what?" said she, in a very quiet voice.

"That you are Nihilists, and that you have probably escaped from Russia. But I do not care for that either!"

She looked at him very steadily for a few seconds. "Well," she said, "and now that you have discovered my secret, what do you propose?"

"Nothing but to tell you that I love you and that I would give my life to save you from a misfortune that I am sure will sometime befall you."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Huntford," said she, "but I do not need a protector as yet. I am sorry that you should have spoken as you have, for I like you more than you can guess. But I have no heart to give you. So now I will not say to you 'Good afternoon,' but 'Adieu,' for you must never come back here again."

For two days Huntford's life was a joyless thing. He ate his food, but it was as without salt. He lived his life, but it also was without its salt. Then, upon the third day, there befell an incident that directed his thoughts away from his own hurt.

He had gone out for a long walk in the damp chill of the November night. The direction of his walk, twisted by his strong desire, led him to Thirty-fifth Street, and he stood under the lamp-post opposite to Fräulein Victoria's house, looking at the shaded windows and wondering what they were doing behind those curtains.

As he stood so, leaning against the lamp-post, he was aware that a short, stout gentleman was walking briskly down the street. He passed Huntford, and then, after going a few steps beyond, he turned and came back again. As he re-entered the circle of the lamplight, Huntford saw that it was the little German with the black, waxed mustache turned up at the ends from whom Herr Vollmer had escaped by means of the cab.

"Ach!" said the German, "'tis mein American friendt, after all. Vas you vaiting for Herr Vollmer or for de laty?"

Huntford looked him up and down. "I don't know what you mean," he said, and then he turned on his heel and walked away. Poor girl, were the beagles so close upon her heels as that? What could he do to help her? Nothing! He must suffer events to take their course.

The next morning as he ate his breakfast at the Budapest Bakery, with his newspaper propped up against the carafe before him, the head-lines of an important paragraph caught his eyes. "Assassination of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Gruenstadt. Nihilists throw a bomb beneath the Grand Duke's carriage as he returns from the opera, and he is instantly killed." The paragraph fitted so perfectly into his thoughts that it struck him almost as with a physical shock. Could Fräulein Victoria be concerned with this? He drank his coffee off at a draught, and then, without finishing his egg and roll, he hurried around to the studio building. He ran up the steps two at a time to the third story and knocked sharply upon Herr Vollmer's door.

The old gentleman came in his dressing-gown and opened it. A distinct look of displeasure passed across his blond countenance as he saw Huntford, and he made as though to close the door.

"Don't shut the door, please, Herr Vollmer," Huntford said. "Have you seen the morning paper yet?"

"No," said Herr Vollmer. "Why do you ask me?"

"There is news in it that I thought perhaps might interest you."

"News! What news?" said Herr Vollmer, and as he spoke he opened the door wide.

"I've brought the paper with me," said Huntford. "There is a heading in it that says that the Grand Duke of Hesse-Gruenstadt was assassinated by Nihilists as he left the opera-house last night."

Never before had Huntford beheld a human countenance so smitten as by some stupendous emotion. The face of the old man went as white as ashes. His eyes looked at Huntford as though seeing, yet not seeing him.

"Herr Vollmer!" cried Huntford, "are you ill?"

The old man put the question by. "It cannot be true!" he cried, in a shrill, piping voice. "It cannot be true!"

"Here is the cable account in this

morning's paper," said Huntford. "You may read it for yourself."

The old man fairly snatched the paper out of Huntford's hands. He gave no word of thanks or acknowledgment, but banged the door in his visitor's face. Huntford stood for a while on the landing. He heard the inmate of the room moving tumultuously about; he heard him talking excitedly to himself in German; then by and by he himself went down-stairs to his own studio.

About fifteen minutes later he heard Herr Vollmer's door flung violently open, and then his footsteps running furiously down the stairs. Huntford came to his own studio door and called after him, but the old man paid no heed to the voice, but ran on down the stairs and out into the street without using any of the precaution he had observed of late to see that no one was following him. Then Huntford closed his door and sat down to think about it all.

About an hour later he heard footsteps running as violently up the stairs. He thought at first that it might be Herr Vollmer returning, but a moment afterwards he heard some one beating upon the heraldic artist's door. He went to his own door and looked up the stairs. It was the little German with the black, waxed mustache whom he had seen twice before. "If you're looking for Herr Vollmer," Huntford said, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "he's been gone a long time."

The little man cried out violently in German, and thereupon, turning, he raced down the stairs with such precipitation that Huntford expected to see him fall headlong. He passed Huntford without speech or acknowledgment of any kind and, rushing down the lower flight of steps, disappeared out into the street.

That evening Huntford went around to the little house on Thirty-fifth Street and rang at the door. It was opened by the well-known man in the plain dress coat. He did not smile at Huntford this time, but informed him very civilly that the young lady had gone away with her uncle. No; he could not say where they had gone. No; she had left New York for good, and did not expect ever to return again. Huntford could see through the open door that the house was being dismantled, and he could hear the distant noise of hammering.

For a few weeks—for a month or more perhaps—his tragedy hung like a cloud above his head. Then by little and little the sun began to shine forth again, and by and by his habits had resumed their normal course. His old interest in his growing success became reawakened; the world was bright once more, and he took joy in the congratulations of his friends upon his first splendid success.

Old Eleazar Walton, president of one of the great banks of the day, was a connection of Huntford's. Mrs. Walton was first cousin to Huntford's mother, and Huntford always called her "Cousin Henrietta." She was very kind to Huntford when he first came to New York; she received him familiarly, called him "dear Jack," and often asked him to Sunday dinner.

Mrs. Walton had been socially ambitious, and her ambitions had been fully realized. Her husband, through good investments in the later seventies, when the condition of panic of the earlier years of the decade were passing away and values were increasing, had been very fortunate, and he was now recognized as one of the multimillionaires of New York. The Waltons lived in a gloomy brownstone house on Fifth Avenue, and they were now within the very heart of social life. Mrs. Walton thought highly of her position.

Huntford liked her and was amused at her simple-minded snobbery.

"My dear Jack," she would say, "I wish you were something else than an artist. Everybody's talking about your picture—the painting of the old Puritan and his daughter, you know—and I would so like to introduce you into real society, but—" and she left the rest of her speech unfinished. Huntford laughed.

"Never mind, Cousin Henrietta," he said. "I'm not ambitious for the unattainable." And so he was asked to their family Sunday dinners and now and then to a week-day dinner.

This was all very well, and Huntford, who had made a success of his own and who knew a number of very nice people, could afford to treat lightly the fact that

he was not one belonging to the inner life of the exclusive set. But in the spring Evelina Walton returned from Europe—beautiful, polished, perfectly mannered, perfectly dressed, and very much a woman of the world. Then Huntford felt indeed the loss of not being admitted into that inner circle where she belonged, for with her advent came the real love of his life—not a violent and consuming passion like that which he had felt for poor Fräulein Victoria, but the deep, the profound, the sincere yet quiet love of a man for the woman who is the choice not only of his heart but of his intelligence.

Then it was that Huntford did indeed regret that he stood upon the outside of that charmed circle. For he knew that Evelina Walton was destined for marriage with great wealth, and he recognized what it was to be nothing but an artist—even though he were a successful artist.

Meantime, as his love waxed warmer and warmer, Cousin Henrietta's cordiality grew proportionately colder and colder. At last she did not even ask him to those Sunday dinners, and he saw less and less of the girl he loved.

One evening Huntford met Evelina Walton at the Van Altons' dance. She sat through a quadrille with him, and she told him that she was going abroad with her father and mother in about four weeks.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I believe," she answered, "we are going first of all to Hesse-Gruenstadt. You know it? A little grand duchy in North Germany."

Know it! What memories did the name of Hesse-Gruenstadt call up before Huntford's mind! It was the Grand Duke of Hesse-Gruenstadt who had been assassinated when coming home from the opera, and Huntford immediately thought of the beautiful but unfortunate Fräulein Victoria—his fair Nihilist—who had been somehow connected with that tragedy. He was silent for a few seconds. He was looking at the beautiful girl beside him and wondering at his infatuation for that pale-faced adventuress who was maintained by the Nihilists and who smoked cigarettes after a French-cooked dinner. Only six months had passed, but it seemed as though it had been years since that episode had happened.

"What are you going to do in Hesse-Gruenstadt?" he said.

"Oh, the Kinsboroughs are going," she said. "They were there last summer, and are wild about the place. Mr. Kinsborough is, you know, papa's particular friend."

Huntford's heart fell like a lump of lead. He had heard the talk about Evelina Walton and Tom Kinsborough. He was silent for a while, and her color deepened at his silence. She knew that he was thinking of Tom Kinsborough and of her.

"I think I shall go to Hesse-Gruenstadt too," he said at last.

"You!" she exclaimed. "Why should you go to Hesse-Gruenstadt?"

"Well," he said, "for the same reason that your father is going. Two cousins of mine are going and are taking their daughter with them, so I shall go too. Is there any law in the closed circles of New York that prohibits a poor devil of an artist going to Hesse-Gruenstadt?"

"Oh, Jack," she said, "why do you talk so?"

"Oh, Evelina," he said, "can you not guess?"

So Huntford went to Europe upon the same steamer with the Waltons, and Cousin Henrietta was hardly civil to him.

Cousin Henrietta was still more offended when she found that Huntford was going on to Hesse-Gruenstadt with them, and she was very cross with her husband when he expressed his hearty pleasure at the prospect of having the young artist in their party.

When they came to Hesse-Gruenstadt they found that the Kinsboroughs were not there, for Mr. Kinsborough was still in Baden-Baden taking the waters. Cousin Henrietta was for leaving immediately, but her friend the United States consul persuaded her to remain until the following week. The Princess Sophia was to be married in the early fall to the Prince Maurice of Saxe-Dittingen. On Thursday the old custom of a Hesse-Gruenstadt betrothal was to be celebrated. Prince Maurice would come upon Tuesday, and it was part of the local custom of betrothal that the future bride and her father should go to meet



Drawn by Howard Pyle

THE LITTLE MAN RACED DOWN THE STAIRS AND OUT INTO THE STREET

the accepted lover. It would be a pretty sight, the consul said, to see the entrance of Prince Maurice into the town. And so the Waltons stayed.

Mr. Walton secured a balcony in an advantageous situation, and in the fullness of his heart he asked Huntford to join them. Huntford accepted joyously, and again Cousin Henrietta was extremely cross.

It was a perfect day. If Prince Maurice had chosen it himself, it could not have been more auspicious. The sun shone with a wonderful brightness and the sky was perfectly blue and full of great white floating clouds. As the American party sat in their balcony, they could look directly down the quaint vista of the stone-paved street, the red houses with their steep roofs, their gables, and their quaint leaded windows shining in the springtide day. Below, the street was alive upon either side with people, many in the quaint costume of Hesse-Gruenstadt. A vast babble of voices filled the soft, warm air, mellow with the fullness of springtime. There was a military lane cleared in the middle of the street below, and the people crowded good-naturedly up and down the sidewalks.

At about ten o'clock the procession suddenly appeared at the far-away distant end of the street, glittering in the sun as it turned into the main thoroughfare at the junction of Heinrich Strasse and Wilhelm Strasse on its way from the railroad station.

The procession came nearer and nearer. By and by it reached the stand where they sat. The cuirassiers rode crashing beneath them, and then, and in the midst of a tumult of shouts and huzzas, the victoria came full within their view.

The Princess Sophia, smiling, happy, and beautiful, sat beside her father, bowing to the people from side to side. Prince Maurice sat on the front seat, facing the Grand Duke and his daughter.

Huntford as he looked down could see directly into her face, and he sat staring as though struck to stone. The Princess Sophia was none other than the Fräulein Victoria to whom he had made love in New York six months before.

He heard as though remotely the uproar of cheering in the street below. Ten thousand thoughts were whirling in a tempest through his brain: Who! What! How! He knew not what to think.

Suddenly she looked up and directly at him. She stared; for a moment her happy face turned blank. Then a brilliant and glorious smile of recognition irradiated her entire countenance. She made as though to rise in her seat, then she clutched the arm first of one and then of the other of the gentlemen in the carriage with her. They both turned and looked up at the balcony. The Princess Sophia pointed toward Huntford with her finger. The two gentlemen smiled to him and lifted their hats, and Huntford stood up and bowed.

Had the heavens fallen and shivered into fragments about her, Cousin Henrietta could not have been more astonished. She could neither move nor speak, but could only sit staring open-mouthed. Then the carriage passed beneath them, followed by the thunder of cheers, and only the crowd was left staring up at the balcony where sat the American gentleman to whom the Princess Sophia had spoken.

Cousin Henrietta found her voice. "John Huntford!" She nearly shrieked in her astonishment. "Do you *know* her?"

"Yes," said Huntford. "I met her last winter in New York. I know her very well. I used to go to dinner at her house, and I called frequently."

"You—knew—her—in—New York!" gasped Cousin Henrietta, "and you never told us a word about it!"

"She was living then incognito," said Huntford. "I should not have said anything about it even now if she hadn't spoken to me."

The whole party looked at Huntford as though he were some one else—as though he had been suddenly uplifted and exalted into another plane. None of them said anything for a long while. Then Cousin Henrietta spoke.

"You must come," she said, "and take lunch with us to-day and tell us all about it."

"I shall be delighted," said Huntford.

But he did not take lunch with the Waltons that day, for about eleven o'clock a young officer presented himself at the hotel with a note for Huntford. It

was an invitation — or a summoning, rather — to lunch informally at the Schloss. Cousin Henrietta was almost ready to bow to the young artist as he made his excuses to her for withdrawing his acceptance to lunch.

Huntford went to the Schloss with some trepidation. But there was not the least occasion for anxiety. It was a strictly family lunch, and Huntford wondered if it had been made so informal upon his account. There were present the Grand Duke, a very kind and polite old gentleman; his sister, the Princess Frederica, a withered middle-aged German lady, who spoke very imperfect English; Prince Maurice, a fine, soldierly young fellow, of about Huntford's age; and the Princess Sophia herself. After luncheon, Prince Maurice and Huntford walked up and down the terrace of the Schloss and smoked their cigars. The Prince was evidently altogether prepossessed in Huntford's favor. He talked quite frankly, almost fraternally, about the Princess Sophia, telling Huntford how she happened to be in New York.

It was all very simple. The former Grand Duke, her uncle, had determined upon a political marriage for her—she was heart-broken — her father had sympathized with her and had connived at her escape. She had gone to America under an assumed name and in charge of General Count von Arnheim, whom Huntford had known as Herr Vollmer. The Grand Duke had thought she was in France, and had searched for her everywhere;—that was why she had gone to America—that he might be misled. Her whereabouts would never have been known had not Fritz Zeigler, of the secret service, got track of her escape by steamer. Fortunately, when he had finally located her whereabouts in New York, it was just too late, for the Grand Duke had been assassinated. Then there was nothing to prevent her immediate return to Hesse-Gruenstadt. The Prince said nothing as to his own part in the romance, but Huntford could give a shrewd guess at what it had been, for he remembered how Fräulein Victoria had told him that she had no heart to bestow.

That afternoon Count von Arnheim called upon Huntford at his hotel. The old gentleman was very heartily glad to see him again. He was exactly the Herr Vollmer that Huntford had known in New York, before he had grown displeased at Huntford's visits to the little house of Thirty-fifth Street; the same red face, the same white hair and mustache, the same military bearing, the same good-natured smile and kindly manners.

The Waltons remained in Hesse-Gruenstadt for nearly two weeks. They were invited to the ball at court. They attended a dinner at the Schloss, where Huntford and Evelina Walton were the recipients of particular civility. Huntford, and this time Miss Walton also, were bidden to another lunch, and altogether their visit was a crowning and glorious success. The hotel people were so civil that they were almost obsequious, and Huntford was the hero of the hour.

Of course he was asked to make one of that coaching trip through the Black Forest—Cousin Henrietta herself pressed him to join their party—and when they returned to America the two young people were engaged.

It is one thing to disapprove of the attentions to your daughter of a man who does nothing better than to paint pictures, but it is quite a different thing to welcome a son-in-law who is intimate with royalty.

Linguistic Causes of Americanisms

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

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IT is comparatively easy to designate in general terms what Americanisms are not. Far harder is the task to point out what they are. The subject has been confused by wrong attribution in consequence of wrong conception of what legitimately is to be included under the term. In addition to this, the confusion as to what constitutes an Americanism has been further confounded by the ignorance of certain processes which are constantly going on in the development of language. Accordingly a good deal of ground has to be cleared up before we can approach the subject with any hope of ascertaining not merely what words are justifiably so designated, but what ones of these are justifiably formed in accordance with the analogies of the speech. Three of the many processes referred to as taking place in our tongue are here worthy of special consideration. Upon the proper comprehension of the part they play depends our judgment of the correctness or desirability of many of the expressions described as Americanisms.

The first of these characteristics of our language which it is necessary to consider is the ability its words possess of passing from one part of speech into another. Disregard of this peculiarity, or lack of acquaintance with it, has led to much criticism of usage and much ignorant comment on expressions which either were or were supposed to be Americanisms. In the course of its history, English has been largely stripped of the endings which once characterized different parts of speech. Our infinitives no longer end in *en,* the representative of an earlier *an.* We do not say *tellen,* still less *tellan,* but simply *tell.* Our nouns have discarded the *a* or *e* or *u* in which many of them terminated originally. *Dropa* has become "drop," *ende* has become "end," *wudu* has become "wood." In consequence of the disappearance of the terminations, words have been reduced to their root form. Hence they pass with little difficulty from one part of speech into another. This was not so once. Let us take our old, familiar grammatical friend *love* as an illustration. In Latin it is *amare* as a verb; as a noun it is *amor.* One in consequence cannot be used for the other. Such transition difference of termination completely prevents. So in our earliest English speech the noun *love* was *lufu,* the verb was *lufian.* Here again one could not be used for the other. But when the substantive ending was dropped from *lufu* and the verbal ending from *lufian,* the root *luf* alone remained. That has given us the word *love.* This can be used indifferently either as a noun or a verb. In both cases the existing final *e* is of no importance. It is a mere lifeless survival which has weight only in the conventional spelling, and nowhere else.

This point can be brought out even more emphatically by an illustration drawn from two closely related words in which a distinctive ending is found in one instance and is not found in the other. *Black* is strictly an adjective. But it can be and frequently is used as a verb and also as a noun. Add to it, however, the verbal suffix *en.* Then we have *blacken.* This is a word which under all conditions remains a verb and a verb only. It cannot pass into any other part of speech without violence. When such distinctive endings as this exist, transition is limited. When they do not exist, the transference of a word from one part of speech to another is largely at the discretion of the individual. Take, for instance, the reduplicated interjection *pooh pooh.* It may be and has been used both as a noun and as a verb. "I go on perhapsing" is a phrase found

in Disraeli's novel *The Young Duke*. Examples like these could be multiplied almost endlessly.

Still, while this transition is possible in the case of other parts of speech, it is in the interchange of noun and verb that it occurs on the most extensive scale. Especially is this true of the passage of the former into the latter. Most of these common transitions are duly recorded in dictionaries. But the process can be extended with little restriction. Few are the nouns—especially those derived from native sources—that cannot be changed into verbs at the will or whim of the speaker or writer. We are so accustomed to it that whenever we meet a new instance of it we hardly heed it. At best it excites surprise or amusement. "Are infants to be *nutcrackered* into their tombs?" cries Mr. Pocket in *Great Expectations*. When, again, Oliver Wendell Holmes in his *Elsie Venner* speaks of "the part of the community that . . . *kid-glove* their hands and *French-bonnet* their ladies' heads"; when he further says of one of his female characters that she "was *purgatoried* between the old doctors"; when he sees another "*barouching* about Rockland," he, like Dickens, was merely exercising a privilege which belongs to every writer by the laws which regulate the development of the speech. Unless such self-explanatory transitions are limited to one or more special meanings of the noun instead of being extended to all, there is little need of inserting them in dictionaries, at least of doing anything more than record the fact of their existence.

It is not meant to be implied that this is a liberty of which men are always eager to avail themselves. Still less is it one to which they will be permitted by their fellow-men to resort recklessly. In both cases the contrary is the fact. Some of the proposed changes from one part of speech into another are received with reluctance if not with aversion. No certain prediction can ever be made as to the favor with which any particular transference will meet. Language is just as capricious as the men who use it. One method of expression it welcomes not simply without hesitation, but with the highest approval. From another precisely similar it will turn away with dislike. At another still it will hesitate, some persons favoring it, others regarding it with hostility. The only point to be made emphatic is that the power of transition from one part of speech into another is always latent in the tongue. The right to resort to it is the privilege of every one. The acceptance of the proposed change rests with the great body of cultivated speakers. If the word so transferred strikes them as in any way objectionable, no violent attack upon it is needed to insure its rejection. Hundreds of such new usages of words are constantly called; few are chosen. Employed once or twice, they are never heard of again.

The varying and inconsistent attitude of the users of speech can be illustrated by the consideration of certain words connected with a particular part of the body. Let us begin with one for which many express distaste. This is the employment of the substantive *voice* as a verb. Such employment of it men may like or dislike; but it is manifest from what has just been said that it is in full accord with the analogies of the language. It is found, furthermore, in the writings of some of our greatest authors. Both Bacon and Shakespeare, for instance, furnish examples of its use. If we confine our attention to that part of the person from which the voice emanates, we shall find plenty of support both for the favor and for the disfavor with which this particular usage is regarded. No one would hesitate a moment about using the nouns *head* and *face* and *eye* as verbs. Yet no one is likely to use in this manner *tooth* or *ear*. *Mouth* and *nose* and *tongue* as verbs are found at times in the best of writers; so is *brain* in a special sense; in colloquial or slang use even *jaw* is so employed. On the other hand, *brow* and *forehead* and *hair* and *cheek* and *nostril* and *throat*, and still others, are either not used as verbs, or, if so, are used in special significations. There is no reason in the nature of things why this should not be done constantly in the case of all of these, if men choose so to do. They simply do not choose.

This tendency for words to pass from one part of speech into another, so general in our speech, was once hard for many to accept as justifiable, and doubt-

less still remains hard for some. Few things have been more provocative of criticism both at home and abroad in the consideration of real or supposed Americanisms. How little the principle was understood by even the most intelligent and acute men of past generations has a remarkable exemplification in the case of Franklin. His ever-active mind was little likely to overlook the subject of language. It is not perhaps to his discredit that he shared in the notions about it which prevailed among the men of his generation. Here, at any rate, failed him the robust common sense which enabled him to detect the frequent fallacies lurking in statements commonly made, not to say magisterially proclaimed. The practice of converting nouns into verbs, at least certain nouns, much disturbed him. He died in April, 1790. Four months previous to that event he wrote a letter to Noah Webster on this very point. Throughout it he showed himself the most thoroughgoing of conservatives in various ways. He avowed his hostility to the practice, which was coming into general use, of no longer capitalizing the initial letter of nouns. He objected also to the form *s* which had begun to displace entirely the other form of the letter which caused it to be mistaken so constantly for an *f*.

But it was to certain words and constructions that he paid his respects with special vigor and venom. These, according to him, had come to be employed in America during his official residence abroad. This, it may be said in passing, had extended from 1776 to 1785. "During my late residence in France," he wrote, "I find that several . . . new words have been introduced into our parliamentary language; for example, I find a verb formed from the substantive *notice,* . . . another verb from the substantive *advocate,* another verb from the substantive *progress,* the most awkward and abominable word of the three. . . . The word *opposed,* though not a new word, I find used in a new manner, as 'the gentlemen who are opposed to the measure'; 'to which I have also myself always been opposed.' If you should happen to be of my opinion with respect to these innovations, you will use your authority in reprobating them."

It is manifest that Webster did not happen to be of Franklin's opinion. It was probably due to the fact that, intellectually inferior as he was to Franklin, he happened to have a much more intimate acquaintance with the subject of language. Such knowledge has the tendency to make its possessor cautious in the expression of opinion on points where irresponsible ignorance pronounces itself unhesitatingly. In the three instances cited Franklin was plainly unacquainted with the history of the words he was condemning. Worse than that, he was setting himself in opposition to the movements which are always going on in the development of speech. Such all these words exemplified. *Notice* as a verb was a natural abbreviation for the fuller expression "take notice of." This was an abbreviation which might be said to have been inevitable; for language is always economical and cuts down, wherever practicable, unnecessary circumlocutions. Hence the verb would have been sure to have maintained itself in the language, even had it been an Americanism. Such, however, it was not. It had been in use in England centuries before, though possibly not in much use. Perhaps it had been more frequently employed in North Britain. It was certainly a usage which that linguistic old granny, the poet Beattie, had set down in his list of Scotticisms which it was desirable to avoid.

Again, the use of *advocate* as a verb did not originate in this country. At that time, to be sure, it had probably come to be more common here than in England. Pickering, our first collector of Americanisms, tells us that the London editor of Ramsay's *History of the Revolution* condescendingly classed it among the words which, according to him, the English "have altogether declined to countenance" as a verb invented without any apparent reason. As might be expected, this observation was chiefly noteworthy for the disclosure of its maker's ignorance of his own tongue. It came soon to be discovered that *advocate* had been employed as a verb by great English writers. Hence from it the curse of being an Americanism was removed. It is doubtless true, however, that its use was then comparatively un-

common in England. The designation of the collective members of the Scottish bar as the Faculty of Advocates had made the noun much more familiar north of the Tweed. Its transition to a verb was in consequence practically certain to follow. As in several other instances, its use in Scotland facilitated its transference to this country and its frequent employment. It was then pretty surely found here more often than in England. Still, in no proper sense of the word was it an Americanism.

Yet such was the charge constantly brought against it in the English reviews at or near the beginning of the nineteenth century. Later there came to rage about it a mild sort of linguistic tempest in a teapot. The hearts of the highly conservative preservers of the purity of speech on this side of the Atlantic were naturally bowed down at the conduct of their compatriots who, by using *advocate* as a verb, were recklessly bent, according to the best European advices, on ruining the language. Consolation came to them from an unexpected quarter. The Rev. Jonathan Bouchier, who died in 1804, compiled as a supplement to Dr. Johnson's dictionary a glossary of archaic and provincial words. Part of it was published a few years after his death. In this, under the verb *advocate,* occurred the remark that it had been spoken of as "an improvement on the English language," which had been discovered by the Americans after the separation. On the contrary, affirmed Bouchier, it was an old and common usage in Scotland. The mildness of this reproof of an alleged boast on our part was not satisfactory to the next man who came to consider the matter. In 1814 the Rev. Henry John Todd brought out the first part of a new edition of Johnson's dictionary. In it he took occasion to rebuke the pretensions of the Americans in affecting "to plume themselves on this pretended improvement of the language." "Let them as well as their abettors," he added, sternly, "withdraw the unfounded claim to discovery in turning to the prose writings of Milton." He furthermore cited a passage from Burke containing *advocate* as a verb. Those Americans who had been long engaged in deploring such use of it by their countrymen were grieved beyond measure to find that they, of all men, were charged with priding themselves upon its employment. They humbly protested against the assertion that they had "plumed" themselves upon the invention of a word which had not found favor with English reviewers. Had they not unceasingly devoted themselves to remonstrating with their misguided fellow-countrymen who had been prone to resort to it? Nor were they disposed to accept it even on the authority of Milton and Burke. One of their chief spokesmen asserted that they would not feel warranted in employing it unless they found it "in general use at the present day among Englishmen."

The revival of *progress* as a verb, however, seems to have been all our own work. Its use had prevailed to some extent in seventeenth-century English, though apparently the accent fell generally upon the first syllable. It was even included in Dr. Johnson's dictionary. There it was accompanied with a quotation from Shakespeare—the only instance of its occurrence in that author. There, too, was appended to the word the comment, "Not used." It is fairly certain that the employment of it had then died out altogether in England. It is not easy to determine what caused its revival in America beyond the general disposition to turn nouns into verbs. Revived, however, it was, much, as we have seen, to the disgust of Franklin. But for a long time it was under the ban in the mother country. It was asserted to be of the type of a peculiarly objectionable sort of Americanism. Accordingly the writers who resorted to it were always disposed to couple with it an apologetic reference to its transatlantic origin. The first dictionary of Americanisms deplored its use. It asserted that it was never heard before the Revolution—which may or may not have been the case. English austerity, however, though it long refused to countenance its employment, succumbed at last. The *Penny Cyclopedia* of 1831, in its article on Americanisms, deplored the progress that *progress* was making. "We think," it said, "we could do very well without it." Others apparently thought they could not. These have at last pre-

vailed over the linguistic asceticism of their countrymen. *Progress* as a verb is now used everywhere without a thought of the quarter from which its revival and pronunciation came. Even in discussions of Americanisms on both sides of the Atlantic, it no longer performs the function it was once wont to do of serving as an awful example. In fact, in the very last and fullest dictionary of Americanisms it has ceased to appear.

There are, in truth, but few verbs formed from nouns that can fairly be deemed Americanisms. Even of these the tenure of life is uncertain. In some instances they spring up and for a while maintain themselves, and then gradually disappear. In other instances they continue to endure. As an example of the first of these classes, take *fellowship*. *Ship* is a termination which has been and frequently is added to nouns to form new nouns. But there has never been any disposition to turn the new nouns so created into verbs. *Fellowship* is an extreme instance of the readiness of words to pass from one part of speech into another. Any such employment of it would have seemed unlikely beforehand. Yet at two different periods in the history of the language this transition has taken place. *Fellowship* as a verb is not uncommon in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Chaucer uses it in his prose, though never in his poetry. In his translation of Boëthius, for instance, in speaking of the flight of thought, it is said of it that it "joineth his ways with the sun Phœbus, and fellowshippeth the way of the old cold Saturnus." But this usage did not maintain itself long. In the nineteenth century it was revived, not in England, but in this country. Even here its employment has been largely local. It has been mainly confined to the Congregational Church, especially in New England. Though not precisely dead, it appears to be moribund, and shows every symptom of giving up the ghost entirely.

An instance of the other class is *loan*. *Loan* is originally the noun corresponding to the verb *lene*. But in process of time *lene* assumed a *d* to which it was not entitled, and became *lend*. The word so spelled and pronounced is worse than a corruption. Strictly speaking, it is a vulgarism, such, for instance, as is now *drownd*. It is a vulgarism, however, which time and use have converted not only into a regularly authorized form, but into the only recognized form. When this result had been brought about, the sense of the relationship originally existing between the noun *loan* and the verb *lene* was lost. The consequence was that *loan* was turned into an independent verb. This took place before America was settled by any members of our race. But such use of it, though it existed in England, was never common there. As time went on, it disappeared altogether. In America the employment of *loan* as a verb was either brought over from the mother country or it was revived independently in the eighteenth century. From that time its use has steadily increased, though some have shown for it violent aversion. It exhibits, however, no symptoms of decline. In consequence it has now come to be to some extent a distinction between the language of England and America. It seems likely to establish itself here permanently as a verb. In so doing it is simply following the analogy of thousands of other nouns. The only serious objection to this use of it is not that it is an Americanism, but that it is unnecessary. If it continues to maintain itself, it is probable that in time a distinction will spring up between it and *lend*. Such, however, hardly exists now.

The second characteristic of our speech to be considered here is the facility with which transitive verbs are made intransitive and the reverse. Any one who takes the pains to consult a dictionary will find that the examples already existing of this double function are legion. The dividing-line, in truth, between the two uses of the verb is often so intangible and ill-defined that the transition from the one to the other is liable to be made at any moment. Here also, as in the passage of words from one part of speech to another, the acceptance or rejection of the grammatical change lies entirely in the attitude taken toward it by those to whom it is proposed. Here also these manifest the same inconsistencies. What they sanction in one case they will condemn in another precisely similar. But in every period a great outcry is sure

to be raised against some one of these transitions. It is selected to be the object of special denunciation, while others resembling it precisely pass utterly unchallenged.

Ignorance of this sort of transition of verbs — one of the most common phenomena of our speech — is largely responsible for the senseless clamor which sometimes arises. Great writers have occasionally been affected by it. During the time that "The Bride of Abydos" was passing through the press Byron had the folly to look into a dictionary and the greater folly, at that time particularly, of accepting its statements as final. From this examination he discovered, what no one else had previously known, that *murmur* was not a transitive verb. Only the neuter use of it was recorded in the dictionaries of Dr. Johnson and later lexicographers. He acted upon the information thus gained as if it were a divinely inspired message. "I found out," he wrote to Murray, "*murmur* to be a neuter verb, and have been obliged to alter the lines so as to make it a substantive, thus:

> "'The deepest murmur of my life shall be
> No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee.'"

It is a singular illustration of how a man who in the matter of social conventions paid not the slightest deference to the highest-accepted authorities should in linguistic exhibit to the lowest a submissiveness almost servile. The change he made in the poem may or may not have been an improvement; but the reason he gave for making it was ridiculous. If no one had ever used the verb transitively before, he had a perfect right to propose it. But as early as the fifteenth century it had been so employed, though dictionaries had failed to record it. It is singular indeed that both Johnson and Byron should have overlooked the speech in "Henry IV." of Lady Percy to Hotspur, when she tells him that in his slumber she had heard him "murmur tales of iron wars."

Naturally beliefs of this sort have been the occasion of much ignorant criticism of Americanisms, real or imaginary. Take the case of two verbs. *Depreciate* had long been in use in England in the meaning of "to lower in value." It is probably to us — it was certainly ascribed to us—that its intransitive sense of "to fall in value" owes its origin. There may be doubt about this; but the corresponding uses of *appreciate* are all our own work. To employ it to signify "to raise in value," as opposed to *depreciate,* was sufficient of itself to bring grief to many. But when it was used as a neuter verb, outraged linguistic virtue was hardly able to contain its wrath. It had been admitted into Webster's dictionary of 1806. The *Monthly Anthology,* published at Boston, informed us in the volume of 1810 that it was never found in a single English author. To impress upon the reader the enormity of the action taken by the lexicographer, we were further assured that the verb "in the United States is only admitted into genteel company by inadvertence." The employment of it was denounced not because it was a useless word or an imperfectly formed word, but because it originated in America. Neither its definiteness nor its serviceableness was regarded as of moment. The men on this side of the water who were incapable of the audacity of presuming to possess souls of their own were eager to reecho the ignorance of those on the other side who had no knowledge of their own. We were duly told that this perfectly proper and legitimate extension of usage was one of those practices whose introduction constituted still another of the subtle agencies which are always going about seeking to undermine speech. But though "the genteel" refrained from using it, men of sense did not. In consequence it steadily made its way. Finally its American origin was largely forgotten; and the verb has now become quite respectable.

There is a third characteristic of language which remains to be considered in connection with the formation of Americanisms. This is that language will not forever continue to use a circumlocution or a phrase when a simple word can be made to serve as a satisfactory substitute. This is an ever-active principle in the development of speech. It causes the adoption of forms which have constantly aimed at brevity

of expression. Whenever a single verb offers itself as a substitute for a phrase containing two or three words, it is fairly sure to be accepted in the end. It may not drive out its predecessor. It rarely does so. But it takes its place alongside of it, and at last comes to be the form of expression generally preferred. Mention has already been made of *notice*. Again, one of the words which Hume set down as a Scotticism carefully to be avoided was *compete*. The proper English to be used for it, he told us, was "to enter into competition with." At various times this verb has been styled by men, according to the particular nature or degree of their ignorance, either a Scotticism or an Americanism. As a matter of fact, it has been in use, though perhaps not in very common use, in English literature since the beginning of the seventeenth century. But that point has really nothing to do with the question. To fancy that the fuller, cumbrous form could be made to keep out the employment of the shorter and more emphatic one was absurd as a belief. As an act it was practically impossible.

Let us now consider two exemplifications of this same principle of conciseness of expression, in which, furthermore, the nouns concerned have undergone the transition into verbs. One of them was once charged with being an Americanism. For a long time certainly it was much more common in this country than in England. This is *test* used as a verb in the sense of "to put to the test" or "to bring to trial by experiment." The frequency of the occurrence of this word in American writers was once the subject of much disapprobation by English reviewers. These termed it for some inexplicable reason "incorrect," or ranked it among vulgarisms. The employment of it here was equally a source of grief to certain of our own critics. "*Test,*" said one of them, "is a verb only in writers of inferior rank who disregard all the landmarks of language." Landmarks of language have their existence almost entirely in the mind of the linguistic prig. Naturally they never remain permanent, even if they exist at all. In the case of this word they were long ago removed. Both in England and America *test* has now become a perfectly respectable member of our speech.

But no such good fortune has attended the similar conversion of the noun *deed*. This was and still remains a genuine Americanism. It is the fate of certain words to have a hue and cry, almost invariably causeless and senseless, raised about them. From the outset such has been peculiarly the case with *deed* used as a verb, in the sense of "to convey by deed." It appeared in Webster's dictionary of 1806. It was vigorously condemned in the already mentioned dictionary of Americanisms brought out by Pickering. "We sometimes hear this verb used colloquially," said he, "but rarely except by illiterate people. It is considered a low word. None of our writers would employ it." This first vocabulary of Americanisms contained many silly remarks upon usage, but probably none sillier than this. One can understand Pickering's sensitive soul shrinking at the suggestion of transatlantic criticism, when he tells us that *gumption* — a dialect word especially common in Scotland—is "low." But it is no easy matter to discover why this epithet should be applied to *deed* as a verb. No one would so term the noun. Why should it be reduced to this calamitous condition by conforming to a natural process which is going on constantly in the language? If dictionaries can be trusted, *deed* as a verb is still out of favor in England. But as there is not the slightest linguistic objection to it, there is no reason why it should ever be abandoned here; and if continuously employed here, it will eventually make its way over there.

"Merry Andrew"

BY MARIE MANNING

THERE was a time when Gilchrist had been as light-hearted a young man as ever led a cotillon or talked genially of himself in the cheering glow of after dinner. But that was before the M. F. H. of the Brookbridge Hunt Club had gone to Carlsbad and left him temporarily in charge. Then Gilchrist mislaid his sense of humor which had done duty as a conscience for years.

In the first place, the Brookbridge hunt occupied a rather delicate position in the county; a position analogous to that of a lady who, having made an advantageous marriage, is continually perturbed lest her lack of early education may lead her into betraying herself. Brookbridge was an old Virginia town, about sixty miles from Washington, that since the Civil War had not really got its second wind. It was full of aristocrats who baked cake, preserved, or made Irish crochet for the Ladies' Exchange, or who fought, bled, and died again—at the corner grocery—according to sex; but who never lost their dignity or their traditions.

Then one day some people came from New York and bought several hundred acres, overhauled the old Colonial house, and put in so many bath-tubs that old Brookbridge concluded it was going to have some sort of hydropathic institution. But it wasn't, and a family moved in. Then more people came and more, all bath-tub mad apparently, and the little freight depot at the railroad station was so congested with porcelain tubs that the native butter-and-egg trade suffered.

Strange diversions had these rich folk from the North, but to the native Virginian none of them presented quite so many elements of humor as the hunt club. Of course, Virginia had always hunted, but it hunted something tangible, and it did not dress for the business as if for a masquerade. It seemed that this particular hunt club, for all its sartorial elaboration, hunted nothing worse than a bad smell. Foxes, like many other things in Virginia after the war, had grown scarce, and the aborigines, in the autumn, pursued the humbler coon—the moon high in heavens, the hounds baying lustily. In due season they hunted other things, and cooked them with surviving rites of the culinary black arts. Not so the hunt club. Gilchrist laid the drag the day before, and on the morrow it set forth in its splendid pink and pursued the noxious effluvia.

On such an errand one November day departed Gilchrist, when his horse, picking up a nail near the Neville barn, went lame. Now the Neville family was the social conundrum of the county. With almost diabolical ingenuity it continued to evade classification; it had no conspicuous high-lights, no strong accents, and beyond its numbers, which were Biblical or mid-Victorian, there seemed nothing about the Nevilles that one could lay hands on. The old F. F. V.'s noticed that their bath-tubs did not obtrude themselves quite as openly on the county as did the other new people's tubs, and beyond deciding that they seemed "refined," and did not act as if they had discovered the art of bathing, the native aristocrats did not trouble their heads.

Some of the hunting set met various members of the much-discussed family at the post-office inquiring for mail, and the verdict was that their speech was somewhat lacking in the broad "a," a matter about which the club was most scrupulous, pronouncing every "a" broad, even in words like "hand" and "stand." Furthermore, the Nevilles seemed absolutely unhampered by conventions; they drove the shabbiest rigs, the daughters took ten-mile constitutionals in midwinter, clad in straw hats and shocking tweeds; one of the sons, with his own hands, painted some identifying stripes on his luggage, and ac-



SHE MADE NOT THE SLIGHTEST ATTEMPT AT CONVERSATION

tually selected the front lawn as the theater of his enterprise. And when he went on the journey he had striped his luggage for, he did not travel by parlor-car.

It had become the particular obsession of Gilchrist that the Nevilles, seven or eight strong — the full extent of their numbers was doubtful — intended to break into the hunt club during the absence of the master, and he continually saw himself, waking and sleeping, a sort of Horatius holding the bridge against them. The situation was further complicated by one of the girls, alleged to be named Muriel, whose beauty was of the type to unsettle social conditions anywhere. King Cophetua's beggar-maid must have had just such eyes, or Anne Boleyn perhaps, or any of the ladies who have upset royal dynasties by a glance. This particular Neville was distractingly lovely—not pretty, or fascinating, or interesting, or subtly challenging, or any of the other delightful makeshifts that girls construct their little life dramas out of, but frankly and indisputably beautiful: a rich chestnut beauty, with a flash of red, a dash of gipsy, and the vividness of color and line softened by the early morning mist of youth and inexperience.

Gilchrist felt that the Neville cohorts would put forth Muriel as the apex of

their flying wedge for the hunt-club goal, and daily he put his susceptible soul through a rigorous course of calisthenics. When his mare went lame near the Neville barn it seemed as if the forces of nature were in league against him.

His emotions were beyond the power of language to alleviate; so, dumbly dismounting, he tied the unfortunate mare to a fence-post and made his way to the Neville stables. She had picked up a nail, the frog was cut, and there was need of immediate assistance. In imagination he saw the entire Neville tribe, of assorted sizes and sexes, poised in its saddles, riding cross-country, full-fledged members of the hunt as the result of this particular episode. So convinced was he that they stayed awake nights scheming for this happy consummation of their hopes, that he was almost prepared to believe them capable of holding him as a hostage till the preliminaries of their hunt-club election had been arranged.

A male Neville was in possession of the stables—a big, bronzed, elder-brother sort of person who had a voice like Wotan explaining the family history to Brunhilde. And with him, playing with a couple of Airedale terriers, was Muriel—made for the destruction of men and things; creeds, dynasties, politics, social distinctions, county exclusiveness; the drag hunt itself! The sportive gods had fashioned her to play tenpins with them all.

Gilchrist introduced himself, explained his predicament, and asked permission to telephone for a vet. As he expected, the Nevilles were suspiciously cordial. Wotan summoned a groom and went to look at the mare's foot.

"Are you fond of dogs?" inquired the M. F. H. *pro tem.* of the dazzling vision in shabby corduroy. The commonplaceness of his question smote him as soon as it was out.

"Rather." She did not glance at him. She was one of those women who do not have to be amiable or wear pretty clothes or flatter. The preliminaries of subjugation had not the least interest for her. Gilchrist contemplated following up his remark about dogs with one about horses. But remembering that horses suggested hunting, and hunting the club, he refrained.

Wotan and the groom went to inspect the mare's hoof, and the M. F. H. *pro tem.* floundered after them. Muriel, whistling to the dogs, followed with an air of detachment that was perfect. She made not the slightest attempt at conversation; her errand was, apparently, a humane consideration of the afflicted horse. But the M. F. H. *pro tem.* fancied that this indifferent exterior which encased her like the bell of a diver was a sign of her thirty-third degree coquetry.

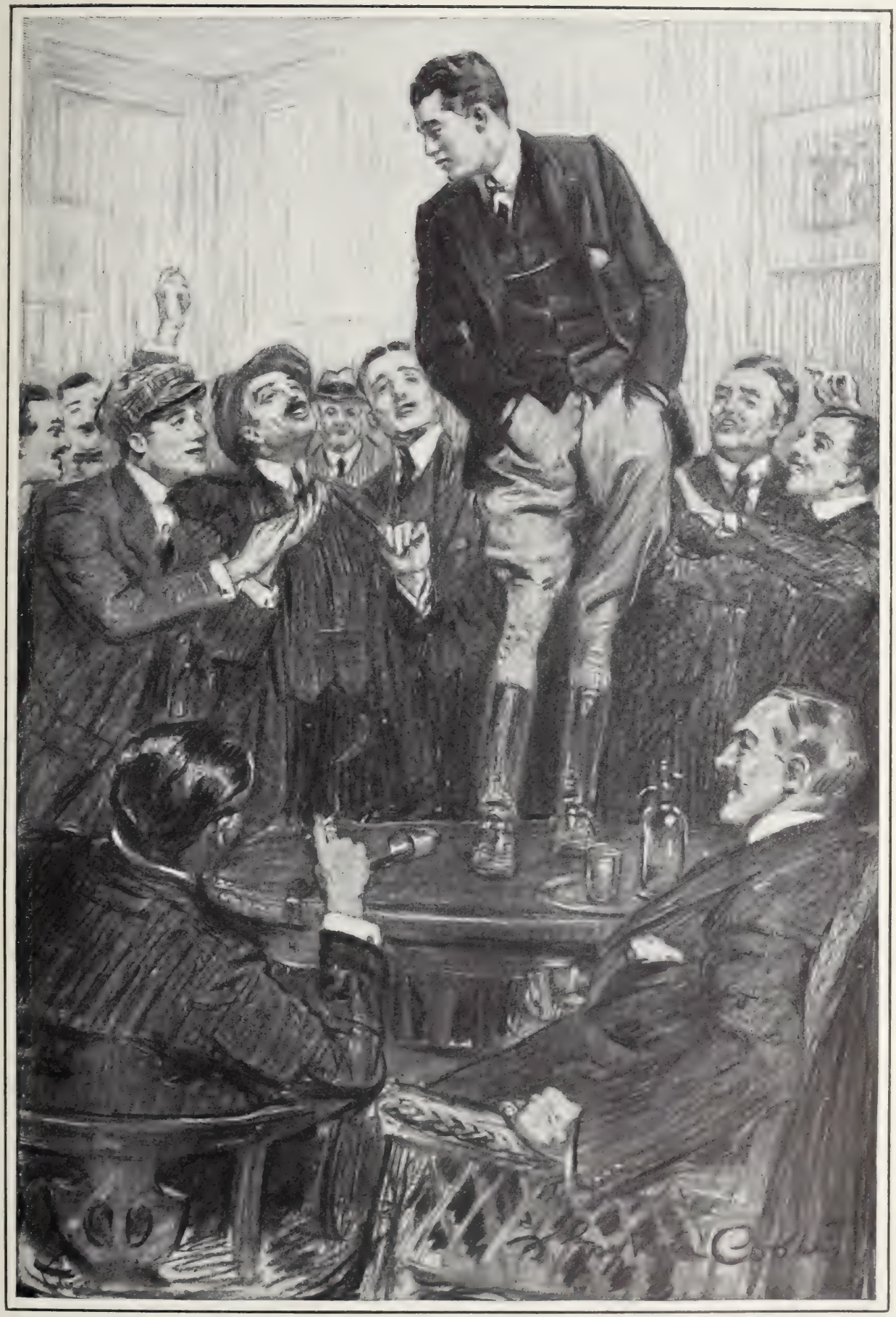
When the hoof had been dressed and the invalid had limped to a box-stall, Gilchrist's eye, roving round the big, businesslike-looking stables, was attracted by a horse well worth looking at.

"That's Greyboy, our Irish hunter." And Wotan nodded to the groom indulgently to lead him out. He proved to be a finely bred horse, with shoulders that raked back in a way to gladden the eye of a hunting-man, and the true Irish jumping hind-quarters. The gray held his head magnificently, and while looking as if he could fly like Pegasus, he hid such potentiality beneath the manners of an old-school gentleman.

"You may try him if you like. Come up to the house for a cup of tea, then ride him home—your mare is out of commission. He's rather a lamb for all his 'shod-with-fire' appearance."

Something in Mr. Gilchrist's chest grew steely as he felt his detective talents grapple with the Neville question. These people had come to Brookbridge to sell horses! That was the trick up the family sleeve—as if half the hunt had not a string it was trying to dispose of already; Gilchrist had even one or two of his own. In addition to trying to break into the club, they contemplated the social selling of horses!

But Gilchrist, despite the double lure of Muriel and the Irish hunter, was adamant. He remembered, when he had been a little boy in a velvet suit and lace collar, two middle-aged boys—all of ten and twelve—quite tatterdemalion in aspect, decoying him to a lot—territory forbidden by maternal edict—and there getting from him an agate alley, a musical top, and a box of colored crayons. As a man who knows the world, Gilchrist did not propose to be "done" a second time.



Drawn by F. Graham Cootes Half-tone plate engraved by Nelson Demarest

THEY SWUNG HIM TO THE TABLE AND DEMANDED A SPEECH

But they had a maddening way, these Nevilles, of presenting a general complaisance, a delightful urbanity to the M. F. H.'s refusals, as if perhaps the shyness of inexperience might be at the bottom of them. They were charmingly tolerant, but his dogged manner of declining seemed to draw from them an under-flicker of amusement, as if beneath the young man's rejection of hospitality they found something fresh and unspoiled; the very antithesis, as it were, of a *blasé* young man who has been pampered by too many invitations to tea and too many offers of mounts.

At the club, where he recounted the adventure a half-hour later, he was not regarded as quite "the little hero of Harlem" he had anticipated. He was guyed for not accepting the invitation to tea and a chance of becoming really acquainted with the peerless Muriel.

"Your middle initial is A. for Anthony, isn't it?" queried Penyard, more than ordinarily diverted by this particular excess of zeal on the part of the M. F. H. *pro tem.* "Tea, or the original apple, I should have accepted. And the Irish hunter, if you please! My eye, but they must have been taken with Master Tony Gilchrist!"

"It was his 'boy-on-the-burning-deck' style that fetched them." Quincy Allen flung a hand aloft and won a round of applause for remembering Mrs. Hemans:

> "Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
> As born to rule the storm,
> A creature of heroic blood,
> A proud though childlike form."

"Hear! Hear!" they shouted, as they swung the man of iron will to the table and demanded a speech on the "Whole Duty of the M. F. H."

"Though I strongly suspect them of being royalty *incog*"; some one wagged a derisive forefinger. "Then how'll you feel when you find out she's the princess of something or other?"

"Rot!" Gilchrist defended himself. "If they're any one, why haven't they any letters of introduction? They're rank outsiders, I tell you—horse-dealers."

"Well, of course, if they are royalty or dukes or things like that," mocked Penyard, "they may not know any one in our humble walk of life."

"Would you consider a Neville hunt, Tony, in the absence of foxes in the county? Why not have a try at the Nevilles and exterminate 'em?"

"Oh, very well," Gilchrist said, sulkily, "if you want to fill the club up with that sort—"

"But, my dear man, a fig for your exclusiveness! In England any one who can throw a leg over a horse is welcome."

"Now, Anthony, the well-named, remember if your little friends ever invite you to tea again, you have mother's permission to go, but remember not to take more than two pieces of cake—"

During this banter Gilchrist had time to steady his thoughts, and the conviction was gradually borne in upon him that he had been a good deal of a fool. He bore the discovery nobly, and things at the club continued about the same as usual—the biweekly drag and the never-fulfilled ideal of hunting a real fox.

Then suddenly, one midwinter afternoon, something happened, something so vital and epoch-making that the hunt club secretly dated things from it ever afterward. They were straggling home at the end of a miserable day's sport. A strong wind had dried up the scent of anise-seed, and the hounds had not been able to pick up the trail, but had pottered on false excursions of their own to the disgust of every one. The cold was marrow-searching, with buffeting gusts of wind that filled the eyes with dust, blew off hats, and made fingers wooden on the reins. There was some spectacular jumping, of course, because a man does not ride four hours in a train to amble through a gate, but as sport it had been penitential. The tea and lettuce sandwiches at the house of any club member where the hunt finished, that invariably formed the climax of these affairs, loomed menacingly, the last touch of grim humor. It was no time for orange-pekoe; it was a time for man's tea, heartening and potent, of Scotch or Irish brew, and with talk before the roaring fire of real foxes, men bred to the sport and the inherited system. So with polite prevarications to the Cheever-Todds, they turned clubward.

The huntsman, headed in the direction of the kennels with the pack at his heels, made a short cut, to save a mile or so,

into an earth road that skirted the Neville place a little to the left, when old Patience, an ex-fox-hound picked up at a kennel sale and maintaining a markedly supercilious attitude to the pleasures of the drag, began to cry and whimper. The alarm was electric, and the hounds which a moment before had suggested a lithographed "hunting scene," became pantingly alive, bunched and scattered, flinging themselves here and there, with heads down and sterns waving wildly. Then old Patience flung up her head and gave tongue. The club lounging in its saddles was instantly erect—listening. That frenzied music, half wail, half yelp, that is to the sportsman what the bugle-call is to the forlorn hope, what the skirl of the bagpipes is to the Scot in an alien land, what the rattle and crash of artillery is to the old cavalry-man—that sound pierced the air. The rest of the pack, following Patience, took up the clamorous yell that fairly landed them on their haunches with delight. And there, not farther than a good stone's-throw, sitting on the Nevilles' wood-pile, was a big red fox, apparently in no great hurry to move.

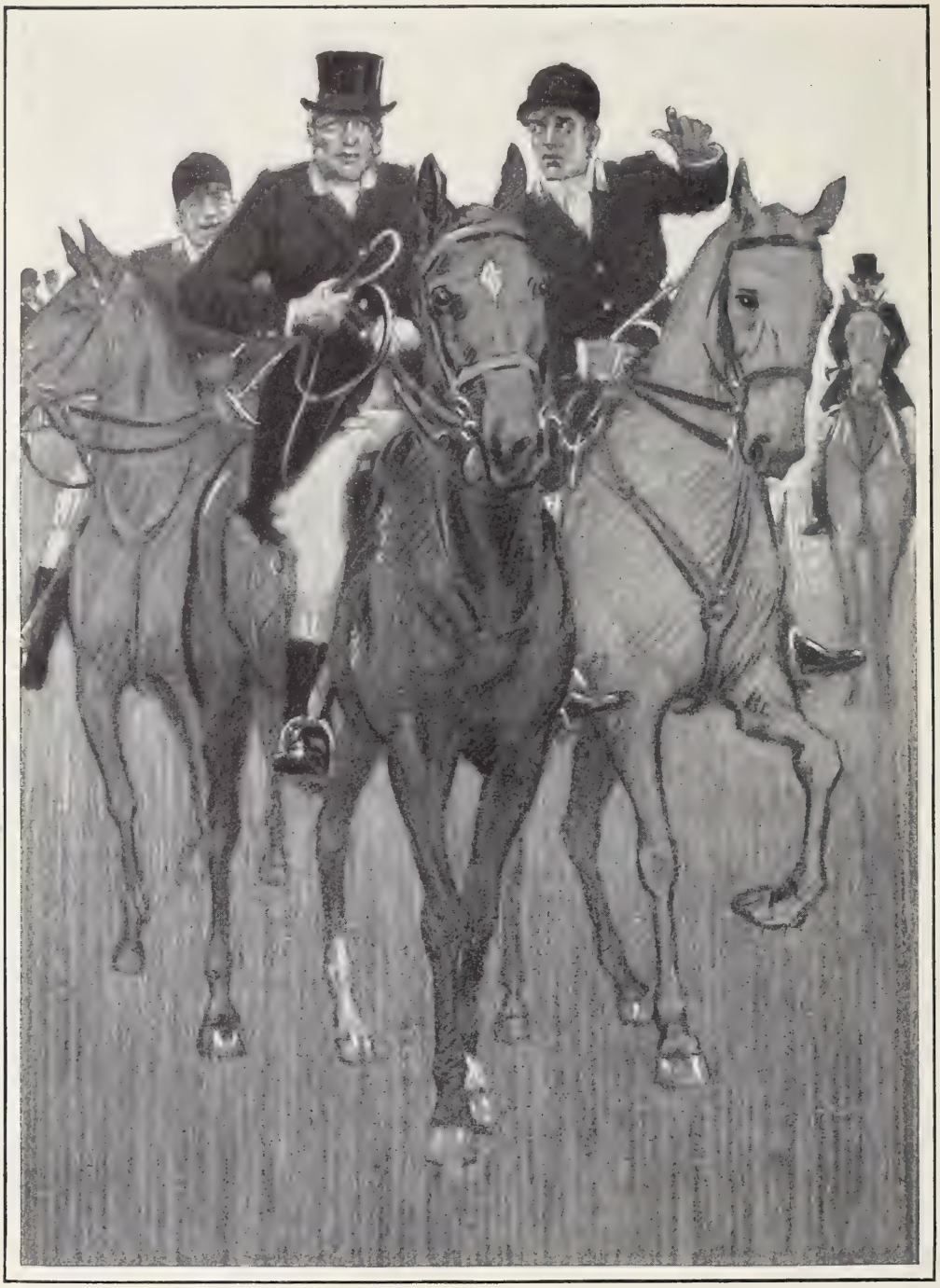


"MERRY ANDREW"

For an imperceptible beat of time, fox and hounds stood; then the whip shouted, "He's away!" as the fox, a flashing thing of vivid red, made for an open field and cantered into the woodland, with the full pack at his heels. What was left of the club cleared the fence in a perilously close scramble, but there were no croppers, and joyously they went pelting away on the dirt road for the woods. As they flew past the Neville house, over the frost-shriveled remains of the kitchen-garden, a maid rushed to the door and screamed: "Andrew! Andrew! He's gone again! He's gone again!" Others within the house took up the cry, whistling and calling "Andrew!" at the top of their voices, but the onward-sweeping field gave no heed. What concern had it with some wretched pet dog? They were hunting an actual fox for the first time in the history of their club, and the pace was in their blood. It was the real thing at last.

The music of the hounds became louder and more furious as they drove the fox across, then back through the wood; but he was a demon of ingenuity, a past-master of tactics—strategy, feints, recoils were child's play to him; and after an inspired bit of trickery—he was gone!

The hunt club indulged itself in uncomplimentary remarks about its drag pack, particularly on the distaff side; and the hounds howled their disappointment to high heaven, but no miracle was vouchsafed them—there wasn't a sign of the fox. The hounds were put on the line again and began to work the adjoining field. Then the fox, evidently a humanitarian, relented to the amateurs, and gave them four miles of country without a check. A greater part of the time the club rode straight; the obstacles were not over-difficult, and there was about this fox an elusive quality that made the ambitious aspirants for the real thing unwilling to lose sight of him for a moment. But the fence and the double ditch ahead were other matters. In the recollection of the club they had never been negotiated; family men thanked Heaven that they had a legitimate excuse for going around, and gentlemen with a prejudice in favor of conventional death-beds went around with no excuse. And presently this intensely sober handful found itself heading for the crest of a hill—and not a hound in



"YOU SEE IT?" DEMANDED THE M. F. H.

sight. They plodded on doggedly. The fact that they were upholding the best county traditions conferred a sense of righteousness; but it was bitter cold.

Then John Henry Gretorex, banker, senior warden of St. Timothy's, Son of the Revolution, and solid citizen, generally speaking, gasped; and the thing he had begun to say died away in his throat, died in a nightmare croak of horror. He only pointed to the object in front of them, sharply silhouetted on the top of the hill against the evening sky.

The others looked—and each took the thing he saw according to his kind. Some were dumb, some swore, some called one another to bear witness that the thing—fox or devil—was jeering at them with a gesture of such abandoned sophistication as to be utterly incredible. Yet there it was, actually in the flesh, the big red fox that they had first seen on the Nevilles' wood-pile, with the thumb of his paw to his nose!

"You see it?" demanded the M. F. H.

"Yes, I see it all right," Gretorex answered.

"You'll swear to it?"

"Yes, I'll swear. Furthermore, there is not a flask in the crowd."

Once, twice, thrice, the fox repeated the gesture with cold insolence. He was about to raise his paw for the fourth time, but the club to a man turned and fled. They rode off as if the legions of Lucifer were in pursuit; they rode as John Gilpin and Tam O'Shanter rode, and the only word spoken was to affirm that there was not a flask in the crowd.

The pace was not slackened till the lights of the Neville house had begun to wink at them in the darkness. The Neville house; that was where they had seen the devilish thing first, sitting on the wood-pile contemplating the scene, and they began to tell one another that from the very first glimpse there had seemed something queer about that fox. He had not seemed like the rest of his tribe; there had been something Satanic about the way he lured them on.

"The devil!—there it is again!"

"Where? What? Not that fox?" came from different members of the club.

"This time I'm going to investigate; no mysteries like that for me."

It had grown dark while they took their wild Tam O'Shanter ride back from the hill, but now the full November moon was high, flooding the heavens with honey-colored light. There, on the Neville porch, sat the red fox on his haunches, and industriously spraying him with an atomizer was a groom — a little, hard-faced man whose countenance looked as if it might have been cut out of a cocoanut. And in testimony of this incredible pantomime of fox, groom, and atomizer, the reek of violet perfume was strong on the evening air.

"I say," said Penyard to the groom, "would you mind telling me if I'm seeing things straight? Do I see a fox—a big red fox—sitting on that porch, and are you spraying an atomizer of violet extract on him?"

"Very good, sir," said the cocoanut-faced groom; "you've mentioned no more than you've seen, sir, I'm sure, and given a very good account of it, too, sir."

"Then why the devil should it be so?"

The cocoanut-faced man stopped applying the atomizer. "Now, Handrew, will you be quiet w'ile I'm talkin' to the gentleman?" The fox played dead. "You see, sir, Handrew is a tame fox. Miss Muriel brought 'im up by 'and. And 'e do 'ave such a sense of 'umor about drag packs. You see, 'e was reared in a great 'unting country; Colonel Clyde Neville, 'im that went off a fortnight ago, was Master of the Pytchley Pack. And the drag 'unt do seem funny to Handrew." At the magic name of Pytchley they sat straight in their saddles. The M. F. H. *pro tem.*, he that had declined an invitation to tea, was seeing things as a man drowning. But the groom continued: "And since we've been in Hamerica, Handrew 'as been be'avin' scandalous. This is the third time 'e's 'ad 'is joke on the drag 'unt, w'at do amuse 'im orful."

"And do you mean to tell me that he plays wild, and enjoys being hunted?"

"That 'e do, sir; any morals 'e 'ad in Hengland 'e's lost 'ere. Sir, the family is that mortified with 'is goin's on; but w'at's to be done, sir, and Miss Muriel that attached to 'im? I spray 'im with vi'let w'en 'e's about the 'ouse, but most generally 'e stops at the stables."

"And has he the habit of making offensive gestures?" inquired the M. F. H., severely.

"Oh, sir, don't misjudge 'im like that; 'e means no 'arm. The skin was burnt on 'is nose w'en 'e was a pup, and 'e do 'ave a queer 'abit of scratchin' it, that do give 'im an impident look, but 'e means nothing—in that partickiler 'is 'eart is pure, I'm positive, sir."

"I'd like to explain to the family," continued Gilchrist, thinking to atone for his colossal blunder, "that of course we'd no idea when we hunted him this afternoon that he was a pet fox."

"Oh, pray, sir, don't trouble yourself; the family left yesterday. They was 'ere only for a short time, for Miss Muriel's health, but she no more'n they could stand it without any real 'unting; not the drag, arsking your pardon, but the real thing; and they're sailing to-morrow for Hengland. I ham shipping Handrew, the 'orses, and dogs by Saturday's steamer. Yes, sir, thank you, sir; good evenin', sir."

And the Brookbridge Hunt Club thoughtfully moved down the lane; and the most thoughtful of all was Anthony Gilchrist, M. F. H. *pro tem.*

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

THE history of the most momentous civic reform known to the race has embodied during the last three months a variety of facts which the votaries of the Easy Chair cannot ignore if they would maintain their well-earned repute for philosophic observance of human events.

As if it were not enough to have broken windows, filled postal boxes with tar and corrosive acids, assaulted the persons and blown up the houses of Cabinet ministers, overpowered protective as well as preventive policemen, and outraged the sensibilities even of blackguards, the English suffragettes went, in early March, to the opposite extreme of throwing a petition for the female vote into the carriage of the King and Queen as their sacred majesties were driving to open Parliament. At the time this exercise of the meekest of the subject's constitutional rights was regarded with ungovernable fury by many who questioned aghast what the suffragettes would do next in the furtherance of their cause: possibly kneel in the mud as their dread sovereigns passed and join in a service of song invoking the help of those peculiarly powerless potentates. It did not actually come to that, but no one can ever say what the suffragettes will do or will have done next. What is certain is that the crowning impropriety of petitioning sacred majesty in such a manner (instead of writing to its secretary as they should) is the least offensive of the many advertisements which the suffragettes have employed to keep the cause of female suffrage before the people, as they declare it the object of their atrocious indecorums to be. The King seems to have understood something of the kind, and so far as his helplessness under the constitution availed, he interfered to save the fair petitioners from the virtuous ferocity of the bystanders.

That was a good advertisement for the principle of monarchy which, in these days, is by no means wanting in just and kind kings to endear it to the people. George the Fifth is apparently a king whom any of the earlier Georges might well have patterned by in this, if not in other things, and the contemporaneous mob of half-drunken and wholly savage republican sovereigns who, under the patronage of the local police, insulted and hustled a peaceable suffrage parade in Washington might profit by the King's example, and another time recognize the right of petition. The assertion of this was what the women's Washington parade amounted to; but the right of petition, to be sure, has never been tenderly regarded at Washington in times past; there were times when Congress itself denied it if exercised against slavery; and men still living can remember how rudely it fared with Coxey's Army when it came to petition Congress for Good Roads. But that was long ago, and now it is not a question of owning men and women, or of improving the highways, but of letting women, equally with men, own the means of making the laws which all must obey, or ought to obey.

This is as far as we think any one can safely go in defense of the suffragettes or the suffragists, and we make haste here to begin picking our steps. There is no doubt but the methods of the English militants have been very exasperating, and the witnesses rather more than the sufferers have been exasperated beyond endurance. There are men in this country, at our safe distance of three thousand miles, who would have the militants condemned to almost any penalty short of hanging. Such men would have them punished by both fine and imprisonment, and if they attempted a hunger strike would let them perish miserably, or at least suffer as much as many innocent people are said now to suffer in our tenements. But the authorities on the ground do not find the affair so simple. They prob-

ably find the militants' offense as rank as their impatient friends and counselors here do; but possibly at the bottom of their hearts they may have a guilty sense of having paltered with the cause so dear to the militants. We do not say they have this sense; saying such a thing would be something like justifying the militants, and we who are averse to all war could never do that. But we say if the authorities have it, then that sense of guilt may embarrass them in being as high-handed or mailed-fisted as they would like to be, or we at our distance would like them to be. It is not a question of their government's losing dignity by bringing in a suffrage bill under apparent compulsion from the militants. To refuse that for such a reason would be as ignoble as the behavior of our own citizens who are now threatening not to take off their hats in elevators where there are women if the women persist in demanding the vote; or as those who pretend they would give up their seats to women in the street-cars if the women renounced their pretensions to the franchise. The sly rogues know very well that they now keep their seats for the comfort of it, and that if women renounced all hope of their civil rights they would not offer them a single one of their places. As for the chivalrous deference now shown the sex by uncovering in elevators, it has its comic side, which must be evident to the most ardent anti-suffragist. A man keeps his hat on as he stands outside of the elevator with ladies; as soon as they go inside together he takes it off, unless he suspects them of being suffragists.

It is not to be supposed that these conditional and modified favors are the only ones which anti-suffrage men stand ready to do women if women will not ask to vote. Of course, as compared with equal rights such unequal privileges are not to be overestimated. That they are not valued enough, however, is almost sufficient evidence that women are unfit for the franchise. If anything more were needed to convince men of this it might well be the ungraciousness of some women in despising that supremacy in the home which their lieges in the club and the saloon offer them. The ingrates ask, "What home?" if they have none, and they have the indelicacy to imply that the men had better provide them each a home if they wish her to be supreme in it. In large degree such women prefer the vote, and the very women whom men have established in homes, and who have no excuse for their ingratitude, would rather be citizens at the polls than sovereigns at the firesides. The poison, or say the iron, of civic ambition has entered into the souls of such a vast number of women that the time-honored *métier* of wifehood and motherhood does not satisfy those even who are wives and mothers; when they are not, the mere notion seems to make them furious.

As for the chivalrous deference which all knightly spirits now offer them in lieu of the right to help make the laws which govern them, which tax them and punish them, they have a contempt too deep for words. They boldly question the fact whether they would lose so little as this deference if they got the vote. In a good many states they already have the vote, and they deny that the men in these states are ruder to women now than they were before. Whether this is really the case or not we cannot say, but we suggest that it might be useful in states where women are still unfranchised to have each man, when he comes to register before election, make sworn answers to some such questions as: Do you now always give up your seat in the car to a strap-hanging lady? Do you always take off your hat on entering an elevator where there are ladies? What are your views on Votes for Women? If the elector answers that he is opposed to the vote, but does neither of the other things, which may be supposed for argument's sake to render women supreme in the home, he might be disfranchised at any election deciding the question of votes for women. If he can truthfully answer that he does these chivalrous things as due compensation for the vote withheld, he might be allowed to vote, but he ought to bring at least two reliable witnesses who would certify that they have seen him do the things habitually.

As the reader must by this time perceive, the problem, though in some respects soluble, is not of the simplicity of the Gordian knot; it is not much easier to cut than to untie. In our

country the impatience of women for the vote is expressed not in brickbats or petards or petitions, but in parades, such as we have seen in New York holding their way unmolested, and in Washington hustled and insulted by the friends of woman's supremacy in the home. Besides the parade as a means of publicity for the suffrage cause, the American suffragists have invented pilgrimages to the state and national capitols, joyously known to the press as hikes. The hike certainly does attract notice, but of how great practical effect it is remains to be seen. What is already apparent is that the women who hike are in earnest about it; they are not in the hike for their pleasure, or even for their health. Already the hike has ceased to be an object of derision with our press, which is so fond of a joke. Possibly some dull, thick-witted witness, seeing these brave women as they drag footsore through snow and mud and dust, bearing banners of a strange device, may try to take a little thought, and may come at last to wonder why his mother and sister and wife should be without the right he knows to be mostly muddled away on himself, and should have no more voice in making the laws which govern them than the cattle in the fields. Perhaps he may come to imagine the heart-burning of the women who have long realized this, and are willing to make those cruel pilgrimages in order to remind him and his like of the wrong done them.

But the reader must not suppose that in recording these facts, grave and gay, of a pathetic and serious struggle we are subtly working round to a defense of the English militants. We indeed see no harm in their having petitioned sacred majesty for help where sacred majesty could render none. But that is not saying we would have the cause of woman pour corrosives or adhesives into postal boxes, or assault Cabinet ministers or blow up their houses, or break windows, or burn railroad stations. We hold these things, however difficult of punishment by the English government, as altogether wrong. Somehow they ought not only to be punished but prevented, and it is at this point that we venture a suggestion (very modestly and timorously indeed, and under favor of superior wisdom) which may contain the possibility of a solution. It appears from all the English suffragists have said, and from much they have done, that they want the vote. Well, then, we say, let the English government give them the vote, and trust to the chance that they will do what it hitherto has been unable to do: that is, prevent, and, when they cannot prevent, punish the outrages which they have been practising for several years past to the scandal of Christendom and to the peculiar abhorrence of the knightly gentlemen who would like us to believe they now give up their seats to women in cars and take off their hats to them in elevators.

It would be very interesting to see how the suffragettes, when once they had the power, would deal with such lawbreakers as they have been. They would deal efficaciously, we have no doubt, for women are born managers and rulers, and would stand no sort of nonsense from themselves when it came to a defiance of their power. Even as we write these prophetic words there comes the tale of how successfully the militants dealt with the disturbers of a suffrage meeting in Glasgow, which a strong force of students from the university proposed to break up. By some means their fell design became known to the women, who grappled efficiently with it. They did not invoke the help of the police whom they had themselves so often foiled. They hired in a force of mighty sons of toil from the docks, and when the students began to make trouble the sturdy mercenaries acted as "bouncers": they thumped the studious youth, they obliged them to the hygienic but humble office of vacuum-cleaners of the floor, and then such as they did not throw into the street they thoroughly reformed and made over into quiet, law-abiding citizens, if they did not convert them to the suffrage cause. It is not positively known that the sons of toil were themselves suffragists, but they could not have better befriended the cause if they had been. The appeal to their strength, whether by argument or money, was a stroke of political genius which the world is destined to recognize more and

more in women. Here was no trifling with the emergency such as they were used to at the hands of men whose meetings they themselves broke up in times past. These men, if they had been as wise as the women have shown themselves, would not have confronted the militants with squads of mild-mannered policemen or a mob of chivalrous male spectators; they would have invoked the help of a corps of "daughters of the plow," or their equivalent in brawny cooks and vigorous housemaids, who would have dealt with the militants as the dock-laborers dealt with the students. It is rather against our contention that in a meeting in Hyde Park, held since the meeting in Glasgow, the suffragettes failed to provide themselves with a guard of dock-laborers, and were pelted with mud and howled down by an audience differing from them in opinion. But in a contention like this one cannot have everything one's way. Meanwhile, militancy goes on rejoicing in every species of violence short of homicide.

Concurrently the English government has been behaving as obstructively as it knows how. It is trying to keep the militants from doing these wicked things; but it is confronted by difficulties from within and without. There seems to be a disposition lingering from the old chivalric impulse in men, even statesmen, to give up their seats to women in the cars and to take off their hats to them in elevators which prevents the government's using the insurgents with the frank severity employed with men in rebellion. The hunger strike has fairly carried the day. Suffragettes, when sent to jail, have refused to eat, and forced feeding has been condemned by public sentiment. In Parliament itself a leader of His Majesty's opposition has denounced it as cruel; but His Majesty's government cannot let the prisoners die; it has to let them go, and do more and more violence. The suggestion (we think from His Majesty's opposition) that the militants should be deported has not yet been tried, but it is not certain that this would work; it would not be fair to innocent nations, and the militants might be sent back as a sort of anarchists from the foreign parts to which they were exiled.

It is true that the government can still hold out against such women in one way; it can always refuse to bring in a bill for their enfranchisement, and it is refusing to do this with a good deal of passive persistence. Or it was doing it two months before this writing will reach the reader. By the time the news of to-day becomes the annals of to-morrow, militancy and passive persistence may have become reconciled, and votes for women may have become the law of the land in Great Britain.

It is becoming, rather slowly but rather surely, the law of this land; and here we will breathe a word of consolation in the ears of the chivalrous men who would prefer to keep on giving up their seats in cars and taking off their hats in elevators to voteless ladies. It seems to be the peculiar dread of these polite persons that if women are enfranchised the vote of the ignorant masses will simply be duplicated and the vote of the enlightened classes reduced to a yet more desperate minority than it is at present. On the surface of the fact this is undeniably true, but beneath the surface it will be found that the vote of the enlightened classes has been increased through the minds and merits of the women of the masses. It is only among the rich and idle that women are the inferiors of men; it is only in what calls itself the best society. Below that the women are the superiors, and the farther down you go you find this truer and truer. The women of the lower classes do not drink, they do not even smoke, as some women of the upper classes do. They keep the house, and they make the earnings of their husbands and themselves go far in the practical application of political economy, which is only domestic economy "writ large." Over the washtub and the cook-stove and the cradle they have worked out problems which the enlightened classes have not yet thought out. Almost always they are the betters of their men-kind in mind as well as heart; and when they get the vote they will naturally come to the help of their brethren of the enlightened classes, as far as these are truly enlightened, and by their accession they will reduce the ignorant and vicious majority.

EDITOR'S STUDY

INTO our illusory existence, which has all grades and variations of illusiveness—from the simple veil of sensibility itself, through the complex and ever-shifting disguises and glosses which desire, speculation, fear, and hope have put upon life here and hereafter, till the masquerade melts away and dissolves in mocking shadows—there enters, from the beginning, and from every fresh beginning, the creative vision and faculty, whereby the indwelling soul makes its outward dwelling homely and redeems the whole prospect and spectacle from the confusion into which ever it seems to fall and from the vanity in which it seems to end. It is a saving intuition and control. Faith, Reason, and Imagination, because they have creative life, "make whole."

Reality in creative activity is no more indefinable than are words common to all languages and in each commonly used—words that in their masqued meanings must be defined, introduced to us, as strangers, while their real meaning, though elusive of definition, yet once seen is recognized as everlastingly familiar. Take the words "goodness," "beauty," and "truth" for examples. We select these because they stand for realities in the threefold life of the soul; and we bind them together because in the integrity of the soul as purely creative — that is, in the kingdom of all-souls—they are inseparably one. In the world of phenomenal actuality, they are discrete, and we become acquainted with them through their relations, and in our classifications we give them the detachment of abstractions. Thus they yield to definition. When we think of anything as good, we ask "how?" and "what for?" But as qualitatively real, goodness, like beauty and truth, is neither a relative nor an abstract term; its unmasqued meaning cannot be reached through generalization or analysis. This meaning might not occur to us if we had not diligently sought in our intellections and conscious experience to discern and define; but when it stands forth, unmasqued, we know that it was with us from the beginning, as in all findings of the soul, which are its reclamations. There is a way of this finding; and in this way from the idol or simulacrum to the symbol, and from the symbol to the reality, we are attended by the creative vision and faculty. In part of the way we are led by suggestions from the organic kingdom, in which nearly always the Master found His similitudes — the living intimating the creative, where the physical world seems blank,—as when through the quality of bounty and fertility we pass from the notion of "goods" to an intuition of goodness, and find a name for God—or through the feeling of troth we pass from the notion of "truths" to an intuition of truth itself; or through the sense of informing rhythm to an intuition of beauty. Thus it was that the Master led the way to an ineffable kingdom—saying "It is within you." His was no esoterical philosophy, but the disclosure of an open secret, of the wonder eternally familiar.

In the realm of creative life everything is wonderful, nothing strange or novel; but it is all inexplicable, and does not need to be explained. Yet it seems to await discovery, because we become so entangled, bewildered, and distracted in the field of actuality and illusion. To our sense-perception the world is veiled, a broken world, contracted not only by the limitations but by the very object and use of perception in direct relation to action. If this world were not still further broken by our intellections we should remain forever within the confines of instinct; our perception would fall far within its possible scope, never serving us for contemplation, and we should be precluded from religion, philosophy, and art, from all the activities of reasonable beings. This world presents itself

to man as a test of his cunning, his virtues of courage, industry, or patience, and as a challenge to his mastery. To his mind it presents itself as an inverted image which he must right for himself; Ptolemaic astronomy, with its epicyclic confusion, comes first and stays long, before the Copernican resolution into harmony. The perspective of values has for him a like inversion, that tempting him most which in the course of his psychical development he must put last or repudiate altogether. Between the primitive communality and that of a reasonably developed commonwealth lies the whole history of the race, full of rapine and strife based on selfish interests, internecine faiths, restricted patriotisms. So humanity stumbles along in its gradual progression toward humanism—the last trope of the cycle in graceful triumph contradicting the first trope of apparently errant departure. The end is not yet, but we can see it as a divinely impelled course of creative realization, prophetically accepted by the soul.

The illusion, the whole masquerade, however it may near at hand appeal to a sense of irony, is seen to have been and still to be inevitable, not in a fatalistic or deterministic sense, but because of the freedom of the human will.

The poses of this human creature; the impositions in which he participates or to which he is subjected; the many guises of authority, military, priestly, and aristocratic; his monstrous egotisms and ambitions; his fantastic fears and equally fantastic hopes; his stilted heroisms; the pageantry he delights in, and the shows that afford him entertainment —these are not consciously insincere attitudes, nor lacking a kind of exaltation. Classic poetry has made them its chosen investment, and often a feature of its theme. Religious pomp is of their very essence. More and more in every successive age they seem to have only the exaltation of inflation, bubbles to be pricked by irony, exaggerations abandoned to comic shows for light amusement. We note the effects of this change in literature as in life, and impute it to the sincerity of the realism which has to such an extent displaced romanticism. When the peasants of continental Europe divest themselves of picturesque costumes and even adopt sober customs, and when parliaments hardly tolerate the ornate and stately rhetorician, we feel that the so greatly altered mood of literature and art is only the drift of a general movement in the expression of life. In as far as it arises from a newly awakened sense of reality, and is creative realism, we are more hopeful of humanism. But if, in the cases of peasants, statesmen, writers, or artists, it means simply "getting down to business," it is sadly to be deplored.

The mere mechanism of our existence involves serious business, where economy absorbs studious attention and determines the degree of efficiency. All the laborer's unnecessary motions divert energy from its main objective and must be eliminated. The ratio between the supply of a product and the demand for it must be carefully measured. Natural resources must be jealously husbanded. Government is entrained to this discipline of economy, and of regulative adjustments besides, so that no class shall have special privilege or suffer injury. Urgent pressure is brought to bear against any diversion of education from directly practical ends.

All this, which ignores art, and literature as an art, is progressive, and though, in its higher region of effort, happily open to the inspiration of life, is not directly an expression of life itself. It is, as so large a portion of our existence must be, contrary to Nature, who, strict as are her laws, is prodigal to excess in the expenditure of her forces; contrary also to human nature in its most spontaneous and most interesting manifestations. The realization of life is not through our economies, not the result of our studies, but an unpremeditated issue.

A superabundant life, beyond the bounds of utility or of any but innocently joyous service, if it be but the overflow of animal spirits, is a bounty nearly allied to the Christian graces that transcend all standards of merit. The play of life on any plane, though we may note only its relaxation, derives from an ascending fountain beyond our observation; it is at its source something essential, though we count it superfluous. On the loftiest plane of thought and feeling,

our aspirations for knowledge and power, passing beyond their selfishly ambitious phases and becoming disinterested, are the very wings of the soul in the joyous disport of open and buoyant flight. The simile is not an altogether happy one, since it too strongly suggests a separate and individual ascension above the world of things and people, whereas no such separateness is possible in any psychical rapture; but it enables us, because it suggests ascension, more readily to recognize the essential reality in this higher play—a reality which is confused and disguised in apparently objectless delights and amusements.

In both the exaltation and relaxation of action or sensibility, communality has from the beginning been, as it always must be, the indispensable element of enjoyment and satisfaction. There is no genuine expression of life, no realization of it, that is not social in this all-inclusive sense.

This, then, is the human scene of activity and feeling, detached from the strictly utilitarian phase of existence, and as we see it in the free play of life, in the tension of art and in the relaxation of amusement. In thus diversifying the scene, we do not give faith a place apart, with separate functions, regarding it rather as most essentially a part of the free play of social life. It is in religious ritual and processional rather than in the life of faith that we make a sharp distinction between the sacred and the secular; and in the retrospect of our human scene, the outward manifestations of religious ecstasy, exaltation, and awe exceed in pomp and impressive majesty all other features of the spectacle. It was in these that, in the early history of the race, the creative imagination, still inseparable from faith which was its inspiration, shaped its first embodiments in music, architecture, sculpture, and drama—arts that were later specialized in their separate fields. Therefore we may properly regard these outward embodiments of faith as coming within the scope of the tension we ascribe to art.

The sense of reality in the life of faith does not to-day so inevitably find or seek expression in detached ceremonial as in ancient and medieval times; nor does it so closely blend with the forms of imaginative art. It is more and more the inspiration of all life, as Reason more and more becomes the light of life. But first it had to submit to the refractions of the human intellect, to those processes of reasoning whereby creative Reason suffers inversion and contradiction (becoming the *Logos alogos* of the schoolmen)—to the notionalization of dogma.

Now it is of the very essence of tolerance that we should see every stage of the evolution by which our sense of reality has been reached as a part of the realization, however much of unreality it may seem to include in its outward presentment. We must also confess that what we call our ideals would never have been attained but for just those manifestations in the human past that seem most contradictory to them. The man who most zealously espoused martial heroism in the twelfth century stood for the same reality, under the guise it then wore, as the man who is the most ardent advocate of peace—or rather of a new kind of war—in our twentieth century.

So in the pomp and spectacle we do not see an empty show. What men have cherished they have exalted, and until the principle becomes a clear intuition, an inmost reality, its fervor will seek outward expansion, with objective impressiveness. It will not lack intensiveness, even to the pitch of fanaticism. Even that other kind of apparent unreality, scholasticism, bursts into flame. Look at Abelard. Behold an *auto-da-fé!* The stoning of Anaxagoras by the Athenian mob was an elemental episode beside the sublime spectacle of Calvin burning Servetus!

Representative art, even since its detachment from the immediate service of religion, has always sought this objective impressiveness. It is not a fault, an excellence rather, — certainly a necessity. For, while modern art and literature may divest themselves of old glosses and adopt the tension and texture of life, their investment must veil at the same time that it reveals the creative quality. The world into which we have grown, and the humanity with which we have blended—these together constituting our ever-broadening consciousness — afford this ever-changing investment.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Woman Investor*

A MONOLOGUE

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

SHE pauses for an instant in the hallway without, her hand over her rapidly beating heart. Then she knocks timidly on the boldly lettered door, which lower down calls attention to "Private Entrance next door." In response to an inarticulate masculine growl, she turns the knob and enters the gorgeously caparisoned suite of offices. After one brief appraising glance at the intruder, the man seated within immediately transforms his inhospitable frown into a bland and winning smile of welcome. She speaks, breathlessly:

Oh—good morning—good morning—h'm—good—Oh dear, I said that b e f o r e, didn't I? I hope I'm not going to be silly, but I've never done this before—you know—put in money, and—and—I'm a little nervous, and—

. . . Then it *was* the wrong door? You know I thought it was myself, but then I thought I'd better try it, anyway. You see when I saw that "Private—next door," it struck me it might mean the next door was private and this one all right. I don't b e l i e v e you ever thought any one would reason it out like that, did you? Every one says I think of things no other human being would. . . . Oh, yes, I did see the "Entrance," too, but I thought perhaps that was just put in to fill up.

. . . Thank you so much. I will sit down. I'll be all right in a moment—when I've found my tongue. My husband says—oh, I almost forgot. Before I open my mouth to utter one word, I want to tell you that all this has got to be an absolute secret between us—my husband is not to know anything about it—I mean not yet. But I don't want you to get the idea from that that I ever keep anything from him or deceive him in the slightest degree—I tell him everything. Now Mrs. Reynolds—she's a friend of mine—says she doesn't believe in telling a man everything—she says she doesn't believe in turning yourself inside out for any one, least of all a husband—your own husband, I mean. She says you don't get any thanks for it and only find yourself in hot water and—well, you know what I mean;



THEN SOME ONE ELSE SAID PALMS WERE A PLANT THAT NEEDED PLENTY OF WATER

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I don't want him to know anything about it until I've made some money—I will surely do that, won't I? . . . I will? Then that's settled.

It said my money would be quite safe, in that perfectly lovely thingumbob you sent me. . . . Oh yes, I see—prospectus. It was nice of you to send me one—I wonder how you thought of it, and just, too, when I was dying to make some money without taking any risks or trouble. . . . I see, all I have to do is to give it to you, and you do the rest—so to speak. I thought your—your—perspective was beautifully gotten up—and the picture of the "ladies' room" so attractive. That sort of idea—all the pretty furniture and palms and things—just inspires one with confidence. I wouldn't part with one penny in a grimy, dingy old office. Then on one page was a picture of a man—such a good-looking young fellow—sitting at a big table handing out bunches of money to a crowd of women and marked "A happy Saturday morning"—that caught my eye at once. . . . Oh, I see, that was you, paying your lady clients what they made in the week? What a lovely idea! I can't begin quick enough. . . . Oh, yes, I've brought my money with me. Presently I'm going to ask you just to turn your back for a moment. . . . Oh, you understand?

What a perfectly lovely room this is—ever so much like the picture—palms and all. And how beautifully fresh they are—What do you do to keep them like that? . . . Oh, you don't take care of them yourself? . . . Oh, I see. Well, I have the worst luck with palms. Last February I was giving a tea, and my husband said, "Hire some palms," but I said, "I hate to pay out money and then have nothing to show for it"—to keep, I mean—so I made up my mind to pay a little more—or rather a good deal more—and buy them outright and have them for always. "Always," is a joke as it turned out to be, for you will hardly believe me those wretched palms didn't wait a week before they started in to die. And I did every single thing I possibly could to them. Some one said not to give them too much water as it drowned them and rotted the roots, so I kept them almost without water, and then some else said palms were a plant that needed lots of water, so I kept them religiously soaked for a while, but it didn't do a bit of good—just like some people—no matter how much you do to try to please them they just won't appreciate it, or do one thing to show they care. Now my husband—well, I'm not going to say anything, but—

. . . Oh, yes, I told you I've brought my money with me and if you will just turn your back—Oh, what a perfectly lovely view you have from this window—I hadn't noticed it before. And it must be nice and cool so high up here in the summer—I can just fancy how comfortable you can make yourself in that window on a hot day, with a good novel and a big box of chocolates. . . . Oh, no, I suppose, you really are much too busy for that.

And speaking of hot weather reminds me what I want to make some extra money, all my own, for—though really I wouldn't want you to think my husband was the least bit close with me—he isn't—for instance, not a bit like my friend Mrs. Reynolds's husband, he hardly gives her carfares outside paying her bills. Now, my—. . . Oh, no, she manages to save a little—. . . No, I can't exactly say how much she has—still I know you're not interested in that now—What I was saying is, my husband isn't stingy, and yet I can't say he is exactly what you might call overgenerous. I have my regular allowance and then I manage—in a way. Well, now that we are going to do business together, perhaps I might as well tell you how I do it.

You see it's like this; I order a whole lot of things from the trades-people—mostly from the grocer—he's such a nice obliging man—you would never think he had four children—Well, as I said, I order a whole lot more things than I want and then when they come I go around to Mr. Schwartze—that's his name—and say it was a mistake and please will he take them back, and he says, "Certainly, madam, anything I can do to oblige," and I say, "Well, as you've got them down on the bill now I won't trouble you to take them off, but just charge them up and perhaps you wouldn't mind just giving me the money for them." And he does, and in exchange for obliging me he says "Perhaps you won't mind my charging you a little more for the things by my taking them back," and I say "Certainly not, as you've been so very kind I think it's only honest to let you charge a bit extra." Really, he is such a nice man—and almost a gentleman, as you can see from this, and . . . Oh, dear, I hope your telephone isn't going to ring all the time we're talking—it mixes me up so I forget what I want to say.

. . . Now, that was nice of you to tell that person you were engaged on important business and couldn't be disturbed for some time—I hate to be hurried. . . . No, I've brought the money itself—not a check. Well, as I was saying when that wretched telephone rang, what I want to make some money for is—I don't suppose you could give me a rough idea of how much a month you are going to make for me? . . . Oh, no, of course not—how silly of me—I quite understand. Well, you see the woman who lives in the next house to ours—I couldn't call her a lady—I mean not a real one, although she does keep three servants—well, she just tries to outshine me in everything I do—isn't it a nasty spirit? And just when I think I've got a new gown or given a party to beat her last one—Well, what I was going to say is, they take a cottage at the seaside every year, and I want to be able to buy one so I can crow over her—do you see?

. . . Ye-es, I think she has a good deal

of money—I— . . . Well, I wouldn't want to—but—ye-es, I suppose I could bring her to you. We'll see, later. Anyway, I want to buy this house and then surprise my husband with it—not let him know a thing about my making money till I have a whole lot. And as long as I told you about my mother and my husband not getting along well together, I don't mind admitting I simply can't bear—Well, I won't say that, but I am not terribly in love with *his* mother—you know what I mean. I wouldn't wish her any harm for anything in the wide, wide, world, but if anything happened to her, why, I can't say I would cry my eyes out about it—you see the difference? Now she has rheumatism very badly, and she makes such a fuss about a little pain, anyway — she can't stand the seashore and she usually likes to come to us in the summer-time, so if I have a cottage there, why she won't come—You get the idea, don't you? She's really a dear old lady, though, and I'm *tremendously* fond of her—I wouldn't want you to think I wasn't.



I ORDER A WHOLE LOT MORE THINGS THAN I WANT

. . . Yes, I suppose we really have got to talk about the business part, but I would much rather chat and leave it all to you. I can tell just from our little talk I can trust you absolutely—I never make mistakes about those things—you've got such an honest look and I do think those books of yours are the dearest things I ever saw. . . . And the little gold pencils go with them? Well, I never! And a place for the initials on them, too! Well, I certainly feel you are going to take the greatest interest in my money! . . . I should think you *did* try to make everything pleasant for the ladies—it's so thoughtful and kind of you. . . . Oh, I see—you don't deal with men at all?

Now for this horrid business part—what is it you deal with or sell or whatever you call it?—There were so many attractive things in your printed thing you sent me—all of which seemed to make so much money, I didn't know what to pick out. Just make it as simple as you can or I won't know what you're talking about. Though it doesn't matter much, for I know you will do all you can with my money, so I am just going to leave it all to you, but I would like to talk about it for the business experience.

But my husband says I haven't any more idea about business than my little girl of five. Have you any children? . . . Oh, you haven't? Well, my little girl, Dorothy, is a perfect little terror—her father spoils her awfully—she says the most dreadful things, and the other day—I really must tell you this—In fact it was last Sunday it happened. I was having my husband's uncle to dinner—it was most inconvenient as I told Katie she could have the whole day off, but Saturday night my husband came home and said Uncle Jack was going to be all alone Sunday, and we would have to have him up for the day. I had to give Katie one of last year's shirt-waists—it looked like new—to keep her good-natured. But you see we always like to make it as pleasant for Uncle Jack as we can as he has a good deal of money and my husband is his favorite nephew. . . . No, I never *have* borrowed anything from him—

. . . Oh, to put in a mine. . . . No, of course I wouldn't tell him what it's for—I could make him promise he wouldn't tell my husband and explain it was for some charity or something, couldn't I? I'll think it over—I shouldn't like to do anything underhanded or deceitful—one is so apt to get found out.

. . . Oh yes, about the mine. . . . But



I'VE BEEN PRACTISING MAKING ONE OF THOSE SIGNATURES YOU CAN'T READ, WITH WIGGLES UNDERNEATH

that's such a long way off—haven't you a nearer one—something I can see? Stocks sound nice. . . . Oh, don't bother to explain—Are those the papers you write the shares out on? . . . Well, you know I rather like that after all—that's such a pretty border—it would look awfully pretty framed and hung over my writing-desk—there's a bare space on the wall. . . . I see—I see, and my name there. But can't I sign something myself? I've been practising making one of those signatures you can't read, with wiggles underneath like a regular business man—one of those real financial magnums.

But I don't believe, after all, I would dare have one of those what-do-you-call-'ems, around—certificates. Couldn't you have it made out in your name and then put it in an envelope marked for me and then you keep it here? That would be quite safe, wouldn't it? . . . Oh I see—the money.

. . . There, count it out and you will see it is just what I've marked on the envelope. . . . Now what's that? . . . The receipt for the money? . . . I suppose I sign that, too, don't I? . . . Yes, I would like to.

Now will you keep that for me, too, please?—I might lose it . . . Yes, perhaps I could scrape together some more, but I thought that would do to start with. . . . Oh, I see—of course—the more I put in the more I make. . . . That's simple. . . .

. . . Yes, I could come back this afternoon—if you're sure I sha'n't be worrying you too much. . . . And have tea? Oh, how jolly! . . . Yes, I think I could bring Mrs. Reynolds this afternoon—in fact she said she could come then if I would wait— . . . Yes, I'll tell her to bring her money. How soon will I begin to get those bunches of money like you have in the picture? . . . Soon? How perfectly splendid! . . . Oh, is that good too? I should like to buy some. . . . It's selling so quickly there won't be any left? Well, couldn't you save me a piece just till this afternoon? . . . You think you could? Good! I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll run right down to Uncle Jack's now—how much would I have to get to buy that? . . . How much could I get? Well, I don't know—but I'll do my best.

I wish I'd worn my other hat, though, so I could have looked more hard up.

And this is actually my own little book and pencil now? . . . I'm just so delighted and pleased I don't know what to do. Wouldn't my husband be surprised if he could see me signing all these things! I think it's too splendid. I won't wait for anything more now but run right off so I won't miss Uncle Jack. I can't thank you enough for being so interested in helping me—I know you're going to do everything with my money you can, aren't you? . . . Yes, I'm sure you will. Well, good-by now, or rather, *au revoir* till this afternoon. . . . Oh, yes, I'll bring it all back to you. Good-by!

Didn't Want to Spoil the Fun

FOUR old Scotchmen, the remnant of a club formed some fifty years ago, were seated around the table in the club-room. It was 5 A.M. and Dougal looked across to Donald and said in a thick, sleepy voice:

"Donald, d'ye notice what an awful perculiar expression there is on Jack's face?"

"Aye," says Donald, "I noticed that; he's dead! He's been dead these four hours."

"What! Dead! Why did ye no tell me?"

"Ah, no—no," said Donald. "A'm no that kind o' man to disturb a convivial evening."

Not Personal

THE late John Allen of Farmington, Maine, was noted for his ready wit and cutting sarcasm. One day while walking down the street he slipped on some ice and fell. The Methodist minister of the town happened to be near and helped the old man to his feet with the remark: "Sinners stand on slippery ground, don't they, John?"

"Yes," retorted Mr. Allen, "but I don't see how they do it."

No Change Possible

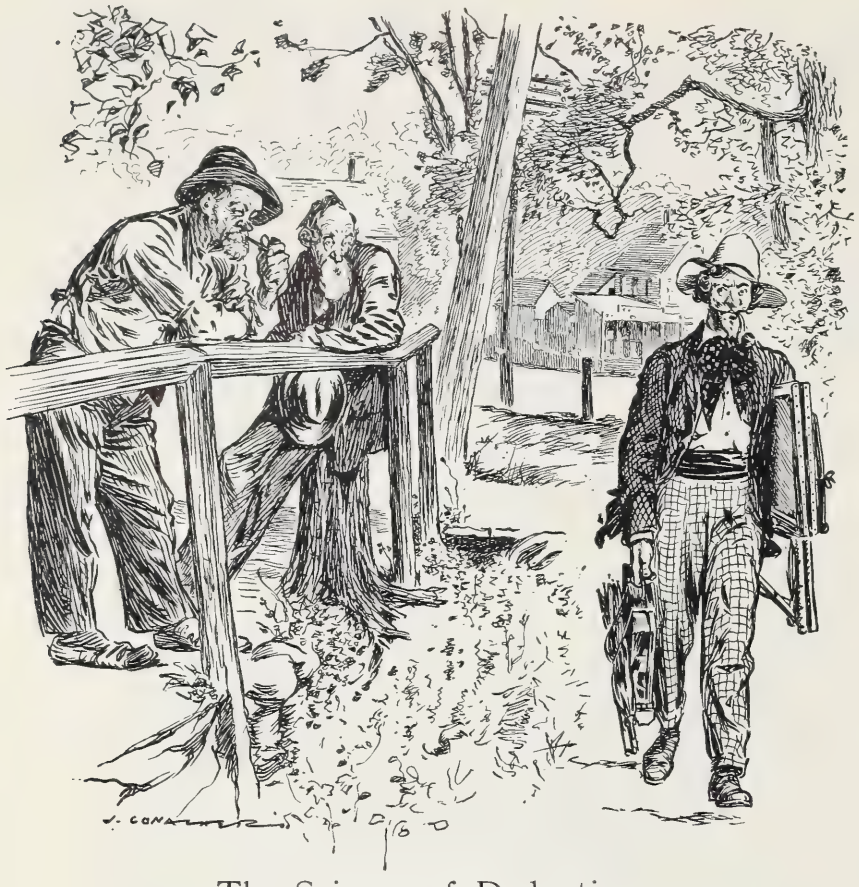
WHEN Myron brought home his monthly school report, it made a very poor showing.

"This is very unsatisfactory," said his father, looking over the report, "I am not at all pleased with it."

"I knew you wouldn't be," answered Myron. "I told the teacher so, but she said she couldn't change it."



The Flirtation



The Science of Deduction

"Bet ye that lad's an artist."
"Yep, ye kin tell by the spot
o' yeller paint on 'is sleeve."

A Wise Lad

THE pupils of various schools in Baltimore were recently vaccinated, and when each boy had been attended to, the physicians gave him a red ribbon bearing the words "I have been vaccinated," to wear on his coat-sleeve. One lad proceeded to adjust the ribbon to his left arm.

"You're putting it on the wrong arm," said a physician.

"No, I'm not," said the wise youth. "You don't know the boys at our school."

Where He Wanted It

IN certain parts of our far West, where without irrigation the cultivators of the land would be in a bad way indeed, the light rains that during the growing season fall from time to time, are appreciated to a degree that is unknown in the East.

Last summer a fruit-grower who owns fifty acres of orchards was rejoicing in one of these precipitations of moisture, when his hired man came into the house.

"Why don't you stay in out of the rain?" asked the fruit-man.

"I don't mind a little dew like this," said the man. "I can work along just the same."

"Oh, I'm not talking about that," exclaimed the fruit-man. "The next time it rains, you come into the house. I want that water on the land!"

Not Exactly What He Meant

A DISTINGUISHED English actor, who is an authority on miracle plays, and whose services are often enlisted by schools and seminaries in this connection, tells of such a production made under the auspices of a New York educational institution.

The youthful performers had been coached by the producer to preserve the old English pronunciation of the final "e" in words like "hedde" and "roote." This led, however, to a moment of embarrassment when a group of young women appeared on the stage in the guise of shepherds, wearing kirtles.

They were speaking of the long evenings in the part of the country wherein they were supposed to be, and one of them, in the most naïve way, said:

"These nighties are far too long."

Quite So

"IF there were four flies on the table and I should kill one, how many would be left?" inquired the teacher.

"One," answered a bright little girl—"the dead one."



A Stroke o' the Pen

His Varying Title

AN old fellow attached to an Episcopal church in New England took a friend into his confidence as to the triviality of the title by which he should be designated.

"Well," said he, "the old church goes on the same, although it does change its expressions at time. Look at me. I used to be the janitor. Then along comes a parson who calls me the sextant. The next minister says I am the virgin; and the young man that's here now calls me the sacrilege. It's all a matter of taste."

Was He Joking?

A NEWSPAPER woman of Washington, who frequently seeks the advice of an employee at the Carnegie Library for sources of information wherefrom to obtain material for "features," says that she doesn't know whether, on this particular occasion, the employee was joking or whether he was ignorant.

"I want," said the newspaper woman, "to write a paper on the old cities of Florida."

"How about the *Confessions of St. Augustine* to begin with?" asked the employee.

Tough on the Boy

A SAD story is told by a Pennsylvania man of a lad in his town who, like many another boy, has been obliged to wear the cast-off clothing of his father.

One afternoon this lad was discovered in tears. "What's the trouble, my boy?" asked the man who tells the story.

"Why," explained the youngster, between sobs, "pop has gone and shaved his face clean, and now I s'pose I'll have to wear all them red whiskers."

Just a Matter of Feeling

DINAH, when asked why she had not put on mourning for a recently deceased admirer, replied, "Law, miss, I just thought dis way, what's the use, he's there and I'm here."



"Been out of work for six months? Dear me! How were you employed before that?"
"I posted a letter fer a gent."

A Definition

THREE ladies had planned a drive together, but when the hour appointed came one of them asked to be excused on the score of an attack of indigestion. Her companions expressed their disappointment and sympathy, but the elder of them insisted that the excuse was insufficient.

"You shouldn't let yourself be governed by such ideas," she said. "It is really all as you think. What is indigestion, anyway?"

The third lady, wishing to avoid the apparently impending discussion on mental control of illness, broke in quickly.

"Indigestion," she said, "is the failure to adjust a square meal to a round stomach."

Inclusive

THE following announcement concluded an account of a wedding in a small Massachusetts town:

"The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, besides many other beautiful things in cut-glass."



THE GIRL: *What a dreadful person! I wonder who he is?*
THE MAN: *I give it up. He behaves like a Taxidermist.*

Supernatural

MOTHER entered the room just in time to see four-year-old Verna knock her older brother down.

"Verna, how could you do such a thing!"

"The Lord gave me strength," Verna proudly replied.

Several

"WHAT new dishes have you had since you have had your new French cook?" asked Mrs. Squire of a friend whom she met one morning.

"Oh, a whole new dinner-set," replied the other, "and several pieces of cut glass, and she's only been with us about a week."

Inexperienced

ONE day Mr. Smith went to buy a bushel of buckwheat for sowing. The man who sold the wheat was away, but the wife undertook to make the sale. She found a peck measure, and they went to the granary.

She filled the measure twice, poured the contents into the bag, and began to tie it up.

"But, Mrs. Lawton," said the man, "it takes four pecks to make a bushel."

"Oh, does it?" replied the woman, untying the bag. "Well, you see, I never had any experience in measuring grain before I was married. I always taught school."

A Well-dressed Damozel

BY SARAH REDINGTON

THE well-dressed damosel leaned back
In her chair as the clock struck seven.
The twilight showed her room upset,
(It looked unfurnished, even).
She gazed about, and yawned three times,
And said, "'Most done, thank Heaven!"

Her bed, unmade from mattress up,
Was sure a sight forlorn,
The hemstitch from the fair white sheets
For blouse revers was torn,
And blanket thick and soft was now
A polo coat, new born.

It was a towel-rack she fixed
Her tired gaze upon;
All incomplete its burden was,
Bath towels there were none.
(She made of them a mushroom hat
To shield her from the sun.)

And still she planned, for still, her seemed,
She hadn't done enough.
She might, from cushions on the couch,
Construct a modish muff.
Yea, and from Persian rugs a bag
To hold her powder-puff.

"I'm very glad I thought of this,
For 'twas full time," said she.
"Have I not found it costs a lot
A well-dressed girl to be?
So why not take my household goods
To make glad rags for me?"

She gazed and thought, and then she said
(Not sure that she could call
Her new idea practical),
"It mightn't do at all,
But cute? Oh my!" and then she felt
The paper on the wall.

(I saw her frown.) The paperers
Had done a tidy job.
She could not, from those flowered lengths,
Tear off the merest gob.
It would not make her dancing shoes!
She wept. (I heard her sob.)



Painting by W. H. D. Koerner Illustration for "The Spite Fence"

WITHIN THE LITTLE HOUSE SAT JOHN ADAM AND JOHN HENRY

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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A Bay of Biscay Watering-place

BY HARRISON RHODES

DRESSED in white flannels and at his ease beneath a sheltering tree, the sentimental tourist may seem to the idle, indigenous promenader by the seaside only another idler. He is in reality an impassioned collector of watering-places, excitedly examining his latest acquisition, and having, like all other collectors, an exaggerated idea of its value and inner significance. As wise art critics pretend to see the history of a century in an ivory statuette, or the soul of a people in a peachblow vase, so, he would maintain, can he reconstruct the whole character of a modern nation's civilization from the colors its women wear at the casino, or the castles its nice, barefoot children build upon the sands. He warms himself in both the sun and the consciousness that he is a discriminating philosopher. And his method, among many pleasant methods of enjoying the world's pleasant places, may be recommended as perhaps the pleasantest.

But the tourist thus turned philosopher must be prepared for rude surprises—for summer capitals which decline to be in the least what he expected them to be. He must, to take at once a striking and agreeable example, be ready for San Sebastian and for some revision of his ideas of Spain.

The American especially, since the late unpleasantness, is apt to incline to decent sympathy with a vanquished antagonist, to think, perhaps with a tinge of sentimental melancholy, of a once proud power sitting weary and disheveled among her ancient splendors. For such a point of view San Sebastian is invigorating and tonic, a revolutionary watering-place. If Spain be indeed gone to seed, it is the oddest thing that her favorite summer resort should be almost the neatest, trimmest, spick-and-spannest, most prosperous-looking seaside place in Europe. At the station the sun shines, a cabman in a bright scarlet Basque cap gaily cracks his whip and drives you across a magnificent bridge spanning the river Urumea, through clean, well-built streets, and—if you have not engaged rooms already and choose to arrive and hunt for them at the height of the bull-fighting and bathing season — to many well-equipped and well-crowded hotels, where prices seem singularly ill adapted to an impoverished clientele, and indeed to the American visitor might possibly seem some slight revenge inflicted upon him for the loss of Cuba. The excellent Mr. Baedeker, whom it is always a pleasure to quote, remarks somewhat darkly that the prices at San Sebastian are "relatively high." It might be a waste of time to ask to what they are relative. They are probably no worse than those of any fashionable place in mid-August; the point is that the Spanish people are amply able to support a favorite and

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THE CASINO LOOKS OUT UPON THE CURVING CONCHA AND THE BLUE BAY

expensive marine resort unaided by the foreigner.

San Sebastián—the accent is hard on the last syllable—is, by contrast with most of the European *plages,* strikingly national in character; Spanish to the core. A few French who have interests or connections in the Peninsula come to it, and from Biarritz, just across the border, by train or motor an occasional gay party for the day. Along the pretty, curving promenade by the water you may chance to hear a little French spoken. But although all extremely correct Spanish children, like all other extremely correct Continental children, have English governesses, and *la Miss,* always so spoken of, does indeed exist, as well as an occasional diplomat transferred from Madrid to the summer capital, still you might easily lounge a week there without detecting English or German, the two tongues which have made almost all other European watering-places a welter of cosmopolitanism.

France is perhaps the barrier which turns back the German invasion, while the fear of extreme summer heat undoubtedly keeps off the English. It is said that these latter come at Eastertime, and it would be worth while seeing them, a hardy race, plunging into an

icy spring-time sea. San Sebastian has, or aspires to have, an all-year season; for the present we shall consider it a summer place, unvexed by Britons. The English, with a fleet, captured and destroyed the town in 1813; they have not destroyed it since—neither with tourists' tickets nor with any of the artillery which has laid waste so many fair Continental pleasure-grounds. San Sebastian sparkles for Spain alone—for Spain, that is, and for all the great Spanish countries beyond the sea.

Spanish-Americans have begun to pervade the world, but nowhere is it so interesting to see them as in Spain, where there is something almost romantically fine in their feeling that, though the Peninsula is no longer the proud mistress of the Americas, it is still in some sense the center of the Spanish world, to which they, children of the West, must come from time to time in pleasant pilgrimage. The most elegant and lovely Mexicans, Cubans, Uruguayans, Argentinians, Chilians, Peruvians, may all be seen upon San Sebastian's promenades. They blossom in amazing Paris frocks, jewels of great value, strange accents, and a pleasant, varied freshness and joy of life which seems to invigorate the town—and to fill the hotel-keepers' pockets. Perhaps one cannot, after all, deny to San Sebastian the title of the Spanish cosmopolis.

On the map, the great chain of the Pyrenees as it reaches triumphantly from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic seems to end at the latter sea, but the eye is deceived by the deeper coloring with which the printer has marked the international boundary. A range of lesser mountains sweeps westward along the north coast of Spain, toward that distant and unknown Galicia and that famous shrine of St. James at Compostella, the resort, through the centuries, of pious pilgrims wearing the traditional scallop-shell upon their hats. Looking south from either of the hills which guard the entrance to the bay at San Sebastian, you can see the green, fertile country rise to uplands of heather, bracken, and the scented pines, and beyond, in the blue distance, to the somber, high range behind which lies the stern and savage central plateau stretching to Madrid. This northern slope is the Basque country, inhabited by that inexplicable race once thought to be the one remnant of the earlier Europeans which had withstood the Aryan invasion. It is a land rich in corn-fields and pasture-lands, filled with trim, happy villages, and intersected by smooth, hard, white roads; it is, they say, the prettiest country-side in Spain. A rocky line of cliffs gallantly meets the winter storms of the Bay of Biscay, and breaks the onset of the small waves of the summer sea.

Some twenty miles beyond the frontier,



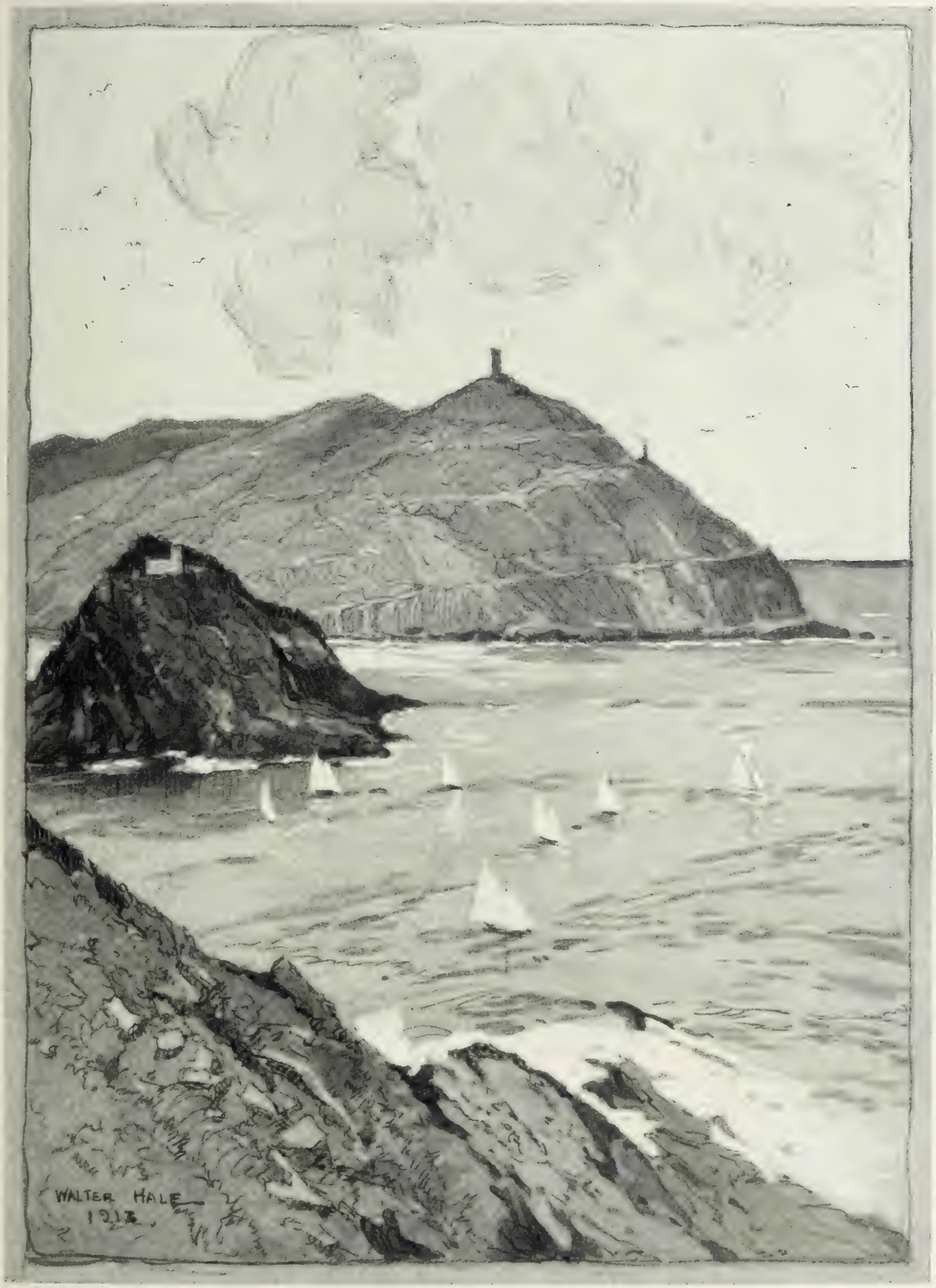
THE BEACH OF SHELLS

as one comes from France, this coast is broken by the little promontory of Monte Urgull, green with pines and crowned by a fortress, lying between two bays; into the easternmost one, pleasantly crescent-shaped, runs the small river Urumea. Any other place in the world might be satisfied with such a bay and such a little river. But west and north, to its left, San Sebastian has another bay, quite the prettiest that can be imagined anywhere in the world. Between the fort-capped hill, Urgull, and a balder promontory, Igueldo, the sea sweeps inland in an almost perfect circle of blue water. The narrow entrance is barred by the little island of Santa Clara, bearing its light-house and its green trees; glimpses of the open sea and passing ships are through narrow gaps, and only in the greatest storms do the waves reach the sands of the beach in unbroken force. Under the shadow of Monte Urgull, behind a jetty, is the little port, where a few fishing-boats and small coasting-steamers lie. Here some shabby, picturesque houses face the waterside, and a little bit is seen of the old town—not so very old at that—huddled under the hill. But the best part of the shore is the beach, the famous Playa la Concha, stretching to Monte Igueldo in a long curve from the Casino, past the royal villa of Miramar on the small, green point which alone breaks into the perfect circle of the bay's shore.



THE CHURCH AT HERNANI

This is the real San Sebastian; the sands, the bathing-machines hauled by patient oxen, below; above, the long, trim promenade, planted with a miraculous kind of little pine-trees with the fluffiest, featheriest kind of needles, clipped in that agreeable way of trees abroad, so that they make a sort of light-green lace parasol along the whole front. Along the curves are hotels and villas, and here and there a broader parkage. The front is very neat and trim, very gay, very green and white and gold. The railing over which one leans to gaze upon the incomparable bay is painted white and borne on posts of white-gray stone. The pretty bathing establishment, La Perla—The Pearl of the Ocean—is of white stone, too; and the enchanting Caseta Real, the tiny Royal Pavilion, to which they come from Miramar to be near the beach and the promenade, is a jeweler's trinket of marble and gilt. La Perla contains a café, a restaurant, a morning concert-hall, Turkish and Russian baths, and white-tiled dressing-rooms equipped with mirrors, seats, and hot and cold fresh-water taps, such as one visitor at least has never seen elsewhere provided for simple bathers in the sea. And the Caseta Real, with gold sea-horses rearing gaily on its roof and the royal banner of Spain floating bravely over it, is the ideal plaything for a smiling, democratic young king, who likes his people to



Drawn by Walter Hale

THE SEA SWEEPS INLAND IN A CIRCLE OF BLUE



LOOKING SOUTH ON THE PUENTA DE SANTA CATALINA

see that he enjoys their pet watering-place as much as they do.

The presence of royalty is pleasantly pervasive at San Sebastian, but never overawing. The royal palace of Miramar, if you like to use so splendid a phrase, is, in fact, a very modest residence—it would attract no great attention in any self-respecting suburb of a prosperous American city. From it his Majesty descends often to go motoring, motor-boating, strolling along the Concha, or visiting at the boat-like building of the Nautical Club, quite as might any other happy, good-natured young fellow. The Queen-mother takes walks and looks in at the shops. The Queen goes driving. And the royal children are familiarly and frequently seen in a kind of confusion of nurses and governesses, drawn in an open carriage by four magnificent mules. If royal cousins or ducal relations happen to be staying a few days at any of the San Sebastian hotels, their various majesties are apt to drop in for a quiet family meal. Of course, there is a strip of red carpet laid down the front steps, and of course the small page-boys of the hotel have fresh, white gloves with an air of carrying the affairs of the whole nation upon their narrow shoulders. Otherwise there is little extra formality beyond that which even our own simple American taste would consider due to the head of a country, be he King or President.

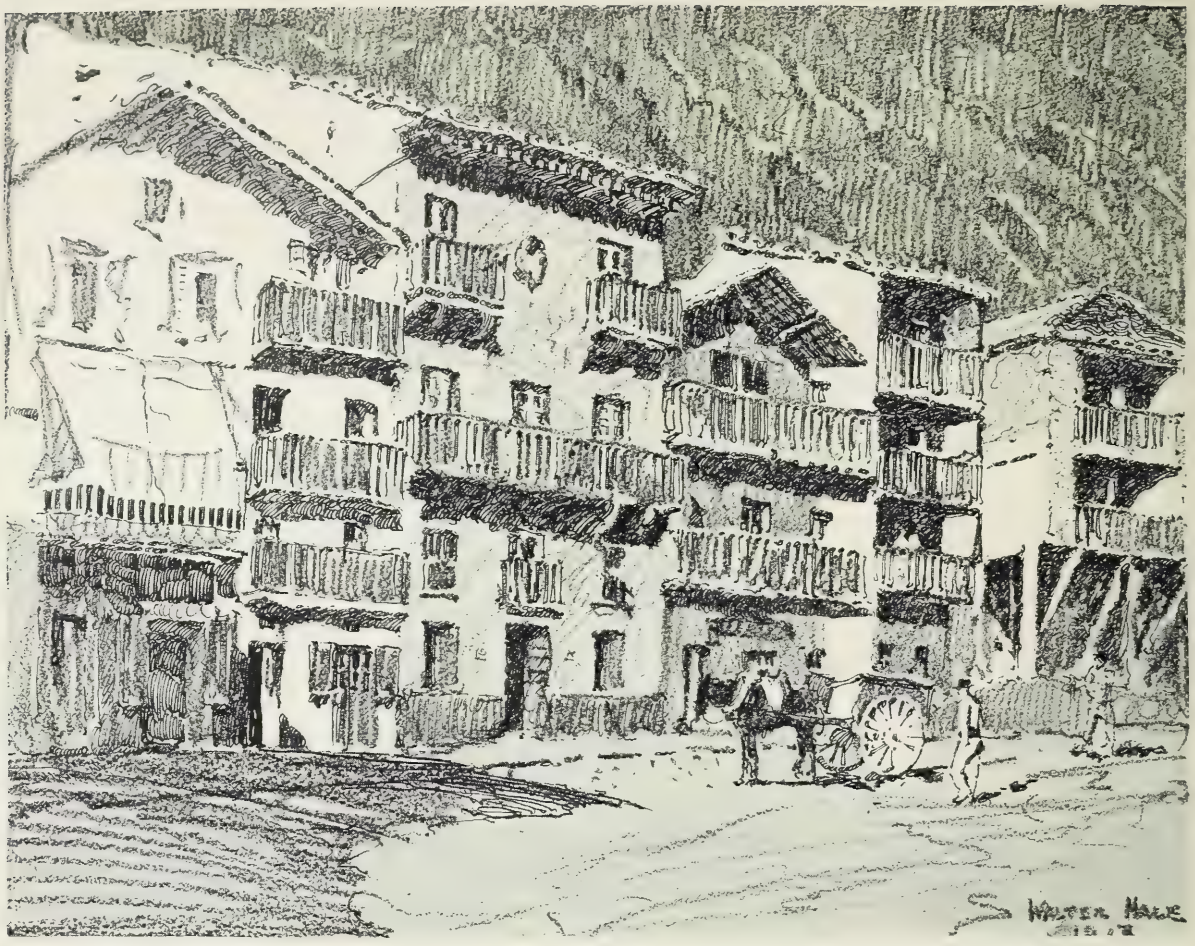
Certain occasions, happily for the visitor, demand greater splendor. If the King goes in state to the bull-fight or to some great function in the gloomy, great Church of Santa Maria in the old town —events, in Spain, of almost equal importance and solemnity—crowds gather in the streets, and his Majesty clatters

by, accompanied by the most dashing soldiery of the Peninsula, the Guardia Civil. Whenever in the harbor you see a motor-boat cut the waters at extra speed, or in the green country for fifty miles around see an automobile whiz by at double the allowed pace, you know it is the young King. Indeed, most of the manifestations of *el sport* in San Sebastian may be traced to his influence, except bull-fighting, and the question may be for the moment left open whether this is actually *el sport*. His yacht lies in the bay, and around it on the numerous regatta days flutters a graceful butterfly fleet of small boats. Toward San Sebastian, his royal residence, competing motor-cars speed in great races from all the capitals of Europe. And the practitioners of the lawn-tennis, the football, the aviation, and the *sport hipico* are doubtless encouraged by the situation of their *campos* at the foot of his royal hill of Miramar. Perhaps even the hundreds of bathers springing to and fro in the blue sea sun themselves as well in his royal regard.

The bathing — more than that, the whole life of the Concha below the promenade—repays constant attention. The ebb tide leaves bare a wide crescent of sands; the flood often reaches to the very arches of the sea-wall, and then the many bathing-machines must be hauled under the shelter of the promenade, or more often upon it, up long inclined ways, where the patient gray oxen, which seem to spend their lives upon the beach, pull and strain. There is a delightful rustic peasant quality in this lower world of the sands. The best bathing is at La Perla, in the riotous luxury of mirrors and white-tiled dressing-rooms; the most characteristic is in one of the machines belonging to Lopez or Juana or Carmen, as your taste inclines. It is easy to imagine that this profession of keeping bathing-machines, of driving gray oxen, of drying towels, of perpetually mending bathing-suits, is one which stays in families and is handed down from generation to generation. Occasionally you can see a grandmother busily plying the needle, while a sturdy granddaughter, a teacher of swimming, is sousing some screaming pupil beneath the oncoming sea. It is a strong, wholesome, barelegged, sun-browned, agreeable



THE EBB TIDE LEAVES BARE A WIDE CRESCENT OF SANDS



The Plaza at Pasajes

race, with all the salt savor of this thrifty, self-respecting northern coast, and is, on the whole, the pleasantest sight on the sands.

The children, who spend the whole day there, are of course delightful, too—sands should not exist without children, and indeed rarely do. But, to the regret of an international beach-student, Spanish juvenile work in trench-digging and fort-building is never carried to that perfection which obtains in France. Interest in observing children at San Sebastian is apt to be, if one may avow it without shame, interest in looking at their nursemaids, glorified peasant girls, gorgeous with streaming ribbons and adorned with corals and gold and silver filigree earrings, hair-pins, and necklaces. Except on bull-fight days, when the streets grow gay with matadors and picadors on their way to the Plaza de Toros, the nurses and the red-capped cabmen are the brightest spots of color in the town.

Sometimes in the sun by the port and the old town you will find ancient mariners who have clung to the traditional costume of the Basque and Galician coast, and are in black broadcloth knickerbockers slit up from the knee and laced over an inner pair of white piqué. On their grizzled heads they knot silk handkerchiefs of a rich, deep purple or a somber crimson, when it is no great effort to fancy that they are venerable and respectably retired pirates lingering on from romantic, eighteenth-century days upon the Spanish Main. And when you hear them mumbling that strange Basque language or queer dialects of Spanish, you feel that romance is not all in costume.

The humbler part of San Sebastian's female population preserves one definite national appurtenance of costume, the mantilla, which, though it is nowadays often reduced to a mere wisp of black veiling, is still pleasantly picturesque. And its blackness is more truly the national color than the brighter, swaggering red and yellow of the royal banners. In all walks of life in Spain black dresses

are incredibly common. It is not France's crêpe; across the border that would be comprehensible, for the rules of French mourning are so strict that respectable ladies of the *bourgeoisie* may be discovered, the death of whose remotest cousins by marriage has kept them for decades continuously in the garb of woe. Black at San Sebastian is apt to mean black satin, also Spanish lace, and hats with tossing black plumes. At the Casino you will often see groups of a dozen black-garbed ladies, and occasionally on the promenade pass handsome creatures in odd black-satin cloaks, like figures in some nineteenth-century carnival.

The most curious note of black, however, is the robes of the numerous priests, young and old, who are always lounging along the front or strolling through the Alameda and its neighboring streets. The sight surprises you, because you are not apt to think of priests as having holidays, least of all as passing them in any place agreeable to the laity. We are accustomed to the sight of English vicars and curates fairly swamping the Continent, but we flatteringly attribute to the Roman clergy a constant slavery to duty. Here at San Sebastian, though they thriftily hear the music at the Casino from the park outside—thus saving the admission fee and avoiding the temptations of the *petits chevaux* tables—and certainly do not frequent the most expensive hotels and restaurants, priests have quite the air of enjoying themselves. Spain is still *the* Catholic country of Europe, and the clerical black gowns fluttering in the sea-breeze deepen the philosophical tourist's conviction that San Sebastian is Spain in little. Even the sight of the same black gowns at the bull-fight does not disturb this conviction, though it may indeed provoke, as the French would say, more furious thought.

The Plaza de Toros, a smart, new arena in the Moorish style, stands on a slight elevation beyond the river. From here and there in the town you are always catching glimpses of it, always remembering in consequence the national sport. Bull-fights are indeed the events of the San Sebastian season; there is no blinking that fact, whether it be agreeable or otherwise. They supply the pomp and pageantry of the year. There is a great bull-fight at Easter-time, a gala fortnight in August, and indeed all through the season the sands of the arena are kept red. On the days of a *corrida de toros* the streets are alive with crowds on their way to and from the plaza, with other crowds standing patiently to watch and envy them. Half the buildings of the town are gay with scarlet and yellow bunting. The cab-drivers with the red Basque caps crack their whips and raise their prices. The hotel restaurants are filled to overflowing; the town, in short, seething with excitement. Gaudily harnessed mules, which will later drag out the victims—or heroes, if you prefer—of the bull-ring, prance noisily through the streets toward the Plaza. Picadores sturdily seated on their horses pass by, and among the stream of carriages an occasional cab conveys a group of matadors in shining, spangled satin cloaks, or a bevy of ladies from Seville, who wear their gay Andalusian costume, and will later hang their wonderful embroidered silk shawls over their box's rail for the encouragement of the southern fighters who have come to compete here in the north. San Sebastian is on parade on bull-fight days as at no other time.

There is here no intention to describe the sport itself; that has been done too often and too well already, and bull-fights are much the same everywhere in Spain. Nor is there here any wish to defend the pastime. That is a problem which does not concern San Sebastian, and it is wholly with San Sebastian and its point of view that we are concerned. On those gala days mothers and fathers take their little children to the Plaza de Toros to see the bulls and horses killed, tutors and even priests conduct boys thither, and one is almost prepared to believe that the head mistresses of girls' schools lead thither lines of their tender charges. Bull-fighting seems to the Spanish quite the diversion for young people, like matinées of "Peter Pan." It may be that the many educational establishments which exist at San Sebastian are popular because they offer not only good education, but good air and good bull-fighting. The foreigner, perhaps unsympathetic with the sport itself, may find it odd that

the big *corridas* take place on the great religious festivals. He may smile cynically to observe, for example, how the natural satisfaction attendant in August upon the recurrent anniversary of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin is tempered by equally natural distress caused by Bombita of Bilboa, or some other famous matador's having been tossed by a bull. (He will do well to remember Christmas at home, often celebrated by an extra matinée of the burlesque company.) But whether he goes to the bull-fight or not, he will like the crowds and the excitement.

Excitement is a word to be written perhaps with reservations. Spanish crowds have the extraordinary faculty of being noisy and yet grave. The bull-fight breaks down some of the national reserve; all other pleasures are enjoyed with dignity. To take but one example, there are often, on August evenings, the prettiest imaginable fireworks upon the Concha. The terrace of the Casino is crammed with a well-dressed mob, and the open parkage of the front well filled on all such occasions. But bursting rockets may fill the sky with multi-colored stars, and set pieces of flower in golden sparks along the curving shore without once eliciting from the crowds the catch in the breath and the prolonged ejaculations which are almost universally recognized as the inevitable accompaniment of pyrotechnical display. Gravely the crowds gather and gravely they disperse. The thing to be noticed especially is that there are crowds, and that to be in a crowd is, for the frequenters of San Sebastian, most desirable.

Nowhere else in the world, surely, is the "promenade" in and for itself recognized as so adequate a pleasure. Nowhere else do people promenade in their best clothes, the happier the more closely their condition approximates that of the traditional sardine. There are band mornings in August on the Alameda, an attractive oblong park, with shops, hotels, cafés, and clubs around it, when the scene, one may quite venture to say, "beggars description." The cafés and clubs are jammed, and on the other side of the *allée* at least six rows of chairs are packed solidly with an eighth of a mile of female elegance. Between these slowly flow two solid, well-dressed streams, if one may employ the phrase, literally crawling up and down, at something less than the pace of, say, molasses or lava. The shuffling of feet and the general hum of talk most happily drown the music, except for the few thousands who are also promenading on the central gravel nearer the band-stand, where in spite of themselves they catch occasional fortissimo passages. As has been hinted, the music is not the attraction; it is merely the excuse for being in a crowd. Music at the Casino is likewise merely an excuse for being in a crowd upon the terrace.

Indeed, considering the Casino itself broadly and philosophically, it is perhaps always merely an excuse for a crowd. The Casino you may read about in advertisements hanging in all the wagon-restaurants of the Continent. It magnificently announces that it is open all the year round, which is true, and that it offers all the attractions of the great casinos of Europe, which is far from true. It offers singularly few attractions, but that, it cannot be too emphatically said, is nothing against it, for it provides in its lovely terrace, looking upon the curving Concha and the blue bay, quite the prettiest possible setting for the promenade of the prettiest women of Spain and the Spanish Americas. The Casino terrace, like the Alameda, becomes at times a mere treadmill for close-packed crowds, but crowds of the most satisfactory character to the tourist.

In every other casino of the Continent you see occasional shabby people rubbing elbows with the best dressed, even peasants and day-laborers making the most of a holiday, and on the terraces of Trouville-Deauville this is often amusing, characteristic, and picturesque. But it would not be to the Spanish taste. The entrance fee to the San Sebastian Casino is never very high; it must therefore be the Spanish dignity, sense of fitness, and decorum which make it out of the question that any one not suitably attired for the terrace should wish to be upon it. The result is the most uniformly well-dressed crowd in Europe. There are perhaps none of those epoch-making examples of the dressmaker's or tailor's art which are occasionally seen nearer Paris

and London, but every one is presentably smart—one thinks again ironically of the sympathy for decrepit Spain with which one arrived. And the women are far more than presentably good-looking, perhaps not always quite in the highly colored, romantic, and melodramatic mantilla-red-flower-and-fan kind of way one's youthful fancy once painted when one first longed for Spain, but, yes, good-looking, and often really beautiful. The men have distinction rather than good looks—and are possibly to be congratulated upon the fact. For some tastes perhaps the large Hapsburg nose, a fashion that the King sets, is too generally worn by the younger gentlemen, but their fathers adhere, many of them, to the statelier, more finely chiseled, more traditionally Spanish type of face. The men all wear their clothes admirably.

San Sebastian is a *playa de familias,* a family sea-beach. Its general tone is equably domestic. The terrace of the Casino is gay with bevies of young girls promenading together, while their mothers peacefully watch them from chairs near by. Ladies of excessively gay plumage only rarely disturb the serene respectability of the promenade. The balls, which occasionally take place, are as mild in tone as those at an American seaside hotel, and even the *petits chevaux* tables, which go on successfully afternoon and evening, seem by comparison with *petits chevaux* tables at other places almost like centers of home life. This may all sound dull, but it is not meant to. In fact, it may safely be asserted that the most jaded frequenter of watering-places will have his pulses stirred by the sight of the San Sebastian Casino terrace of a fine August evening, from seven to eight, at the hour of tea.

Tea will, to some readers, seem a little late. But any such mild surprise is nothing in comparison to the perturbed condition of the ordinary visitor's mind during his first day or two at San Sebastian, before he learns to know the ropes. Then he will give up trying to dine when he should be having tea. He will realize that if he leaves the Casino fairly promptly by half-past eight he can dress and dine, if it is an early dinner, by half-past nine, and so be back at the Casino by half-past ten or eleven, fresh to begin the evening. There has been for years a prevalent theory that the English invented late dining. Perhaps they invented it, but they have since dealt with it in a half-hearted and cowardly way, while the Latin races, and preeminently Spain, have, as it were, dined their way to the very front rank of fashion. San Sebastian is a lesson to simpler Anglo-Saxons. The dinner-hour, of course, varies. In the quieter hotels a few people, probably invalids, do go in by nine—a little early; a few incredibly smart people cannot touch food before ten-thirty—a little late. But the average nine-thirty to nine-forty-five, it is submitted, puts Spain a good hour or two ahead of the rest of the world.

The day begins more normally than it ends, with excellent coffee at the usual hour, and an agreeable stroll to the shops to look at fans, lace, or damascene-work, to the Concha to hear the concert at La Perla, or to observe the bathers. By comparison with the same thing in France, Italy, or Germany, observation of the bathers is, if one may put it that way, a commendable and respectable occupation rather than a bewildering, even equivocal, pleasure. For female costume clings still to gray flannel and mid-Victorian modes, ungainly and more than adequately protective. Still the beach, the port, the promenade, all are quite enough for those idle morning hours when sun, fresh air, a pretty view, and the Madrid paper are all one asks for comfort. Eventually lunch comes, ordinarily a good lunch, a kind of happy meeting of France and Spain in the generously rich and full-bodied cuisine which you always find in a fat, prosperous southern country. There are Spanish wines, too, strong but wholesome, tasting of the vine-clad hills and sunny valleys of the Peninsula. And excellent cigars, if you like, from that late-revolted colony of Cuba, which, in spite of its political separation, is bound by so many commercial ties to its Peninsular parent. The afternoon, in short, begins happily.

Of course, the ideal San Sebastian afternoon contains a bull-fight. Other afternoons will, however, contain much that the rude and untutored foreigner may like quite as well. There are excursions by funicular railways to the

pretty little mountains near by, where cafés and tea-houses crown the summits, odd, suspended railways cross the gorges, and the eye plunges delightedly into long views of the rocky coast, the blue ranges rising in the misty southern distances, and the little jewel of San Sebastian below sitting on its peninsula between its sapphire bays. There are motor trips over hard, white roads and through green valleys to simpler seaside places, to pretty, toy-like villages, or to old provincial towns, where there are streets of the decaying, gloomy palaces of the Basque nobility, now inhabited by the peasantry. There is *pelota—jai alai,* they call it in Havana—the exciting, indigenous version of tennis. There are regattas when the bay is a-flutter with white sails, and motor-boat races. There is the horse show. There is the lawn-tennis. In September there is the football. The latter may provoke a smile in the American reader, but sport, like everything else, is relative, and the sentimental tourist has found almost as great pleasure in attending the opening match of the Venetian football season as he ever had in going to some of the great intercollegiate games of this sturdier north. There is the aviation; in fact, all the rich treasures of *el sport.* There is, too, the old town, with its deserted squares and its odd little shops. And there is always, happily, the Concha and the promenade beneath its feathery pines, and at last, when six o'clock has come, again the Casino, with its music, its crowds, its lovely ladies, and its little horses. The sun sinks behind the green hills, the white sails in the harbor flutter to anchorage, the blue bay changes to evening colors, the lights come out along the curving Concha and flash in the Casino towers, and gentle little waves break in friendly fashion on the sands. It is night in Spain, and in the gayest, prettiest corner of that romantic land.

In a Rose Garden

BY AMORY HARE COOK

I SOMETIMES wonder if the roses grow
  Faint-hearted in the blinding summer sun,
Waiting the slow, unerring hand of time,
  The grief of petals falling one by one.

I wonder if they envy dandelions
  Who spring to deepest being in a day,
And who, like little stars come down from heaven,
  So riotously bloom and haste away.

I thought a frail rose murmured low to-day,—
  "Ah! when the first brief brilliancy is gone,
To be dispersed upon the flying breeze!
  Whirled with a song into oblivion!"



The Spite Fence

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

THE great wind whirled upon Millerstown in November. The fall had been open. John Henry Leidigh did not pack his celery away in his cemented celery-pit until the 15th of the month, and then Lizzie, his wife, laughed at him because he worked late at night, by lantern-light. Lizzie stood between two of the slanting supports of the tremendous fence which divided the property of John Henry from that of his neighbor and brother, John Adam. She was a short, round, pretty woman, with flying, curly hair and a discontented mouth. She stood with her arms akimbo and her apron blowing about her. She had come to call John Henry to his supper.

"Just feel this warm air once! It isn't going to make anything down to-night! Come on, John Henry!"

John Henry's head lifted from the celery-pit. He had bright eyes and a firm mouth; not much more could be seen of him in the dim light.

"I'm busy to-morrow. I have to drive to town. You know I have to drive to town. And by to-morrow evening we will have a big storm."

Lizzie said no more. She had conquered John Henry in the one great struggle of their lives; since then, in matters which concerned them both, John Henry had had his way. Lizzie ran across the yard, out of the black shadow of the enormous fence which stretched up and up far beyond the circle of the lantern-light. She ate her supper alone, then she prepared to go to a cottage prayer-meeting. Lizzie and her husband were Lutherans. Her husband's brother and his wife on the other side of the great fence had left the Lutheran Church and had become Evangelicals. Neither of the men, however, attended service regularly.

When Lizzie had finished eating, she covered the bread and cake with a cloth and put the steak and fried potatoes in the warming-oven and pushed the coffee to the back of the stove. Then she went to the Fackenthals' to prayer-meeting.

The night was clear and starlit. The air was crisp but not cold; it had begun to seem as though winter might actually have forgotten the latitude of Millerstown.

"To-morrow will be a fine day," Lizzie said to herself. "I don't care what he says about it."

Lizzie was right. The morning dawned clear, and there was no frost. The zinnias and chrysanthemums and cosmos still bloomed abundantly, and even the nasturtiums had not been nipped. John Henry Leidigh was a gardener and truck-raiser by profession, and he had remarkable skill with all growing things.

By noon there was a light haze in the west. Lizzie took one of her husband's horses, and with Susannah Kuhns drove to the mountain for life-everlasting to add to the bouquets of dried grasses and grains with which she decorated her

parlor mantelpiece; and they rode without hats or wraps. Lizzie had no children; she was free to come and go as she liked.

At supper-time she reminded John Henry that his prophecy had not come true. John Henry, who was a silent person, did not answer. He rose from the table and lit his pipe and went across to the little house where he kept his gardening tools and bulbs and flower-pots and the various instruments of his trade. In the little house was a small heating plant from which John Henry warmed his green-houses, and a desk at which he read or figured or pored over flower catalogues. He did not like to be interrupted; if any one knocked he was a long time answering, and the interloper, even if it was his wife, was made to feel that a great liberty had been taken. The enormous fence extended from the front of the lot backward for about a hundred and fifty feet, and the little house stood close to it at its farther extremity.

When John Henry opened the door to go out, the great wind came in. It lifted the corner of the tablecloth and blew it into the dish of apple-butter; it whirled a newspaper round the floor; it sent the glass of spills crashing from the chimney-shelf to the hearth.

Lizzie cried out, "Ach, John Henry!" as though John Henry were to blame. Again John Henry did not answer; he pulled the door shut with great effort and went across to his little garden-house.



SHE HAD COME TO CALL JOHN HENRY TO HIS SUPPER

The sky was overcast, and there was a greenish light upon it from the lingering glow of the sunset. The elm-tree creaked as it did only in a very high wind, and the air seemed already filled with things in motion. The great storm had begun.

In springtime twenty years before, John Henry Leidigh had put his horse into the high, red-wheeled buggy which was his pride, and had driven to Spring Valley to court Lizzie Schaffer. He and his brother were orphans, and were singularly devoted to each other. The mating instinct, though it developed late, was strong, since it could separate the two men.

John Henry courted Lizzie Schaffer exactly a month; he knew his mind, and Lizzie knew hers even better. They went to housekeeping at once in the old Leidigh homestead at the north end of Main Street, and John Adam lived with them.

Lizzie was very good to John Adam. She was much set up over her good match.



WITH SUSANNAH KUHNS SHE DROVE TO THE MOUNTAIN

She had come from a quarrelsome family, and she had never been greatly sought after. She liked now to appear at church with John Henry on one side and John Adam on the other; it was almost as pleasant as it would have been to be a great belle in Spring Valley.

The next fall John Adam borrowed his brother's fine buggy and went courting also, and brought home Lizzie's sister, Anna, to his brother's house. Anna was older than Lizzie and not at all good-looking, and she resented in the Schaffer way the preferring of her younger sister to herself. The Pennsylvania Germans say, probably in allusion to some long-forgotten and certainly well-forgotten custom, that a younger sister who marries first makes her older sister "dance upon the pig-trough." Poor, homely Anna had had to endure a good deal of teasing.

In a little while John Adam's new house was finished. It was built upon the homestead land, between the homestead and the open country, and was naturally smaller and less handsome than the old house. It was probable that John Adam would never be as rich a man as John Henry. John Henry had a brighter mind, and his trade of gardening gave him more chance for enlargement than did that of John Adam, who was a carpenter.

The two brothers rejoiced that they could be so near.

"The women can see each other often," said John Adam, innocently. "Sisters must always talk together all the time."

"And I can read to you, like always," said John Henry. John Adam was slightly near-sighted; since they were children his brother had read to him.

For six months the two families lived peacefully. It seemed as though the natures of Lizzie and Anna had been changed and improved by their association with their husbands. They did their mending together, either in the dark, raftered kitchen of the old house, or in the bright, shining, much smaller kitchen of the new house. They even gave each other an occasional compliment.

"It certainly is nice to have so much room to move about, like you have, Lizzie."

Or, "You have everything so handy, Anna. And everything is so new and clean."

Once they spoke of their old life and of the quarrelsome brothers and sisters at home.

Near the little house in which John Henry kept his gardening tools John Adam built his workshop. The doors faced each other; when both men were at work, it was like being in one room. In the evenings John Henry read to John Adam as of old. Their wives began to go about; they joined church societies, and they made friends in the village. It was fortunate that the two men had each other. John Adam was not bright-eyed and firm-mouthed like his brother; he was weaker in character, and depended a great deal upon John Henry.

The summer after they were married Lizzie went to her husband with a complaint about her sister.

"She tells the people that she helps with my work. You tell him to tell her to stop it."

John Henry stared. "But she does help you. I saw her baking biscuit for you last week."

Lizzie blushed scarlet. "I hadn't the chance to learn at home like she had. But she needn't tell everybody."

"Whom did she tell?"

"Susannah. You are to tell him to tell Anna about it."

"I won't do anything of the kind!"

"You are on her side!" Lizzie burst out. She was not yet accustomed to keeping house, and she was tired. Now that her fine house and her position in Millerstown were beginning to seem less strange, her old ill temper was returning. She did not see that her husband looked at her as though he thought her mad.

"She was always ugly to me. She used to whip me when I was a little girl, and she was cross because she didn't get you, because she had to wait for your brother, John Adam; that is what is the matter with her."

"Don't talk so dumb!" said John Henry.

"It is so! it is so! I am just sorry for your poor brother."

It was not long before Lizzie said laughingly to some one that she had made Anna dance on the pig-trough, and the some one repeated it to Anna. Anna went furiously to John Adam.

"You tell your brother to make her stop," wept Anna. "I hate her!"

John Adam dropped knife and fork and gaped at his wife.

"What!" he said. "You hate your sister!"

"She was always ugly to me," wept Anna. "She had always the best because she was good-looking. She was always conceity over it. She never had to work like I did. She has a wicked tongue. I am just sorry for your poor brother that he married her. You must tell him to make her stop talking."

"I won't tell him anything," said John Adam. "You must settle this between yourselves." Perspiration stood upon John Adam's forehead. The very sound of an angry word terrified him.

Within another month the two sisters had ceased to speak to each other. They had often refused to speak for months at a time at home. To feminine Millerstown, after receiving promises that her confidence should be respected, Lizzie told her opinion of Anna. To feminine Millerstown, without exacting any promises, Anna told her opinion of Lizzie. Almost with the promptness of telegraphy the various opinions were reported to the various subjects. At John Henry, Lizzie stormed; at John Adam, Anna cried. Gradually John Henry and John Adam did not call to each other so frequently as they went about their work, and John Henry no longer read to John Adam every evening. Lizzie said that she could not be left alone, or Anna commanded John Adam to stay with her. The two brothers ceased to regard each other with the old placid, friendly gaze. The tie which had bound them had seemed eter-

nal, but here was this new tie which proved utterly incompatible with the other.

"Your brother says you cheated him in the division," said Lizzie to John Henry. "Anna counted it up to Susannah."

John Henry went to John Adam.

"Your wife says I cheated you. Is it true?"

John Adam was terrified at his brother's tone and at his brother's question. He did not know whether John Henry was asking whether he had cheated him, or only whether Anna had said that he had cheated him.

"Yes," he stammered, "that is, she said—I— Ach, John Henry!"

John Henry had gone. He was too angry to argue; the division had been just—indeed, he had given John Adam the advantage wherever he could. He did not speak to John Adam for a week, nor had John Adam sufficient courage to speak to him.

Helplessly John Adam sat about the house after his work was done. Suddenly one evening Anna began to cry.

"You could anyhow plant a few trees and bushes in the yard so I would not need to see her so plain. It spites me to see her. She has everything better than I."

John Adam promised to plant the trees. "John Henry will give them to me." He rejoiced over the prospect of having an errand with his brother. "He has fine trees."

"He doesn't have the right kind," objected Anna. "His grow too slow. You ought to get young shoots from the schoolhouse trees. They grow quick."

"But they have such an ugly smell in the spring; they—" Tall, homely Anna cried again. "I will get them! I will get them!" promised John Adam.



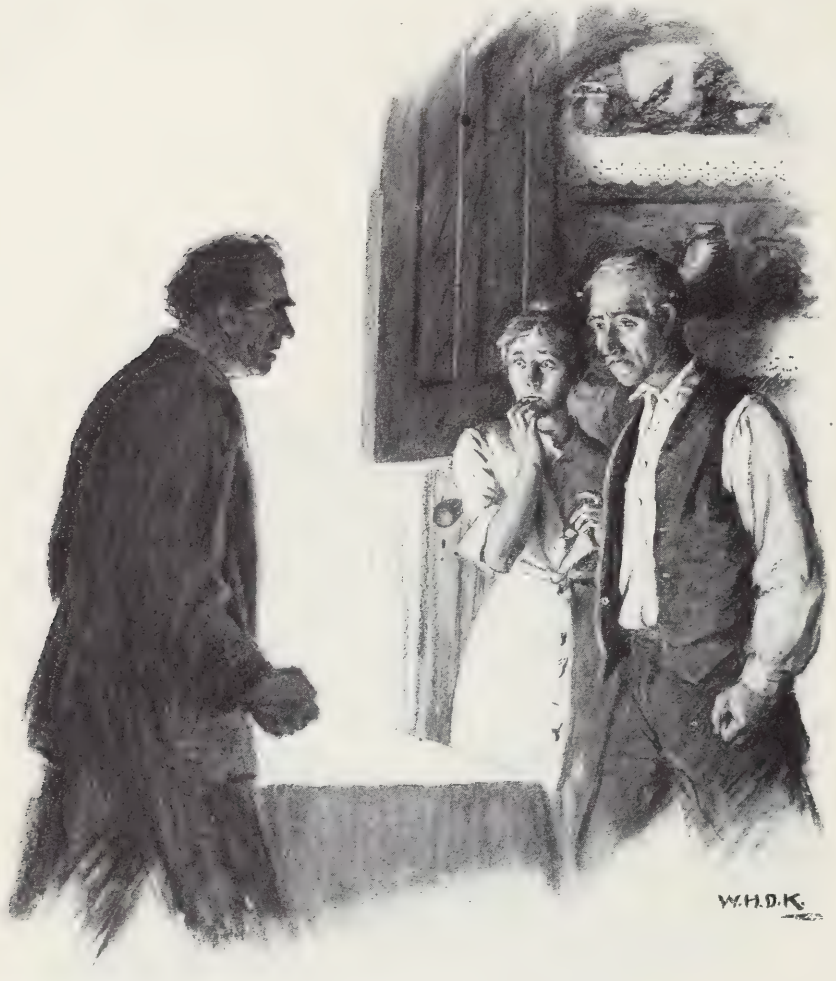
THEY DID THEIR MENDING TOGETHER

The next day John Adam brought the young ailanthus-trees from the schoolhouse yard and planted them on the smooth lawn. He knew that the shoots would spring up everywhere and that they would be a source of great trouble, but he made up his mind cheerfully to weed them out. Anna's temper had been better since he promised to plant the trees.

That evening John Henry visited John

Adam in his kitchen. John Henry was furiously angry. He had expected his brother to apologize for his cruel accusation of cheating; instead John Adam had insulted him and his wife.

"You will have to take those trees out," he commanded. "They are not fit trees. They poison Lizzie when they bloom. Anna knows they poison Lizzie."



JOHN HENRY STORMED AT HIM

Anna's face grew white. "That is foolishness about their poisoning Lizzie. She would say soap poisoned her if she didn't want to wash the dishes."

"You are not speaking the truth," thundered John Henry. "You know they have always poisoned Lizzie." He turned to his brother. "Will you take them out?"

John Adam looked up with an air of desperation. He was confused once more; he did not know what to say. He saw clearly, however, that he must now choose between peace in his house and peace with his brother. He gasped with distress, but he made the only possible choice. He planned crazily that he would advise his brother in private to take out the young trees in the night. Aloud he said in a trembling voice:

"No, I will not take them out."

John Henry stormed at him. His emotion was not all anger; it was part jealousy of the woman who had taken his brother from him.

"I will put up a fence between us. Then you won't need your miserable trees, and if you keep them the wind can't blow your pollen to us."

Slamming the door, John Henry left his brother's house.

In the morning the fence was begun; in two weeks it was finished. It was a solid board wall, almost thirty feet high, and it was braced to stand the storms of fifty years. It sheltered the house and gardens of John Henry from the north wind, and obscured only a little of his view. To John Adam it did great damage. It shut from his eyes his old home; it darkened his lawn; it cut off several hours of sunshine from the lower floor of his house. Both men had to turn their little workshops; they stood now back to back against the towering fence.

Lizzie and Anna seemed actually benefited. Lizzie walked as one in whose behalf a righteous deed has been accomplished; Anna was able to point to a visible evidence of her sister's and her brother-in-law's wickedness. Millerstown, which enjoys guerrilla warfare, but not open slaughter, was horrified, and carried

no more talk from one woman to the other.

Millerstown undertook to argue with the brothers, but to no purpose. John Henry was grimly silent; John Adam wept. They would listen neither to the squire nor to the preacher who besought them to be reconciled. Anna left the Lutheran Church and joined the Evangelical Church, and her husband went with her.

For twenty years there was peace. When strangers came, the origin of the spite fence had to be explained; at other times Millerstown almost forgot that the two brothers who now passed each other without speaking had been inseparable companions until they were nearly forty years old.

After John Henry had reached his little garden-house on the night of the great storm, he did not go in at once, but stood for a moment meditating in the doorway. Then he began to lift long boards which he took from a pile at the side of the house to the tops of his cold-frames. The cold-frames he could protect from any branches which the wind might tear from the trees and send flying about. For his greenhouses he could do nothing. It was not certain that they would be harmed, and he had grown rich enough to stand the loss of a few panes of glass without worrying.

The sound of his brother's hammer was borne to him clearly by the wind. John Adam spent a great deal of time in his shop; to it he retired much as John Henry retired to his little house. He had acquired, as the years passed, a surly manner a good deal like his brother's.

When John Henry had finished placing the boards, he went into the little house and got paper and shavings ready to light a fire in the stove. There would surely be a great fall in temperature before morning, and there were some tender plants in the greenhouses which needed heat. He would light the fire before he went to bed.

Then, as was his custom, he drew down the single shade and locked the door. There were new catalogues and a farming magazine on his desk, and beside them a plate of Baldwin apples and a bag of pretzels. John Henry was settling to a quiet, pleasant evening. If the sound of his poor brother's hammer still reached him, he was able to forget it in his reading. He opened the catalogue first, turning his head for an instant while he listened to the prodigious wind, which came to his ears in the little house at the foot of the great fence as to one in a deep pit.

The wind grew higher. Lizzie and her fellow-church-members at the Fackenthals' added a prayer for its quieting to their other petitions. John Henry in his little house began after a while to read aloud, as though thus only could he fix his mind on the words before him. John Adam's hammering had ceased, but he had not left his little shop. In the kitchen Anna sat alone mending. She never visited her husband at his work; the spite fence had divided other hearts besides those of John Henry and John Adam.

Then, at ten o'clock, Anna, sitting in her kitchen, and Lizzie, hastening home with her friends, heard above the terrific roaring of the wind a fearful rending and tearing, and then a fearful crash. It was not one sharp sound and then an end; it continued, it seemed to their frightened souls, for one long moment after another. Every one who heard it—and all Millerstown heard it — screamed. Those who were in their houses were afraid to go out, yet they were equally afraid to await the descent of their own roofs about their heads. Those on the street began to run madly, seeking shelter, yet afraid of it. It was too dark to see a hand before one's face; the roar of the wind was so terrible that no one heard his neighbor's cry.

Lizzie, her arm clasped tightly in the arm of Susannah Kuhns, put out a groping hand.

"I can feel John Adam's gate," she cried, hysterically. "Only a little farther and we are at our house. I—I—" Lizzie stood still and uttered scream after scream.

"What is it?" shrieked Susannah, in her ear. "Ach, what is it?"

"The spite fence is gone," cried Lizzie. "Here; feel! It should begin at this post. It touched the front fence here. It is gone!"

"It is a good thing!" shouted back Susannah. "Ach, let us go on!"

But Lizzie would not move. She began to scream again.

"But John Henry is in his little house! He is in his little house!"

Stumbling, holding to each other, the two women made their way toward Anna's light. Into Anna herself they crashed at the gate.

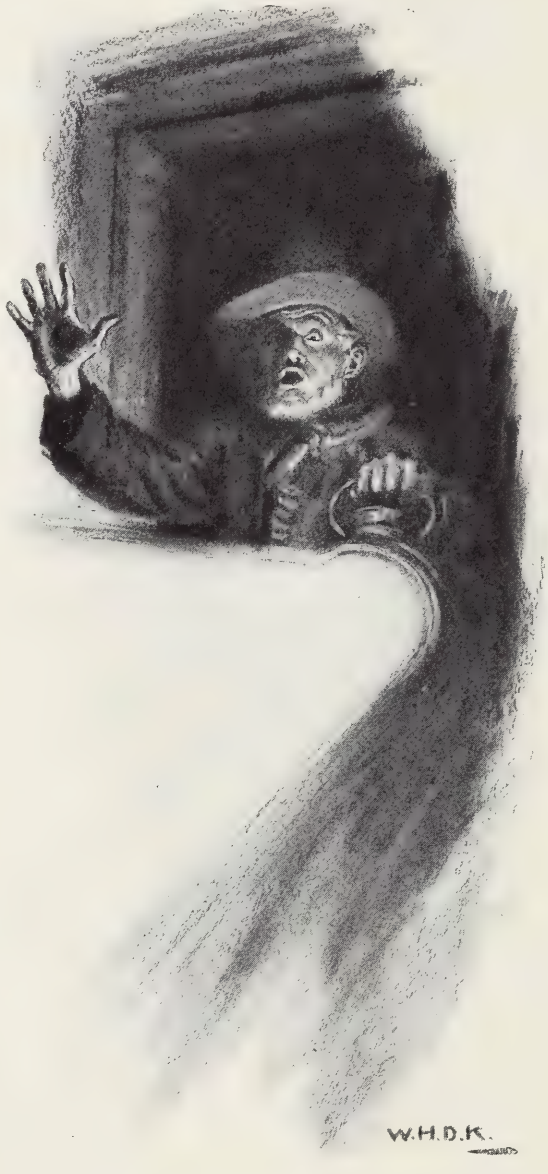
"John Adam is in his workshop!" she cried. "The spite fence has fallen upon it!"

Appalled, the women clung to one another. The voices of approaching men came fitfully to their ears. Millerstown guessed at once what had happened; the men were saying aloud that it was a good thing.

"But John Henry is in his little workhouse!" cried Lizzie.

"And John Adam is in his workshop!" cried Anna.

Millerstown is quick-witted. There are two automobiles owned in the village; from these their powerful lamps were unscrewed and set up to guide the rescuers. They created a glare which made the scene as bright as day. It was apparent as soon as the light fell upon the great, twisted mass of wreckage that in John Adam's carpenter-shop could be no living thing, nothing even that retained the shape of humanity. Like chips on a pile, the fragments of the workshop lay upon one another. The great fence, which had seemed to preserve its shape for a wild gyration, had ground the building to pieces like a flail. Where the little house of John Henry had stood, the wreckage was piled high; whether there remained within it space for a living body could not be told until some of the wreckage had been lifted off. It would be a work of great delicacy. The light was so glaringly bright, the shadows were so deceptively black, a board lifted carelessly or a fresh blast from the wind might make still more complex the ruin.



THE SQUIRE GAVE A MIGHTY SHOUT

There were a hundred willing hearts; there was the cool, directing head of the squire; there were the mighty shoulders of the Gaumers and the Fackenthals and the Knerrs and the Kuhnses. Some of them wept as they worked. They forgot the danger to which every living thing seemed to be exposed; they forgot their own homes; and while Lizzie and Anna and Susannah Kuhns watched in horror, they toiled like giants. Frequently they shouted, but there was no answer. As their hearts sank lower, they worked the harder. Lizzie and Anna refused to go away; they stood together dumbly watching what seemed like the opening of a grave.

Suddenly there was a lull in the wind, and at the squire's command a great section of the fence was lifted and flung away from the little house. In an instant, forgetting his constant charges against unnecessary jarring of the mass, the squire himself pushed open the door. Then the squire, standing on the threshold, gave a mighty shout. What he

said no one could hear, but Millerstown crowded as close as it dared to see.

Within the little house, in the glare from the acetylene lamps, each in an arm-chair, with an empty plate and an empty bag between them, sat John Adam and John Henry. Back of them the garden tools of John Henry had been removed from the corner where they stood, and there, opening against a mass of splintered boards, was a door. It was a small door; it looked really like the entrance into a dog-kennel; but it was amply large for the passing of a man's body.

Open - mouthed, Millerstown stared. Slowly, forgetting that they were hand in hand, Lizzie and Anna moved forward. Then came a lull in the wind, and to the two men, still sitting in their chairs, the squire put a question. The wind, the danger, the delivery from suspense were forgotten, while the squire and his friends waited for the answer of John Henry and John Adam.

"How long have you been having these little meetings, boys?" asked the squire.

John Henry and John Adam looked their fellow - townsmen and their own wives for a moment in the eye. Then John Henry and John Adam together spoke up bravely.

"For about twenty years," they said.

An Adieu

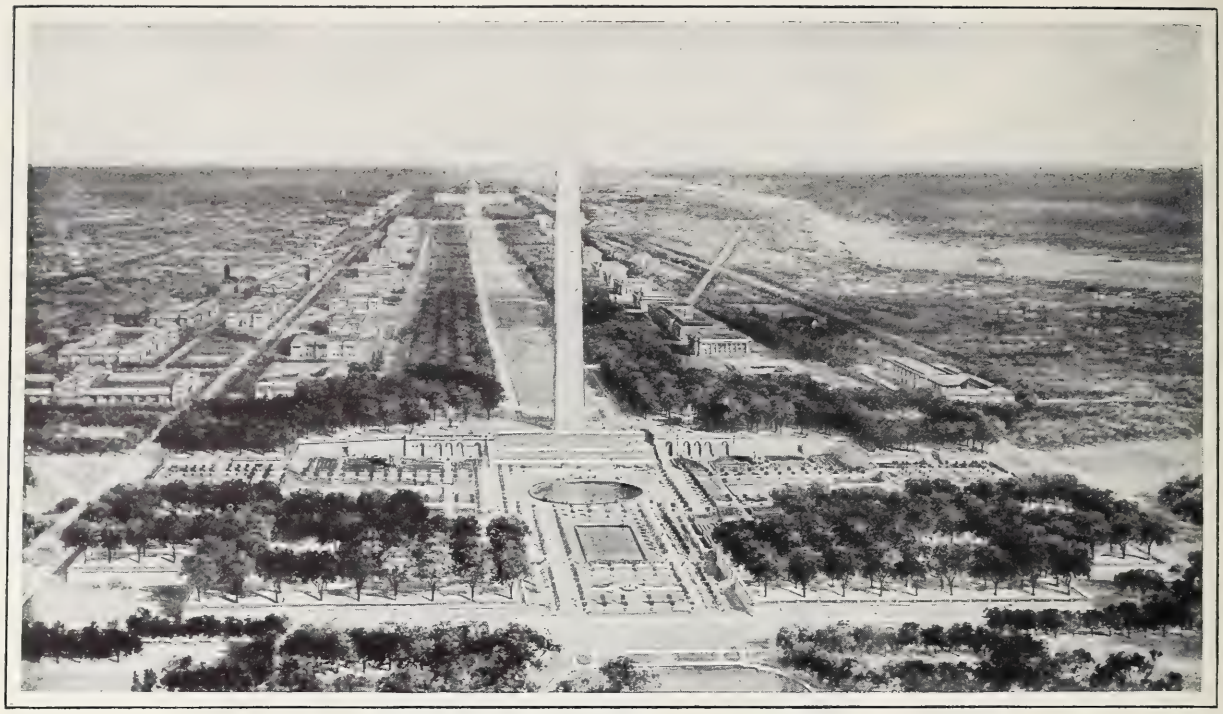
BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

SORROW, quit me for a while!
Wintry days are over;
Hope again, with April smile,
Violets sows and clover.

Pleasure follows in her path,
Love itself flies after,
And the brook a music hath
Sweet as childhood's laughter.

Not a bird upon the bough
Can repress its rapture,
Not a bud that blossoms now
But doth beauty capture.

Sorrow, thou art Winter's mate,
Spring cannot regret thee;
Yet, ah, yet—my friend of late—
I shall not forget thee!



THE MALL, LOOKING TOWARD THE CAPITOL—WASHINGTON

The Remaking of the American City

BY FREDERIC C. HOWE

CITY planning is the art of building cities as men build homes, as engineers project railroad systems, as landscape artists lay out garden cities, as manufacturing corporations build factory towns like Gary, Indiana, or Pullman, Illinois. City planning treats the city as a unit, as an organic whole. It lays out the land on which a city is built as an individual plans a private estate. It locates public buildings so as to secure the highest architectural effects, and anticipates the future with the far-sightedness of an army commander, so as to secure the orderly, harmonious, and symmetrical development of the community.

City planning makes provision for people as well as for industry. It co-ordinates play with work, beauty with utility. It lays out parks, boulevards, and playgrounds, and links up water, rail, and street traffic so as to reduce the wastes of production to a minimum. Scientifically planned harbors and docks, equipped with devices for the easy handling of freight, are part of its programme, as is the building of streets and highways so as to secure the maximum of beauty, efficiency, and use.

City planning protects the rights of property, but restrains its license. It protects a residence district from irresponsible speculators, who frequently ruin a neighborhood by mean and narrow streets, by unsightly buildings, or by the erection of mills and factories where they manifestly do not belong. It promotes trade, commerce, and industry by opening up factory districts, by improvements in the means of transit, by terminals, docks, and harbors, and the reduction of the costs of transportation to a minimum. Commercial town planning has been one of the greatest aids to Germany's industrial development; in which country all science has co-operated to enable the Fatherland to command the markets of the world.

In a big way, city planning is the first conscious recognition of the unity of society. It involves a socializing of

art and beauty and the control of the unrestrained license of the individual. It enlarges the power of the State to include the things men own as well as the men themselves, and widens the idea of sovereignty so as to protect the community from him who abuses the rights of property, as it now protects the community from him who abuses his personal freedom.

City planning involves a new vision of the city. It means a city built by experts, by experts in architecture, in landscape gardening, in engineering, and housing; by students of health, sanitation, transportation, water, gas, and electricity supply; by a new type of municipal officials who visualize the complex life of a million people as the builders of an earlier age visualized an individual home. It involves new terms, a wider outlook, and the co-ordination of urban life in all its relationships.

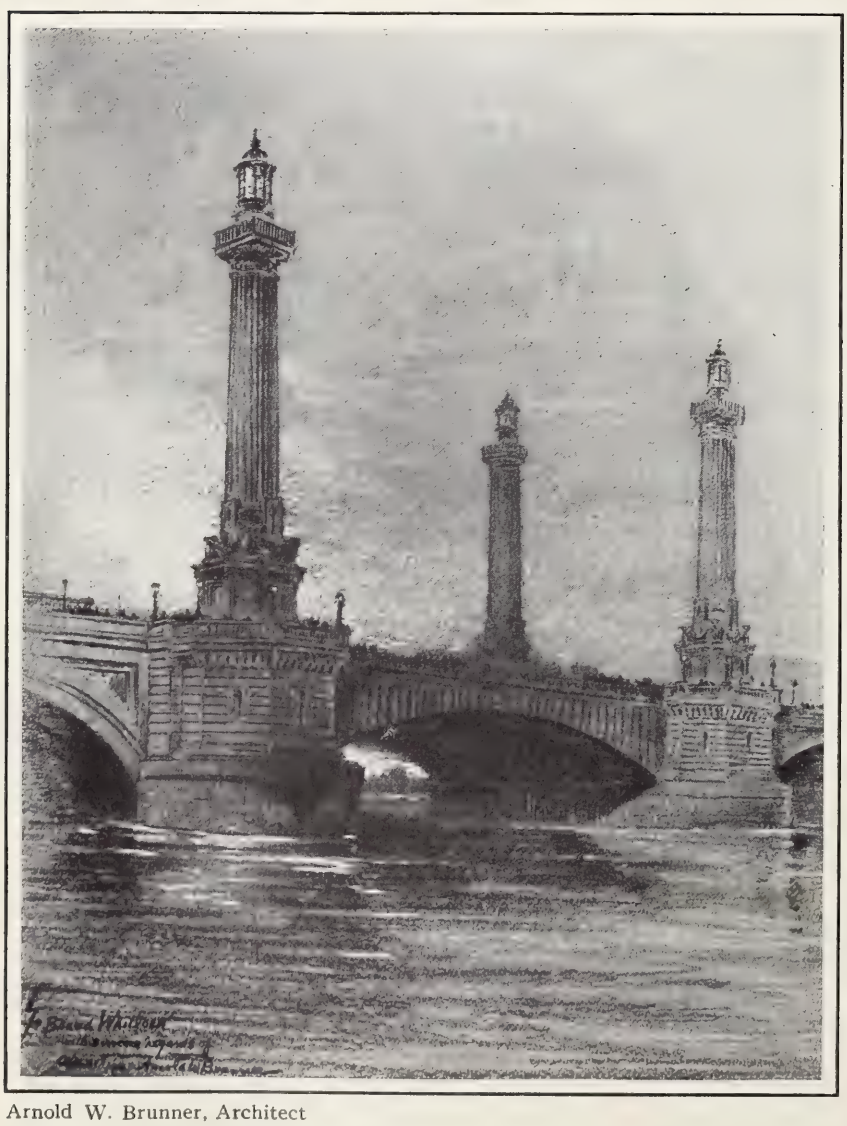
As an organized art, city planning is a new thing. It had its birth in the last generation, when mills, factories, and workshops threatened with extinction the life, health, and beauty of the towns. Like the city itself, it is a product of the industrial revolution. It is a by-product of machine industry and steam transportation. Individual rulers planned capital cities in ancient Babylon, Greece, and Rome, as did the merchant princes of the medieval Italian and Hanseatic towns. Paris was planned in a commanding way by Louis XIV., who laid its present foundations. The first and third Napoleons projected great boulevards and avenues, beautified the banks of the Seine with embankments and bridges, erected monuments, arches, and open spaces, and made Paris the capital of the modern world. The kings of Bavaria and Saxony laid out Munich and Dresden in the same big-visioned way.

These cities were the individual creations of ambitious rulers, eager to give expression to their power. Modern city planning is a democratic movement, although it found its first organized expression in monarchical Germany, in which country, in a few years time, it has attained the rank of a profession. To-day there is scarcely a large town in Germany that is not being built according to an official plan, worked out by experts trained to the profession and often after competition. They plan the city from center to circumference, and for future generations rather than for to-day. A town-planning school has been opened in Berlin for the scientific promotion of the art; a periodical, *Der Staedtebau,* has been started, while during the year 1909 an Exposition was held in Berlin with over a thousand exhibits, which was visited by experts from all over the world. France and England have caught the contagion of the movement. In the former country a compulsory town-planning act was passed by the French Parliament in 1909, which requires all urban areas of ten thousand population to prepare plans for city building, with by-laws controlling the style and width of streets, the amount of land that may be covered by buildings, the location of public structures, with provision for parks, playgrounds, and open spaces. To these plans the community and the individual must conform. When approved by the central authorities they become the plans of the city for the next thirty years.

In 1909 Great Britain passed a town-planning act that gives the local authorities and the central Local Government Board great powers over all city development. Under it the suburban growth of a city is under control. It adds a legal sanction to that which in America can only be done with the co-operation of the owner. All over Europe the municipal movement has been merged into town planning. The housing question has become part of it, as is recreation, transportation, municipal ownership, and engineering. They have become related parts of an organized whole.

City planning in the United States has not yet become the comprehensive art it is in Germany. It does not visualize the city as a unit in all of its relations. We have not produced a profession or created an authoritative public opinion upon it. There are but few city-wide achievements or proposals, such as those of Greater Berlin, Munich, Düsseldorf, and Paris. The metropolitan plans of Chicago are, it is true, an exception, for that city has projected a planning programme which provides for many of the factors in the problem. But for the most part the

achievements of the American city have been due to the activity of individuals, civic or commercial organizations, or to municipal authorities, making the most of very limited legal powers. Some of our greatest architects and landscape artists, among them the late Daniel H. Burnham, of Chicago, and John M. Carrere, of New York, Arnold W. Brunner, of New York, and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., of Brookline, Massachusetts, have given their best thought to the plans of Chicago, Cleveland, Baltimore, Denver, Rochester, Albany, and a number of other cities. To these men, working in harmonious co-operation, like the architects of a world's fair, have been intrusted most of the big city projects for the grouping of public buildings, the designing of city centers, and the provision for the official and public life of a score of cities. A national conference on city planning has been organized, which has held five annual sessions and awakened wide-spread interest in this subject. During the month of May, 1911, the first exposition on city planning was held in Philadelphia, with exhibits from nearly one hundred cities. During the past ten years probably a hundred cities have undertaken more or less comprehensive projects for the replanning of their centers or the laying out of their suburbs with proper provision for parks, open spaces, and building regulations. None of our cities have approached the subject as a city-wide programme, and none of them have the legal powers which German, French, and British cities have. For the most part the art has been confined to the grouping of public buildings, the creation of city centers, the laying out of new thoroughfares, or the projection of park and boulevard systems.



Arnold W. Brunner, Architect

NEW BRIDGE OVER THE MAUMEE RIVER—TOLEDO, OHIO

City planning, in a comprehensive sense, is only possible where the city has authority to control private property in the interest of the community. That our cities lack. They have no home rule, little control over land or buildings, and less over the problems of transit, docks, harbors, housing, and the like. They are generally helpless before the land-owner and the builder. They cannot control the allotment of new territory, the width and style of new streets, the uses to which territory may be put. They are limited in their borrowing powers and in the activities they may undertake. Every new power must be secured from a jealous state legislature, for the most part ig-



Courtesy of the Bureau of City Planning, Philadelphia

MODEL OF THE PARKWAY—PHILADELPHIA

norant of city needs, and only too credulous of the suggestions of interested parties that the powers requested will be misused.

Interest in city planning in this country may be traced to the World's Fair in Chicago. This fugitive city of plaster and staff awakened the enthusiasm of architects and landscape artists, and suggested to thousands the idea of the city beautiful. It was a vision that did not fade; it was a permanent denial of the assumption that the city must of necessity be an uncontrolled behemoth of ugliness and disorder forever dedicated to mills, factories, and workshops. If millions could be spent on a play city and experts be employed to make it beautiful, why could not the same intelligence and harmony be adjusted to every-day use? This was the query which the World's Fair raised in thousands of minds.

In the recreation city at Chicago it was the ground-plans laid across an unbroken site by the landscape artist that made the Exposition what it was. The work of the artist and the architect would have availed but little had it not been for the orderly environment of land and water, with each building suited to its setting and its use. So city planning is primarily a land problem. It is predicated on the public control of the city's site and the intelligent arrangement of streets and open spaces. Without such control city planning is impossible. The appearance of the city, the circulation of traffic, the homes of the people, the sort of life they shall lead, all city life, in fact, depends on the preliminary work of the street-planner.

Washington is one of the most beautiful cities of the world because its foundations were laid in advance of its building. It was not the work of a chance engineer, but of an expert, who first studied the cities of the Old World before laying out the capital of America. The same is true of Paris, of Berlin, of Munich, Vienna, Dresden, Düsseldorf, Geneva—the charm of a city depends on its street plans.

When the District of Columbia was chosen as the site of the nation's capital, President Washington sent for an old army friend, Peter Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer, and intrusted him with its planning. Both men had imaginations in advance of their age. They saw Washington as the capital of a great



CONDITIONS BEFORE IMPROVEMENTS—CLEVELAND'S CIVIC CENTER

nation. They planned for a city of 800,000 people. They located the Capitol and the White House at opposite ends of Pennsylvania Avenue, with an unobstructed vista from one to the other. Radiating from Capitol Hill, and at an acute angle with Pennsylvania Avenue, a spacious mall was planned two thousand feet in width, about which the public buildings of the future were to be grouped. Here the Smithsonian Institute, the National Museum, the Agriculture Building, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing were located. About the White House grounds the new State Department, Commerce and Labor, and municipal buildings are being grouped in harmony with one another and their surroundings. The Potomac River front has been reserved for public uses, and dedicated to parks, harbors, and open spaces. About the Washington Monument, and under plans recently approved by Congress, spacious playgrounds, parks, harbors, and bathing-pavilions are being planned.

The beauty of Washington is not traceable to its natural advantages but to its intelligent ground-plan. Its street system is the best formal street plan in the world. L'Enfant studied the street arrangement of the cities of Europe, and then, taking the rectangular system of Philadelphia, he added broad, radial avenues, which cut across the checkerboard system at acute angles, and open into squares, circles, and star-pointed places adorned with statuary and fountains. In consequence of this distribution of centers of activity, the street system, and the numerous open spaces, there is the most perfect circulation and no possible congestion of traffic.

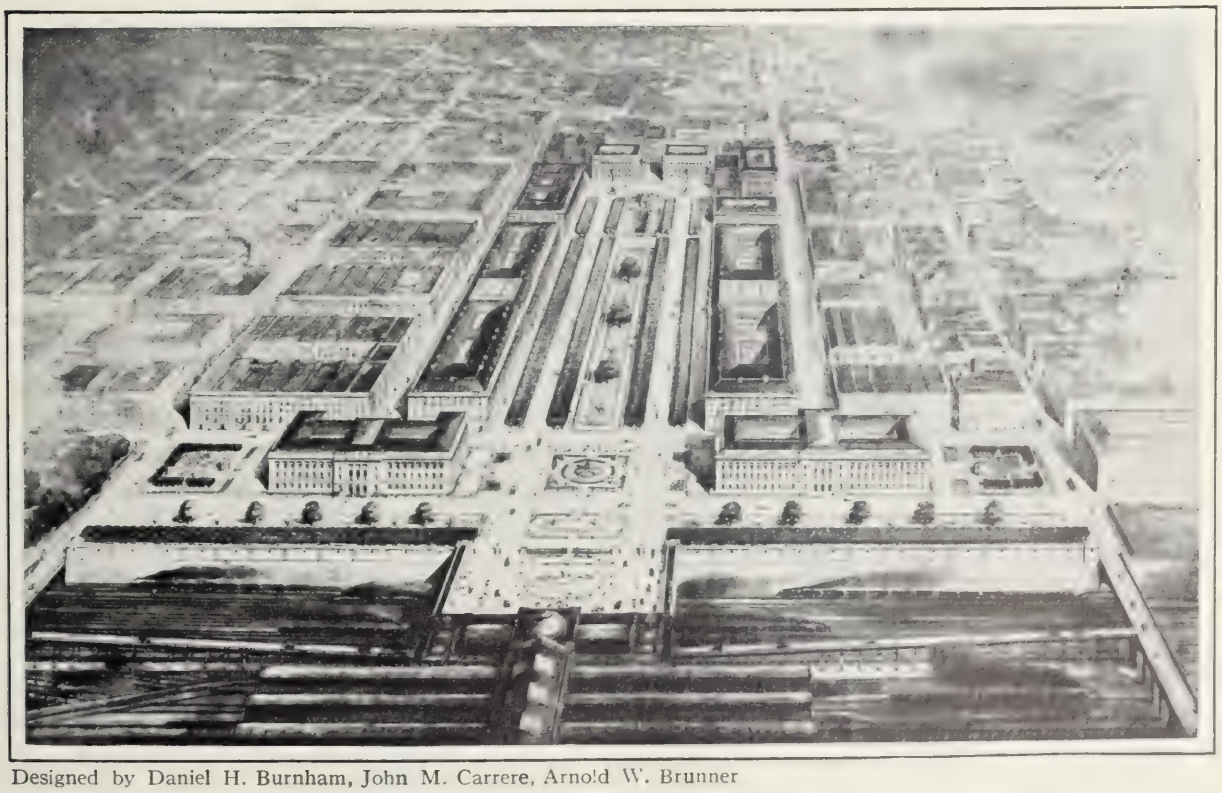
The plan of L'Enfant remained the official plan of the city for nearly a hundred years. New streets have for the most part followed the original plan. The speculator has not been permitted to destroy the symmetry of the whole with mean streets, with cheap paving, and inadequate sewers. In so far as the foundations and street arrangement are concerned, the interests of the community have remained paramount.

Washington is one of the most completely planned cities of the world. It is treated as a whole. The new Union Station has been located so as to open into a spacious plaza, with an unobstructed approach to the Capitol with its group of buildings. It is the city's portal, like the gateway of the walled medieval town. The suburbs are being laid off in a scale in keeping with the original plan, while Congressional approval of the report of a special commission composed of Daniel H. Burnham, Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., Charles F. McKim, and Augustus Saint-Gaudens, as to the plans for the future, insures that

the capital city will continue to develop in substantial harmony with the far-sighted dreams of Washington, Jefferson, and L'Enfant.

Next to Washington, the city of Boston has done more than any other city in America in detached planning. There has been no attempt to plan the city as a whole, but from time to time special commissions have been created to carry through some isolated undertaking on a big scale. The Metropolitan Park system of ten thousand acres, which runs into the very heart of the city and connects the many cities which comprise greater Boston, is recognized as probably the finest park system in the world. The water-supply of Boston and surrounding towns was planned in the same big-fashioned way by a metropolitan commission, as was the sewer system of the district.

Plans are under way for the commercial development of the metropolitan harbor and for additional connecting avenues and boulevards to link up metropolitan Boston with the surrounding territory. The Charles River basin is almost the only example America offers of inner water-front conservation, fairly comparable in its possibilities to the celebrated Alster Basin which is the pride of Hamburg. The Charles River, which separates Boston from Cambridge and was subject to the flows of the tide, was an unsightly, unsanitary stream. The completion of the metropolitan intercepting sewer system stopped its pollution from this source, but still left it of little value for commercial or recreative purposes. A special commission, acting under authority from the state, was created, which constructed a dam and a ship lock across the mouth of the river, which keeps out the salt water and maintains the fresh water at a nearly constant level, about two feet below the mean high water of the sea. Much of the riparian land on both sides of the basin was acquired by the cities of Boston and Cambridge, and has been developed into broad esplanades and parkways; and the river itself has been converted into an interior waterway suitable for the trifling amount of commercial navigation to be provided for, and which offers extraordinary opportunity for pleasure craft and bathing in the summer, and for skating and ice-yachting in the winter. A plan has been proposed for an artificial island in connection with one of the existing bridges which span the basin, which could be used as the site for public buildings and playgrounds.



Designed by Daniel H. Burnham, John M. Carrere, Arnold W. Brunner

THE NEW CIVIC CENTER—CLEVELAND, OHIO

Two score other cities have projected ambitious plans for city centers and the grouping of public buildings. They include Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Milwaukee, New Haven, Hartford, Denver, St. Louis, Springfield (Massachusetts), Buffalo, Rochester, Seattle, Chattanooga, and a large number of smaller towns. These cities have employed experts, and given them supervision over the undertakings. Cleveland, Ohio, a city of half a million people and essentially democratic in its instincts, has undertaken to group a half-dozen public buildings about a splendid mall in the heart of the business section. Land has been acquired for two thousand feet along the lake front and extending back for an equal depth into the heart of the city. Out in the lake an artificial park of fifty-five acres is being made by dumping the city's refuse. A similar artificially made outer-lake parkway has been also planned. A monumental Union Station is to be erected at one end of the mall, a fitting portal to the city. Upon the bluffs overlooking the lake, and on one flank of the proposed Union Station, a county courthouse, of classic design, has been constructed at a cost of three and a half million dollars, while at the other wing of the station a city hall is being built in harmony with the county building. At the other end of the mall, opposite the site of the Union Station, a new federal building has been constructed which is to be balanced by a public library of the same style of classic architecture. A mall six hundred feet in width, flanked on either side by public and semi-public structures, creates a court of honor of the city. A sunken garden has been designed for the center, adorned on either side by formal trees and statuary. The total undertaking involves an expenditure of from twenty to twenty-five million dollars. The city has responded with enthusiasm to this great enterprise, almost the first of its kind planned in this country.

The city of Seattle, Washington, has projected a city-wide plan to meet the needs of the city's growth. A planning commission was created in 1910 which, working in harmony with a group of citizens, submitted a comprehensive plan in the fall of 1911, which provided for the harbor and water-front development in their bearing on the harbor, a civic center, park improvements, and arterial highways. It was found that the lines of the arterial streets came to a focus near the natural center of the city, which was selected as the site for the civic center, a site, too, upon a slight eminence with considerable scenic advantages. The plan proposed is elliptical in shape, penetrated by broad avenues, converging on a central point, to be marked by a shaft or monument. In the arcs between these converging avenues public buildings will be located. From it a broad parkway will lead to the Union Station at one end of the ellipse, while another will be a broad mall leading to the sea. The plan is of such ample proportions that it provides for the accommodation of pageants, parades, and the reception of visitors to the city.

The city of Denver has completed plans for a civic center about the Capitol, and land has been acquired for the purpose. Plans have just been presented to the city of Rochester which include the construction of a municipal building at one end of a city plaza surmounted by a beautiful Campanile tower. The old canal-bed is to be converted into a boulevard, while the Seneca River, which runs through the city, is to be parked and adorned with beautiful bridges. Buffalo is planning a terminal railway station facing on a plaza and opening out onto Lake Erie. It is to be surrounded by public and semi-public buildings.

City planning in America has made tremendous advances along architectural lines, and cities have responded generously to the idea of the city beautiful in so far as city centers, the grouping of public buildings, and the opening up of parks is concerned. Unfortunately the movement has not responded to the necessity of planning for housing, for the laying out of suburbs, the control of transportation, or the building of docks, harbors, and waterways. Our business men have not awakened to the great gain in industrial efficiency from the co-ordination of transportation agencies, or the opening up of factory sites with easy access to transit, cheap power, and healthy liv-

ing conditions. We have not yet developed commercial city planning, and have not widened the movement to include the distribution of population out into the open countryside.

Within the past year, however, there has come a partial realization of these necessities. The cities of Newark and Jersey City have predicated their plans having in view an intensive city and suburban survey. Street and transportation conditions have been studied, as has the need for housing, for markets, for parks and playgrounds. The commissions appointed have felt that a knowledge of these matters was necessary to enable them to proceed with wisdom on any planning projects that might be proposed. A commission has been appointed by the city of New York to devise plans for the regulation of the height of buildings, which opens up the problems of zoning and distribution of industry and population. A county-wide planning project was provided by legislation for the territory outside of Philadelphia at the last session of the legislature, while the City Club of Chicago has recently held a competitive contest for plans for the most serviceable use of a quarter section of land in the outskirts of the city. The projected charter of the city of Cleveland contains provision for a city-plan commission, while legislation has been enacted or has been introduced in a dozen states for the creation of local or state-wide planning bodies with power to control the physical development of the city. There is every reason to believe that the movement will widen into the same comprehensiveness that it enjoys in Germany, France, and England within the next few years.

One of the most comprehensive reports on planning for a city of moderate size is that submitted by Mr. John Nolan, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to the city of Madison and the State Legislature of Wisconsin. This is a programme for a model city, a lesser interior capital. It is a vision of a city like Munich, Dresden, or Düsseldorf, a city in which the state shall co-operate with the municipality to develop a center of the life of the commonwealth; a center to which the Middle West will come for education, music, and art, a city in which the university will be a democratic adjunct to the state, offering not only the conventional advantages of a capital city, but opportunities for residence, for study, for the fullest possible life. It is proposed that the State university shall acquire hundreds of acres of land for experimental purposes, for arboretums, for institutions of art, drama, and culture; that the city or the state should acquire the shore lands surrounding the lakes upon which Madison is located, and that these be developed into a system of communicating parkways. A broad approach to the new State Capitol is proposed, opening into a formal water-front, while a central avenue is designed to connect the university and state buildings, much as has been done in the cities of Europe.

Probably the most complete, certainly the most courageous, plans of city rebuilding yet undertaken by any city are those prepared for the city of Chicago by Daniel H. Burnham under the inspiration of the Commercial Club. The plans involve an estimated expenditure of $250,000,000; their preparation alone cost $75,000, which was contributed by persons interested in the project. The plans cover a radius of sixty miles, and include the rebuilding of the center of the city, the opening up of new radial avenues to relieve the traffic, the co-ordination of transportation and industry, and almost every phase of city life. The completed report, illustrated by Jules Guérin, is printed in a large octavo volume, and forms one of the most comprehensive studies of city-replanning which has yet appeared in any country.

The report is a recognition of the fact that Chicago is destined to be a great metropolis, how great nobody can safely conjecture; it recognizes that the city, as it now exists, is but an industrial accident, designed like any other town, and wholly unprepared for the communal obligations which its behemoth proportions impose upon it. The plan proposes to throw the mistakes of the past on the scrap-heap, and rebuild the business center of the city so as to conform with the city's present and future needs. Provision is made for razing a portion of the business district and converting it into a plaza surrounded by monumental

structures and surmounted by a colossal municipal building, whose dome rises high above all else. Out from this city center radial avenues, like the spokes of a wheel, are to extend to the outskirts of the city. Opening into this plaza from the lake is a harbor basin, while the banks of the river are to be beautified with embankments like those of the Seine in Paris, the Thames in London, or the Elbe in Dresden.

Out in the harbor, and extending the entire length of the city, artificial parkways are designed, to be built at comparatively little cost by depositing the city's refuse within artificial bulkheads. The parkways are to be separated from the shore line by lagoons, for pleasure-craft and recreation. Two sets of circular boulevards, like those of Paris or Brussels, are to traverse the city, opening at intervals into small parks, playgrounds, and gardens. Dotted about the more congested sections are play-centers, with city club-houses, equipped with gymnasiums, swimming-pools, recreation-rooms, libraries, and restaurants. These are the people's parks, oases in the midst of the tenements and the slums. Far-sighted provision is made for industry by the location of factory sites in close connection with water and rail transportation, while surface and subway traffic is studied in its relation to the distribution of population.

Borrowing from the German cities, which have inherited or acquired great forests surrounding the cities, Chicago plans to secure thousands of acres of forest parks far out in the country, as well as to plan the suburban development, so that the errors of the past will not be repeated in the future.

The Chicago plan may fairly be compared with the ambitious work projected by Napoleon III. under the direction of Baron Haussmann, or the projects approved by the French Parliament in 1909 for the expenditure of $180,000,000 for the still further beautification and development of the French capital. The undertaking seems a colossal one, but the experience of Paris and the German cities, that have carried through extensive planning schemes, proves that the return in mere money terms quickly repays the outlay.

Both Philadelphia and Baltimore are opening up commanding arteries to the heart of the business district for the relief of traffic and the beautification of the city. Philadelphia has acquired property, for nearly a mile in length, from the City Hall to Fairmount Park, which is being cleared of buildings, and is to be developed into a parkway, like



PRESENT CONDITION OF CIVIC CENTER—BALTIMORE



Designed by Arnold W. Brunner, John M. Carrere, Frederick L. Olmsted

PROPOSED CIVIC CENTER—BALTIMORE

the Champs Élysées in Paris or the Ringstrasse in Vienna. It will be faced with public and semi-public buildings, with hotels, theaters, restaurants, and other structures, whose character will be controlled through the ownership of the land by the city. At the entrance of Fairmount Park a monumental museum is to be erected on the site of an abandoned reservoir, while at the other end a vista will be secured of the City Hall.

Baltimore has had plans prepared for utilizing the bed of an unsightly stream, Jones Falls, that cuts through the city. The plan contemplates the acquisition of land on both sides of the stream, which is to be covered over and the bed of the creek used as a storm-water sewer, while the surface is to be boulevarded as the main artery of the city out into the suburbs. Both Philadelphia and Baltimore have been permitted by the state to take more land than is needed for the immediate improvement, the excess to be resold after the work is completed on terms that will partly or wholly pay for the entire undertaking. Kansas City, limited by law in its borrowing capacity, adopted a similar method of acquiring a park system, one of the finest in the West. The entire cost of the system was assessed against the property in the neighborhood, which was thereby greatly enhanced in value.

Many of the most costly projects of European cities have been made to pay their way by this procedure. The famous Ringstrasse in Vienna, probably the most beautiful street in the world, was planned on the site of old fortifications, which nearly encircled the city. The land was laid out in a parkway, portions were reserved for public structures, and the balance was sold for business purposes. Out of the fund realized from the increased land values the city paid a large part of the cost of the parkway as well as for the public structures. London razed one of the worst sections of the old city and opened up the Kingsway to connect the Strand with High Holborn. More land was taken from the owners than was needed for the highway. The undertaking cost $60,000,000, but will be ultimately paid for by the sale and lease of the adjoining land at the greatly increased values which the improvement created. Germany has adopted this method of financing new industrial areas and the building of docks and harbors.

Town planning has developed so rapidly in Germany because her cities are able to control the property within their limits. Owners must conform to municipal ordinances which regulate the way property may be used. These ordinances are not arbitrary. Rather they

are designed to protect the community from the irresponsible individual who has no other interest than immediate gain. The land-speculator is not permitted to plat his property for building purposes. That is done by experts employed by the city. It is looked upon as a necessary municipal function. To these plans the owner must conform. Street plans are usually prepared far in advance of the city's needs. They insure orderly, harmonious growth and protect the community from a repetition of the mistakes of the past. Owners have an appeal to the courts if they feel themselves injured, but experience has demonstrated that property is enhanced in value by the generous provision for streets and open spaces and the control exercised over the uses of land.



Designed by Arnold W. Brunner and Frederick L. Olmsted

PROPOSED CITY HALL AND CIVIC CENTER—ROCHESTER, N. Y.

German cities are divided into building zones or districts, in which the character and style of building are prescribed by ordinance. This gives permanency to a district and some assurance to purchasers. The amount of land that may be covered by structures is limited. In the business sections it may be seventy-five per cent., and in the residence sections as low as thirty-five per cent. In some sections houses must be detached, in other sections tenements and apartment-houses may be built. The maximum height of buildings is limited, generally to the width of the street. This insures a uniform skyline, precludes the appearance of the tenement and the slum, and fixes the character and use of a district.

German cities also designate industrial sections where factories may be built. They are usually selected away from the prevailing winds so as to reduce the smoke nuisance to a minimum, and are adjacent to the railways and water transportation. Territory near the factory sites is dedicated to workingmen's homes, which are not infrequently built by the city or by co-operative societies. In connection with the industrial areas are docks and harbors with the most improved hydraulic and electric devices for the handling and transhipment of freight, with sidings to facilitate water and rail shipment, all under municipal or state ownership. Much of Germany's industrial efficiency is due to her water and rail transportation, to the perfection of which the best scientific thought of that country has been given.

City planning differs from other municipal movements which have preceded it in being physical, mechanical, material. It is a recognition of the fact that the city is here to stay, that it is a permanent thing, that in some form or other it will always be the center of civilization. If permitted to grow in its own way without official oversight or control, it will be an unending source of discomfort and expense to the community. Suburbs can be projected so as to provide streets of proper width, style, and beauty. The tenement can be prohibited by limitations on the height of buildings and the area to be covered by structures. Provision can be made for playgrounds and parks, for the location of schools and municipal structures about a common center; for the segregation of the mill and the factory outside of the residential area, as well as for adequate and proper housing accommodations built according to approved plans. In all of these things the rights of the future should be considered. The community has a right to be protected from such burdens as have been imposed on New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago by street plans carelessly adopted generations ago whose correction now involves tens of millions, possibly hundreds of millions, in expense. Posterity, too, has a right to receive its water-fronts unencumbered by warehouses; it has a right to parks and playspaces, a right to sunlight and air. And these primary necessities of urban life can only be insured by foresight; can only be provided by intelligent planning. Only when we realize that the city is a physical and material entity as well as a political agency of the state will we really build cities like those that have been built in Germany; like those that are now being planned in France and England; like those that have remained historic centers of civilization from earlier times.

The Deep Places

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I LOVE thee, dear, and knowing mine own heart,
With every beat I give God thanks for this:
I love thee only for the self thou art;
No wild embrace, no wisdom-shaking kiss,
No passionate pleading of a heart laid bare,
No urgent cry of love's extremity—
Strong traps to take the spirit unaware—
Not one of these I ever had of thee.
Neither of passion nor of pity wrought
Is this, the love to which at last I yield,
But shapen in the stillness of my thought
And by a birth of agony revealed.
Here is a thing to live while we do live,
Which shames not thee to take nor me to give.

Dr. Punts's Patient

BY JOHN H. WALSH

THERE is no doubt whatever that Mrs. Clarke occupied in a sense an official position in our new little town, Washtucna, though the position had no name. She was consulted in a variety of affairs; professionally by Punts, M.D., and politically and personally by the new mayor, Mr. Bradford; and indeed, for Heaven knows what reasons, by about every male and female in Washtucna. No doubt the responsibilities of these varied posts had some part in preventing her from giving in to sickness long before she did.

Dr. Punts was now greatly concerned about Mrs. Clarke's health, though she did not constantly keep to her bed. But despite her weakness, when the great three-day party was given shortly before Christmas by Cayuse Jimmy Mohundro at the opening of his new house on Dutch Flat, Dr. Punts having recommended recreation, Mayor Bradford took Mrs. Clarke the first night as official lady representative of the town. And in Washtucna Christmas festivities she again bore a prominent part. Probably Washtucna would have existed without Sarah Clarke, but at that time no Washtucnan would have admitted it; least of all that firm trio of friends, not to say lovers, Bradford, Punts, and Cashup Jones.

I suppose Sarah Clarke's health had gone down slowly day by day from the time she arrived in Washtucna. I can see now that she had grown thinner and less elastic, but I was then too small a boy, too stupid and inexperienced, to see it, and even Cam, her son, did not know. She herself must have known it, but she said nothing, although I am sure she fought it, for there was great spirit in the little woman.

The first time I remember to have particularly noticed her weakness and to have been startled by it was on one night that winter when Cam and I came back from a long day of skeeing and rabbit-hunting with the old Norwegian, John Shoultersack. Shoultersack was a comparative new-comer from nowhere, but, like every one in Washtucna, he had gladly embraced the religion of admiring Sarah Clarke. When we arrived at the Clarkes' that night Shoultersack came into the house to speak a word of cheer, for, like a true Washtucnan, he not only admired Sarah Clarke, but he felt loquacious and neighborly toward her. She was sitting in the little bent-wood rocking-chair, and when we came in she tried to rise, but she could not complete the ceremony. Instead, she dropped into her chair, lay back, and closed her eyes. She looked so white and still lying there that I thought she was dead, and my heart went into my throat.

Shoultersack was useful at anything in his rough way. He sputtered indignation, rubbed water on her face, and then picked up her frail body in his long, hairy arms, and put her to bed as though she had been an infant. She must have been very thin and very light. She opened her eyes presently and said she felt splendid again and would get up, but Shoultersack looked at her with a severe and kindly eye, and having pulled his long, yellow mustache thoughtfully several times, he told her firmly that she must not get up. She said she must make supper. Shoultersack replied that he would do that; that if it came to business he was a far better cook than ever she thought of being, and had had much more experience, which latter was true. Then he bustled around like an enormous male hen, and the supper he made was good. Sarah Clarke came out and sat with us as we ate, and it was then that I noticed how drawn and thin her face was. But she was not through; she had a vast will to live. After a while John Bradford came in, and as he entered, her eye caught fire. I did not understand why, and now I wonder that I saw it at all.



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton

AT SUNSET THREE DUSTY MEN GALLOPED INTO TOWN

She was not through; indeed, she had fallen in love with life.

John Bradford was a good deal concerned, and presently he sent me for Dr. Punts. That gentleman came away from his poker game at once, and he and Sarah talked for a long time in the front room. And always after that he used to come more frequently than ever to see her, now professionally. And Shoultersack came often to make meals, urged, I fancy, and perhaps even rewarded, by John Bradford and Cashup Jones.

All through the spring Sarah Clarke grew weaker, and finally in early May a trained woman-nurse was brought down from Spokane to care for her, by whom I never exactly knew, but I presume it was by Bradford, Punts, Jones, *et al.* Yet she was not solely under their pay. A committee of Washtucnans insisted on distributing that expense among something like a thousand people. The names of this committee never were divulged to me, but I could name them.

In the first few days of May Sarah Clarke had seemed better, but on May 12th, when Cam and I returned from Rock Lake, whither we had been taken on a jaunt by Mr. Cashup Jones, who was getting so that he could appreciate boys' company, she was in bed and not able to get up for supper. We told our adventures by her bedside: how the wild geese came in in great honking bands at daylight, and how the muskrat built his house.

She listened until Punts and Bradford came, and then we, dead with sleep, made off for bed. Punts and Bradford sat on the old worn Saratoga trunk by the bed for a long time; not talking, for Sarah Clarke, I suppose, seemed too weak for that, but just watching. The nurse sat in the corner and knitted. And on many nights thereafter they thus sat with her in the dim-lighted little bedroom; Bradford calm, hard as iron; Punts twisting his long, black beard, leering and rolling his eyes, seeking if he might not help her in this great extremity; the nurse knitting, knitting like a machine. Sometimes Mrs. Clarke's hand would lie in Bradford's, for a great sympathy without the words that go with such things seemed to have grown up between them. Punts at such times would grin sardonically. "That is the medicine," he would grate out joyfully to Bradford on leaving. And then they would meet little, old, shriveled Cashup Jones, who for perhaps two hours had been pacing the street.

But the subtle elixir of her regard for Bradford was not sufficient medicine for Mrs. Clarke. We commenced to hear talk of an operation, which at that time was a new word and a new idea to me; and even Cam was not used to it. We inquired about operations, and from what we could understand they were outlandish and unbearable things. We talked it over very judicially, and then went to Punts and protested. We explained that even cutting your finger hurts a good deal, which we supposed he did not know. Punts listened to us with surprising patience.

"I don't like it, either," he said, "but mebbe we got to do it. I don't like it any more'n you do; but mebbe Sarah Clarke needs it."

During those painful days when talk of operations was in the air, Washtucna was very acutely conscious of what events were going forward in Mrs. Clarke's little cottage. They knew that in these mild and lovely days of May, Death was mixing a brew. Would Mrs. Clarke drink of it? That was the question. "She will not," affirmed Mr. Pete Barker, confidently. "She's too strong-willed a woman, though gentle; yes sir! She'll not do it!" and he pounded his fist on Jan Havland's mahogany bar. But Washtucna still was afraid. In this matter she lacked her usual optimism.

A Sabbath hush everywhere prevailed in the town except at Jan Havland's, and even there the poker-chips seemed to chink more dully than was their wont, and men spoke in subdued tones, and seemed always to be waiting to hear something—waiting awake even far into the night, when their rough but suppressed voices could be heard in Doc Punts's office engaged in the fragmentary conversation with which they passed the time until Punts should return from his vigil and give them the last news of the night. Steady members of these parties were Gunnysack Charlie, Mr. Bob Dalton, Cashup Jones, Mr. Pete Barker, while from time to time others came in,

went out, and came anxiously in again. And, needless to say, the *Morning Sun* and the *Breeze* outraced each other in compositions touching Mrs. Clarke's condition.

"Gents," said Punts on one of these occasions, when asked to hazard an opinion in the case—"gents, I'd like to tell you what was going to happen to Sarah Clarke, but I can't do it. The fact is, I ain't entirely runnin' this spell of sickness. The lady is far and out from us fellers here, with her vital forces strung out like skirmishers and me tryin' to get reinforcements to the firin'-line; and, gents, I don't know if I'm able or not. But the lady is hangin' on; she ain't capitulatin'; she's holdin' the fort, and will to the end."

"Which you mean you ain't exactly able to locate the storm-center yet," said Tom Warren, striking his boot gloomily with his quirt. "You ain't sure what wind you'll be sailin' on. I see."

Punts leered horribly but did not answer. It would have been too fiendish a leer had not a tiny tear-drop trickled down one of his hollow cheeks. Punts at this was embarrassed and shaken, and he strode out into the corridor, his long beard tightly bunched up in a bony hand and pulled to one side.

"Which it's enough to start any feller's emotions to grindin'," said the squeaky, unsteady voice of old Cashup Jones, as he nervously rubbed his veined, knotty hands on the soft nap of his plug-hat.

"She's in God's hands," boomed Mr. Beauclerc's solemn voice; which, indeed, was Washtucna's view of the situation, including Doc Punts and Tom Warren and Cashup Jones.

Washtucna, like Cromwell, trusted in God, kept its powder dry, and then worried. Two days passed without the least change in Sarah Clarke's condition. Early in the forenoon Punts entered his office, where was the usual crowd of men waiting the last word of the patient. A crowd of this sort had these last days so closely hung about Punts's office that their sessions were almost continuous, and other activities in Washtucna seemed dead—to have halted short, as it were, right in the heart of springtime. There was no joy whatever in Washtucna's heart. No new enterprises were born, and old ones fainted in their tracks. It was the exact variety of tribulation most difficult for Washtucna to stand, the variety in which one cannot act, cannot do anything. Punts strode up and down his unswept office floor and twisted his beard and leered at the crowd, and then he looked steadfastly at the ceiling.

"How'd she seem, Doc?" somebody asked, impatiently.

Punts seemed not to hear. "Gents, it's like this," he said, softly; "it's just like this—I may as well tell you—I'm out of my depth. Let's get down to facts: I'm out of my depth, plum out. I ain't a professor of all knowledge, I admit. I know about gunshot wounds and childbirth, but this has me down and is sitting on me; and Dr. Leffingwell is the same way, but he don't admit it like I do. Now we are on bed-rock. What I want is a consultation with a specialist on people's insides. I'd have called one long ago, but there ain't anybody to consult. The Spokane sharps are like me, some ignorant, some of 'em more so, though, like Leffingwell, they deny it. We can't wait for St. Paul, and anyway, St. Paul's just a village. We hev to go to Chicago, or mebbe clear to New York."

"Why, goodness!" burst in old Joe Naff, who came from the Rock Lake country and was almost a stranger in Washtucna, but who had nevertheless at once adopted a hearty interest in Sarah Clarke's illness. "Why, goodness me! Why, goodness me! I'm damned if it don't look providential, but there's a sharp campin' down on my ranch which is a New-Yorker by birth and residence, and just the breed of expert specialist you want, as far as I can make out. He was telling me he cut open the king of somewhere onct; he's just your man. He's got this nervous prostrition from overwork, and now he's restin' down near my place. Nice feller, too, but has to live in a tent and don't eat like a cow-puncher; which cow-punchers wouldn't, either, if they had brains."

Punts showed glimmerings of interest, but he was skeptical, as became the only scientific man present.

"You don't recall his name, do you?"

"Why, sure I do. His name is Smith

Mudd, Dr. Smith Mudd, an' he's a little, cold-blooded feller, not any bigger'n Cashup Jones here, though he dresses plain, not like Cashup 't all."

"Not Smith Mudd of New York!" cried Punts, excitedly. "That couldn't be! Why, he's the most eminent insides expert in America, he's—why, gents, we *got* to get that man, if he's only down in Rock Lake. Why, just his skin stuffed with straw would help more'n Leffingwell and me combined and multiplied by four—not that I renig, however, on gunshot wounds."

"He says he ain't workin' a bit, that he'll be damned if he looks at a soul this trip," interrupted Naff, doubtfully. "Why, I wanted him to look at my new Durham bull, for doctorin' is all alike, and he wouldn't, and it's the only Durham bull on Rock Lake. He ain't got much public speerit."

Mr. Pete Barker spoke up softly. "Mebbe," he said, in a very low voice, "this all-doctor sport would require a little persuadin'; mebbe he would. But that can be applied. Two of us ought to be able to give him a strong invite, as he's small and sick—say, Bob Dalton and me. Of course he'll come all right if we ask him. Don't you think so, Bob? We'd like to have the privilege of invitin' him, anyway, wouldn't we, Bob?"

Bob thought so very emphatically, and he felt so confident of success that he offered to make a large wager and give any odds people liked that the doctor would accept what was still referred to as the "invitation" to consult with Punts in the case of Sarah Clarke.

"Le's see," said Pete, thoughtfully, pulling out the very handsomest watch in Washington Territory. "If we all was to start at once we'd be back before dark if not delayed, which we'll take pains to prevent. Right near your house, eh, Mr. Naff? Camped out, sort of, eh?"

"Two hundred yards south—two wall tents and a Chinese to cook. Don't move around much; just loafs."

"Is she O. K., gents?" asked Mr. Pete Barker, looking around. "Are we desired to take this job?"

Everybody agreed that it was exactly O. K., and shortly afterward a pounding of hoofs was heard over Steptoe Avenue. Mr. Pete Barker and Mr. Bob Dalton were off; Bob's old high-headed, frozen-eared mustang, Monté, showing the way, a thing which he had done in his time to many a piece of horseflesh. Out they went up the steep hill, spring sparkling all about them.

Of the circumstances of the ride I know only that it was a fast and long ride, and that at about sunset it terminated when three dusty men galloped into town, frozen-eared Monté in a lather, but at least a neck ahead still, showing the way with his long and ugly head.

The third man was Dr. Smith Mudd, of New York. He was a bright-eyed, alert, businesslike little man, as active as a grasshopper and as decided as a squirrel-trap. As Mr. Naff had said, he was perfectly cold-blooded, but he was also a master workman, a very master of all the skill of his trade. And when he took a job he took it. He had not intended originally to come; indeed, he openly and abruptly and without reservation refused. But he was open to argument, as intelligent minds always are; and to the argumentative power of a Colt's revolver pointed at the pit of his stomach he succumbed completely.

"You hold the cards," he remarked, dryly, gathering a few things into a leather bag; and having capitulated, he stayed capitulated. "I prefer to go voluntarily rather than to go lashed to my saddle," he added; and then, quietly, "The ride may do me good." He was a practical man.

Dr. Mudd, as he arrived in Washtucna, was covered with dust and perspiration, but nevertheless he looked every inch a New-Yorker, calm, superior, and scornful; and he was a sport. He had been comparatively unused to riding, and his legs were so cramped that he hobbled when he walked. But he neither said nor implied any word of complaint. It was easy to see how such a man became eminent. Washtucna understood at a glance.

Dr. Mudd dismounted in a silent crowd before Dr. Punts's office. He shook hands warmly with Punts, and looked the crowd over with sharp, fearless little human eyes, as though they were cattle. Then he and Punts entered the office.

"Dr. Punts and I would like some private conversation," he said, sharply, to some of the overflow which had backed up into the office. Washtucna vacated, and said over its shoulders that it would give him privacy or anything else if he fixed up Sarah Cameron Clarke. Moreover, they decided after they went out that in spite of his scorn and his assumption of authority they liked his appearance. Then they humanly decided that they even liked him because of his arrogant assumption of authority. Washtucnans thereby showed kinship to the rest of humanity. People prefer to be bossed by the doctor. It relieves you of a lot of responsibility. Washtucna on this occasion sighed relievedly, and went out into the street and looked in. They had just the doctor they wanted.

Presently the new German waiter-girl from the Tennessee Restaurant brought in some hot soup, which little Dr. Mudd ate while he discussed with Punts the intricacies of the case under consideration.

"Um-m!" we heard him grunt at the end, "we'll go over." Punts strode off and the little man followed, his legs twinkling vaguely in the starlight. And Cam and I followed, while Washtucna waited and waited far into the night.

That night, the night of the 19th of May, was long and fearful to us all. I recall no night so lovely, so terrible, and so vivid, except that on which my first child, a son, was born; but that was long years afterward. All Washtucna in an extravagant spirit of devotion stayed awake that night. Over in Jan Havland's men sat waiting in sullen silence, waiting, waiting, waiting. Sometimes a head drooped and a man dozed, sometimes some one drearily called for liquor, again some one suddenly lighted a match for pipe or cigar. Outside on the wide steps of the Washtucna *Breeze* office there sat a group sprinkled with women. They talked in low tones, and, like the others, waited and waited. Two people in the town remained aloof from groups: one was John Bradford, who paced the length of Sarah Clarke's little front lawn with the regularity of the pendulum of a clock; another was Miss Nellie Caylor, the painted lady whom Mrs. Clarke had helped, who walked feverishly around the depot platform until you would have thought she would fall of dizziness. It was a long watch, and Cam and I dodged from place to place.

At about nine Punts came from the little house to his office to secure some additional apparatus. "He'll operate," he said, succinctly and solemnly. "Nobody can tell how it 'll come yet; it's serious, but — he's a great surgeon, a master surgeon." This remark was directed to little Mr. Cashup Jones, by whom it was repeated, and so it went from mouth to mouth.

Then time went very slowly. Cam and I moved from place to place and speculatively watched the dimly lighted windows of Mrs. Clarke's bedroom, and I remember that Cam's face was white—as white as his mother's and almost as high-nosed—and his strange, mottled eyes were amazingly like hers. He had at last realized what it all meant.

Before they gave the anesthetic to her they called Cam and me in. "I'll be all right in the morning, boys," Mrs. Clarke insisted, faintly, with an attempt at her habitual gaiety of speech. But suddenly she closed her eyes, and her face twisted with pain. Punts shoved us out of the door, but over my shoulder I saw Sarah Clarke's thin, white face, high-nosed like a princess's, wide-browed like Juno.

"She was awful beautiful," I said, when we were out in the open. Cam only choked. Outside there was a little wind astir. It whined at the corners, sang dolefully at the telegraph-wires, and made the people on the *Breeze* steps pull their wraps closer. But the stars were noble, and so bright that in their dim light we could see the loom of the distant mountains.

Punts had told us peremptorily to go to bed. But of course we did not go and could not have gone; that was beyond our natures. For a long while we sat on the railroad track, where we could see the shadows flit back and forth against Sarah Clarke's drawn window-shades as Punts and little Smith Mudd moved about inside. And we could also see Bradford as he strode inexorably up and down on the only piece of lawn that then existed for miles and miles. Sometimes Miss Nellie Caylor's white skirt winked on and off on the station plat-



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

THERE BY THE RAILROAD WE CONTINUED SITTING FOR HOURS

form like a faint, faint light. Sometimes a distinguishable voice rose from the party in Jan Havland's or from that on the steps of the *Breeze* office. Once an extra train from Spokane came roaring through without stopping, shaking the earth and pulling a little gale of wind with it. There by the railroad we continued sitting for hours. Occasionally some one of the various groups went home, but most still remained. Then Cam and I commenced to doze off and on, and I fell sound asleep. Cam woke me with his elbow.

"Mart," he said, "the shadows on the window-blind are still now; wake up!"

They were indeed quite still. The two men were evidently sitting down side by side. Probably the thing was over. They were just having a final look at her. Could she speak? We wondered.

"They're sittin' on the Saratogy trunk where Punts sat all last night," said Cam, and I saw he was right. There they were: the shadow of a big-framed man, which was Punts, and the shadow of a little one, which was Dr. Mudd. We watched again for a long time. Twice Punts got up, moved about, and returned to his seat.

"Punts is a better doctor'n Mudd," said I, firmly.

We discussed this.

Mr. Bradford still walked up and down. Then I dozed again, and as I dozed I shivered, for it was cold. Bradford was like the pendulum of a clock; he could not stop. But Miss Nellie Caylor had stopped, and I could see where she sat, on a great bale of jute-sacks, by the white gleam of her skirt. Again I dozed and shivered.

"The door's open! Punts is comin' out," whispered Cam, shrilly. "Come!"

We ran down to meet him, and we clung to his hands as he strode over toward the dimly lighted office. John Bradford was abreast him. Miss Nellie Caylor was at his heels, and other people followed close.

When we saw Punts's face under the lamplight we all felt a great peace and quiet. It was drawn and tired and worn, but elation shone from his bold eyes; it was a triumphant face, a joyful face. Everybody waited for him to speak.

"I think she's all right," said Punts. "I think she's all right. She's out of the ether and has rallied. Dr. Mudd thinks she's all right. He's staying there while I sleep an hour or so; then I'll go back. I think she's all right, and if she is, the credit is Dr. Mudd's. He's a great man, a master surgeon."

There was a little, dull murmur of elation. Nellie Caylor turned back and walked away, and I could hear her throat catch. Mr. Bradford patted Punts gently on the back, and Punts put one hand on Bradford's shoulder and covered his bold eyes with the other.

"Marney," said Punts, fiercely, "put Cam and Mart to bed some place in your old rattletrap hotel. Good night, kids!"

Outside gorgeous day was coming, hurling night back into the black hole beyond the western horizon, but we could hear glasses clinking in Jan Havland's.

"No noise," grated Punts, harshly, as he stuck his head in at the door. "No noise, damn ye!" And there was none; but the glasses clinked gently long life to Sarah Clarke and Punts and Dr. Mudd.

On the Pilgrim Boat

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM

IT was in the harbor at Constantinople that I found the pilgrim boat with five hundred and sixty Russian peasants on board for Jaffa; an ugly ship, black as a collier, flying the yellow quarantine flag and the Russian tricolor. A Turkish boatman rowed me to the vessel over the glimmering green water of the port, and as I clambered up the gangway fifty or sixty Russians in bright blouses and old sheepskins looked down at me smiling, for they thought they recognized a fellow-countryman and a fellow-pilgrim. For I myself was in an ancient blue blouse looking like the discarded wear of an engine-driver, and on my back was all my luggage—a burden like that under which Christian is seen laboring in illustrated copies of the *Pilgrim's Progress.*

At a step I left Turkey with its gay-colored and noisy peoples, its bazaars and mosques, and was in Russia again, as in a populous Russian village on a market-day, when all the people are in the streets. All about me clustered and chattered *moujiks* and *babas,* village men and village women, gray-bearded grandfathers and wizened old grandmothers—all in their every-day attire. They looked as if they had left their native fields and hurried to the boat without changing a garment or washing a limb.

They were nearly all in deeply wadded overcoats or fur-lined jackets, and wore heavy, long-haired sheepskin caps or peak hats; and the women were bundles of four or five petticoats and who knows how many layers of thick homespun linen over their upper parts, and with thick gray shawls over their heads. For most of the pilgrims came from the cold interior of Russia, and had little notion of the changing of climate.

A cluster of the curious crowded round me to question, and an aged peasant became spokesman.

"Hail, friend!"

"Hail!"

"From what province, *rababozhik,* God's slave?"

"I come from the Don, but am not a Russian subject."

"Orthodox?"

"Orthodox."

"*Spasebo Tebye Gospody.*" (Thanks be to Thee, O Lord!) "What is your occupation?"

"*Brodyaya*" (wanderer).

"Any money?"

"Enough."

"Are you going to the Holy City of Jerusalem?"

"If God grant."

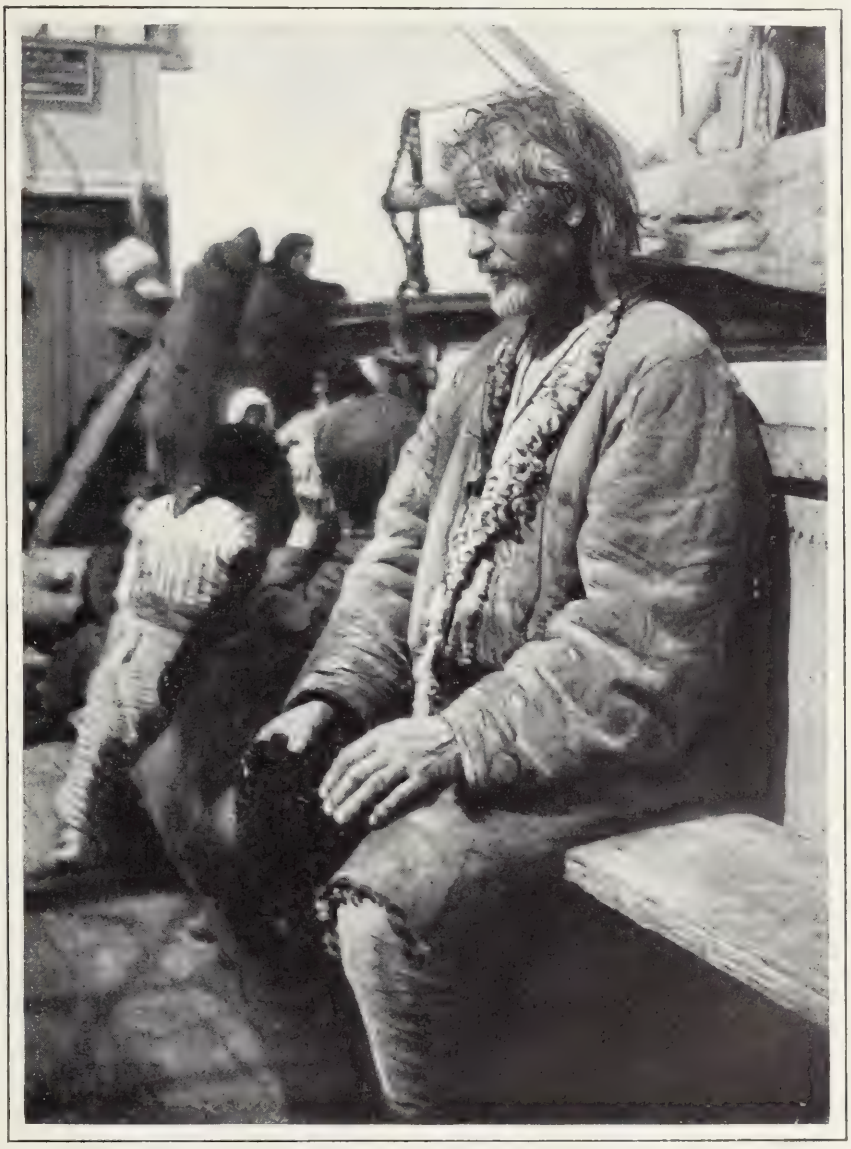
"Thanks be to Thee, O Lord! Oh, what a nice young man he is, what a soft voice he has! Young man, young man, give me something, for the love of God, to help me to Jerusalem. I am seventy-six years, and have only two rubles [four shillings] to take me to Jerusalem and back again. I had thirty rubles [three guineas], but it has been spent; twenty-four rubles, of course, I paid for my return ticket, and something more went for passport."

"More shame to you, old man," said several women. "You must have known you couldn't live on two rubles and that you'd have to beg."

I gave him twenty copecks. "Here, grandfather; here's sixpence. I'm sorry it's not Turkish money, but somebody 'll change it for you."

The gentle patriarch took the coin and crossed himself and blessed me. Twenty copecks was much more than he expected. He was so happy and so surprised that he wept, pointing me out for the rest of the journey as the man who had given him a whole twenty-copeck bit, the man whom he remembered in his prayers each night. His begging from me directly I came on board would

have been a very disgusting action if he had been a more ordinary type of humanity. But he was an honorable old pilgrim, who without thought of his poverty had promised God that he would make the pilgrimage. He was seventy-six years of age, as his beard, faded from gray-black to rich straw-color, testified; he was loving, by his soft eyes. He came from the province of Tobolsk, and had tramped some three or four thousand miles to Kieff; there, fearing to be late for Easter at Jerusalem, he had prayed the guard to make him a hare *(zayatchik)*—*i. e.*, to allow him for a few coppers to crawl under a seat and lie hid without a ticket for the rest of the journey to Odessa. I had a round ten pounds in my purse; it would have been a shame to refuse him. As it was, wherever I met him afterward—in the Monastery yards, in the Jerusalem streets, or on the banks of Jordan—he always stopped short, lifted off his hat, and blessed me.



EN ROUTE AT LAST FOR THE HOLY LAND

I passed muster as a pilgrim and was free of the ship. We unladed sugar all day, and laded household goods destined for Mount Athos, the island of the Greek monks; and from two coal-barges, one on each side of us, some forty Arab navvies worked rhythmically and filthily, scooping wet coal-slack into our coal-bunkers with little two-pound baskets. The hot sun poured down upon us, and from all around came the skirling and shrieking of steam-sirens, worked for the most part by passenger steamers crowded with suburban Turks in European attire, reading their newspapers, going to Galata or returning to Stamboul. They looked like the passengers on a Thames steamboat, except for the fact that on every head was a fez, and as I looked at the crowd of red caps I involuntarily thought of cricket teams and college outings.

Our decks were swarming with Turks ready to sell anything to the pilgrims, from improper post-cards to bottles of the Virgin's tears. Old rogues were displaying hand-worked *(sic)* peacock curtains to incredulous dames who had beat down their prices from ten shillings (five rubles) to ten pence (forty copecks). Other rogues were selling lumps of frankincense which had the appearance of granite or of half-smelted ore. They

broke it with a coal-hammer, and invited all and sundry to smell it and judge. There were hawkers with oranges, figs, dates, raisins, locust-nuts, honey, Turkish delight, sour milk, khalva, spring onions; hawkers of knives, scissors, pocket-books, watches, field-glasses, carpets, trousers, rugs. There was not a thing sold in the booths of the bazaars of the mainland that did not turn up in the sacks and barrows of the anxious venders. And they all shouted at once in broken Russian:

"*Dengi goratchy, dengi goratchky!*" (Money, hot money!)

"*Doshevà doshevà!*" (Cheap, cheap!)

"*Komu laddan?*" (Who wants incense?)

"*Nuki, nuki!*" (Smell, smell!)

"*Komu chassi?*" (Who wants watches?)

And, above all, two cobblers up in the bows struck their hammers upon the decks as they sat, business-like, anvil between their knees, and called out in pat phrase: "*Komu lokkia ruka na po-chín?*" (Who's in need of a light hand at the mend?)

The five hundred and sixty Russians owned the boat. There were first and second class passengers, and in the third some Arabs, Albanians, Greeks, Jews, but none of them counted. The peasant pilgrims were everywhere.

Four hundred were accommodated in the parts of the hold unoccupied by cargo. I went down the dark ladders into the bowels of the ship and saw how they lived there. I had not as yet found a place for myself, and cold nights were in prospect. The hold was something never to be forgotten for the crush there, the darkness, the foulness, and the smell. There was first a wilderness of linen sacks, hand-embroidered with crosses, with the word Jerusalem, with bears clutching sticks, with gray wolves following one another's tails round and round. Among the sacks men and women were lying, combing out their hair or examining their underclothing. As far as eye could see, looking into the dark depths of the hold, were bundles and pilgrims, bundles and pilgrims, to the last rat-gnawed timbers, where were ikons and holy pictures, before which gleamed little candles. Here in the most noisome recesses were the ill, the very feeble, the blind and the maimed, the seasick—all those who had either no power or no wish to get up and feel the air and sunshine above board. I reflected that it would in any case be impossible for me to spend the night there even if I found room.

It was eventually on the carpenter's bench that I made my nightly couch. The day's work done and the boat steaming placidly over the white, gleaming waters of the Sea of Marmora, the carpenter had put up his tools and descended to the mess-room, there to tope and sing before turning in; and I cleared his work-bench of shavings and made myself a clean berth of planed boards, much to the astonishment of less fortunate pilgrims who had ensconced themselves on top of the provision-chests, along the tops of the chicken-boxes, on the warm but sooty roof of the engine-room, in the canvas under the bell-stand, and so on . . . where-not? I expected to be turned off sooner or later, but fortune was with me, for I occupied that clean if comfortless place each and all of the twelve nights spent on the sea before reaching Jaffa.

All night long the pilgrims prayed aloud and sang—they had their watches of prayer as the ship had its nautical watch, and even in the witching hours the ikons in the hold were not without their votive pilgrims prostrating themselves and singing unto God. In the stern about two hundred read and sang with a priest until midnight, and after they had dispersed and each went to his own there was still to be heard the pleasant, deep-bass prayers of "the slaves of God."

We made the grand mountain of Athos on the morrow, and though the weather was blustering and most of the pilgrims sick, there was a grand turnout above deck, even of the halt, the maimed, and the blind, out of the dark depths of the hold, ready to bow to the sacred mountain where the Blessed Virgin was wrecked. The mountain rises like a great buffalo-back out of the green-and-blue tossing Ægean, and is of the awesome contour that must make it a place of legends and wonders in all ages. We all stood peering over one another's heads, holding on to the ropes, climbing to places of vantage, and staring at the cliff as if we expected a sign or a miracle. The

Russians' eyes were wet and glistening, for they looked at a place they had heard of all their lives and seen thousands of pictures of—a place toward which every orthodox man had wished to pilgrimage, as had his fathers before him. Even the women looked on with exalted countenances, though old Athos is forbidden to them—the Greek monks assert that no woman has ever set foot on the island but the Virgin Mary, and of course they accept no women pilgrims. It was noticeable that the monks who boarded us at the island to sell stones and relics "for a blessing" paid much more attention to the women than to the men. One monk whom I watched addressed quite a score of peasant women in the same manner:

"What is your province?"

"Tambofsky," "Moskovsky," "Saratofsky," "Kostromsky," they would answer, according to their district.

"What is your Christian name?"

"Tania," or "Maria," or "Akulina," would be the answer.

"The same as that of my blessed mother, now dead," the unblushing monk replied. "Ah, how I loved her! If you could only know how I loved her! And she was very like you, dear; the same sort of look about the eyes, the same chin, the same sort of shape when she was young. I remember when I first came from Athos I brought her a string of praying-beads, this sort. I took them as a gift from an old monk, and I gave him fifty copecks to pray for my soul. It was his prayers that made God give me the vision. You know I had a vision—an angel came to me one night and said: 'Forswear the world, my son, and repair to Mount Athos. It is the wish of the Holy Mother of God.' And I went. I have been a monk ever since."

"And how much does the *chotki* [praying-beads] cost, father?"

"Nothing, my dear; we take nothing whatever. But of course we have a big establishment to keep up, and if you give me anything voluntarily I shall pray for your soul."

The *baba* would solemnly take the beads and give fifty copecks without a murmur.

The day after leaving Athos we were at Salonica, and it was very pleasant to make this lazy journey under the hot spring sun, fanned by the fresh spring breeze. The boat was ours. We sat in groups and read the Bible aloud—those who could read—or listened—those who could not. We told stories; we sang songs and hymns; we read one another's sacred booklets; we found out the names of the islands of the Archipelago and their scriptural references; we wrote up our diaries, and made the solemnest of reflections in thick pencil on the thumb-marked, dirty paper, thus: "It is a lie; the Black Sea is not black." "The Turks are an impudent people. Thank God the Italians are beating them." All went very merrily and happily. But there came a time when all this was changed, a day, three days, of storm and sickness and terror. There came such a tempest over the Mediterranean as we had never dreamed of in the squalls and occasional unpleasantnesses of the Ægean.

"Who has not been to sea has never prayed to God," says the Russian proverb which I heard most frequently on the pilgrim boat. When the wind blew up at the issue of the Dardanelles, fully eighty per cent. of the pilgrims were sick. The remainder, or a portion of them, a few brave spirits, sat up on the wave-swept decks, eating oranges one after another with passionate credulity, thumbing their praying-beads feverishly and whispering to God: "*Gospody pomilui! Gospody pomilui!*" (O Lord, have mercy! O Lord, have mercy!)

What the packed and filthy hold was like at that time I dare not imagine. All day the people were unhappy; all day the sailors swore. Yet it was not a bad storm, and in the evening God heard the prayers of His "faithful slaves," and the tumult of the waters died gradually away, the wind dropped, and there was perfect calm. "God has saved us," said one of my neighbors; and I smiled, though I did not contradict. There was for all of us one battle yet untried, and it was to reduce many, including my neighbor, to a doubting of God's providence.

As we steamed out of the Gulf of Smyrna and I lay looking out at the sea from the carpenter's bench, the full moon

rose like a blood-red lantern out of the east; she changed to gold and then to silver. In the hold there was singing; above deck there was that pleasant contentment that comes after a long day in the sun, when every one is settling down to sleep. No one paid any attention to the tumultuous-looking, jagged-peaked cloud-bank in the west—only now and then a sailor would ejaculate, "There is trouble coming; now there is weather, but soon there will be no weather at all."

About midnight, when we turned south between Chios and the mainland, the wind at the force of a hurricane leaped upon us out of the clouds, and tore along our decks with a noise as of the stampeding of thousands of wild beasts. In a moment the improvised canvas shelters rigged up over the cover of the hold were ripped up and torn to ribbons. The sea, which had been rising and tossing for about an hour, writhed under the onslaught of the gale, and ran after it as if hurrying to revenge. The boat began to pitch. Those pilgrims who had fallen asleep waked to pray; those who had been praying all the while ceased their devotions and tried to go to sleep. I stuck my foot in the vise of the bench and tried to avoid being thrown against the oily engine of the crane confronting me.

At Chios we dropped two anchors, took one passenger, and waited three hours. The gale raged unabatedly the whole night; indeed, while we waited at anchor it increased. It roared. I left my bench and climbed up to the lookout deck just to see what it felt like, but there was no facing it, and the waves leaped over the sides of the ship like white tigers. At dawn we steamed south to Samos, Cos, and Rhodes, pitching all day, and blown by a head-wind that no pilgrim could face. There were about four hundred women on board, and every single one of them was sick, and there were not fifty men who did not suffer. At Rhodes the wind moderated, but as we issued from the Ægean to the Mediterranean the whole movement of the ship altered from a driving and shuddering to rolling and tumbling.



TWO SYRIAN GIRLS ON DECK

We were making eastward for Mersina and the Gulf of Iskenderoon in the very angle of the Levant. All night we rolled, the bags and baskets rolled, the utensils in the kitchens rolled and clattered, the pilgrims rolled and

prayed and moaned and shrieked. Even the crew, a Russian one, were ill. And no mercy was vouchsafed. All next day we rolled, on a tumultuous, heavy swell.

It was an enigma to me why we took so long to reach Mersina.

"Are we not thirty-six hours late?" I said to the second officer. "Why do we spend so much time in these little bays?"

"That's because it's rough," said he. "Whenever the sea gets up we go in close to the shore so as to be near land in case of an accident. The vessel is not new. It is very reliable, but it dates 1860. Now if the weather were calm we might venture out at sea a little and make a straight course."



THE BOY FROM "THE TOP OF THE URALS"

We were coasting a grand shore, where the cliffs, though subtropical at their base, were snow-crested at their summits. It was more barren, more desolate, more awe-inspiring than anything on the Black Sea, even on the Caspian and Crimean coasts. For hundreds of miles there was not a town, not even a large village, not a creek, not a pier, and we watched the high seas hurl themselves in majesty on an endless succession of rocks. It seemed to me we should stand little chance if the storm got the better of our ship and we were forced to take to our three little boats.

Next night the wind rose again; our masts broke; the seas washed over us and soaked us to the skin. Even in the hold, where many of the peasants raved like maniacs, there was a considerable quantity of sea-water. The waves leaped over the funnels; they smashed the glass roof of the second-class cabin; they washed one of the boats away. We seemed to be making no progress, to be even at times going astern. At last I heard a sailor say, "It's not in our hands any longer." The captain, who was a simple-minded Russian, asked the pilgrims to pray for the safety of the ship. Then a priest had a happy thought, and asked the captain for permission to invite the pilgrims to subscribe for an ikon of St. Nicholas the Wonder-worker. The distressed captain started the fund with a ruble, and the priest borrowed the metal slop-basin of a samovar and set off on his wonderful mission.

"The captain said we are going to the bottom in a quarter of an hour," said the priest, "but I have prayed to willing St. Nicholas and promised him a rich ikon if we get safely to land once more. What will you give?"

The peasants put in ten-ruble bits and twenty-five-ruble notes and bags full of silver and copper. They put in fifties and hundreds of rubles — all that they had. "What is money beside life?" they said. "Take all that we have!"

Then the priest, who was quick-witted enough, saw that such a collection would

be an impossibility to hold should the storm die down, and he returned and gave back the money, taking only sixpence from each. "If the storm abates you will be in as bad a plight as ever if you have no money," said he. Despite even that, many pilgrims stuffed notes into his pockets unobserved.

When he had collected sixpence all round he held a service and said prayers, and the pilgrims became strangely calm, and it seemed as if indeed St. Nicholas had intervened. The wind was as strong and the sea as heavy, but somehow the ship seemed to have more mastery. The captain bawled orders through the megaphone; evidently all hope was not lost. Next morning, the wind went down, and, though the rolling of the ship was terrible, the pilgrims believed that their prayers had been answered. At length, at four knots an hour, we crawled to the green harbor of Mersina, where we remained till there was calm once more. The pilgrims thanked God. They recovered from their sickness. They crept out into the sunshine and smiled again like little children. They chuckled over the story they would carry back to all their stay-at-home neighbors in their native villages. Yes, truly, he who has not been upon the sea has never prayed to God.

A strange sight on bright days were the piles of black bread gone moldy, exposed in the sunshine to air. Almost every pilgrim brought with him ten to twenty pounds of his native black bread —not in a block or in loaves, as might be expected, but in waste ends and crusts saved through past months from the cottage table, in some cases through past years. Each beggar-pilgrim had an inordinate supply of this *sukharee,* as it is called; for when a man begs his way from village to village he gathers more crusts than coppers. It is only in the towns that money is offered him.

At ten o'clock in the morning scrubby-looking peasants would emerge from the holds with their sacks, and, finding a sunny, dry spot on the deck, empty out their crusts, run their brown fingers through them, and then, squatting beside them, begin to select especially moldy ones and pare them with their old knives. It amazed me to think that they could eat such stuff, as indeed it amazed many of their richer fellow-pilgrims. Yet not only were such husks eaten, they actually formed the staple article of diet.

Hot water and salt added to these green crusts was called cabbage soup! When wood-oil and black olives were added and the cook allowed the pilgrim's pot to simmer on his stove, it was already *prazduitchuy* — a festival diet. I have seen peasants struggling to eat the bread unsoftened, a spring onion in one hand, a great crust in the other, but as the bread was hard as brick, this was a difficult matter. Commonly it was necessary to make tea and let the *sukharee* soak in the tumbler for five minutes or so.

Many pilgrims provided for their whole time at Jerusalem in this way. They pinned their faith on rye bread, even when it was green outside and yellow within. Perhaps their action was rather superfluous, as their meals were fairly well looked after by the Russian authorities in the Holy City, but not every one could afford the twopence a head charged for dinner at the hostelry.

The richer peasants fared better for food. They brought their sacks of beans and potatoes from Odessa and cooked them on board, bought fast soup at fourpence a plate from the kitchen-man specially employed to cook it. They made themselves porridge, bought oranges and locust-nuts galore, honey, figs, dates.

Yet for all of us the great Lenten fast, precluding not only flesh, but milk products and eggs, was a severe trial. But for the wood-oil, which was unpalatable, not a drop of fat was allowed into the food. Bread was eaten without butter, without even dripping; nothing could be cooked for us in butter or fat; cheese was not permitted, neither were curds; cakes and biscuits were out of the question. When I think of the miles we were to tramp in the Holy Land in the heat of the sun that beat down on us, I wonder that anything of our bodies beyond skin and bone remained to take back to Russia.

Fasting, however, induces a mood which is very fit for the spiritual experiences of Jerusalem. Its greatest test

and trial probably lies not so much in the poverty of the *moujik's* food diet—he is ever used to that—but in the denial during seven weeks of tobacco and vodka. On all my journey with the pilgrims I saw not one man touch beer or spirits, and not one with a cigarette in his mouth. Yet many of them were drunkards by their own admission. I don't think their wills were strong, but certainly their beliefs were very strong, since they enabled the peasants to say no to Turkish gin and cognac offered them at half the price they must have paid for it in Russia. At every port the temptation offered, and Turks and Arabs not only proffered the bottles, but pestered the pilgrims with them. The pilgrims would say: "Go away; it is a sin. We may not drink it." The Turk would go away and come back again next minute. Then perhaps, after long haggling, the pilgrim would buy the liquor and put it hastily at the bottom of his sack, there to lie till the end of the fast and his homeward journey from Jerusalem.

The voyage was full of incident and interest. At every port some of the pilgrims descended to the ferry-boats, and they had extraordinary disputes with Turkish boatmen who tried to charge extortionate sums for rowing to the mainland. The peasants were interested in every sight and sound, and didn't fail to make comparisons with their native land, commenting on the size of the buildings and the state of trade. When they saw the motor-omnibuses at Constantinople and the electric trams at Salonica they were somewhat surprised, more surprised still at the cheapness of German and English manufactured goods, most surprised of all at the cheapness of their own Russian sugar, sold at a penny a pound less in Turkey than in their native land. We strolled heavily through the bazaars of Smyrna, looking curiously at the veiled women, more curiously still at the dark beauties who were unveiled, the modern Turkish ladies dressed out in the height of fashion. We stopped and haggled at the stalls; we were not shy to crowd into the booths where gentle craftsmen were making the wooden parts of guitars and viols, or beady-eyed smiths were setting stones in sword-hilts. We tried to question the carpet-weavers. We blocked up the doorway of a hat-mending shop where scores of rusty fezzes were fixed on copper hat-trees, until at last a coffee-colored Arab, busy ironing, howled at us to begone.

On board there was always some new development to the fore. Thus one day the peasant women discovered that there was hot water *ad libitum* at their disposal, and they had a washing-day. They not only washed their linen, but their bodies, and their skirts and blouses, and their husbands' shirts. That afternoon there was not a free square yard of deck where one could stand and not have wet shirt-tails flapping in the eyes. The crew were extremely wrathful, but as they had orders to make things as comfortable as possible for the pilgrims, they could not very well interfere.

Other days were given up entirely to prayers and devotions. All the peasants were in groups reading the Bible, praying and singing together. Other days similar groups were engaged telling stories or listening to them.

Day crept on from dawn to dusk in converse. We became a large family, or rather a series of families. We all became known to one another and strangely intimate. The intimacy was strange because none of us had met in our lives before, and we came from the ends of the Russian earth. It was comparatively unusual for two peasants to find each other belonging to the same province, and a province in Russia has sometimes the extent of a kingdom in western Europe. We each had our special story to give—something not familiar to our fellow-pilgrims. Thus the man from the Carpathian frontier talked with the man from the Urals, the Archangel *moujik* with the peasant from the Caucasian steppes, the pilgrim from the Dnieper with the pilgrim from the Petchora, he of old Novgorodian Russia with the Siberian from beyond Baikal. One might multiply examples. All the Russias were there, and I was glad to find myself in the midst of them.

We had homely things to tell—thus, that beef was five copecks (a penny farthing) a pound in Samarsk government, and potatoes fifteen copecks a

pood (forty pounds); that the Baptists were increasing on the Don steppes, and bought their converts at a hundred rubles apiece, the pastors waiting at the railway stations and making drunkards sign a paper that they had renounced Orthodoxy and received a hundred rubles in exchange; that the Molokans had been trampling on the ikons in a monastery, and had therefore been flogged; that a monk in Vyatka government had prophesied the end of the world; that plague continued in Astrakhan; that the snow had been late in Little Russia this winter and the crops might be spoiled. A peasant from Kostroma told how thirty were frozen to death on a wedding-party lost in the snow. A man from above Perm told how he had been with a search-party looking for a lost convict, and had come upon him kneeling in the snow as if praying, but frozen to death and stiff as a post.

There were women doing embroidery and gossiping about the stitches, and veterans of the Turkish wars, one of the Crimean War, telling how they got their wounds, old pilgrims who had been to Jerusalem many times telling stories of the Sacred Fire. There was a great discussion as to whether a pilgrim sent by the village and on behalf of his village, having only the money subscribed by the village, could really pray for his own soul at Jerusalem; would he not have to give his whole devotions to his village?—a rather absurd discussion, for surely he could pray for each man and woman in turn, including himself.

It wasn't taken as very friendly to read books all by oneself, and once an old dame took a book out of my hand, saying: "Don't read so much or God will make a saint of you and take you from us. Tell us about yourself. *Kakoï guberny?*" (Which government do you come from?) And I was obliged to talk like the rest.

One of my most intimate acquaintances, and one I talked much to, was a young man from "the top of the Urals," five hundred versts north of Orenburg. He had left in January and tramped the whole winter. His village, he said, was surrounded by forest. One year in four nothing at all would grow in the fields, not even grass and weeds. A contrast to the black-earth districts, where year after year, without any manuring or any rest and fallowness, the land goes on rendering abundantly.

This boy, for he was no more, was a handsome, open-faced fellow, strong and straight, a really beautiful figure. He had not shaved yet, and never would; the little brown hairs glistened on his sunburned cheeks. He was dressed in an ancient, rusty-looking overcoat, a *touloop,* from his shoulders to his ankles. He had slept in it on the mountains and among the forests; every night on the steamer he slept in it, up at the "nose" of the prow, in the freshest, coldest place, and the Mediterranean dews were nothing to him. When he reached the Holy Land he made all his journeys up-country, to Nazareth, to Jordan, to Abraham's Oak, and the rest, on foot, and whenever I met him he seemed radiantly happy and well. I noticed at Jordan, when he stripped and got into his grave garments, that his body was clean and white like that of a child.

It was strange to see a young fellow of twenty in the midst of so many gray-beards, and I rather wondered how Russia could spare him from the fields.

"Why did you decide to make the pilgrimage?" I asked him.

He blushed somewhat awkwardly as he answered: "I took cold, and while I was ill I promised God that I would go to the Holy Sepulcher, and that I would eat no meat and drink no wine till I reached it."

"But surely you come from a famine district; how could you find money to pay the passage on the steamer?"

He waved his hand, deprecating the notion that anything like want of money could stand in the way of the pilgrimage. Yet his answer made matters clearer.

"It's not money we lack, unfortunately. We had to sell all our horses because we had nothing to feed them with."

"And you sold them well?" I queried.

"Well at first, but badly afterward. At last we sold them merely for the value of their hides. We kept our cows because they gave us milk, but at last we had to sell them also. We sold them at ridiculous prices. When we had sold everything, the government stepped in and supplied us with new cattle free of



ARRIVAL OF THE PILGRIMS AT JERUSALEM

charge, and gave us daily rations of bread and fodder."

"Did many of you die?"

"Many babies and old people," he answered, with a smile. "Some of the young ones got ill as I did, but none of my acquaintance died. It would take much more than that to kill us."

"And what sort of people are you?"

He replied that they were a peaceful people.

"Any robbers?"

"None. And won't be till the railway comes. I don't remember hearing of a robbery in our village. Our neighbors are the Kirghiz, and they are very gentle and hospitable. The officials do not trouble us much; we are so far away. It is not so long ago that they discovered us. Twenty years ago no one knew anything about our settlement; Russian pioneers had founded the colony fifty years or more ago, and they grew their own fruits and made their own tools without any intercourse with the rest of Russia, either to buy or to sell. We didn't serve in the Russian army, paid no taxes. We built our own church, but we had no priest."

"How did you manage?"

"We just used the church, and sang and prayed there as if there were a priest," he answered. "Even when you have a priest it often turns out he is drunk or cannot take the service for some other reason."

This is a typical example of the account each peasant gave of himself as he entered into conversation with his neighbor on the boat. There is not space to recount all the stories I heard *seriatim*. Suffice it that I for my part got to know a score of them quite intimate-

ly, and we carried the common life enjoyed on the steamboat over to the life in the hostelries, at the monasteries, and at the shrines. We met again and again, and talked of our doings and our prospects, took advice of one another, and blessings.

There remains one little amusing incident to be recorded here. An old crone found me out one day. I was sitting on a heap of canvas, scribbling down a story I had heard. An ancient pilgrim lady came up to me and peered under the brim of my hat, saying: "Lend me a pencil; I have lost mine, or some one has stolen it. I also am a poet."

When it became generally known that we were taking a fortnight to make a voyage that other vessels did in four days, there was a certain amount of complaint. And complaint seemed very justifiable when we had experienced one storm and feared every evening another. Yet what a journey was ours! I for one would not have shortened it, uncomfortable as I was.

From the stepping on board at Odessa, or Sebastopol, or Batum, to the stepping off at Jaffa, each pilgrim was living and seeing each day things that most ordinary mortals miss all their lives. For they did not make a direct passage to the Holy Land; they visited the whole Levant on the way.

I take my mind back now retrospectively over the whole fortnight. I did not join the pilgrims till Constantinople, but I picture very vividly their voyage thither across the Black Sea, the hot February noon, the snouted porpoises rushing to meet the vessel, brown-backed, yellow-bellied; the strong gulls hovering above the masts. All the overcast afternoon and evening the pilgrims watched their boat plowing its way over the vapor-colored water desert. The night, I know, was calm, and at twelve the ship came to a standstill at the entrance of the Bosporus, where the Turkish officers came on board to see whether there were any weapons stowed away in the hold. The pilgrims, up before dawn, saw the grandest sight in the world, the magenta-colored waters of the strait, mist-shrouded before sunrise, the soft, dark, romantic cliffs raising themselves up stupendously on either hand, the old towers and castles upon them scarcely visible, so high are they perched, so wan is the color of their walls. The boat steamed up the historic water, and the sun shone through mists on the dark cypress woods and ancient cemeteries. Brown geese were swimming down below; up above the clouds were flying. The strait is no broader than a great river, and from each bank high white and yellow houses stare across the water with uncurtained windows.

We stood at anchor on the vast stage of Constantinople harbor, and it seemed we had entered the capital of the world. The vessels of all nations stood about us, and we listened in bewilderment to the roll of the traffic in the town and the desolating howls of the sirens.

Next morning, with a stiff breeze in our faces, we were driving along the fresh and foaming Hellespont, green hills and mountains on each side of us, ancient ruins and modern Turkish earthworks. We issued through the Dardanelles, as it were out of an open mouth, and were delivered to the wild, foam-crested Ægean. We passed many a little island and barren rock as we lifted ourselves over to Mount Athos. At the holy island in the evening the sea gained peace, and we journeyed placidly through the night from island to island to Salonica, the dim stars looking down on us.

We had to thank the highly irrelevant commercial business of the ship for two or three extra days in the Archipelago. All one day we had Mount Athos a shadow on one side and two black pyramids of rock on the other. It was the balmy South, the air was moist and warm, the water waveless, the sky gray. We slipped from islet to islet alongside snowy-crested rocks and gray-breasted uplands. All day the peasants crossed themselves to the black shadow of the Holy Mountain.

Next morning we were in the quiet Gulf of Smyrna, in view of the green hills and the gay, white town. Most of us went out to see the town, to pay reverence to the relics of St. George, and to see the arena where early Christians were given to the beasts. We passed by ancient Ephesus, or rather the site of it, and wondered at the silence that had crept over the mouths who praised Diana.

We rode on the storm-waves past hun-



A Pilgrim Throng in the Holy City

dreds of islands, one of them Patmos, to the ancient walled city of Rhodes, now held by the Italians. We were all too shaken to pay much attention to the scenery, but those of us who were not sick saw the snowy ranges of Adalia and Adana, and wondered. On our weather side we saw the great black cliffs of Cyprus some fifty miles away, and on the lee the overwhelming snow-crowned cliffs of what was once Cilicia.

I shall remember Mersina in the early morning, a settlement of low dwellings at the feet of blue hills, by a blue sea. A silver crescent moon was looking out of the dawn sky. The sunrise came white and glistering, and lit up the line of white houses which comprise the town, showing the few cattle on the heath beyond it, the blue hills beyond the heath, and the great snow range beyond them all. In the noontide the water turned a soft emerald green.

We steamed up the Gulf of Iskenderoon to Alexandretti, another line of white houses with spear-shaped mosques and a mission-house, all low down at the very toes of high, green hills. At sunset the water was black-blue, and high above the green hills there came into view crystal-glittering snow-peaks, shining with a light that was unearthly.

"God has made the sea calm and the earth beautiful," said a peasant. "It is because we are nearing the Holy Land."

And we turned south along the beautiful Syrian coast to the amphitheater-shaped city of Beirut. Then in the sight of the mountains of Lebanon we plowed the waves to the site of the ancient and impregnable port of Tyre, past Acre and Mount Carmel to the city of Japhet.

As we neared Jaffa the excitement of the pilgrims was tremendous; their hearts beat feverishly. We left the Jewish town of Kaifa before sunrise one morning, and as Jaffa was the next port there was extraordinary upheaval and noise in every part of the ship. The pilgrims were all attiring themselves in clean shirts, and many were putting on new boots, for they counted it a sin to face in stained garments the land where the Author of their religion was born, or to tread upon it in old boots—albeit many had no choice of gear in this matter.

Eastern Jaffa, oldest city of the world, stood before us at noon with its clambering yellow houses and its blue water foaming over the many sunken rocks in the harbor. The ferry-boats swarmed about us, and Turks and Arabs in garish attire all yelled at the passengers at once. A burly negro in a Turkey-red jersey, on which was printed "Cook's boatman," took charge of the boat on which my party was landed—we were about seventy. It was amusing to hear the boatman addressing a German in the first class: "Da yer waant a boat, sar—over thar? A' right, a' right!" There were eight or nine boat-loads of us, and we were rowed in across the rolling foam to the customs, from which, without any parley or question of things to declare, we were hurried along to a Greek monastery on a cliff.

Arab boys ran alongside as we filed into the cloisters, and they shouted in Russian, "*Moskof khorosh, moskof khorosh!*" (The muscovites are good, the muscovites are fine!); supercilious-looking, moldy-green camels snuffed down at us condescendingly; Greek monks hurried up to us affably with general congratulations; the money-changers rattled their boxes; the trembling, shivering beggars whimpered and gurgled round our knees; the orange and nut-cake hawkers besieged us. Yes, after many callings, we had at last landed definitely, and we had reached Palestine.

With the Daisies

BY JAMES STEPHENS

I WAS in a field to-day,
  Where some little children were;
They were dancing at their play,
  Free from work and thought and care:
When one said, and kindly, too,
"We would like to play with you."

So I chased a butterfly,
  I chased a curl of thistledown,
I chased a bird into the sky,
  And hid to see would it come down;
And I chased a painted ball,
And I nursed a little doll.

Waving frock and pinafore!
  Little red-cheek! curly-head!
Laughing voices! I am sore
  That ye ever must be sped
From the sunlight and the play,
In the fields of holiday.



The Dollivers Dine Out

BY

MARGARET CAMERON

ONE of the duties frequently devolving upon Dolliver was the entertainment of important out-of-town customers of the firm employing him, and for a week he and Marjorie had been assiduously devoting themselves to a rich and ponderous ironmonger named Titus, who was thriftily employing a part of his wedding journey in the conduct of certain business negotiations in New York, and permitting the manufacturers whose wares he ordered to bear a large part of the expense of the metropolitan honeymoon upon which his middle-aged bride had set her heart.

When, therefore, after a series of motor trips and shopping expeditions, luncheons, dinners, and visits to the theater, in which the Dollivers had faithfully played their part as hosts, Mrs. Titus developed one day a neuralgic headache, and telephoned at the last moment, Page Dolliver ejaculated: "Thank the Lord!" and notified the head of the firm that a box in the grand stand at the aviation-field was at his disposal.

"Use it yourself, Dolliver," was the reply. "Take your wife and some friends and have a good time. You've earned it."

The Dollivers welcomed the opportunity thus offered, for an unusually spectacular aviation meet was in progress, and immediately began discussing which of their more congenial friends they should invite to join them for the afternoon and a little dinner at Rousseau's, a quaint and delightful inn on Long Island, of which they had heard much and where they had long intended to dine. It proved to be too late to get any one to go with them, however, as every one to whom they telephoned either had gone out or had other engagements, and in the end they set forth without guests.

"Oh, I'm a selfish sinner, but I'm almost glad nobody could come with us," confessed Marjorie, as they crossed Queensborough Bridge and left the city behind. "Think of the blessedness of a whole long afternoon out of doors and a delicious, cozy dinner at Rousseau's, all by our lones! It's almost worth the price, isn't it?"

"Poor child, you're tired out," commiserated Page. "This Titus episode has been hard on you."

"Oh no, it hasn't—not really," she instantly defended. "But though I dare say Mr. Titus is a good business man—"

"He isn't," again interrupted Page. "He's a hold-over. He hates his competitors with a positively medieval fervor, and would rather lose a hundred dollars himself than see one of them make fifty. He's probably heard of the twentieth century, but he thinks it's only an idle rumor, with which he has nothing to do."

"Well, anyway, conversationally he's not of my species," she resumed. "Talking to those two for any length of time is like trying to drive a hippopotamus and a—a salt mackerel, tandem. He's huge and soggy and wallowy, and when he moves at all he wants the whole road; and she just soaks and soaks, and never stirs a fin. And you're afraid all the time that he'll forget and step on her and make her flatter than she is now. Oh, Page dear, it's good to get off alone with you and talk nonsense!" She tucked a hand into his coat pocket, where he captured it.

"I heard you talking to her last night about the Home League," he suggested.

"Page, is there anything on earth I *haven't* talked to that woman about?" she demanded. "While you men have been talking shop I've tried her on every subject I ever heard of, hoping to find something she'd pick up and carry on herself a little way. I discoursed alluringly upon needlework, housekeeping, cooking, servants, children, dogs, cats, parrots, poultry, and foreign missions, and when these failed I baited my hooks with travel, history, literature, music, and art. Then I raked from my buried past all I could remember about botany, astronomy, chemistry, and birdlore; and when I had exhausted myself in that direction I launched out on the 'ologies—geology, genealogy, archæology, astrology, —and I don't know a thing in the world about any of them! I tried feminism, suffrage, civics, eugenics, and industrial education; and when there was nothing else left I told her the story of my life, winding up with my latest enthusiasm, the Home League and its endeavor to give friendless little girls a real home life and a real education."

"What did she say to that?" he asked, chuckling.

"What did she say?" echoed Marjorie. "What did she ever say to anything?"

"'How vurry intrusting! Henry, isn't that intrusting?'" he dryly quoted, and then they both laughed.

"Oh, well, I dare say she's not so bad, if only one could discover her human side," Marjorie conceded. "She must have one, you know. Everybody has. But somehow I couldn't find it."

"Maybe she has," Dolliver's tone was dubious, "but it must be mighty well secreted when you couldn't uncover it, Marjoricums. I did hope, when I heard you enlarging so animatedly upon the achievements and intentions of the League, that she was really getting interested in something at last, and that she'd give you a decent subscription. They could easily afford to build you a cottage."

"But I didn't tell her for that reason, Page, and of course I didn't ask her for a subscription. How could I?"

"You couldn't," he returned, "but she might have offered it. I should have said it was the least she could do, after all you've done for her."

"But I didn't do it for her, goosie. I did it for you. And you got your big order, didn't you? Then it's all right, don't you see?"

They arrived at the aviation-field rather early, parked their car, and were strolling toward the hangars when they caught sight of Dick Holden. Holden had once been more or less officially concerned in an adventure of the Dollivers', when, on a hot Sunday afternoon, after they had picked up by the wayside and carried on to Dobbs Ferry two old ladies whom they had never seen before, one of these sisters had missed her purse and had called in her friend and neighbor, Mr. Holden, who chanced also to be a deputy sheriff, to assist in the search for it.

"How are the Golden Rule Dollivers?" Holden hailed, as he approached them.

They laughingly acknowledged this title and asked him to join them, but he explained that he was with a party of men whom he could not desert, promising, however, to come in to see them later.

Page and Marjorie walked about for a while among the hangars, looking at the various machines and watching the experimental flights, before finally seeking their box. As they entered the grandstand, Marjorie's attention was attracted by a couple standing near the entrance, who seemed to be watching them, but who averted their glances when they saw she had observed them.

It was perhaps an hour later, when their first wonder at the spectacle of the soaring birdmen had worn away a little, that Marjorie leaned back in her chair with a comfortable little sigh, and glanced along the line of boxes.

"Do you suppose it's spoiling us, all this sort of thing?" she asked, thoughtfully.

"What sort of thing?"

"All this." She waved an inclusive hand. "Boxes and expensive restaurants and an atmosphere of luxury — all the things we can't afford and have been playing with at the company's expense for the past week."

"H'mph! I rather think we've worked our passage."



"How are the Golden Rule Dollivers?"

"Yes, we've earned it in a way, I suppose. But we've also cultivated an appetite for it, and — and I like it," she confessed.

"*Would* you like it if you knew it was costing every penny we could scrape together?" he asked her, smiling at her.

"N-no, perhaps not. But it must be pleasant to be rich. I like the sample." At that moment her glance fell upon an approaching couple, and she added: "Here comes a pretty woman, Page. I noticed her at the door as we came in."

"So did I," he replied. "She is rather attractive, though a little—well, not quite fine enough, is she?"

"Hardly, for a fastidious taste. But she's very good-looking, just the same, and she knows how to wear her clothes. The man does, too. Neither of them is just our sort, I imagine, but I like them because they look as if they enjoyed life. Such a contrast to those poor Tituses!"

The couple under discussion entered the vacant box adjoining the Dollivers', and exchanged pleasant, half-smiling glances with their neighbors before sitting down. In the box on the other side of the new-comers, with a party of grown people, was a little girl about four years old, whose quaint speeches had been amusing everybody in the vicinity for some time, and presently, as a Bleriot rose in the air like a huge insect, she shrilled, excitedly:

"Look! Look! Oh, my soul and body!"

"Where is your soul, Jane?" asked a smiling woman of her party, and the clear, confident little voice replied:

"My sole is on the bottom of my foot, and my body is on *me*."

Involuntarily, Marjorie glanced at the couple in the next box, who looked toward her at the same instant, and they all laughed together.

"No philosophic doubt about that," observed the man. Turning to the child, he pointed to the soaring machine and asked: "What is that, girlie?"

"Why, doesn't oo know?" she instantly responded. "Zat's Coopid. He has

fezzers on his back, 'n' he can fly like anysing." At this the laughter was general, and in the midst of it the man addressed himself, with twinkling eyes, to Dolliver.

"If there's anything you'd like to know about cosmic force or ultimate destiny, let me refer you to the young lady on my left," he said. "I'll warrant her ability to inform you."

"I fancy she'll teach several men something about 'Coopid' and his 'fezzers' before she's done, at any rate," Page returned.

"You're right, she will!" laughed the other.

"Unless, by the time she grows up, Cupid's 'fezzers' have all been plucked by the scientists, and he's been given a microscope in place of his quiver," suggested the woman with him.

"Do you think we need worry about Cupid just yet?" asked Marjorie, smiling at the child.

"That's right, too," agreed the man. "Cupid can't be wholly plucked while there are girls like that growing up."

"Again how different from the Tituses!" whispered Marjorie.

From this the four drifted into conversation, first about the various aeroplanes and their operators, then about automobiles, and then about sports and amusements generally. Their neighbor mentioned his residence near Great Neck, and said something about his interest in dogs. Later he spoke casually, in connection with fishing, of a camp in the Adirondacks. But it was not until the talk swung around to yachting that the Dollivers began to suspect the identity of these chance acquaintances. Page made some allusion to the sale, several months before, of a large steam-yacht to a Crœsus from the West, and the other man replied:

"Yes, he tried to buy *The Nixie,* but I didn't care to sell her."

He spoke carelessly, watching a swooping biplane the while, and the Dollivers



"HERE COMES A PRETTY WOMAN, PAGE"

exchanged startled glances, for *The Nixie* belonged to Horace Manning, a young millionaire whose country-place near Great Neck was one of the most beautiful on Long Island, and whose model farm and kennels in Westchester County were celebrated. Then he added, as if by an afterthought:

"By the way, I'm sorry I haven't a card," he felt in two or three pockets while he spoke, "but my name is Manning."

"Mine is Dolliver—Page Dolliver."

"Page Dolliver?" repeated Manning, questioningly. "Why, you must be—is it possible that you're the chap they call 'Golden Rule Dolliver'?"

"I am," confessed Page, laughing. "But what do you know about it?"

"I know Frank Cole very well, and the other day he told me about that kidnapping episode, and about your extraordinary custom of sharing your car with strangers along the road. He promised to bring us together very soon, but I've beaten him to it, by Jove! I'm exceedingly glad to meet you, Mr. Dolliver." By this time he was enthusiastically shaking hands with Page, and Mrs. Manning was scarcely less enthusiastic.

"This is perfectly delightful!" she exclaimed, addressing Marjorie. "I knew from the instant when I first saw you, down at the door as you came in, that we should enjoy knowing you—my husband and I spoke of it then—and we were so pleased when we discovered you next us here! But if we'd had the slightest idea that you were the Golden Rule Dollivers, we should have introduced ourselves on the spot! Instead of which we wasted nearly an hour on some stupid people we happened to meet, when we might have been here talking to you. Do tell us who gave you that fascinating name —'the Golden Rule Dollivers'? We want to hear the whole story from the beginning."

So, after a little urging, Page and Marjorie told how they had wondered, before they owned their car, why some of the nice people who passed them with empty tonneaus didn't occasionally offer to carry them on; and how they had begun to put these ideas into practice as soon as they had possessed an automobile of their own, only to have each incident result in some embarrassing misunderstanding of their motives. They related several such adventures, and their auditors were amused and indignant by turns, and sympathetic all the time.

"Well, certainly you don't weary of well-doing," laughed Mrs. Manning. "You obey all the Scriptural injunctions, don't you? Do as you'd be done by, bread on the waters, turn the other cheek, and all the rest."

"Oh, don't give us more credit than we deserve," said Dolliver, flushing a little as he always did at any suggestion of this nature. "You see, it's an interesting sort of pastime, and we enjoy it. I'm afraid the spirit in which we play this game is more adventurous than philanthropic."

Mrs. Manning spoke in rather a wistful tone: "How delightful it must be to be able to make up pretty games for yourselves and play them together! That's the worst of a position like ours—it makes one so conspicuous. We never can run off and do delicious, unconventional, irresponsible things like that, because some one is sure to recognize us, and the next morning the whole thing is in the papers, with large head-lines and faked pictures."

Marjorie laughed outright. "How human that is!" she exclaimed. "We all 'pine for what is not,' don't we? Just as you came in I was saying that it must be very pleasant to have plenty of money and to be able to do all the things one would like to do."

"But we have to do so many stupid things that we don't like to do, for no better reason than that everybody does them and they're expected of us," said Mrs. Manning. "And one gets tired just buying things. Of course, I have a good time. I enjoy life hugely, but sometimes I feel that I enjoy it in a very foolish, useless sort of way; and I suspect that you get a lot more out of it than I do, Mrs. Dolliver." The women drifted into a discussion of their various interests and occupations, during which Mrs. Manning proved to be so sympathetic and persuasive a listener that Marjorie had soon told her all about the Home League.

"I think that's the most splendidly

practical thing I ever heard of!" enthusiastically cried Mrs. Manning, when she had finished. "Of course one hears of scores of worthy charities nowadays—we subscribe to any number of them—but somehow I have a feeling that most of them benefit the benefactors more than they do the beneficiaries. But anything that provides a real home—not an asylum, but a home—for poor, wretched little kiddies is of real practical benefit, and I want to be in it! I suppose you could find more children if you had places to put them, couldn't you?"

"There are always more than we have room to house or money to care for," said Marjorie, with glowing eyes. "We're in sore need of another cottage now, and we're to hold a special meeting Monday to discuss ways and means of getting it."

"How much does a cottage cost?"

"We can get it built for thirty-five hundred or four thousand dollars," said Marjorie, a little breathlessly. "Of course the furnishing and equipment are extra."

"You ought not to have any trouble getting that." Mrs. Manning seemed surprised that the required sum was so small. "They'd let me give it to them, wouldn't they?"

"Oh—would you?" There was a little catch in Marjorie's throat.

"I'd love to. That would be buying something really worth while. Oh, there's Grace Denslow over there! Do you know her? Mrs. Perry Denslow?" Mrs. Manning nodded and waved her hand slightly to some one at a distance. "That's she, standing in the third box. Now, she'd like a thing like this. Grace is frivolous, like most of us, but she's a good sort, and I'm sure she'd help if I asked her. So would Tessie Keeler, and Mrs. Teddy Brayton, and Marion Vandorp." She mentioned, with growing enthusiasm, the names of several women prominent in New York society. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm going up to Lenox day after to-morrow for two or three weeks, but if you can come out to luncheon to-morrow I'll get as many of these women together as I can. It's short notice, but I'll make them break some of their silly engagements. Then you tell them about the scheme, I'll offer to build a cottage, and we'll see if we can't get them to chip in enough to furnish it and pay the housemother for a while. What do you say? Can you come?"

"I *will* come!" cried Marjorie. "Do you think I wouldn't break engagements for that, too? Page dear, what do you think has happened?"

Dolliver was suitably impressed when he heard the news, and Manning, after the situation was explained to him, heartily approved his wife's action, and intimated that if by any chance her plan failed and her friends proved indifferent, he would provide the funds necessary to furnish and equip the proposed cottage.

"Hello, Manning! Spellbinding, as usual?" some one behind them exclaimed; and they turned to find Holden standing back of Dolliver's box, amusedly watching them. "No, thanks, Mrs. Dolliver, I can't stop. The fellows I'm with are going back to town and I've got to go with them. I hope we'll get there with whole bones! Tom Jerrold's driving, and Phaethon was a model of caution in comparison." He shook hands with the Dollivers, nodded to Manning, and rejoined his friends, with whom, a few minutes later, they saw him swinging across the field.

It was perhaps a quarter of an hour after this that Manning looked at his watch, uttered an exclamation, and said to his wife:

"By Jove, we've no time to lose, my dear! We're likely to be late as it is. I'll go ahead and order the car, and—perhaps Mr. Dolliver will bring you down?"

"Gladly," said Page. "We'll all go down, for it's high time we were starting home also."

Manning hurried away, and as the rest followed more slowly his wife explained that they were to dine in town that night, and had first to go to a hotel to dress, whither servants had preceded them with their luggage. When they reached the spot where Manning had promised to meet them he was not in sight, and they were beginning to wonder whether they had mistaken the rendezvous when they saw him coming toward them, frowning anxiously.

"'Here's a state of things!'" he quoted as he approached, laughing, but



"THEY HAD PLANNED A COZY LITTLE DINNER AT ROUSSEAU'S, AND NOW WE'RE SPOILING IT!"

with the pucker still between his brows. "That idiot, Tom Jerrold, managed somehow to back his car into ours as he took it out, and put it entirely out of commission for the present."

"Put whose car out of commission? His?" asked Page.

"No! I wish he had! Careless daredevil! He got off with a little scratched paint and a bent mud-guard, Taylor says, but it will take two hours to put ours into condition to run at all." He turned to his wife, adding: "Taylor telephoned home for the other car, but they say your mother has it out, and nobody knows when she'll return. Meanwhile, we have a dinner engagement in town, and we've just missed a train. Mr. Dolliver, I hate to impose upon you, but would it—"

"I was about to say," interrupted Page, "that I'm sorry you've had an accident, but it will at least give us the pleasure of taking you in to town."

"I'm afraid it may put you to some inconvenience. Are you sure you were going in to town?" hesitated the other man.

"No, they were not!" cried his wife. "They had planned a cozy little tête-à-tête dinner at Rousseau's. Mrs. Dolliver told me so, and now we're spoiling it! Can't we get a car somewhere?"

"That's of no consequence at all," Marjorie made haste to say. "We can dine at Rousseau's any night, and of course we're going to take you to town. You mustn't fail to keep a formal dinner engagement just because we had expected to go to a little country inn. Fortunately, we have no guests and are free to change our plans. Hurry and get the car, Page. How lucky that we were here!"

"You're pulling us out of a very awkward situation, Mrs. Dolliver, and you shall have that dinner at Rousseau's yet—with us, if you will," Manning thanked her. "We little thought, when we were discussing your hospitalities this afternoon, that we should throw ourselves upon your generosity within two hours!"

So the Dollivers took the Mannings in to town and deposited them at the door of their very expensive hotel, with ample time before their dinner-hour.

"I'm going West to-morrow, to be away for a week or two," said Manning, as he shook hands with Page at parting, "and my wife's going up to the Berkshires. But we shall look you up as soon as we get back—and don't forget that you're to dine with us at Rousseau's," he added, turning to Marjorie, "as well as on many other occasions, I hope. We don't want to lose touch with you."

"Meanwhile, you'll come out to Great Neck to-morrow," said Mrs. Manning. "I'll expect you at one, and I'll get as many of those women as I can to meet you, so we can get the thing started, anyway, even if we have to leave the final arrangements until I return."

"Oh, Page!" sighed Marjorie, as they drove away. "Isn't that the most heavenly luck! Think of just stumbling into the Horace Mannings and having a cottage, all furnished and free of debt, thrust into one's hands, so to speak! Won't the girls be delighted? I'll have to break a luncheon engagement with Mrs. Derby to-morrow, but she won't care, because she's chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and she'll be perfectly jubilant when I tell her about Mrs. Manning's cottage. Isn't it wonderful?"

"It will be—if you get it," said Dolliver. There was a moment of silence, and then Marjorie asked, in a curious, thoughtful tone:

"Why do you say that?"

"I don't know. For no particular reason, only—it seemed too easy, somehow. It didn't seem quite real."

"That's funny," she said, slowly. "Because every now and then I felt that way, too. I wonder why? For it *is* real, you know. It must be!"

"Yes, I suppose so—unless they forget it overnight."

"Page! What a dreadful thing to say—or to think! Surely you don't mean that! You don't think they're that sort!"

"No, I don't quite mean any of these things I'm saying. But, after all, they might be that sort, you know," he reasoned. "He's a little too fluent to be wholly convincing, though I dare say it's just his manner; and she—well, she's a trifle ebullient—effervescent—isn't she? And that sort of thing—that facility of emotion and expression—sometimes works both ways, you know. You never can tell. They might forget as easily as they were interested."

"Y-yes. But we said when we first saw them, you remember, that they weren't quite—not *quite* our sort. Of course, one realizes that all the time. But that doesn't necessarily mean that they are insincere and—and horrid, or that they're not perfectly nice people, does it? You know, Page, I sometimes wonder whether all these things that have happened to us, all these misunderstandings and disappointments when we've tried to be nice to people, haven't made us a little—just a little—suspicious and pessimistic, and afraid to trust people?" At this, Page laughed whole-heartedly.

"Well, not so you'd notice it!" he said. "We're just as childlike and trusting as we were when we began this game, and I for one am glad of it. I hope we'll stay so! Who cares if somebody does misconstrue our amiable motives now and then? We enjoy cherishing them, just the same. And in the main people *are* decent and honest and kindly, by Jupiter!"

"And this afternoon proved it," supplemented Marjorie. "I didn't ask her for anything, you know—in fact, I quite forgot for the moment how rich she was, and just talked about the League for sheer love of it; and then, entirely of her own accord, she offered to build the cottage."

"Rather a contrast to Mrs. Titus's attitude, wasn't it?"

"*That's* the reason!" triumphantly announced Marjorie. "I've got it now! That's what's been the matter with us all the afternoon, Page! We've associated with hippopotami and salt mackerel until warm, sentimental, enthusiastic humans don't seem real to us, and we suspect their motives just as people are always suspecting ours. After all, why shouldn't the Mannings act on impulse just as sincerely as we do?"

"No reason at all why they shouldn't, love, and let's hope they do. But I have what is vulgarly called a hunch that Mrs. Manning will recall her luncheon invitation either by mail or telephone in the morning."

"Well, she won't! You'll see, you cynic!" retorted Marjorie.



"I am Mrs Horace Manning"

Late the next forenoon Dolliver was called to the telephone, and his wife's voice said:

"Here I go! Off for Great Neck, with all my hopes intact!"

"No word from the lady?"

"None."

"Good-by, then, and good luck!"

"Good luck!" she called back, happily. "Perhaps I'll return with the cottage in my pocket!"

There was no suggestion of triumphal rejoicing in her manner, however, when she whirled into Dolliver's office a few hours later, though her movements were quick, her eyes brilliant, and bright spots of color stained her cheeks.

"Well, how about it?" asked her husband, observing at first only that she was looking unusually attractive. Then, quickly, he added, "What's the matter, dear? What's happened?"

"I don't know—exactly," she replied, in a stifled tone. "Page, I want to see you—alone, please. I want to tell you—alone."

He led her into the vacant office, closed the door, gently pushed her into a chair, and asked:

"Now what is it, dearest?"

"Page, I went out to that woman's house—to the Manning place—"

"Yes."

"I got a cab at Great Neck and drove out."

"Yes."

"And when I got there I gave my card to the butler, and he said Mrs. Manning was engaged and could see no one."

"What?"

"I knew that must be a mistake, so I told him I had an appointment with her—that she expected me—and he went away. Presently he came back, saying that Mrs. Manning thought there must be some misunderstanding, as she didn't know my name. Then I knew there was something wrong, but I intended to find out what it was, so I told him I had come from New York by appointment to see Mrs. Manning on business, but that if she was occupied with something else

I would detain her only a moment. He went away again, and when he came back he said she'd see me if I would wait a little while. After a long time a woman came in—a tall, crisp, cool woman, who looked at me as if I had things to sell, and said, in a polite, businesslike tone: 'Good morning. You're Mrs. Dolliver?' 'Yes,' I said. Then she waited for me to go on, and I said: 'I asked to see Mrs. Manning personally.' 'I am Mrs. Manning.' 'Oh, I want to see Mrs. Horace Manning.' 'I am Mrs. Horace Manning.' And, Page, I had never seen the woman before! I asked if there was another Mrs. Manning in Great Neck, and she said not to her knowledge. Then I began to blush and stammer, and tried to explain, and she got cooler and more remote every minute. I told her we had a box yesterday at the aviation-field, next a man who said he was Mr. Horace Manning and lived at Great Neck, and that his wife had become interested in a charity with which I was connected, and had asked me to take luncheon with her to-day at Great Neck, to meet some of her friends and tell them about it. She said that was very extraordinary, as her husband was in Canada and could not possibly have been at the aviation-field, and that certainly she had not been there."

"Do you mean that she doubted your word?"

"N-no, she didn't say so. She was perfectly courteous. She just said it was very extraordinary, as if it didn't concern her at all, and waited for me to go on. Well, of course I could only say that I was very sorry indeed to have disturbed her, but that I had no way of knowing that the lady I met yesterday was not Mrs. Horace Manning when she said she was, and prepare to take my leave. Then she did thaw a little—I think she thought at first that the whole thing was a ruse to secure an interview with her for some reason or other—and she asked a lot of questions about the other Mannings, and seemed very much puzzled, but I think she was chiefly trying to discover whether I was suffering from a mild hallucination or was just a plain liar. . . . Well, it did look queer, you know, my appearing at her house at one o'clock and insisting that I had been invited there to luncheon. She finally asked, with a sharp, expectant sort of expression in her eyes, what the charity was in which I had tried to interest the other Mrs. Manning; but I didn't intend to be mistaken for a lying *beggar,* at any rate, and I said I had made no attempt to interest the lady, who had voluntarily offered to help an organization of which I had chanced to speak. Then I'm sure she thought I was a little wrong in my head, and she was very gentle and nice, and said she was sorry I was disappointed, and didn't I think I'd better go directly home now, without making any further effort to find the other Mrs. Manning, and I said I certainly did. She wanted to give me some luncheon, too, but of course I couldn't accept that. I had sent away my cab, so I had to walk to the station, and it's three miles or more, and—oh, Page, I'm so tired! What do you suppose it all means?"

"Means? Why, it means that we've been done again!" hotly exclaimed Dolliver. "Whoever those people were, they were not the Mannings—"

"But they were, Page! At least, he was. Don't you remember that Mr. Holden said, 'Hello, Manning!' when he came up?"

"By George, so he did! He must know him!" Dolliver reached for the telephone receiver on the desk near him and asked to be connected with Holden's office.

"And there isn't going to be any cottage, after all!" mourned Marjorie. "Mrs. Derby and the girls will be so disappointed! And my explanation is going to sound so lame and foolish! But it *must* have been Mr. Manning, Page. He knew Mr. Holden—and he spoke of Mr. Cole. But who was the woman?"

"Give it up!" briefly replied her husband, and waited. Holden's office answered that Holden had gone out, but was expected to return at any moment.

"Ask him to call up Mr. Dolliver at once when he comes in," said Page. "Or, better, if he has time, ask him to step over here a moment. Say that Mrs. Dolliver would like to see him." Then he called up Franklin Cole. "Hello, Cole! This is Dolliver. How well do you know Horace Manning?"

"Horace Manning? Don't know him at all," was the reply.

"You don't know him at all!"

"No. Why?"

"We sat next a man out at the aviation-field yesterday who said he was Horace Manning, that he knew you very well, and that you had told him all about the kidnapping affair. He called me 'Golden Rule Dolliver,' and hailed me as a friend and a brother on your account."

"How much did he touch you for?" asked Cole, laughing.

"Not a thing. Yes, by Jove, he did! We brought him and his wife back to town."

"I'll bet you did!" said Cole. "But it wasn't Manning."

"That's the queer part of it. It was Manning. Holden came along while we sat there and called him by name."

"The deuce he did! And he said he knew me?"

"Said he knew you well."

"Well, all I can say is that he must have dreamed it. As far as I know, I never saw Manning in my life. What does Holden say about it?"

"I don't know. He isn't in his office now, and I've just learned that there's a screw loose somewhere."

"Well, I don't understand his use of my name. What's the rest of the story?"

"I don't know yet, but there are more things about it than your part of it that I don't understand."

A few minutes later Holden came in, and Dolliver asked:

"Who were the people in the box adjoining ours yesterday?"

"The Mannings?"

"It was Manning, then!"

"I thought you knew them."

"No; he introduced himself to me out there, but he had no card, and—well, one or two things have occurred since to make that seem rather significant. You're sure it was Manning?"

"Sure? Of course I'm sure! I've known Charlie Manning all my life. Went to school with him."



"MAY I TELEPHONE MRS. HOLDEN THAT YOU ARE DINING WITH US TO-NIGHT?"

"*Charlie* Manning! Oh—I see!"

"See what?" puzzled Holden, and then he began to laugh. "Good Lord, Dolliver, you didn't think he was *Horace* Manning, did you?"

"I had some reason to think so," was the reply. Page was thinking rapidly.

"Why, he *said* he was Horace Manning!" cried Marjorie.

"N-no, come to think of it, I don't remember that he did, dear," slowly said her husband. "He said his name was Manning, and left us to infer the rest from his casual allusions to his place in Great Neck, and his kennels in Westchester, and his camp in the Adirondacks—or perhaps your Manning owns all these things, too?"

"Owns nothing!" growled Holden. "He never owned any more earth than

it takes to make a clay pipe, and he generally stole that!"

"Who is he, anyway?" inquired Dolliver.

"Charlie Manning," said Holden, "is the son of a minister in my home town. Versatile, clever, fluent of speech, as you probably discovered—"

"We did," said Dolliver, dryly.

"He has an inborn repugnance to real work, but his imagination is prolific, and he has a facility in lying that I have never seen equaled. He'd rather put over a good story than make a hundred dollars, and he actually makes 'em so plausible that he almost believes 'em himself!"

"What does he do for a living?"

"He's done a little of everything requiring talk. He has sold books and real estate and wildcat stocks. At one time he was connected with an advertising agency, and now he's picking up a more or less precarious subsistence by soliciting life insurance. He married a sharp little Irish school-teacher, whom I've never met—you may have noticed yesterday that our relations are not exactly cordial, —who is reported to be as clever and as unscrupulous as he is, and I suppose they may be said, in the truest sense, to live by their wits. When going's hard, they camp around in second-class boarding-houses, and when they manage somehow to rake in a winning, they pose as plutocrats and spend it all in high living—witness their having a box at that show yesterday! Charlie must have had as much as fifty dollars all at once."

"Then it wasn't his car you damaged yesterday?" Marjorie inquired.

"What's that?"

"Did your friend Jerrold back his car into another one yesterday and put it out of business?" asked Page.

"No! We had no mishap at all. What's the story?"

They told it to him from the beginning. When they came to the incident of the damaged car, he exclaimed:

"Hold on! I've got it! That's like his infernal cheek! I've got the whole thing, by jiminy, and the drinks are on me! Were the Mannings in that box from the time the show opened?"

"No; they came in very late. Said they'd been with some friends, didn't they?" Marjorie nodded.

"That's it! After I met you the first time, down in the field, one of the fellows I was with asked who you were, and, as they all know Cole, I told that kidnapping story. I remember now that Manning had joined the group for a moment, and of course heard the yarn. The box next you happened to be vacant, and when there was little chance left of selling it, the Mannings probably bribed an usher to let them use it, incidentally opened conversation with you, sprung the story, and—as I said, the drinks—and the dinner—are on me! Mrs. Dolliver, may I telephone Mrs. Holden that you are dining with us to-night at Rouseau's?"

Cold Light

BY FRANÇOIS DUSSAUD, Sc.D.

In producing the most efficient artificial light known, only about five per cent. of the energy in the coal pile reaches us. Nature is much more efficient. Many years ago the late Dr. Samuel P. Langley tested the efficiency of the firefly. His experiments were repeated not so long ago, by Drs. Ives and Coblentz. As a result of these studies, we know that the firefly's efficiency is about 96.5 per cent.; in other words, that its light is well-nigh cold. Less than four per cent. is wasted in the form of heat.

M. Dussaud has achieved a noteworthy result in enabling the physicist to give us a light which will be both cheap and agreeable. Paradoxically enough the cold light of Dussaud is produced at an unusually high filament temperature. Heat is necessary to produce it. Because he has devised a very simple and ingenious method of preventing the dissipation of that heat into space, Dussaud's light may be popularly regarded as cold. But, strictly speaking, his light is not, of course, absolutely cold.

COLD light enjoys five principal advantages over ordinary light. In the first place there is no danger of it burning or setting anything on fire. Concentrating lenses and reflectors are employed, with the result that the lamps consume a hundred times less current than any other electric light of the same illuminating power. Again, it can be produced by any kind of electric system. Fourthly, if you cannot use the city electricity, a tiny battery or an inexpensive pocket accumulator will do, or you can obtain sufficient motive power from the kitchen faucet, a gas-burner, or a petroleum lamp; and if all these means fail, the foot or any small animal—a squirrel in a turning-cage, for instance—will furnish all the needed motive power, for, as has just been stated, this lamp requires a hundred times less current than the ordinary electric lamp. The fifth and final advantage is found in the fact that this light contains ultra-violet rays, obtained for the first time without heat and with a hundred times less electricity than is required by other methods. The full importance of this will be realized when it is remembered that these rays are being employed more and more every day in medicine and chemistry for syntheses, sterilization, and germicides.

Because of these five advantages, cold light has so far been employed in the following ways: It is very useful in projecting lantern slides. Excellent dissolving views, or the sudden appearance on the screen of persons or stars, can be obtained because of the feeble current required and the simultaneous employment of several lanterns, each provided with a very small commutator in place of a shutter, until now always used for this purpose. Where formerly two lanterns were with difficulty brought into action, because the light had to be watched and regulated while the shutters produced rough and uneven effects, you can now, without any trouble, have recourse to as many cold-light lanterns as you like, the light requiring no regulating, and commutators replacing the shutters, the result being that effects are produced gradually throughout the whole projection with an unprecedented beauty, thus realizing a veritable vision of art. Furthermore, you can produce colored shadow pictures by inserting different tinted glass in each lantern; autochrome transparencies in natural colors can be projected with great brilliancy, and many interesting scientific experiments can be conducted.

Thanks to cold light, the art of projection is going to be industrialized. Henceforth, celluloid films can be employed for projecting stationary pictures without running any risk of setting the films on fire or causing them to shrivel up, which would be the case if ordinary light were used. In this way glass negatives, which are so refractory to mechanical production, can be done away with. These celluloid negatives are cut in long strips perforated along the edges in such a way that they can be printed off by means of an automatic rotative machine. One man can run a machine that will

print 25,000 of these films in a day. If transparency is employed, these tiny photographs will produce pictures of from two to three yards in length even in big halls more than fifty yards long. With sixty cents' worth of films you can photograph in an hour three hundred pages of a book or three hundred pictures or documents. In this way the archives of the different nations could be photographed and an exchange be made of these precious records, or reproductions of the files of newspapers could be kept during centuries without any space of consequence being required, for a year's edition of the *Figaro,* for instance, would be the size of a match, and its issues during a quarter of a century could be put in a cigarette-case. Something of this kind has been seen in the matter of carrier-pigeons, with their microscopic messages on films; but until the discovery of cold light these microscopic negatives could not be projected enlarged on the screen without running the risk of fire. Hence it is that we may predict that projections of this kind will be the libraries and the museums of the future, especially if instantaneous photography in natural colors is utilized. It is not surprising, therefore, that a number of libraries in some of the large European cities have just decided to make exchanges of this kind between one another. Such an exchange could not be made under the old methods, for whereas by the use of cold light a dozen volumes of three hundred pages each can be carried in one's vest pocket, a dozen men would be required to transport these same volumes if their pages were reproduced on glass negatives.

By using two lanterns, one projecting the map of a country and the other its landscapes, you can obtain panoramic views which are quite free from any trepidation, while these perforated films make it possible for one instrument to be used in turn for the taking of views, printing positives, and projecting them. Enlargements can also be made by this same instrument. Microscopic preparations, enlarged ten million times, are projected without serious loss in definition, and scientific experiments in general can be projected without the slightest difficulty on a scale of more than four yards square. By adding to the instrument a simple clock-work mechanism, advertising projections are rolled off automatically. This can be done in full daylight, on screens in shop-windows, or out-of-doors on metal screens, on soap-bubbles, on the surface of the earth, on smoke, on dust confined between two plates of glass, etc.

It will readily be perceived that these little pocket lanterns, which are so safe that they can be held in the hand, can be used in a variety of ways and will do for projection what camera-films have done for photography. In other words, the old magic lantern, vastly improved by the employment of cold light, will become the handmaid of science and education, and especially an instructor of the masses. Trade will profit by them to display samples which are dangerous, heavy, or clumsy, or which, being fragile or ephemeral, will not bear transportation. It is also highly probable that amateur photographers will be only too glad, under these changed conditions, to project their negatives of favorite landscapes, familiar spots, and family portraits. Just as the kodak substituted the film for the glass plate in photography, so cold light renders it possible to do away in projections with the glass plate in favor of films; glass again yields to celluloid.

Opaque bodies — postal-cards, book engravings, photographs on paper, etc.—are projected on the screen and magnified to over four yards square, their colors, relief, and movement all being faithfully reproduced. This kind of projection could be utilized for the enlarging of photographs and in designing. Tracing-paper can be dispensed with and drawings can be enlarged to any desired size, so that the effect of a piece of art-work can be judged in advance.

It has long been common in the insectaries of natural-history museums to study the ways and customs of these little living things which present all our own industrial activities. And here cold light comes also into play in admirable fashion. I have been able to project insects at work as large as men without killing them, which would have happened if the quantity of warm light necessary to produce this result had been used. Thus several thousand persons can at one and the same time follow the daily life, so full of keen interest, of the insect world.

I think we may predict that some day we may, thanks to cold light, take part in watching real insect races, accompanied by the usual betting and the exclamations of thousands of excited spectators.

The application of cold light to moving-picture shows is of the highest importance. Hundreds of persons are killed every year by the fires occasioned by the present system. But with cold light there is no danger of this sort. A small, cheap lamp, whose motive power may be a little accumulator or a single battery cell, replaces the expensive, complicated, and cumbersome process now in use, and will tend, along with Edison's new kinetophone, to make film-plays the school, newspaper, and theater of the future. Furthermore, cold light renders possible, in this connection, two improvements until now quite unknown. Because the light is cold, a film can be slowed down or even entirely stopped, thus fixing on the screen the different phases of a movement and letting the eye repose, without interrupting the spectacle, at a moment when the film represents only objects that are stationary. In this last case some five or six dollars is economized per minute, for more than twenty yards of film have to be reeled off in order to project during a single minute an object of a person in repose or a landscape. Thus is obtained a practical combination of fixed and moving pictures, which produces most artistic effects. It also enables us to work two cinematographs projecting alternately in order to avoid scintillation, or projecting simultaneously red and green images and reproducing natural colors, thus relieving the human eye, accustomed to receiving the fundamental colors simultaneously, from all physiological fatigue.

A word now about the application of cold light to instantaneous photography. The current impressed on the tungsten filament-lamps has a voltage 150 per cent. greater than that of the current nominally employed, but it is applied only at the required instant by means of a special commutator regulated by the rubber bulb of the camera, and the same lamp may be used many times. Thus are done away with the danger, smoke, odor, and noise of the magnesium flash-light. It can be used where the present flash-light is not permitted, and you can take as many photographs as you like, whereas after employing magnesium three or four times those in the hall are suffocated by the smoke.

Again, cold light is more photogenic than any other light, and is valuable in many ways. Thus, with a hundred watts, photographs in color are obtained. Excellent results are also produced by beginning with a relatively feeble light and augmenting it progressively, which does away with the odd expression that persons often have when photographed by the sudden magnesium flash-light accompanied by its explosion. The photogenic power of cold light is four times that of the magnesium flash-light—that is to say, 1,200 candles of cold light produce the same results as nearly 5,000 candles of magnesium light. And, lastly, photographs made with cold light are developed much more rapidly in the bath, an important consideration in industrial photography.

Cold light is admirable for lighthouse purposes. With a tiny battery and an ordinary lens you can generate a light so simple and so cheap that even a fishing-smack can afford one for signaling. In the case of beacon-lights with variable signals, the employment of a commutator obviates the need of several lenses and of a heavy revolving mechanism, which requires a solidly constructed lighthouse, costly to build and keep up. Thus, for example, a set of lenses costing, say, $10,000, can, by the use of cold light, be replaced by a single lens worth about $20.

Cold light is also useful for military purposes, for now every soldier can have in his knapsack the apparatus necessary for optic telegraphy. For military and naval search-lights cold light furnishes divergent beams in such a mass that they constitute veritable eyes for submarines, flying-machines, and balloons of all kinds. At experiments made recently in Paris in the presence of the Minister of War, these search-lights sent forth such powerful streams of light that it was plain they could be used successfully for succoring the wounded on the battle-field, for searching in the ruins of a fire, in mine disasters, shipwrecks, etc. The important part played by search-lights in the recent Balkan War is still fresh in the public

mind, and there is every reason to believe that their rôle will be still greater in future conflicts, when, in order to escape flying-machine reconnaissances, battles will often take place in the night. In fact, the Cold Light Works in the Boulevard de Charonne, Paris, are busy at this moment manufacturing search-lights for the French colonial service, as it has been found that instead of eight mules now needed to transport a search-light and its accessories, one or two mules suffice, a fact the importance of which cannot be exaggerated from the military point of view.

On the stage, cold light makes it possible for one operator to replace all those now required — that is, one at each arc light. By placing side by side these boxes, of insignificant size and price, a single operator can, without leaving his seat, change instantaneously the color of the lights at several different points on the stage, using, if the city electric system cannot be had, a simple storage battery.

Cold light can be applied in medicine. The arc or any other light must be held, on account of giving out heat, at a distance of several centimeters from the object to be illuminated, whereas a cold-light source can be brought within a few millimeters. Now, lighting power being in inverse ratio to the square of the distance, it results that a source of cold light of twenty-five candle-power at a distance of five millimeters equals five thousand candles of hot light at seven centimeters. The hand, brought in contact with these twenty-five candle-powers contained in a volume of ten cubic millimeters, becomes transparent, the flesh and bones taking on the appearance of a translucent, whitish-pink body, where the blood-vessels stand out in violet blue. The human eye can bear these luminous rays only for a few seconds even when they have passed through the thickest part of the hand. Care should be taken, therefore, not to withdraw the hand during the experiment, as there would be considerable danger in having the light strike the eye direct. A blood-red hue is spread over the human face by this light that has passed through the hand, and this hand, thus lighted up and made transparent, renders possible for the first time a spectroscopic analysis of the blood circulating in a sick person during the different phases of the treatment. This hand can be studied under the microscope as though it were a preparation, and can be photographed in colors or in black on sensitive plates, one for each color; that is to say, the flesh appears on one plate, the blood-vessels on another, and so on. Thus by the aid of colored and stereoscopic photography we arrive at topographical anatomy. Foreign bodies, as, for example, small shot in a wounded person in a shooting accident, can now be discovered, which could not have been three years ago. Such a shot appeared as a black speck in the pink flesh between two blood-vessels. By a special arrangement of the apparatus it is possible to operate in the thicker parts of the body. Thus, in the case of the arm, several rectilinear fibers lying very close together were distinguished at a distance of five millimeters from the glass.

Cold light has been perceived by a person afflicted with blindness, but preserving vestiges of sight which had not been suspected because of lack of a sufficiently strong source of light, or because this light, on account of its heat, could not be brought near enough to the eye. This opens up an interesting field of study and work. Now it may be possible to impart a knowledge of light to those born blind but retaining a slight trace of vision, or to educate anew those rendered sightless by accident.

The most inflammable substances, animalcula and plants which cannot support the least heat, colors and crystallizations very susceptible to thermal effects, can be lighted up for study or research work with an intensity unknown to any other method. A letter can be read when inclosed in twelve thicknesses of envelope. Coins and bank-bills have been discovered in a closed pasteboard box. Bodies supposed to be devoid of color, such as the roots of the lily-of-the-valley, with which the experiment was made, are found to have as beautiful and brilliant hues as precious stones.

Let us now consider why cold light is cold. It is cold because of the application which I have made to the incandescent electric lamp of the principle of repose. By cutting off the current from

the tungsten filaments successively and allowing them to rest, so to speak, I have obtained these two results: I have made it possible for the heat produced by the incandescence of the filament to dissipate during periods of rest which succeed one another at short intervals, and I have greatly increased the number of volts passing into the lamp without destroying the filament because of the periods of repose. Now, the more volts you pass into a lamp, the more light it gives and the less electricity it needs to produce a given amount of light. Consequently, by applying to lamps the principle of repose, I have obtained a new light characterized not only by its being cold, but also by the feeble amount of electric energy needed to produce it, since it requires a hundred times less current than the ordinary electric lamp, and is furthermore characterized by its containing cold ultra-violet rays requiring also a hundred times less electricity than the hot ultra-violet rays obtained by the usual method.

I have tested this rest principle in three different ways, and in each case I have obtained cold light. In the first process I have recourse to a unique luminous source, as, for instance, a perfectly empty lamp in which a specially prepared metal filament is coiled in such a way as to constitute a real point of light. The lamp's rest is obtained by periodic and automatic interruption of the alimentary electric current by means of a commutator. This system can be used for moving pictures, instantaneous photography in dark places without the employment of magnesium for flash-light beacons, military optic telegraphy, and for illuminating the members of the human body, as described. In the second process I employ several luminous sources, as, for example, several lamps like the one just mentioned, which are attached to a revolving disk. The repose of the lamps is obtained by the periodic and automatic interruption of the alimentary electric current, the lamps in turn lighting intermittently as the disk brings each one round to the same point. This system is used for projections of various kinds. The third process differs from the one just mentioned in that the lamps have a continuous and not an intermittent movement. This system is best for electric advertising and the theatrical stage.

The originality of these processes has been recognized by patents, and especially by German patents. I may be permitted to call attention to the fact that this principle of rest as applied to light, and the different ways of applying it, were admitted, without a single objection being raised, by the German Patent Office, whose means of investigation are the most complete in the world. More than a year was spent in trying to discover possible anterior or analogous cases. But not one could be found, probably a unique instance of this kind in the patenting of a new scientific principle.

Let me now describe briefly how I came to discover cold light. The very general belief that every source of energy must have moments of rest in order to work satisfactorily led me to make the three experiments with lamps, as just mentioned, and thus revealed the laws of cold light. This conviction of the necessity of a period of repose for everything that exists—matter as well as animal organisms — is most ancient and widespread. The early Hebrews held that the seventh-day rest is needed not only by man, but also by Nature, which observes it. We know that even the heart snatches moments of quiescence between beats, and hence it can work so long and so untiringly. In order to examine in a general way this idea of necessary and universal repose, I made a series of experiments, extending from 1909 to 1911, on different forms of energy — motion, light, heat, sound, electric waves, etc. Some of the principal results of these researches into cold light were laid before the Paris Academy of Sciences by M. Edouard Branly, Member of the Institute, on March 13 and June 26, 1911.

We might compare the action of these lamps for the production of cold light to the work of a body of laborers who, without overtaxing themselves, would accomplish a maximum of exertion with intervals of repose between each effort, the number of workmen being such that one would always be at the task, so that the labor would be continuous. We would then have a scientific exposition of this principle of repose brought to

bear on the social aspect of the question, which is an important one. We might also institute a comparison with what is done in the case of draught-horses, pack-horses, steel springs, etc. Thus, before animal traction gave way to motor traction, the Paris omnibus horses worked only five days out of the seven; and it has thus been found by experience that the main-springs of a watch work better when there are two alternating. The breakdown of cables would occur less frequently if two were used, one resting while the other is working. The reason for this is that the rest is as necessary in matter as in animal life, in order that it may recover its molecular equilibrium; moreover, matter also seems to suffer when not afforded repose, abused Nature sometimes taking revenge, the poet tells us, by a sudden bursting forth that sweeps away hecatombs of human lives:

"Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions."

And finally, let me say a word as to why I tried to discover cold light. I did so because another very ancient and widespread belief considered light as the source of all life, the idea of eternal light being associated with that of endless life; and at the same time this belief regarded fire—that is, the idea of elevated heat—as being associated with the idea of eternal annihilation. Here there seemed to me to be a philosophical contradiction, which I would like to dissipate scientifically, and this, I think, I have succeeded in doing. I set out to prove that light could be concentrated in large quantity on a given point and for a long time without creating great heat and consequent destruction. Here was an unknown and an unexpected fact. I could watch germinating seeds, placed between a source of moderate heat and a source of cold light, turn away from the heat and lean toward the light, and I could perceive certain substances apparently dead awaken to a new and unlooked-for life under the influence of this vivifying cold light. None of my other scientific experiences ever moved me so profoundly. It would seem as though we were standing on the threshold of the Great Mystery, where Science and Reason stop short, for here we have intense light, freed from deadly heat, and existing in an unknown medium whence life will come forth some day. If such light once existed only to disappear, man has now found it again and reproduced it in his laboratories, where, drawing inspiration from Nature, he may perhaps at moments entertain the hope of resolving certain grand problems that Nature has resolved.



The Coryston Family

A NOVEL

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER V

LADY CORYSTON'S quarters at Coryston Place were not quite so devoid of all the lighter touches as her London sitting-room. The view from the windows of the formal garden outside, with its rows of white statues, leading to a winding lake, and park-like slopes beyond it, was certainly cheerful. Coryston particularly disliked it, and had many ribald things to say about the statues, which in his mad undergraduate days he had more than once adorned with caps of liberty, pipes, mustaches, and similar impertinences. But most people were attracted by the hard brightness of the outlook; and of light and sunshine — on sunny days — there was, at any rate, no lack. Marcia had recently chosen a new chintz for the chairs and sofas, and one small group of photographs, on a table beside the fireplace, were allowed to remind the spectator that the owner of the room had once been a young mother, with a maternal pride in a bunch of fine children. Here were Coryston, aged nine, on pony-back, pompously showing off; James, dreamily affable, already a personage at seven; Arthur, fondling a cricket-bat, with a stiff mouth, hastily closed — by order — on its natural grin; and Marcia, frowning and pouting, in fancy dress as "The Strawberry Girl," just emerging, it seemed, from one battle-royal with her nurse, and about to plunge into another.

Lady Coryston had just entered the room. She was alone, and she carried a pile of letters, which she put down on the central writing-table. Then she went to one of the windows, which on this May day was open, and stood looking out, one long, mittened hand resting vaguely on the table that held the photographs. A commanding figure! She was in black, carrying her only ornament, an embossed silver girdle and chatelaine, the gift of her husband in their first year of marriage. As she paused, motionless, in the clear sunshine, her great height and her great thinness and flatness brought out with emphasis the masculine carriage of the shoulders, and the strong markings of the face. In this moment of solitude, however, the mistress of Coryston Place and of the great domain on which she looked allowed herself an expression which was scarcely that of an autocrat — at any rate, of an autocrat at ease.

She was thinking of Coryston; and Coryston was giving her a good deal to think about. Of course she had expected annoyance, but scarcely such annoyance as Coryston, it seemed, was now bent on causing her. At bottom she had always reckoned on her position as mother and woman. Coryston might threaten, but that he should actually carry out such iniquities as he was now engaged on had been — she owned — beyond her calculations.

For she had come down to find the whole neighborhood in a ferment, and many pleasant illusions, in the shelter of which she had walked for years, both before and since her husband's death, questioned at least, and cracking, if not shattered. That the Corystons were model landlords, that they enjoyed a feudal popularity among their tenants and laborers, was for Lady Coryston one of the axioms on which life was based. She despised people who starved their estates, let their repairs go, and squeezed the last farthing out of their tenants. Nor had she any sympathy with people who owned insanitary cottages. It had been her fond belief that she at least possessed none. And now here was Coryston, her eldest son, camped in the

very midst of her property, not as her friend and support, but as her enemy and critic; poking his nose into every corner of the estates, taken in by every ridiculous complaint, preaching Socialism at full blast to the laborers, and Land Acts to the farmers, stirring up the Nonconformists to such antics as the Baptists had lately been playing on Sundays at her gates; discovering bad cottages where none were known to exist; and in general holding up his mother to blame and criticism, which, as Lady Coryston most truly, sincerely, indignantly felt, was wholly undeserved.

This, then, was the "game" that Coryston had warned her of. He was actually playing it; though she had never believed for one moment that he would ever do so. How was she to meet it? With firmness, no doubt, and dignity. As to the firmness she had no fears; it was the dignity she was anxious about.

Lady Coryston was a woman of conscience; although no doubt she had long ago harnessed her will to her conscience, which revolved—sometimes heavily—in the rear. Still, there the conscience was, and periodically she had to take account of it. Periodically it made her uncomfortable on the subject of her eldest son. Periodically it forced her to ask herself—as in this reverie by the window—"How is it that, bit by bit and year by year, he and I have drifted to this pass? Who began it? Is it in any sense my fault?"

How was it, in the first place, that neither she nor his father had ever had any real influence over this incorrigible spirit; that even in Corry's childish days, when his parents had him at their mercy, they might punish and thwart and distress him, but could never really conquer him? Lady Coryston could recall struggles with her son, whether at home or at school, which turned her sick to think of.

Corry, for instance, at his preparatory school, taking a loathing to his head master, demanding to be withdrawn, and stubbornly refusing to say why; the master's authority upheld by Corry's parents; vindictive punishment; followed by sudden illness on the boy's part in the midst of the commotion, and his return home, white-faced, silent, indomitable. It made her shiver to remember how he had refused to be nursed by her or by any one but the old housekeeper at Coryston; how for weeks he had scarcely spoken to his father or mother. Then had come the lad's justification—a hideous cruelty charge against the head master; and on a quasi-apology from his father Corry had consented to forgive his parents.

And again—at Cambridge—another recollection clutched at memory: Corry, taking up the case of a youth who had been sent down, according to him, unjustly—furious attacks on the college authorities—rioting in college—ending, of course, in the summary sending down of Coryston also. She and his father in their annoyance and disappointment had refused to listen to his explanations, to let him defend himself indeed at all. His mother could see still Corry's strange, hostile look at her, on his first arrival at home, as much as to say, "Nothing to expect from *you!*" She could still hear the hall door closing behind him as he went off on wanderings abroad and in the East for what proved to be an absence of three years.

Yet there were some things she could remember on the other side, dating also from Corry's Cambridge years. When her old father died, one Easter vacation, and she, who was deeply attached to him, had arrived at Coryston after the funeral, worn out by misery and grief, there, suddenly, were Corry's arms open to her, and his—almost timid—kiss on her cheek. The thought of those few weeks when he had been so tender to her, and she had been too tired and sad for anything except to lie still and accept the kindness of her husband and sons, was embittered to her by the remembrance of all the fierce jars which had come after; but at the moment they were halcyon days. As she thought of them now beside the open window she was suddenly aware of a catch in the throat, which she must instantly restrain. It was really too late for any such melting between herself and Corry!

As to the scene which had taken place in the drawing-room of the St. James's Square house on Coryston's hurried return home after his father's death, and the explanation to him of the terms of

his father's will, she had expected it, and had prepared for it. But it had been none the less a terrible experience. The fierceness of Corry's anger had been indeed quietly expressed—he had evidently schooled himself; but the words and phrases used by him had bitten into her mind. His wrath had taken the form of a long summing up of the relations between himself and her since his boyhood, of a final scornful attack on her supposed "principles," and a denunciation of her love of power—unjustified, unwarranted power—as the cause of all the unhappiness in their family life. He had not said it in so many words, but she knew very well that what he meant was: "You have refused to be the normal woman, and you have neither mind enough nor knowledge enough to justify you. You have sacrificed everything to politics, and you don't understand a single political problem. You have ruined your own life and ours for a barren intellectualism, and it will leave you in the end a lonely and unhappy woman."

Well, well, she had borne with him—she had not broken with him, after all that. She would have found a dozen ways of improving his position, of giving him back his inheritance, if he had shown the smallest disposition to meet her, to compromise with her. But he had gone from extravagance to extravagance, from outrage to outrage. And finally she had gathered up all her strength and struck, for the family traditions, for the party's, the country's interests. And of course she had been right—she had been abundantly right.

Drawing herself unconsciously erect, she looked out over the wide Coryston domain, the undulations of the great estate as it stretched northward to the hills. Politics! She had been in politics from her childhood; she had been absorbed in them through all her married life; and now, in her later years, she was fairly consumed by the passion of them, by the determination to win and conquer. Not for herself!—so at least her thoughts, judges in her own cause, vehemently insisted; not for any personal motive whatever, but to save the country from the break-up of all that made England great, from the incursions of a venomous rabble, bent on destroying the upper class, the landed system, the aristocracy, the church, the crown. Woman as she was, she would fight revolution to the last; they should find her body by the wall when and if the fortress of the old English life went down.

Glenwilliam!—in that name all her hatreds were summed up.

For there had arisen during these latter years a man of the people to lead what Lady Coryston called the "revolution"—a man who had suffered cruelties, so it was said, at the hands of the capitalist and employing class; who, as a young miner, black-listed because of the part he had taken in a successful strike, had gone, cap in hand, to mine after mine, begging vainly for work, his wife and child tramping beside him. The first wife and child had perished, so the legend ran at any rate, of hardship and sheer lack of food. That insolent, conspicuous girl who was now the mistress of his house was the daughter of a second wife, a middle-class woman, married when he was already in Parliament, and possessed of a small competence which had been the foundation of her husband's political position. On that modest sum he had held his ground; and upon it, while England was being stirred from end to end by his demagogue's gift, he had built up a personal independence and a formidable power which had enabled him to bargain almost on equal terms with the two great parties.

"We refused to pay his price," was the way in which Lady Coryston was accustomed to put it; "so the Liberals bought him—*dear!*"

And he was now exacting from that luckless party the very uttermost farthing! Destruction of the church; conscription, with a view, no doubt, to turning a workman-led army, in case of need, upon the possessing class; persecution of the landed interests; criminally heavy taxation—these were Apollyon's weapons. And against such things even a weak woman must turn to bay—must fight even her own heart in the interests of her country.

"Did I choose my post in life for myself?—its duties, its responsibilities? It was as much given me as a soldier's place

in the line of battle! Am I to shirk it because I am a woman? The women have no more right to run away than the men—vote or no vote! Haven't we eyes to see this ruin that's coming, and minds to baffle it with? If I make Corry rich?—and help thereby to throw England to the dogs? Am I to give him what he says he hates—land and money—to use for what *I* hate — and what his father hated? Just because he is my son—my flesh and blood? He would scorn the plea himself—he has scorned it all his life. Then let him respect his mother—when she does the same."

But meanwhile the "game," as Coryston was playing it?—what was to be done as to this episode and that?

She sat down to her writing-table, still busily thinking, and reminding herself that her agent, Mr. Page, was to come and see her at twelve. She had hoped to get some counsel and help out of Arthur, now that the House was up for a fortnight. But Arthur had really been very inconsiderate and tiresome so far. He had arrived so late for dinner on the Saturday that there had been no time for talk, especially as there was a large party in the house. On Sunday he had taken a motor, and had been away all day, paying — he said — some constituency visits. And now this morning with the earliest train he was off to London, though there was really no occasion for him whatever to go up there. He seemed rather unlike himself. His mother wondered if he was ill. And she fell into some indignant reflections on the stuffy atmosphere and bad lighting of the House of Commons. But ever since he knew that he was to have the estates his manner seemed to have changed; not certainly in the direction of triumph or satisfaction. On the contrary, he had once or twice said irritably to his mother that the will was ridiculous and ought not to stand. She had been obliged to make it clear to him that the matter was *not* to be discussed.

Suddenly, as she sat there, distress seized her at the bare thought of any shadow between herself and Arthur—Arthur, her darling, who was upholding his father's principles and hers in Parliament with so much zeal and good feeling; who had never all his life—till these latter weeks—given her so much as a cross word. Yet now that she could no longer chase the thought quite away, she admitted, more and more frankly, that she was anxious. Was he in any money difficulties? She must get James to find out. In love? She smiled. There were very few maidens in England, whatever their pretensions, who would be likely to refuse Arthur Coryston. Let him only throw the handkerchief, and his mother would soon do the rest. And indeed it was high time he set up house for himself. There is a restlessness in a man which means—marriage; and a mother soon becomes aware of it.

Recalling her thoughts to the letters before her, Lady Coryston perceived among them a note from Lady William Newbury asking her and Marcia to spend a week-end at Hoddon Grey. Lady Coryston rather wearily reflected that she must no doubt accept. That young man was clearly in pursuit of Marcia. What Marcia's own views were her mother had not yet discovered. She seemed sometimes glad to see him; sometimes entirely indifferent; and Lady Coryston thought she had observed that her daughter's vacillations tried Edward Newbury's pride sorely at times. But it would end in a match—it was pretty certain to end in a match. Marcia was only testing her power over a strong-willed man, who would capture her in the end. That being so, Lady Coryston acknowledged that the necessary tiresome preliminaries must be gone through.

She hastily scrawled a note of acceptance, without any of the fond imaginings that would have accompanied the act in the ordinary mother. Like all imperious women, she disliked staying in other people's houses, where she could not arrange her hours. And she had a particularly resentful memory of a visit which she had paid with her husband to Lord and Lady Newbury when they were renting a house in Surrey, before they had inherited Hoddon Grey, and while Marcia was still in the school-room. Never in her life had she been so ordered about. The strict rules of the house had seemed to her intolerable. She was a martinet herself, and inclined to pay all due attention to the observances of

religion; but they must be her own observances, or at least approved by her. To be expected to follow other people's observances set her aflame. To make such a fuss, also, about your religion seemed to her indecorous and absurd. She remembered with a satisfaction which was half ashamed that she—who was always down at home to a half-past eight breakfast, and was accustomed to walk a mile to church—had insisted on breakfasting in her own room, on Sunday, under the Newburys' roof, and had quite enjoyed Lady William's surprised looks when they met at luncheon.

Well, now the thing had to be done again — for the settling of Marcia. Whether the atmosphere of the family or the house would suit Marcia, her mother did not inquire. In the matters of birth and money, nothing could be more appropriate. Lady Coryston, however, was mostly concerned in getting it through quickly, lest it should stand in the way of things more important. She was fond of Marcia; but her daughter occupied, in truth, only the fringe of her thoughts.

However, she duly put up her letter, and was addressing the envelope when the door opened to admit the head agent of the estate, Mr. Frederick Page.

Mr. Page was, in Lady Coryston's eyes, a prince of agents. Up till now she had trusted him entirely, and had been more largely governed by his advice than her pride of rule would ever have allowed her to confess. Especially had she found reason to be grateful to him for the large amount of money he had lately been able to provide her with from the savings of the Coryston estates for political purposes. Lady Coryston was one of the largest subscribers to the party funds of the kingdom; the coming election demanded an exceptional effort, and Page's economies had made it almost easy. She greeted him with a peculiarly gracious smile, remembering perhaps the letter of thanks she had received only the day before from the party headquarters.

The agent was still a young man, not much over forty, ruddy, good-looking, inclined to be plump, and possessed of a manner calculated to win the confidence of any employer. He looked the pink of discretion and capacity, and Lady Coryston had never discovered in him the smallest flaw with regard to any of the orthodoxies she required, political or religious. He was a widower, with two girls, who had often been allowed to play with Marcia.

It was clear to Lady Coryston's eyes at once that Mr. Page was much disturbed and upset. She had expected it, of course. She herself was disturbed and upset. But she had perhaps hoped that he would reassure her—make light of the situation.

He did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, the effects of an encounter he had just had with Lord Coryston himself in the village street, before entering the park, were plainly visible in the agent's bearing. He plunged at once into the subject.

"I fear, Lady Coryston, there is great trouble brewing on this estate!"

"You will stop it," she said, confidently; "you always have stopped it before—you and I together."

He shook his head. "Ah, but—you see what makes the difference!"

"That Coryston is my son?—and has always been regarded as my heir? Certainly that makes a difference," she admitted, unwillingly. "But his proceedings will soon disgust people—will soon recoil on himself!"

Page looked up to see her pale profile, with its marked hollows in cheek and temple, outlined on the white paneling of the room like some strong, hawkish face of the Renaissance. But, in awe of her as he always was, she seemed to him a foolish woman. Why had she driven matters to this extremity?

He poured out his budget of troubles. All the smoldering discontent which had always existed on the estate had been set alight by Lord Coryston. He was trying to form a union among the laborers, and the farmers were up in arms. He was rousing the dissenters against the church school of the estate. He was even threatening an inquiry into the state of some of his mother's cottages.

Lady Coryston interrupted. Her voice showed annoyance. "I thought, Mr. Page, there were no insanitary cottages on this property!"

Page hemmed and hawed. He had not the courage to say that if a landowner insists on spending the reserve fund of an estate on politics, the estate suffers. He had found Lady Coryston large sums for the party war-chest; but only a fool could expect him to build new cottages and keep up a high level of improvements at the same time.

"I am doing what I can," he said, hurriedly. "There are certain things that must be done. I have given orders."

"My son seems to have caught us napping," said Lady Coryston, rather grimly.

The agent passed the remark by. He inquired whether her ladyship was still determined to refuse land for the Baptist chapel.

"Certainly! The minister they propose is a most mischievous person. I have no intention whatever of extending his influence."

Page acquiesced. He himself would have made the Baptists happy with half an acre long since, and so, in his belief, scotched a hornets' nest. But he had never breathed any suggestion of the kind to Lady Coryston.

"I have done my best—believe me—to stop the Sunday disturbances," he said, "but in vain. They are chiefly got up, however, by people from a distance. Purely political!"

"Of course. I am not to be intimidated by them," said Lady Coryston, firmly.

The agent's inner mind let loose a thought to the effect that the increasing influence of women in politics did not seem to be likely to lead to peaceable living. But he merely remarked:

"I much regret that Lord Coryston should have addressed them himself last Sunday. I ventured to tell his lordship so when I met him just now in the village."

Lady Coryston stiffened on her chair.

"He defended himself?"

"Hotly. And I was to tell you that with your leave he will call on you himself this afternoon about the affair."

"My house is always open to my son," said Lady Coryston, quietly. But Page perceived the tremor of battle that ran through her.

"As to his support of that blacksmith from Ling, whom he is actually setting up in business at Knatchett itself—the man is turning out a perfect firebrand!—distributing Socialist leaflets over the whole neighborhood—getting up a quarrel between some of the neighbors here in this very village and our schoolmaster about the punishment of a child—perfectly legitimate!—everything in order!—and enrolling more members of Mr. Glenwilliam's new Land League—within a stone's-throw of this house!—than I like to think of. I won't answer for this village, Lady Coryston, at the next election, if Lord Coryston goes on with these proceedings!"

Lady Coryston frowned. She was not accustomed to be addressed in so pessimist a tone, and the mere mention of her arch-enemy—Glenwilliam—had put defiance into her. With some dryness she preached energy, watchfulness, and a hopeful mind. The agent grasped the situation with the quickness born of long acquaintance with her, and adroitly shifted his ground. He remarked that at any rate Lord Coryston was making things uncomfortable all round; and he described with gusto the raids upon some of the Radical employers and small cottage-owners of the district, in the name of political liberty and decent housing, by which Coryston had been lately bewildering the Radical mind. Lady Coryston laughed, but was perhaps more annoyed than amused. To be brought down to the same level with Radical millers and grocers—and by her own son—was no consolation to a proud spirit.

"If our cottages can be reasonably attacked, they must be put in order, and at once," she said, with dignity. "You, Mr. Page, are my eyes and my ears. I have been accustomed to trust you."

The agent accepted the implied reproach with outward meekness and an inward resolve to put Lady Coryston on a much stricter financial régime for the future.

A long conversation followed, at the end of which Mr. Page rose, with the remark:

"Your ladyship will be sorry to hear that Mr. Glenwilliam is to speak at Martover next month, and that it is already rumored Lord Coryston will be in the chair."



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I FEAR, LADY CORYSTON, THERE IS GREAT TROUBLE BREWING"

He had kept this bombshell to the last, and for various reasons he closely watched its effect.

Lady Coryston paled.

"We will have a Tory meeting here the same night, and my son Arthur shall speak," she said, with vivacity.

Some odd thoughts arose in the mind of Mr. Page as he met the angry fire in the speaker's look.

"By all means. By the way, I did not know Mr. Arthur was acquainted with those strange people, the Atherstones?" he said, in a tone of easy interrogation—looking for his hat.

Lady Coryston was a little surprised by the remark.

"I suppose an M. P. must be acquainted with everybody—to some extent," she said, smiling. "I know very well what his opinion of Mr. Atherstone is."

"Naturally," said Page, also smiling. "Well, good-by, Lady Coryston. I hope when you see Lord Coryston this afternoon you will be able to persuade him to give up some of these extravagances."

"I have no power with him," she said, sharply.

"Why did you give up what you had?" thought the agent, as he took his departure. His long experience of Lady Coryston, able as she was, and as he admitted her to be, in many respects, had in the end only increased in him a secret contempt for women, inbred in all but a minority of men. They seemed to him to have so little power of "playing the game"—the old, old game of success that men understand so well, through compromise, cunning, give and take, shrewd and patient dealing. A kind of heady blundering, when caution and a few lies would have done all that was wanted—it was this he charged them with—Lady Coryston especially.

And as to that nice but rather stupid fellow, Arthur, what on earth could he be doing at the Atherstones'? Had he—Page—come by chance on a secret—dramatic and lamentable!—when, on the preceding Saturday, as he was passing along the skirts of the wood bounding the Atherstones' little property, on his way to one of the Coryston hill farms, he had perceived in the distance—himself masked by a thin curtain of trees—two persons in the wood-path, in intimate or agitated conversation? They were Arthur Coryston and Miss Glenwilliam. He recognized the lady at once, had several times seen her on the platform when her father spoke at meetings, and the frequent presence of the Glenwilliams at the Atherstones' cottage was well known to the neighborhood.

By George!—if that *did* mean anything!

CHAPTER VI

MEANWHILE on this May morning Marcia was reading in the park, not far from a foot-path—a right of way—leading from the village to the highroad running east and west along the northern boundary of the Coryston property. Round her the slopes were white with hawthorn under a thunderous sky of blue and piled white cloud. The dappled forms of deer glanced through the twisted hawthorn stems, and at her feet a trout-stream, entrancingly clear and clean, slipped by over its chalk bottom—the gray-green weeds swaying under the slight push of the water. There was a mist of blossom, and everywhere the fragrance of a bountiful earth, young once more.

Marcia, it must be confessed, was only pretending to read. She had some reason to think that Edward Newbury might present himself at Coryston for lunch that day. If so, and if he walked from Hoddon Grey—and, unlike most young men of his age, he was a great walker, even when there was no question of grouse or golf—he would naturally take this path. Some strong mingled impulse had placed her there, on his road. The attraction for her of his presence, his smile, his character, was irresistibly increasing. There were many days when she was restless, and the world was empty till he came. And yet there were other days when she was quite cold to him; when the thought of giving her life into his hands made her cry "impossible"; when it seemed to her, as she had said to Waggin, that she rather feared than loved him.

Edward Newbury, indeed, belonged to a type not common in our upper class, yet always represented there, and in its main characteristics to be traced back

at least to the days of Laud and the Neoplatonists. It is a spiritual, a mystical type, developed under English aristocratic conditions and shaped by them. Newbury had been brought up in a home steeped in high Anglican tradition. His grandfather, old Lord Broadstone, had been one of the first and keenest supporters of the Oxford movement, a friend of Pusey, Keble, and Newman, and later on of Liddon, Church, and Wilberforce. The boy had grown up in a religious hothouse; his father, Lord William, had been accustomed in his youth to make periodical pilgrimages to Christchurch as one of Pusey's "penitents," and his house became in later life a rallying-point for the High Anglican party in all its emergencies. Edward himself, as the result of an intense travail of mind, had abandoned habitual confession as he came to manhood, but he would not for the world have missed the week of "retreat" he spent every year, with other Anglican laymen, under the roof of the most spiritual of Anglican bishops. He was a joyous, confident, devoted son of the English church; a man governed by the most definite and rigid beliefs, held with a pure intensity of feeling, and impervious to any sort of modernism.

At the same time his handsome person, his ardent and amiable temper, his poetic and musical tastes, made him a very general favorite even in the most miscellaneous society. The enthusiastic Christian was also a popular man of the world; and the esoteric elements in his character, though perfectly well known to all who were in any degree his intimates, were jealously hidden from the multitude, who welcomed him as a good-looking fellow and an agreeable companion. He had been four years in the Guards, and some years in India, as private secretary to his uncle, the Viceroy. He was a good shot, a passionate dancer, a keen musician; and that mysterious note in him of the unbending and the inexorable only made him—in general—the more attractive both to men and women, as it became apparent to them. Men scoffed at him, yet without ever despising him. Perhaps the time was coming when, as character hardened and the glamour of youth dropped away, many men might hate him. Men like Coryston and Atherstone were beginning, indeed, to be bitterly hostile. But these were possibilities which were only just emerging.

Marcia was well aware of Newbury's distinction, and secretly very proud of his homage. But rebellion in her was still active. When, however, she asked herself, with that instinct of self-analysis bred in the woman of to-day by the plays she sees and half the tales she reads, "Why is it he likes me?" the half-sarcastic reply would still suggest itself: "No doubt, just because I am so shapeless and so formless — because I don't know myself what I want, or what I mean to be. He thinks he'll form me—he'll save my soul. Shall he?"

A footstep on the path made her look up, annoyed that she could not control a sudden burning of the cheek. But the figure she expected was not there.

"Coryston!" she cried.

Her brother approached her. He seemed to be reciting verse, and she thought she caught some words from a Shelley chorus which she knew, because he had made her learn it when she was a child in the school-room. He threw himself down beside her.

"Well?"

Brother and sister had only met twice since Coryston's settlement at Knatchett —once in the village street, and once when Marcia had invaded his bachelor quarters at Knatchett. On that occasion she had discharged upon him all the sarcasm and remonstrance of which she was capable. But she only succeeded in reminding herself of a bull-fight of which she had once seen part at San Sebastian. Her shafts stuck glittering in the bull's hide, but the bull barely shook himself, There he stood—good-humored and pawing.

To-day also Coryston seemed to be in high spirits. Marcia, on the other hand, gave him a look half troubled, half hostile.

"Corry! — I wanted to speak to you. Are you really going to see mother this afternoon?"

"Certainly. I met Page in the village half an hour ago and asked him to announce me."

"I don't want to talk any more about all the dreadful things you've been doing," said Marcia, with sisterly dignity.

"I know it wouldn't be any good. But there's one thing I must say. I do beg of you, Corry, not to say a word to mamma about—about Arthur and Enid Glenwilliam. I know you were at the Atherstones' on Saturday!"

The anxiety in the girl's face seemed to give a softer shade to its strong beauty. She went on—appealing:

"Arthur's told me a lot. He's quite mad. I've argued and argued with him, but it's no good. He doesn't care for anything — Parliament, mamma, the estates, anything—in comparison with that girl. At present she's playing with him, and he's getting desperate. But I'm simply in *terror* about mamma!"

Corry whistled.

"My dear, she'll have to know some time. As you say, he's in it, head over ears. No use your trying to pull him back!"

"It 'll kill her!" cried Marcia, passionately — "what's left of her after you've done!"

Coryston lifted his eyebrows and looked long and curiously at his sister. Then he slowly got up from the grass and took a seat beside her.

"Look here, Marcia; do you think—do you honestly think — that I'm the aggressor in this family row?"

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know what to think!"

Marcia covered her face with her hands. "It's all so miserable!" she went on, in a muffled voice. "And this Glenwilliam thing has come so suddenly! Why, he hardly knew her when he made that speech in the House six weeks ago! And now he's simply demented! Corry, you must go and argue with him—you *must!* Persuade him to give her up!"

She laid her hand on his arm imploringly.

Coryston sat silent, but his eyes laughed a little.

"I don't believe in her," he said at last, abruptly. "If I did, I'd back Arthur up through thick and thin!"

"*Corry!*—how on earth can Arthur be happy if he marries her—how can he live in that set—the son-in-law of *that man!* He'll have to give up his seat — nobody here would ever vote for him again. His friends would cut him—"

"Oh, come, come, my dear, we're not as bad as that!" said Coryston, impatiently. But Marcia wailed on:

"And it isn't as if he had ideas and theories—like you—"

"Not a principle to his back! — I know," said Coryston, cheerfully. "I tell you again, I'd not dissuade him—on the contrary, I'd shove him into it!—if she were the right sort. But she's not. She's ruined by the luxury she's been living in. I believe—if you ask me—that she'd accept Arthur for his money—but that she doesn't care one brass farthing about him. Why should she?"

"Corry!"

"He's a fool, my dear, though a jolly one—and she's not been accustomed to living with fools. She's got wits as sharp as gimlets. Well, well"—he got up from the grass — "can't talk any more now. Now what is it exactly you want me to do? I repeat—I'm coming to see mother this afternoon."

"Don't let her guess anything. Don't tell her anything. She's a little worried about Arthur already. But we must stop the madness before she knows anything. Promise!"

"Very well. For the present — I'm mum."

"And talk to him!—tell him it 'll ruin him!"

"I don't mind—from my own point of view," said Coryston, surveying her with his hands on his sides. Then suddenly his face changed. A cloud overshadowed it. He gave her a quick, cold look.

"Perhaps I have something to ask you," he said, slowly.

"What?" The tone showed her startled.

"Let *me* come and talk to *you* about that man whom all the world says you're going to marry!"

She stared at him, struck dumb for the moment by the fierceness of his voice and expression. Then she said, indignantly:

"What do you mean, Corry!"

"You are deceived in him. You can't marry him!" he said, passionately. "At least let me talk to you."

She rose and stood facing him, her hands behind her, her dark face as full of energy and will as his own.

"You are thinking of the story of Mrs. Betts. I know it."

"Not as I should tell it!"

A moving figure in a distant field

caught her attention. She made a great effort to master her excitement.

"You may tell me what you like. But I warn you I shall ask *him* for his version, too."

Corry's expression changed. The tension relaxed.

"That's only fair," he said, indifferently. Then — perceiving the advancing man—"Ah—I see!—here he is. I'm off. It's a bargain. I say nothing to mother—and do my best to make Arthur hang himself. And I have it out with you—my small sister—when we next meet."

He paused—looking at her—and in his strangely penetrating eyes there dawned suddenly the rare expression that Marcia remembered — as of a grave yet angry tenderness. Then he turned away, walking fast, and was soon invisible among the light shadows of a beech avenue, just in leaf.

Marcia was left behind, breathing quick, to watch the approach of Edward Newbury.

As soon as he perceived Marcia under the shade of the hawthorns Newbury quickened his pace, and he had soon thrown himself, out of breath, on the grass beside her.

"What a heavenly spot!—and what a morning! How nice of you to let me find you! I was hoping Lady Coryston would give me lunch."

Radiant, he raised his eyes to her as he lay propped on his elbows, the spring sun, slipping through the thin, blossom-laden branches overhead, dappling his bronzed face.

Marcia flushed a little — an added beauty. As she sat there in a white hat and dress, canopied by the white trees, and lit by a warm, reflected light, she stirred in Newbury's senses once more a delight made all the keener, perhaps, by the misgiving, the doubts which invariably accompanied it. She could be so gracious; and she could be so dumb and inaccessible. Again and again he had been on the point of declaring himself during the last few weeks, and again and again he had drawn back, afraid lest the decisive word from him should draw the decisive word from her, and it should be a word of denial. Better—better infinitely—these doubts and checks than a certainty which would divide him from her.

This morning indeed he found her all girlish gentleness and appeal. And it made his own task easier. For he also had matters on his mind. But she anticipated him.

"I want to talk to you about Corry—my brother," she said, bending toward him. There was a child in Marcia, and she could evoke it when she pleased. She evoked it now. The young man before her hungered, straightway, to put out his arms to her—gathering her to him caressingly — as one does with the child that clings and confides. But instead he merely smiled at her with his bright, conscious eyes.

"I, too, want to talk to you about Coryston," he said, nodding.

"We know he's behaving dreadfully—abominably!" laughed Marcia, but with a puckered brow. "Mr. Lester tells me there was a great attack on Lord and Lady William yesterday in the Martover paper. Mother hasn't seen it yet—and I don't want to read it—"

"Don't!" said Newbury, smiling.

"But mother will be so ashamed, unhappy, when she knows! So am I. But I wanted to explain. We suffer just as much. He's stirring up the whole place against mother. And now that he's begun to attack you, I thought perhaps that if you and I—"

"—Took counsel!—Excellent!"

"—We might perhaps think of some way of stopping it."

"He's much more acutely angry with us at present than with anything your mother does," said Newbury, gravely. "Has he told you?"

"No, but—he means to," said the girl, hesitating.

"It is not unfair, I think, I should anticipate him. You will have his version afterward. I got an extraordinary letter from him this morning. It is strange that he cannot see we also plead justice and right for what we do!—that if we satisfied his conscience, we should wound our own."

He rose from the grass as he spoke and took a seat on a stone a little way from her. And as she looked at him Marcia had a strange, sudden feeling that here was quite another man from the wooer



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THIS MORNING HE FOUND HER ALL GIRLISH GENTLENESS AND APPEAL

who had just been lying on the grass at her feet. *This* was the man of whom she had said to Waggin, "He seems the softest, kindest!—and underneath—*iron!*" A shade of some habitual sternness had crept over his features. A noble sternness, however; and it had begun to stir in her, intermittently, the thrill of an answering humility.

"It is difficult for me — perhaps impossible — to tell you all the story," he said, after a pause. "But I will try and tell it shortly—in its broad outlines."

"I have heard some of it."

"So I supposed. But let me tell it in order—so far as I can. It concerns a man whom a few weeks ago we all regarded—my father and mother—myself—as one of our best friends. You know how keen my father is about experimenting with the land? Well, when we set up our experimental farm here ten years ago we made this man—John Betts—the head of it. He has been my father's right hand—and he has done splendidly—made the farm, indeed, and himself, famous. And he seemed to be one with us in other respects."

He paused a moment, looked keenly into her face, and then said, gravely and simply:

"We looked upon him as a deeply religious man. My mother could not say enough of his influence on the estate. He took a large men's class on Sundays. He was a regular communicant; he helped our clergyman splendidly. And especially—"

Here again the speaker hesitated a moment. But he resumed, with a gentle seriousness:

—"He helped us in all our attempts to make the people here live straight—like Christians—not like animals. My mother has very strict rules — she won't allow any one in our cottages who has lost their character. I know it sounds harsh. It isn't so—it's merciful. The villages were in a terrible state when we came—as to morals. I can't, of course, explain to you—but our priest appealed to us—we had to make changes — and my father and mother bravely faced unpopularity—"

He looked at her steadily, while his face changed, and the sudden red of some quick emotion invaded it.

"You know we are unpopular!"

"Yes," said Marcia, slowly, his perfect sincerity forbidding anything else in her.

"Especially" — there was a touch of scorn in the full voice—"owing to the attacks on my father and mother of that Liberal agitator—that man Atherstone—who lives in that cottage on the hill—your mother knows all about him. He has spread innumerable stories about us ever since we came to live here. He is a free-thinker and a republican; we are church people and Tories. He thinks that every man—or woman—is a law unto themselves. *We* think—but you know what we think!"

He smiled at her.

"Well—to return to Betts. This is May. Last August he had an attack of influenza, and went off to North Wales, to the sea, to recruit. He was away much longer than any one expected, and after about six weeks he wrote to my father to say that he should return to Hoddon Grey—with a wife. He had found a lady at Colwyn Bay, whom he had known as a girl. She was a widow, had just lost her father, with whom she lived, and was very miserable and forlorn. I need not say we all wrote the most friendly letters. She came, a frail, delicate creature, with one child. My mother did all she could for her, but was much baffled by her reserve and shrinking. Then—bit by bit—through some extraordinary chances and coincidences—I needn't go through it all—the true story came out."

He looked away for a moment over the reaches of the park, evidently considering with himself what he could tell and how far.

"I can only tell you the bare facts," he said at last. "Mrs. Betts was divorced by her first husband. She ran away with a man who was in his employment, and lived with him for two years. He never married her, and after two years he deserted her. She has had a wretched life since—with her child. Her first husband is still alive, and would, we understand, have taken her back some years ago, had she been willing. Then Betts came along whom she had known long ago. She threw herself on his pity. She is very attractive—he lost his head—and married her. Well, now, what were we to do?"

"They *are* married?" said Marcia.

"Certainly—by the law. But it is a law which matters nothing to us!"

The voice had taken to itself a full challenging note.

Marcia looked up.

"Because — you think — divorce is wrong?"

"Because 'What God has joined together, let no man put asunder!'"

"But there are exceptions in the New Testament?"

The peach bloom on Marcia's cheek deepened as she bent over the daisy chain she was idly making.

"Doubtful ones! The dissolution of marriage may itself be an open question. But for all churchmen, the remarriage of divorced persons—and trebly when it is asked for by the person whose sin caused the divorce—is an absolutely closed one!"

Marcia's mind was in a ferment. But her girlish senses were keenly alive to the presence beside her—the clean-cut, classical face, the spiritual beauty of the eyes. Yet something in her shivered.

"Suppose she was very unhappy with her first husband?"

"Law cannot be based on hard cases. It is made to help the great multitude of suffering, sinning men and women through their lives." He hesitated a moment, and then said, "Our Lord 'knew what was in man.'"

The low tone in which the last words were spoken affected Marcia deeply, not so much as an appeal to religion, for her own temperament was not religious, as because they revealed the inner mystical life of the man beside her. She was suddenly filled again with a strange pride that he should have singled her out—to love her.

But the rise of feeling was quickly followed by recoil.

She looked up eagerly.

"If I had been very miserable—had made a hideous mistake—and knew it—and somebody came along and offered to make me happy—give me a home—and care for me—I couldn't and I shouldn't resist!"

"You would," he said, simply, "if God gave you strength."

Nothing so intimate had yet been said between them. There was silence. That old, old connection between the passion of religion—which is in truth a great romanticism — and the passion of sex, made itself felt, but in its most poetic form. Marcia was thrillingly conscious of the debate in herself — of the voice which said, "Teach me, govern me, love me—be my adored master and friend!" and the voice which replied, "I should be his slave—I will not!"

At last she said:

"You have dismissed Mr. Betts?"

He sighed.

"He is going in a month. My father offered all we could. If—Mrs. Betts"—the words came out with effort—"would have separated from him, we would have amply provided for her and her child. The Cloan Sisters would have watched over her. She could have lived near them—and Betts could have seen her from time to time—"

"They refused?"

"Absolutely. Betts wrote my father the fiercest letters. They were married, he said, married legally and honestly—and that was an end of it. As to Mrs. Betts's former history, no one had the smallest right to pry into it. He defied my father to dismiss him. My father—on his principles—had no choice but to do so. So then—your brother came on the scene!"

"Of course—he was furious?"

"What right has he to be furious?" said Newbury, quietly. "His principles may be what he pleases. But he must allow us ours. This is a free country."

A certain haughtiness behind the gentle manner was very perceptible. Marcia kindled for her brother.

"I suppose Corry would say, if the church ruled us—as you wish—England wouldn't be free!"

"That's his view. We have ours. No doubt he has the present majority with him. But why attack us personally—call us names—because of what we believe?"

He spoke with vivacity, with wounded feeling. Marcia melted.

"But every one knows," she murmured, "that Corry is mad—quite mad."

And suddenly, impulsively, she put out her hand.

He took the hand in both his own, bent over and kissed it.

"Don't let him set you against us!"

She smiled and shook her head. Then by way of extricating herself and him from the moment of emotion—by way of

preventing its going any further — she sprang to her feet.

"Mother will be waiting lunch for us."

They walked back to the house together, discussing as they went Coryston's whole campaign. Newbury's sympathy with her mother was as balm to Marcia; insensibly she rewarded him, both by an open and charming mood, and also by a docility, a readiness to listen to the Newbury view of life which she had never yet shown. The May day meanwhile murmured and gleamed around them. The spring wind, like a riotous life, leaped and rustled in the new leaf of the oaks and beeches; the sky seemed to be leaning mistily to earth; and there were strange, wild lights on the water and the grass, as though, invisible, the train of Dionysus or Apollo swept through the land. Meanwhile the relation between the young man and the girl ripened apace. Marcia's resistance faltered within her, and to Newbury the walk was enchantment.

Finally they agreed to leave the task of remonstrating with Coryston to Sir Wilfrid Bury, who was expected the following day, and was an old friend of both families.

"Corry likes him," said Marcia. "He says, 'Give me either a firebrand or a cynic!' He has no use for other sorts of people. And perhaps Sir Wilfrid will help us too—with Arthur." Her look darkened.

"Arthur?" said Newbury, startled. "What's wrong with Arthur?" Marcia hurriedly told him. He looked amazed—and shocked.

"Oh, that can't be allowed. We must protect your mother—and persuade Arthur. Let me do what I can. He and I are old pals."

Marcia was only too glad to be helped. It had begun to seem to her, in spite of the rush of her London gaieties, and the brilliance of her London successes, that she had been very lonely at home for a long time, and here, in this strong man, were warmth and shelter.

Luncheon passed gaily, and Lady Coryston perceived, or thought she perceived, that Marcia's affairs were marching briskly toward their destined end. Newbury took his leave immediately afterward, saying to Lady Coryston, "So we expect you — next Sunday?" The slight emphasis he laid on the words, the pressure on her hand, seemed to reveal to her the hope in the young man's mind. Well!—the sooner the better.

Afterward Lady Coryston paid some calls in the village, and coming home through a stately series of walled gardens ablaze with spring flowers, she gave some directions for a new herbaceous border. Then she returned to the house to await her son. Marcia meanwhile had gone to the station to meet Sir Wilfrid Bury.

Coryston duly arrived — a more disreputable figure than usual; bedraggled with rain, his shabby trousers tucked into his boots, and his cap festooned with fishing-flies; for the afternoon had turned showery, and Coryston had been pursuing the only sport which appealed to him in the trout stream of the park. Before he did so, he had formally asked leave of the agent, and had been formally granted it.

He and Lady Coryston were closeted together for nearly an hour. Had any one been sitting in the adjoining room, they would have heard, save on two occasions when the raised voices clashed together, but little variation in the tones of the combatants. When the conference broke up and Coryston departed, Lady Coryston was left alone for a little while. She sat motionless in her chair beside her writing-table. Animation and color faded slowly from her features; and before her trance of thought was broken by the entrance of a servant announcing that Sir Wilfrid Bury had arrived, one who knew her well would have been startled by certain subtle changes in her aspect.

Coryston meanwhile made his way to the great library in the north wing, looking for Lester. He found the young librarian at his desk, with a fifteenth-century manuscript before him, which he was describing and cataloguing. The beautiful pages sparkling with color and gold were held open by glass weights, and the young man's face, as he bent over his task, showed the happy abstraction of the scholar. All around him rose the latticed walls of the library, holding on one side a collection of manuscripts, on the other of early printed books well known to learned Europe. Wandering gleams from the showery sky outside lit up the faded

richness of the room, the pale brown and yellows of the books, the sharp black and white of the old engravings hanging among them. The windows were wide open, and occasionally a westerly gust would blow in upon the floor petals from a fruit-tree in blossom just outside.

Coryston came in, looking rather flushed and excited, and took a seat on the edge of the table where Lester was working, his hands in his pockets.

"What a blessed place!" he said, glancing round him. Lester looked up and smiled absently. "Not bad?"

Silence a moment. Then Coryston said, with sudden vehemence:

"Don't you go into politics, Lester!"

"No fear, old man. But what's up now? You seem to have been ragging a good deal."

"I've been 'following the gleam,'" said Coryston, with a sarcastic mouth. "Or to put it in another way—there's a hot coal in me that makes me do certain things. I dignify it by calling it a sense of justice. What is it? I don't know.—I say, Lester, are you a Suffragist?"

"Haven't made up my mind."

"I am—theoretically. But upon my word—politics plays the deuce with women. And sometimes I think that women will play the deuce with politics."

"You mean, they're so unmeasured?" said Lester, cautiously.

Coryston shook his head vaguely, staring at the floor, but presently broke out:

"I say, Lester—if we can't find generosity, tenderness, an open mind—among women—where the devil are we going to find them?" He stood up. "And politics kills all that kind of thing."

"'Physician, heal thyself,'" laughed Lester.

"Ah, but it's our *business!*"—Coryston smote the table beside him—"our dusty damned business. We've got somehow to push and harry and drive this beastly world into some sort of decency. But the women!—oughtn't they to be in the shrine—tending the mystic fire? What if the fire goes out—if the heart of the nation dies?"

Lester's blue-gray eyes looked up quietly. There was sympathy in them, but he said nothing.

Coryston tramped half-way to the library door, then turned back.

"My mother's quite a good woman," he said, abruptly. "There are no great scandals on this estate—it's better managed than most. But because of this poison of politics no one can call their souls their own. If she'd let them live their own lives, they'd adore her."

"The trade-unions are just the same."

"I believe you!" said Coryston. "Freedom's a lost art in England—from Parliament downward. Well, well! Good-by!"

"Coryston!"

"Yes?" Lord Coryston paused with his hand on the door.

"Don't take the chair for Glenwilliam!"

"By George, I will!" Coryston's eyes flamed. And going out, he noisily shut the door.

Lester was left to his work. But his mood had been diverted, and he presently found that he was wasting time. He walked to the window, and stood there gazing at the bright flower-beds in the formal garden, the fountain plashing in its center, the low hills and woods that closed the horizon, the villages with their church-towers, piercing the shelter of the woods. May had drawn over the whole her first veils of green. The English perfection, the English mellowness was everywhere; the spring breathings in the air came scented with the young leaf of trees that had been planted before Blenheim was fought.

Suddenly across the farther end of the garden passed a girlish figure in white. Lester's pulses ran. It was Marcia. He saw her but seldom, and that generally at a distance. But sometimes she would come in her pretty, friendly way to chat to him about his work, and turn over his manuscripts.

"She has the same feeling about me that nice women have about their dogs and cats. They are conscious of them—sorry for them—they don't like them to feel themselves neglected. So she comes to see me every now and then—lest I should think myself forgotten. Her conscience pricks her for people less prosperous than herself. But she would be angry if I were to tell her so!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Sea-captain

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

HE had brought his betrothed out to listen to the nightingale, and her young, raucous laugh drowned the early whimper of the bird. He, although no professed poet, but only a farmer, felt that his love was an outrage to the delicate night. Yet how he loved her! And so long as you love, then your heart is tolerant, although your ears protest. As soon as harvest was in and a man found time to breathe—and marry—their banns were to be called.

Hannah laughed, crudely and at nothing, as they leaned over the stile, looking down across the sloping pasture-land toward the trilling wood. It was a nervous laugh. The night was full of witchery. All day it had rained, and now a mellow, small moon seemed to totter in the sky. From pools upon the green waste land that stretched between hedgerow and highroad, violet mists arose, and violet, too, was the look of seeded grass growing so thickly. This night of a shrinking moon, of an uncertain nightingale, and of violet vapors, enthralled Lawrence. The tired mists, the sad song, together they fired him.

He listened to Hannah laughing—laughing—and he tried hard not to shrink. He put that laugh, a positive guffaw, against the delicate contours of her airy body, against the delicious devilry of her narrow, black eyes; against her wide mouth and the arrogant masses of her perfectly black hair. She was a strange-looking girl, handsome, yet only for the exclusive; she was a blossom showing oddly beside others of the village—her cousin Jane, for instance, on the father's side. Jane lived with her aunt Paybody at Medmerry Farm, just over there. She was a large, healthy-looking girl, with a useful face of uniform buff tint, with pale hair which you could compare, if you chose, to the faint gilding of a winter sky. Her eyes were large and not mysterious, but merely blank. Hannah, who did not love her cousin, had once said, "Jane's face is like a cheese, with a blue mark for eyes."

Hannah kept senselessly giggling now, and the sound came ill from her fine throat. She seemed to be possessed by some hidden sense of a joke; yet it was a form of humor which made her feel afraid. Lawrence said with passion and roughness at last: "Don't! I can't listen to the bird." He clapped his hand across her mouth.

"Don't!" She cast it away. "Your hand smells."

"'Tis only sun"; he was instantly humble. "I've been in the fields all day. I wish it was salt," he said. "Sea's the only thing you can smell and taste and look at and listen to. It fills you. Woods don't; hills don't."

"Only food fills you," Hannah told him. Food and clothing she could understand, and found her faith upon.

From the wood came that wonderful fluting—passion in a heartbreak. Lawrence flung his arm round Hannah, and, lest he should hear the laugh again, he killed it first with his lips. There was some curious difference in this embrace which was going to be their last. He felt it and pushed her away. She blinked uneasily at him through the mists. He ignored the nightingale; he peered through warmly colored vapor and startled moonlight into Hannah's narrow eyes. They were a line of fire, mocking him.

"Why don't you go to sea?" she asked, wriggling her shoulders and letting out that discordant mirth again. "Go and be a sailor. Work up and be a captain. You could. Yet why do you think of the sea and talk of it so? You've never been there; this place is a hundred miles away. Now I've been to Blackpool, and it's jolly."

"Work up and be a captain! I wonder if I could."

Hannah, with her woman's wit, had said the thing for him; she had put his

dreamings into word. But he knew that he never would do it, for he was going to marry her and settle on his farm—the farm that his father had left him. There had always been Penfolds at Choller's, just as there had been Paybodys at Medmerry. Yet perfection for Lawrence Penfold would have been to have the chosen woman for his own upon some vast, sweet sea. He dreamed of the sea, talked of it, pondered upon it. He read books about it, and he imagined what it would be like in its many moods. Sometimes, working in his own fields, so many miles inland, and studying the sky, the trees, the many-colored earth, he transmuted all this into restless water.

"The nightingale's left off," said Hannah, laughing. "Take me home, Larry. It's a wretched summer. We've had a fire most nights. Yes, keep your arm like that at the back of my neck, for it's warm."

She spoke briskly, and she made her foot suit her tongue. She had only a scarf knotted over her head, and Lawrence was looking, as they walked, at her hair. As it fell away on each side of the pure, undeviating parting, it was stormy, black wave upon black wave. He supposed that sometimes waves at sea were black as ink and very cold.

Hannah lived in a lane running out from the main street of the village. It was nothing but a lean arm, with small, new houses dotted irregularly in a double, half-finished row, with the hedges on either side all hacked away. These new houses of cheap bricks and gleaming slates were an outrage upon the burly old inhabitants with their thatched or tiled roofs, and their stout walls which climbed the straggling village. Lawrence hated it all, and reproaching himself, yet not able to help it, he always loved Hannah less in this lane. Her mother, the grocer's widow, had a little income and also what she called some "good furniture." So in the summer she took lodgers, and Hannah waited upon them. Their life was garish; it was cheap and thin. Lawrence, sensitively proud, felt this, and he would be very glad to get his sweetheart away from the ignominy of living in a little new house and of waiting upon strange people. Also he would be glad to get her away from her mother, who was a town woman with town ideas. Putting it bluntly in his mind, which was downright, for all his salt dreamings, he considered that Hannah's mother was barely respectable. A woman of sixty who wore false hair, false teeth, a hat with flowers, was disjointed with virtue. Her compressed lip and cold glance never mended her of this, and he compared Hannah's mother most unfavorably with his own, who was dead. She had worn a cap indoors and a black bonnet out of doors. Her hair had been brushed thinly over her temples. He would certainly be glad to take Hannah away, and he blamed her mother for that noisy laugh which had silenced the bird.

He was now at Hannah's gate, and he could see, yet mercifully softened by the mist, the outlined, horrid house. His own house, where Penfolds had always lived, was rich with the gracious ideas of men long ago dead who had loved their work and taken time with it. His house had a great, high roof of tiles. You could not dismiss it as just red, or as any one color. There were orange, green, and crimson lights. Houseleek grew upon this roof in fleshly, gross bunches.

There was an ambitious canopy above Hannah's narrow door. It was of corrugated iron painted that conscious green which shows the pitiful striving of jerry-builders after something they have heard called Art. Lawrence knew nothing of this; he only knew he hated it—and that was quite enough. It was of painted iron and fluted. To him, poetically speaking, it was, to-night in the mist, as the wings of a bat.

"Good night," said Hannah. She started laughing again, and she took his arm from round her neck, where it had been while they walked home. She flung it from her as a fine lady flings a fur.

"I'll come in for a bit," said Lawrence, opening the gate; for he was so possessed by her black beauty that he could never bear to leave her; each twenty-four hours, when the night came, he lived afresh this tragedy.

The gate was painted green, with spikes, painted white, along the top. It was a flimsy, grinning thing. Hannah cunningly slipped through herself, then firmly shut it, leaving him upon the



Drawn by Fred Pegram

HE CLAPPED HIS HAND ACROSS HER MOUTH

outer side. Her bare hands closed round those tooth-like white spikes.

"No, you don't come in," she said, and the June air was pierced by some sudden challenge.

"I'm sorry," she was saying, and her voice was almost sweet; she did not laugh any more. "I've been trying to tell you ever since I came back from Manchester." Twice a year she went to stay with well-to-do cousins, of the manufacturing sort, in Manchester, and she had been back ten days.

"Tell me what?" He seemed to know what she was going to say. They had tricked him, Hannah and her mother. That was it.

"You'll never be a sailor," said Hannah, inconsequently. "They've got blue eyes, and, Larry, yours are brown."

She was very sorry for him; yet her mind was made up.

He was thinking that he had loved her, that he loved her now, and always would; yet he had never trusted her; for love has nothing to do with trust. It is a madness. He did not speak; he just waited.

"I'm going to marry somebody else," she said, defiantly. "There! That's out."

"That summer lodger! I thought so," returned Lawrence, and sounded distant.

"No. It's a man I met at uncle's; a Manchester man, and a very good match. Mother wishes it. I shall be able to help poor mother, you see."

This hypocrisy seemed the last touch. He was broken, and yet he was filled with rage at being made to look a fool in the village; for the wedding day was as good as settled, and he had already, prompted by Hannah and her mother, made various genteel additions to his farm-house for his bride. He wondered what Towse the builder's bill would be for this piece of foolery.

He said nothing. Hannah, watching, thought how handsome and rough he looked; yet nothing but a countryman; and she hugged the dapper idea of her Manchester man.

"You go and get married to Jane," she advised. "She's sick with love for you. She'd give her eyes to be Mrs. Lawrence Penfold. Choller's farm and Medmerry could join. She'll have everything, of course, when Aunt Paybody dies. Don't be hard on me, dear. I had to think of mother, you see, and I'm going"—she was backing from the gate with her body, yet she held to the spikes with her fingers, not seeming to realize that Lawrence could have turned the latch at any moment had he chosen—"up to Manchester for good on Saturday. Mother's coming, too. We've sold the furniture as it stands."

He felt that all the language of the world was required for his dilemma; yet he could say nothing. He only stared, and, looking up the narrow path that went between the little flower-beds, saw a figure move, phantomwise and watchful, across the front-room window behind the row of plants. This was her mother, who had her eye upon them. He could not oppose these two women, for they were too devilishly clever. The front door opened.

Hannah's mother stood just within the house; a grim woman, yet jaunty; a long, inflexible yellow face, and a lace blouse threaded with mauve ribbons! She made no pretense of any greeting, and he gave her credit for that. In her way she was less of a hypocrite than Hannah.

"Come in, my dear," she said to her daughter. "The night air's damp."

Hannah obeyed at once. She turned and went off without one word. They shut the door, and he was left alone at the gate. He could smell the wet earth as he walked, head hanging, toward Choller's. Yet the smell of the sea would be finer.

Weeks after this he went to Jane. He had known the two cousins nearly all his life; Jane had been for solid comforts and sensible urgings, Hannah for the more filmy requirements of a man. He had never talked of the sea to Jane.

"I've sold the farm," he said; "I'm sailing Monday. It seems a sin for a Penfold not to own Choller's, but I'd rather be a sailor, as you know."

Jane had been expecting this, and she returned, cheerfully, "Come into the parlor and tell me all about it."

She led him through the narrow, long room which they called the kitchen; yet no rough work was done in it, but in the even larger one built at the other side of this carelessly spacious old house.

This farm and Lawrence's farm were much the same: ruddy old dwellings with heavily beamed ceilings of oak, and hearths with maws made to swallow trees.

Aunt Paybody sat in the chimney-corner and twitched Lawrence a skinny nod as he went by. It was August, but wood was burning upon the bricks, for her stiff old joints demanded warmth. The scarlet shawl crossed upon her infallen bosom matched the heart of the little fire.

Jane and Lawrence shut themselves into the parlor. She sat upon the black sofa, with its shiny horsehair cover and brass nails. She smiled, showing her good, square teeth, and signified that he should sit beside her. She looked so kind and cool, so sage and even matronly, that Lawrence felt a childish desire to be comforted. He wanted to put his head on her shoulder and sob. But Jane was far too sensible for this sort of thing, and her next words proved it:

"I can only stay five minutes, for I've got a late brood of chicks. It's hardly worth while hatching at all so late in the year, but I thought I'd try. The old hen kept squatting and clucking, and I hadn't the heart to douse her in a pail of cold water as Aunt Paybody used to do." She spoke earnestly; as if hens mattered far more than a man.

"I've come to say good-by and ask a favor, that's all. There ain't anything to tell," said Lawrence, and unconsciously he slid farther away from her along the slippery sofa.

"Ask away!" was Jane's brisk rejoinder, made quite with the manner of firing a joke. She turned aside. She wasn't going to let him see her eyes.

"Have you heard from Hannah? Is she married?"

Jane jumped round. "No," she told him, briefly, "not a word since they went away."

"But she ought to be married by now," persisted Lawrence.

"I thought it was to be that summer lodger, and not a Manchester man," said Jane.

"She was always a flirt, Jennie, and I think I hate her; summer lodger or Manchester man, or a round dozen of whoever it is—for it might have been anybody," he said, fiercely. "She's that sort."

"I'm more glad than I can say to see you're getting over it," Jane told him, heartily, and her whole face frankly sparkled. Yet he never saw. "And what's the favor? Be quick and ask it. I told you I was busy this morning."

"I'll come to that. It's a great comfort to be going to sea, Jane, and I don't know when I'll be on land again. Yet I'd like to have a foothold in the village. Do you understand? I'd like to feel that if I wanted to be back near Choller's for a bit at any time, between voyages, I could do it without any fuss. The long and the short of it is this, Jane. Could you spare a room to be put aside for me and to have a few things of mine in it against I come back at any time?"

"I'm sure it could be managed." Jane started up. "No need to ask Aunt Paybody. Don't mention it to her, Lawrence, for she'd only fuss. Come along up-stairs and choose for yourself and have which one you like, for we've got plenty. I should die pretty quick," she looked at him steadily, "if I was boxed up in a place like Hannah's was down the lane."

Briskly she went again through the kitchen, and Lawrence followed. He stopped at the hearth and said crisply to Aunt Paybody: "Good-by. I'm off to the sea on Monday." As he held her hand he noted the wedding-ring upon the thin finger. Never before had he thought of old women's wedding-rings, and that they meant so much. The startling conviction was born in him that shriveled Aunt Paybody had once been wooed.

"Ah, now, my first sweetheart was a sailor," she chuckled. "I jilted un to marry Paybody. Oftentimes I wished I hadn't. A young 'ooman dunno what's fer the best."

"Come along," said Jane, impatiently, and standing in the open doorway.

Lawrence followed her through the door and up the stairs. They were old and black, and a little window half-way up gave another peep at the village street. He could see his own roofs, which were just like Jane's. Certainly he and she were true mates—of inheritance! She took him through the rooms, saying,



"I'VE COME TO SAY GOOD-BY AND ASK A FAVOR"

jauntily, "Well, which one will you have?" All the time she seemed to have her heart with her newly fledged chickens.

He chose a dim one, looking north. "You won't miss this much, not if it's shut up twenty years. You are good to me, Jane."

"I'd do more than this," she returned, smoothly, and he stared into her large, still face. "I may come in and air it? You'll let it be cleaned? You won't want the key?"

"I shall leave the key with you. Good-by. I'll send my things along."

"Say good-by down-stairs, can't you?"

They went down through the door that shut in the stairs, and Jane latched it behind her. What a home sound the little clickings of those latches were! And he would miss it sorely. They stood, feeling uneasy. Then Jane lifted the latch of the front door, and bright sunshine came in.

"Good-by," she said, nodding her pale head bluffly. "I must get hard-boiled egg and bread-crumb for the chicks."

Lawrence took her hand, shook it, dropped it, and walked out. She shut the door instantly. Once before he had heard a door shut; but that had been night-time and heartbreak. He did not care one jot for Jane, yet she need not have put a brood of late chicks before him, for it was barely civil.

Jane remained rigid in the dark entry when she had shut the door. Oak panels closed her in, and roughly plastered, whitewashed walls. Presently she ran up the stairs to the little window and watched Lawrence walk away. He never looked back. She sat upon the brown stairs, crying savagely. She was broken to bits. This was no romantic, girlish sniveling, but a tatter of tears.

She need not cry again for twenty years. As like as not, he would never come back. He might get drowned, for sailors did.

It was nearly twenty years before he came back, and when he did he was, naturally, a sea-captain; for if you want

a thing enough, then you get it. Never once had he written to Jane. He just walked in at dusk one night, and it was haymaking-time. He was glad to come home and be back, for he had lived his life, had done the thing he wanted. So he was happy and fat and perhaps a little stupid. Nothing was left to strive for.

When he reached Medmerry's, he lifted the latch of the door, stepped into the cool, dim entry, lifted another latch, and walked into the kitchen. Jane was sitting at the table, and nothing in this bluff, beloved room had changed, except that the chimney-corner was empty, and in place of a fire there was set upon the bricks a glazed crock with cow-parsley. This struck him as being unlike Jane. Had he never really known her? Or had he, in all this time, forgotten what she was like? At the sound of feet she arose and surveyed him calmly, just as usual.

"Lawrence! So you've come back. Aunt Paybody's dead, you know." With eyes and hand she signified the cold hearth. "Your room is ready; only sheets to be put on the bed."

In this way she received him, and at once he was at home. Sitting down, he said, "As I came along to-night I smelt hay, and it was as sweet as salt."

Jane had not changed; her drab and buff tints were a little more uniform, and a few lines of endurance spreading, as rays, round her long mouth. She looked at Lawrence. He was bigger and weather-beaten, bluff and jovial. A salt life seemed to have blunted him; this, and reaching what he had coveted to reach—which is rarely good for any man. She missed the fine, romantic touch, and already her stanch heart sank. There was a sailor's jest in his eye. Jane hated jesting. They were mutually summing each other up, and he was thinking: "There is even more of her than there used to be. What a nice, comfortable-looking soul, to be sure!"

While he was at sea he had made up his mind as to what he would do when he came ashore for good. He would go home and marry Jane Paybody. He would buy back his own farm if he possibly could, so that Choller's and Medmerry might be one.

"I'm a sea-captain," he said, twinkling at her to see how she took it. "I've done it, as I said I would. And I've had my fill of the sea and made my fortune in a way—plenty to do with, that is. Do you understand?" Jane nodded, but she never spoke.

"I've come back to the village to settle down. Do you think that chap would sell me Choller's back? We must see to that. And will you marry me, Jane, my dear? For a man can't settle alone. It's been on my mind to ask you this for the past five years, but I wouldn't write. I said to myself, it will wait."

"And Hannah?" asked Jane, watching him with those vague eyes of hers which never told you anything.

Lawrence laughed out loud, and she winced. He had changed. He was almost another man. Why did things come into your life too late?

"Hannah!" he said, speaking with the rueful manner of scratching his head—a rather comic, boyish manner. "Grown-up children, I suppose?"

"I've never seen her, never heard. I did hear that Aunt Sophia died of jaundice."

"Aunt Sophia?"

"Her mother, you know."

"Yes, to be sure! Her mother." And he remembered how he had hated that woman and been disgusted by her. "Her name had slipped my memory," he said. "So Hannah never comes back here for a holiday with her family! And you haven't answered my question, Jane. You're in no hurry to get married."

"Yes, I'll marry you, Larry. I shall be glad. It's very lonely for a woman living alone," she said, simply.

This touched him, and feeling tender, regarding her as not only housekeeper but bride also, he came over and kissed her on the cheek. She never changed color; her confusion, the inner fire and joy—these were lost upon him.

"Come up and see your room," was all she said.

After so many years they went up the old stairs again and into the cold, north room where his boyish treasures were—the things that he had sent from Choller's for Jane to take care of. They looked at the things; then aimlessly they came down-stairs again. Somehow they felt ghosts, and this night of betrothal was misty enough. As they sat together

after supper they agreed that their banns should be called soon.

A few weeks later Lawrence was in his sweetheart's hay-fields helping to get the loads aboard the wagons. He was happy and jolly and hot. He wore a big straw hat baked with many suns; it was an old one that he had left behind, all those years ago. His shirt was open at the neck, and his arms were beginning to blister, for this was the hottest June that anybody had known for years. As he forked the hay he was thinking that it would be good, at twelve o'clock, to go in and eat cold meat with Jane in the long, raftered kitchen, which was cool in the mornings if you drew the curtain across the east window.

He was suddenly aware, perhaps not really seeing at all, of a woman near him. A strange woman raking. There were several strange women in the field, for they welcomed all the labor they could get. As she raked, she edged up more closely to him, with a sort of artfulness, and in the middle of this yellow, lovely day Lawrence suddenly stopped. He looked through the blinding sunlight into the strange woman's face. He looked into her narrow eyes, and they mocked him as they used to mock. It was Hannah.

This desolate, draggled thing! This creature only something better than a scarecrow, this common laborer raking in her cousin's field! He only looked at her—his love!—looked into those narrow eyes, looked at her rough hair, going gray, coarsely twisted; looked at her small body, which, airy once, was now withered. Yet she was not old, but merely worse than old. History was scrawled across her bitter, brown face. Not for her had been the solitary, semi-cloistered life of her cousin Jane Paybody through all these twenty years.

Not this alone. She was comic, as women always must be when they wear the cast-off clothes of other women. Her skirt had been the finery of one, her jacket the pride of another; there was the coquetry of some unknown third in that battered hat with the stark feather. She had been glad to wear anything that people would give her. There was not even the free color and stride of a born gipsy to her. She was simply a tramp.

Yet she was Hannah. This was all, and this was everything. Lawrence renewed his youth; in one giddy leap of the heart he was back again to all the glad tumult. The passion that he had thought dead had only been in a trance. This ragged woman was the fairy, and that hay-rake she so scornfully leaned upon was her wand. He felt all this, and Jane Paybody was farther from him now than she had ever been while the big world was between them. He had remembered her sometimes then. Now! Well, now he had even forgotten that she ever lived. The wonderful magic of this ragged Hannah, the intangible drunken delight which is always ours while we love, overcame him. And he said to her whose black eyes snapped and sparkled at him, doing all the things with him that they used to do, "For God's sake let's get away together out of the sun."

She answered, stretching her mouth, and it was still a live mouth that a man might love: "My baby! I left her in the hedge over there by the big thorn. Go and fetch her, Larry."

He went. He was still blissfully dreaming; and, dreaming, he picked up that sleeping thing — warm, moving rhythmically between its tiny woolen rags—her child!

He went off toward the house, carrying the child. Hannah followed. She shuffled in her broken shoes. She was marking his sailor's walk and smiling at it. In the village they had told her that he had come back a sea-captain; that he was buying back Choller's and marrying Jane Paybody.

They went out of the field, along a little bit of road, and in at Jane's gate. Laborers were staring. Lawrence lifted the latch and she followed him into her cousin's house. He pushed her into the kitchen, gave her the child, and said:

"Stay here. I'll tell Jane."

He went through that oblong entry which was always so dark when the doors were shut. Two were open now. Sunlight lay upon the flagged floor and fluttered on the whitewashed walls. He went into the dairy; this was butter-making day. Jane was setting long rolls of it upon a white slab.

"Why have you come in so soon, Lawrence? Is the sun too hot?"

He was looking a fool; his arms hanging, his legs apart as if he trod a deck, his mouth open.

"You go into the parlor for a bit and lie down." Jane surveyed him anxiously. "I'll come soon. I can't leave the butter."

"Butter be hanged, my dear—my poor dear!" he suddenly realized how he was meaning to hurt her.

He was ashamed of himself clean through, yet his mind was made up. His heart was fast. "Hannah's in the front kitchen. As bad as a beggar; nothing but rags; raking in the fields; got a baby."

Jane put the yellow bowl gently down. "I'll come," she said. "Go back to her. Let me wash my hands, that's all."

He went away. In his shoulders was implied the grateful sense of having been lightly let off. When Jane was alone she leaned at the window, looking through the fragrant dimness of the dairy out into the sunlight.

Everything was over, and she blamed Lawrence, not Hannah. Why could he not have kept away, left her alone? For she had grown to accept age and be in some sense happy. Now she would never be happy any more. She felt that she could not live without him now—now when their banns were called. Yet she knew that she must.

She washed and dried her hands mechanically, crossed the house, and entered her own dignified kitchen. Lawrence was holding Hannah's hand. He dropped it gawkily. Yet he kept close by her side, to encourage and fortify her.

"She was working in the hay-field," he repeated, to invoke compassion, "your cousin Hannah."

Jane did not speak at once. She was always deliberate, and she stood now looking coolly from one to the other, and in her manner, yet only implied, was contempt and some regal accusation. As she regarded Hannah's motley garments, a bitter feminine touch, and the only one



HE WENT OFF TOWARD THE HOUSE, CARRYING THE CHILD



"She was working in the Hay-field—your cousin Hannah"

she permitted herself, marked her long mouth. She could not help it; she did not try to help it. This was her one miserable form of revenge. She, a woman, knew how to hurt another. And she had her one triumphant moment when she saw the sulky color come into Hannah's cheek and burn angrily beneath her restless eyes. Hannah was ashamed, yet only of her alien rags.

"You'll want a change of clothing by and by," said Jane, finely. "Let me take the baby from you now."

With that quiet air of managing which was always Jane's she took the child from its mother, carried it down the step into the cool parlor, and tucked it, sleeping still, upon the wide old sofa. When she returned, the two started apart.

The table was laid for two; cold meat, plenty of butter, and cheese.

"Sit down," said Jane to Hannah, in a not unfriendly way. "Lawrence, you go and draw a jug of beer."

He took the jug from where it hung on a peg in the oak rafter and went off. He showed that bluff, insensible air of the sailor. He seemed pleased, for he was getting what he wanted. He had got his Hannah back and Jane was making no fuss. The weak man does get what he wants very often, while the strong one batters himself senselessly to pieces in his pain.

When they were alone, the women did not speak, and it seemed to them both an agonizing time before their man returned. He set the jug on the table and smiled from one to the other. Jane went to the door. "I won't sit down with you," she said, sternly, and left him looking blank. Hannah, in her ridiculous rags, was faintly smiling.

Jane floated through the stairway door and sat upon the stairs, just as she had done twenty years ago. This was breathing-time for her. At twelve there would be dinner for the men who worked in the hay-field. Before twelve, Lawrence and Hannah down there would have done

eating. They must be got out of the way.

She did not cry, since the rest of life was left for crying, and she would live, like as not, to be a chilly old woman in the chimney-corner, just as her aunt Paybody had been. By the time you got there, would you have forgotten; or better, would you care one snap of the fingers for any man any more? She smiled and gulped, staring out of the window, looking up the street. She was savage, and all she felt now was that she would like to kill those two down there, just as she had wanted to smother that baby. She had no pity, not a touch. She only had an urgent practicality. She developed a stubborn, a rugged and masculine acceptance of facts.

If only she need not see them again, either of them, if they would drift away without one more sight or sound! She only asked to stay alone at Medmerry, to work and to forget. And, even as she prayed frantically for just this, the door opened, and Lawrence came up. His face was, so to say, all to pieces. Yet he nearly laughed when he saw her squatting on the stairs. It seemed such a silly and a little-girl thing to do; this large, cool Jane of over forty. He came up close and he timidly touched her hand.

"I'm sorry, Jane, but it is Hannah that I love."

"Of course. Take her away and marry her if you can. That's settled. Are you"—she showed some passion—"afraid, Lawrence?"

"I'm not afraid," he returned, slowly, "unless it's of myself. I thought I had forgotten her; upon my soul, I did. Don't you remember I laughed at her? That ought to be enough. I joked about her that night I came back. But directly I saw her again in the field out there—"

"Is she a widow?"

"A widow!" He appeared to think hard, and he looked frightened to death. "She never mentioned. I suppose so."

"Well, go and find out. Why didn't you before?" asked Jane. "You'd better. And be quick."

He went away in a great hurry, and Jane continued to stare at the street. Supposing Hannah was not a widow! Her face flamed and she covered it for a moment with her hands. Nobody had ever seen Jane blush.

"If he can't marry her," she whispered to herself with hot anguish, "I—I haven't the spirit of a fly. They may call our banns for the second time next Sunday, then."

She sat waiting. The blood died down in her face. When Lawrence came back he was not only looking glad, but he seemed to expect her to share in it. He had never spared her and never would.

"It's all right; yes, a widow," he whispered. "Husband killed in a railway accident, and left her without a penny, poor girl!"

"A Manchester man?" asked Jane, with a lift of her faint eyebrow.

This was a whip about his shoulders if you like; but Lawrence never felt the curl of it. "I suppose so; I never asked. You can't think of everything, Jane, at a time like this."

"Well, go away," said Jane, not stirring, "go and ask again if you like."

"But aren't you coming down? Don't sit there!"

"Can't you understand that I hate the sight of you both, Lawrence? Do you think I'm made of puff-pastry to be rolled out any way?" she asked him, with a terrible calm; and her mien gave dignity to her homely figure of speech.

"My poor dear, my poor dear! Forgive me, Jane."

"Never mind that. Just leave me alone a little longer."

He went obediently away, stepping the stairs gingerly as if from a sick-room.

Jane knew that presently she would have to see to everything: give Hannah a change of decent clothing, have the trap got ready (for they should not stay here one single night), turn out that north room by and by, and send Lawrence his things.

They might even get married and settle at Choller's. This came to her as a deadly, insupportable thought. Lawrence, quite simply, would expect her to be neighborly. He would say to himself, "Why not?"



WILD BUFFALOES GRAZE ALONG THE SAGE-BRUSH SHORES

The Dead Sea of the West

BY LOUISE RAND BASCOM

PEARLY gulls, old and wise in the lore of their fathers, circle up from the banks of the Jordan. In the east they can descry a great city shimmering white against the purple foot-hills of the snow-clad Wasatch; in the west, the sunlight upon the ever-changing emerald and turquoise hues of a lake that laps the base of the gigantic Oquirrh range. Poplars, branching box-elders, cottonwoods, and an occasional rose-of-Sharon tree fringe the outskirts of the distant Mormon capital, proclaiming it an oasis of comfort as well as of splendor. Here and there the tremendous valley in which it lies is dotted with prosperous green farms, but in the main the fifteen-mile tract of alkaline monotony between the city and the lake is relieved by nothing save withered-looking sagebrush. The gulls rise a thousand feet in the air, and only then are they as high as were the waters of the ancient lake that once stretched three hundred and fifty miles through this huge basin. Marks of the water-line still show far up on the mountain-sides, and gull legends bear witness that it was nearly three thousand miles around this prehistoric lake with its interesting crustacea and its outlet to the sea.

Now three comparatively small bodies of water are all that remain of the overgrown pond of the past. Of these Utah Lake alone, which empties into Great Salt Lake through the Jordan River, is filled with fresh water; Sevier Lake, scarcely a mud-puddle in dry weather, and Great Salt Lake, are unbelievably salt. What became of the more extensive lake, known by geologists as Lake Bonneville in honor of the man who discovered its shore-line in 1831, no one can say with certainty, but it is supposed that climatic changes finally brought about its shrinkage by evaporation until the waters were too low to connect with the stream that joined the Snake River through Red Rock Pass. At any rate, the lake was left without the outlet which had carried away the modicum of salt borne down by the inflowing rivers. Evaporation went on, the rivers did not desist from bringing salt, and at last this inland body of water became a solution of brine. Some authorities claim that Lake Bonneville dried away completely, leaving only ripple marks in a desert of gleaming sand, but it seems more reasonable to suppose that before it vanished entirely there were other climatic changes which caused more rainfall, increased the size

of the streams, and so preserved the present lake. However it came to exist, Great Salt Lake to-day, as in the centuries past, continues to reflect the mountains in its opalescent depths, and will probably never cease to do so in spite of the dire prophecies resulting from its curious habit of receding and coming back.

Because of the queer phenomenon of its occasional withdrawal, the area of this surfless lake is variable. Sometimes it is ninety miles long, sometimes only sixty. The mystery of its movements is not known, but for many years it has been the subject of wild conjectures and much serious investigation. At one period, not long ago, the lake was shrinking in such an alarming manner that those who regarded it as an old friend were filled with apprehension. Among other ingenious theories was the one that a hole had been made in the bottom of the lake by driving piles, and all the water was pouring down into a subterranean cavern. Another claimed that the rivers had been diverted for irrigating purposes, and that, besides, there was less rainfall. The old settlers meanwhile placidly chewed their gum and gathered crops. Their composure was not unfounded. When the scientists were in the midst of demonstrating that the lake was disappearing for all time, it suddenly rose again higher than it had been in a decade. Discomfited, the geologists then stated and tried to prove that there had been a volcanic disturbance of the lake bottom which apparently caused the water to overflow, though its volume was in reality the same; but the unbelievers in the climatic-change theory scoffed at such a statement and pointed out that the unchecked denudation of the hills was increasing the amount of water transported to the lake by the streams. No really adequate explanation of the lake's vagaries has ever been furnished, but there is a popular superstition that the water recedes every seven years, and then comes rushing back at the end of three. The numbers three and seven in themselves savor of witchcraft. While scholars study the ripple marks and work out their formulas, the lake lies year after year in the sun and rain, now golden-brown like the algæ on the rocks, now filled with every tint of a painter's pallet—a wonderful foreground for the mountains looming out of the lavender haze upon its edge, a refreshing contrast to the dingy sagebrush and the glare of the snow-white shore.



A Chain of Bathers

Poets, as a rule, do not sing of matters commercial, and yet there is an epic quality about all the industries connected with the lake. Especially is this true of the salt-works, which are represented to the ordinary traveler by great, smooth mounds of crude salt ready for the dun-colored freight-car or the weather-beaten refinery. They resemble truncated pyramids more than anything else, and the imaginative mind straightway repictures the blazing Egyptian sun and mirroring Nile.

On April 1st the brine from the lake is pumped into the salt-beds, or



Drawn by Watson Barratt

A RAILROAD TRACK THAT GOES TO SEA

evaporating-ponds, which cover several hundred acres about a mile and a half from the lake. The brine remains in the beds until the "harvest," which takes place during the latter part of August or the first days in September. Throughout the summer the heat of the sun is drawing out the moisture and effecting the deposit of salt. It is noticeable that when the water begins to evaporate, it has the peculiar, iridescent hue of sunlit ice, and the salt showing through presents the appearance of great patches of snow. Indeed, when the superfluous brine is returned to the lake and the sixty harvesters pitch their tents preparatory to gathering the harvest, the salt-beds resemble a vast plain of speckless snow, now white, now blue under the shadows.



FLOATERS

The beds do not lie long undisturbed. First, they are plowed to a depth of from two to four inches; then hand-cars are run out over temporary rails for the salt that is carried to the ever-growing pyramids. The laborers working in the dry, blistering heat, miles from any tree and forced to drink the brackish water sent from a distance, are objects to excite compassion, and yet they seem more like a comic-opera chorus than toilers with shovel and pick. Their overalls glitter with salt crystals, their eyes are protected by smoked glasses, their faces look as if they had been daubed with vermilion. Occasionally one of the big Swedes wears an eye-shade instead of the spectacles, and as he peers up at a flight of gulls overhead or at the ragged mountains on the horizon, his eyes are startlingly blue in his poor, raw face.

For three months the laborers draw their dollar and a half and two dollars a day for digging the coarse salt. This is sold at the works for a dollar a ton to any who care to purchase it there. Refined salt is run through a drying-cylinder, separated from the undesirable elements by fanning, and then ground into the different grades to be found on the market. Forty thousand tons a season is the usual harvest, but twenty-five times that amount could be furnished if there should ever be a demand for it. For a number of years the salt-manufacturers had no adequate refining process, and though the present product is ninety per cent. pure, it has taken some time to counteract the unfavorable impression that the first shipments caused.

In spite of the early ban, many salt-packed cars have rumbled after the great, black Moguls in their journey south through the dusty valley of Zion, or west over the Lucin cut-off, that marvelous engineering feat which cannot but stir the imagination, goad ambition, and compel applause. Its story is so miraculous that it reads like a fairy-tale. When the Southern Pacific was built in 1868, the engineers shook their fists at Great Salt Lake for lying in their path, and then meekly built the road around, over rocky Promontory Mountain, across creek and gaping gully. For about fifty years the long, olive-drab trains wheezed up the grades and stalled on the turns, and at last the of-

ficials decided to save curves and the extra forty-three miles around the lake. Accordingly, rails, piling, and extra steam-shovels were peremptorily ordered, and in June, 1902, train-loads of these things came to a stop at the lakeside.

The car crews stared out at the vast expanse of water before them. Little, white-capped waves licked the shore, covering with sparkling crystals a bottle and an old shoe that some child had tied to a peg — to be made into playthings as fair as the jewels in the crowns of kings, as beautiful as the dome of fairy-land. Gulls fought where the Bear and Jordan rivers met this inland sea, for as soon as the fish reached the brine they died, and their glistening bodies became easy prey. The trainmen saw it all, and signaled and threw switches with little speech. A railroad track across this Nile-green ocean! A cut-off through this dead, dead sea! Then one word suggested itself from the bigness of it all, and some man was seen to cross himself and heard to murmur a low, "God!"

Meantime the public was clamorous and incredulous. "A cut-off from Ogden, Utah, to Lucin, Utah!" it cried. "Why, don't you know it's twenty-seven and a half miles across Great Salt Lake at that point, and that the water's from fifteen to thirty feet deep all the way?"

"Yes, we know it," returned the sun-browned engineers, with some defiance, "but sixteen miles of that distance is to be a solid earth track, sixteen feet wide at the top and seventeen feet above water."

"Do you mean that you can make a ridge of dirt from thirty-two to forty-seven feet high for sixteen miles in spite of the water?" gasped the public.

The engineers nodded. "Of the twenty-three miles of trestle, eleven will be filled with earth, leaving only twelve miles of trestle proper and four and a half miles of firm earth pathway at the beginning. We shall make over a thousand feet of trestle a day," they added.

The public smiled.

The engineers did not smile. They knew that they had a stupendous undertaking before them. To begin with, they discovered that the lake bottom was quite unlike any other lake bottom. A layer of loose sand first confronted the shovels; then a foot or two of hard sand; underneath this a seven-foot crust of soda and



HARVESTING THE SALT CROP



GARFIELD PAVILION WAS THE PRIDE OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE IN ITS DAY

salt which it was almost impossible to penetrate; and last of all, unending depths of ooze. The difficulty of driving piles into the seven-foot crust was surmounted by dissolving through steam-pressure the substance which they could not otherwise affect, and a mile of trestle went up each week. Three thousand men worked day and night, through heat and cold, for the sake of this great enterprise; the rattle and creak of steam-shovels raising seven tons of gravel at a scoop was heard at Promontory Mountain, at Little Mountain, and in the Hogup Mountains, as four hundred cars a day were filled and hurried off; steamboats and tugs, built for the occasion, wrestled with escaped piles and carried tons of water and food to the panting laborers. The work progressed swiftly and surely, and just as the engineers were congratulating themselves on their conquest of the lake a terrible storm came up one night, and the inky waters lashed at both sides of the "fill," until morning showed a skeleton of ties and rails across the lake, with nothing underneath. Undaunted, the engineers filled in again and made the pathway wider; and finally, on November 13, 1903, the track from the west and the one from the east were joined in the center of the lake. That was a day of rejoicing for the brain-fagged engineers and the swollen-handed laborers, but the public remained skeptical. "It won't stand," was the verdict; but it did stand, and has stood for nearly ten years, supporting from six to twelve trains a day, and valiantly resisting the action of wave and wind.

Level as a floor, straight as a ruler's edge, this splendid cut-off stretches across the beryl-green lake like a colossal brown centipede — a unique monument to the men who have made it. Indeed, it will probably have the enduring qualities of a monument, for piles after hardening in the crust of soda and salt cannot be moved and are preserved like so much stone. Also, the continuous wave-motion against the embankment coats it with a cement of salt crystals as hard and unyielding as flint. The passengers, then, who sail across Great Salt Lake — for it is virtually that, as the trestle is not discernible unless one leans far out of the window—can revel in the taste and smell of salt air without experiencing the unpleasant sensations of a boat-ride.

One can never fully know the lake until one has bought a ticket in the isolated

little brown station on South Temple Street, and climbed into a width-long seat of one of the queer open cars making up the antiquated train that hourly carries the bathers to the resorts. Of the pavilions in the neighborhood of the lake, Saltair is by far the largest, the most popular, and the most beautiful. Like a white mosque in a houseless Venice, it towers above the three thousand piles which support it. The railway running on piles for nearly a mile over the water to its entrance seems almost a sacrilege, but this insignificant little narrow-gage track is the means of carrying some two hundred thousand happy, beribboned pleasure-seekers each season to the popcorn booth at the gates, and is, therefore, not to be despised.

The incoming crowd is of many ages, many costumes, and of such varying tastes that it scatters immediately, going in different directions. Some members of each party, however, are usually seen to hurry under the great central arch of the pavilion to lay claim to a long, brown dining-table, where the luncheon-hampers are left as a token of ownership; others make their way toward one of the semicircular wings that flank the main building, and, secure in some of the seven hundred bath-rooms, array themselves quickly in rented suits of blue or red or indigo. Perhaps that portion of the party so aptly designated by the old butler as "the trundle-bed trash" prefers the attractions of the scenic railway and the saucer bicycle-track in an adjoining amphitheater to the fun of bathing; and the strains of the orchestra on the second floor send a few scurrying up to the enormous ball-room under the steel-ribbed dome.



LIKE A MONSTER SHIP, SALTAIR SHINES FAR OUT INTO THE NIGHT

The dancers are followed by the grandmothers who witness the gaiety and sit silent, swinging partners in the Virginia reels of memory. They draw their chairs up to the south railing and look out at the now-deserted Garfield pavilion, crowded into the water by the imposing Oquirrh Mountains rising abruptly from the shore-line. Garfield was the pride of the country-side in its day! They smile as they recall Old Folks' Day, when the aged came from all parts of Utah as guests of the state. There were red badges for those between sixty



OLD FOLKS' DAY

and seventy years of age, blue badges for those between seventy and eighty, and for those reaching eighty a white one. They had longed to wear a white badge once, for it was rather distinguished-looking, and many, many persons patted the gnarled hands of the wearer. Now the day for the white badge is approaching all too swiftly; life after the toilsome march across the plains and the completion of the more arduous home-building seems very easy and very sweet.

Slowly the grandmothers rise and walk to the north side of the pavilion. Below them scores of bathers, arms extended, heads slightly raised, are supported cork-like on the foam-flecked water. Sometimes a human chain of eight or more floats by, toes under arm-pits, arms outstretched, and the other bathers cheer and splash sticky water at them, hoping that it will not reach their faces; for carbolic acid taken internally is far more soothing than lake brine, which strangles its victim and continues to smart and burn for many days as a reminder of the experience. Interested boys hunt for the only forms of life to be found in the lake. One is a shrimp about a quarter of an inch long, which is said to be quite palatable. The other is the larva of a small, black fly. The shrimp is supposed to live upon the latter and also upon the algæ brought down by the streams. This algæ at times streaks the lake like patches of green-and-brown sawdust. Though it is not unpleasing in a panorama of the lake, the bather finds it sufficiently slimy and unpleasant to be avoided.

The shouts of the bathers finally fall on deaf ears, for the grandmothers are gazing at the west, where Antelope Island stands out like an uncut amethyst. Its setting of lapis-lazuli has changed to jade, and the sky is a bed of coral. This peak of the past seems too perfect to be aught but picturesque, yet it, too, has been turned to account. A wild herd of seventy-five buffaloes and five hundred cattle graze within the well-defined range of its sage-brush shores. When the lake has been low, the cattle have been driven across from the mainland; in other seasons they are

ferried across in proper style. There are fascinating tales of this island—tales of its treasure and the hardships of the dwellers in its early ranch-house; but tales of suffering are best forgotten in these more prosperous days.

In the lake are eight other islands, which are known as Frémont, Carrington, Stansbury, Gunnison, Mud, Dolphin, Strong's Knob, and Hat. Hat, or Egg Island, as it is more often called, is by far the most interesting, for here it is that the gulls, pelicans, and heron come from no one knows where to breed. There is no water, no green thing upon this former mountain-tip, and yet in the proper season one cannot step upon the rocky shore without treading on half-fledged pelicans eagerly waiting for the return of parents from a journey to the verdure-flanked inlets. When the grown birds are at home, the visit of a man sends them up in such numbers that the sky is darkened, and their shadows upon the water below turn the green to gray. It is as if a whole alphabet of V's had been sprinkled in the heavens, and the intruder, half aghast at what he has done, hurries back to his salt-jeweled boat and sets out for Saltair.



HALF-FLEDGED PELICANS CROWD THE ROCKY SHORE

As he glides over the ripples, his companion discourses knowingly on the subject of these boats. They have to be made, he says, especially for Salt Lake, as ordinary craft would ride so high as to capsize easily; but the oarsman hears no statistics, so drunk is he with the color of the lake and clouds. The lavender haze changes to blue, and then rises higher and higher until the islands melt into it and the mountains and placid lake are also engulfed. There is no sound but the gentle lapping of the water and occasionally a few rich, sweet notes from the distant violins. The pavilion is lighted now. Like a monster ship or a giant's palace, Saltair shines far out into the night, sending its lure to the poor sentry trudging out his watch on the Fort Douglas mesa, and to the slag-foreman wiping his smutty brow near Black Rock. The wicked red smelter fires glow from the base of the sable mountains like the flame-drenched teeth of a slumbering dragon, and their reflection turns the water into ruby pools of liquid glass. Sounds of revelry and merrymaking grow louder. The oncoming boat scrapes against a pile, and a rope, stiff with salt, makes it fast.

To his amazement the oarsman finds the older members of his party still sitting where he left them, staring out at the peacock shades in the illuminated water. As he stands by his grandmother's chair, inhaling deep breaths of



Drawn by Watson Barratt

THE SMELTER FIRES GLOW AT THE BASE OF THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS

the fresh, clean air, she smiles up at him wistfully, and her frail hand points over the railing while she quotes:

"The water, like a witch's oils,
Burns green and blue and white."

"It's pretty, isn't it, grandmother?" says the young man, sympathetically, helping her to rise in order that they may round up the children and catch the train.

She pauses a moment without responding, and gazes once more at the tranquil lake. "They say she's going out again," she at last states, regretfully, and then adds with assurance, "but she'll come back; aye, she'll come back."

Thus has the personality of this desert lake taken hold of those who know it, and thus would it take hold of you, could you, after the last train has left for the city, see the moon rising above those austere peaks and covering the waves with fleece of gold while the now darkened pavilion towers like a palace of carved ivory against the starlit sky. The scene is so solemn, so vast, so full of the infinite, that it would make a little ache steal into your heart and a gray mist fill your eyes; but you, too, would turn away from it, murmuring confidently, "She'll come back; aye, she'll come back."

The Seer

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

FILL me with fire and solace, gird me with speech divine,
That the word of my mouth be music and the chord of my song be wine!
For the soul that quivers within me would mystical things unfold,
Though the world is weary of singing and the eyes of the world are cold.

I am the deathless Vision, the voice of memorial years,
The Prince of the worlds rejoicing, the Prophet and Priest of tears;
Have I not tasted rapture, have I not loved and died,
Mounted the peaks of passion, with you been crucified?

Come! I will lead you softly, through floods that are smooth and deep
And trailed with the shimmering curtain of dream-embroidered sleep,
To the dim mysterious portal, where the spirit of man may see
The folds of the Veil dividing himself from Eternity.

Would you I bring my music? I'll pipe where the toilers go,
And thorough your sweat and labor the strain of my song shall flow,
Dulcet-clear for your comfort, winged with a delicate fire,
The shout of a strong heart chanting to the lift of a soul's desire.

And whether you stay to harken and drink of my healing spring,
Or turn from the plaint of my tender articulate whispering,
Ere ever ye came I was ancient, and after ye pass, I come,
The voice that shall lift in rapture when the moan of the earth is dumb.

The Islanders

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

THERE were not so many Islanders in Old Harbor when Man'el Costa came with his pale wife and pale boy. I remember seeing them that day, huddled together on the boat-wharf, with their meager and multicolored belongings about them, like shipwrecked voyagers facing a new world after a tumultuous and losing battle with the sea.

The wife perplexed me, with her brown hair and light eyes. She was beautiful in a way, or rather she had been beautiful, for her beauty was of that soft, ephemeral kind that breaks quickly under pressure of pain or trouble, shadowing the failure of the inner self.

The man at her side showed by no impatient sign that he felt the interminable monotone of her discontent gnawing at him — only looked away at the new town with a sort of valiant wonder and expectancy. He was of the fine, dark, heavy-chested, full-belted type, with a narrow, sinister mustache and kindly, almost beseeching eyes. He seemed pathetically over-young for the son of eleven at his side.

The boy was the son of the mother, but with him the beauty was still in the perfect flower, still full of a marvelous and shrinking joy in things, untouched by the blight of spiritual frailty that had withered hers.

The wife died before the first month was out—the flower already blighted had suffered overmuch from the transplanting. And I do believe it was as well she should go. Had she been a little sweeter, or the man a little less sweet, they might have worn life along between them somehow. As it was, he would have come down to her under slow torture, and she would have wished for death.

Nothing went well with Man'el. That year was a bad one for every one in Old Harbor, but for him, with funeral expenses and all, things were black. He got on with a weir crew, and an October gale plucked up their nets and flung them out to sea. He shipped with a fishing-schooner, and the first ugly day in the Channel robbed them of more gear than the next two trips were worth. He lasted hardly longer than that. Men said he was too soft for the business—that he loved the sight of land too much to stand up on a week-long trip.

The truth was that his spirit never rested when the boy, Tony, was out of his sight. It was as though he saw in him the mother of happier years, and tried to ward off the inevitable hand of the same change with a wall of care and affection—the love that so often cripples what it means to preserve. It is no wonder he did not get on, with that unforgivable soft spot—unforgivable among any people that follow the sea. But always he had the valiant air.

His air was just as valiant when he had been there three years, and a black misgiving in him was shaping itself toward the certainty that for some reason he had been marked for ill-fortune, and that the blight of it must not touch Tony; that the thing he could not do in his wretchedness for Tony another must do. So behind his brave mask he made ready for the sacrifice.

Then, as though the time had been preconcerted, an Italian tramp steamer ran into Old Harbor under the threat of a gathering storm. The gale beat the coast for a week, and the captain of the tramp, who was something of a dandy in his way, light and gracious and amused with life, spent his days ashore. He seemed to take a fancy to Tony, and the boy's spirit went out to him.

One day he showed Tony through the mysterious bowels of his iron tub, and that evening there was a hint of a swagger in the boy's walk and he took off his little cap with an air of bravado that seemed as old as he. The captain, who came ashore with him, said he would have to take Tony away and show him the world and make a man of him.

That was the first time any one had ever seen the look of anger in Man'el Costa's eyes. But he had no anger behind it; it was only the shadow of a fearful bewilderment. That expression was still there, a baleful and terrible thing, when Tony, who had welcomed the thought of going at first, clung about his neck at the moment of actual parting and fought off the captain, who tried to coax him into the cabin with an orange, and had to take him in the end by force.

I was at the Round Hill life-saving station next morning when Man'el came up over the smooth back of a dune some fifty yards to the east, with a spy-glass under his arm and that hopeless, raging look still on his face. He had come to bid his boy a second good-by. Lucy Miera stood beside him, a very daughter of the gray sea and the gray sky and the gray, wind-swept land, and listened, without a clear understanding, to the breaking of his heart. How she came there I do not know. She was an orphan, living with an aunt who had too many children of her own to pay much attention to the goings and comings of the girl. I suppose she had been picking berries along Snail Road when Man'el trudged past on his lonely errand. I doubt not the man's empty hand, so long accustomed to the clasp of a child's, had opened instinctively to her, and she had taken it quite naturally and followed on.

No one can know just what that half-hour did to Man'el Costa. While he watched a fragment of every-day drama play itself out on the stage of the two-inch lens before his eyes, Lucy, with her child mind, could only understand dimly that something was wrong; she heard the rage within him, but she could not have known what the flame had found to feed upon, which was the valiant spirit of him.

The captain of the Italian steamer was beating the boy—nothing more.

He turned at length to walk back across a flat expanse of sand that lost its farther boundaries in the mist, the picture of a restless and hopeless spirit starting out on a gray road to the last confines of space, followed by a lesser and gayer spirit suddenly touched by the same chill.

Three days after that the gamble of the fish-weirs turned for Man'el. That was a fine irony of fortune. Balancing precariously on the slippery bottom of the dory, the stealthy excitement of his mates empty for him as the flicker, flicker, flicker began to whisper along the dark edges of the weir, he looked down blankly into the great bowl of the net where the water curdled and blackened in growing tumult, with the price that would have bought him his own son—too late. They drew the trap five times that day, and each time it was full to the gates. From that catch all our present-day catches are measured.

When the crew came ashore on their last trip, Lucy Miera came dancing along the beach, laughing and clapping her hands. She waded out to the dory, all in her shoes and stockings, and patted Man'el's sleeve in great delight.

"Oh, ain't it nice!" she cried. "Now you'll be rich—and Tony 'll be rich when he comes back." That seemed to start a perfectly new train of thought in his mind. After a time he spoke.

"Tony, he come back, and he'll been reesh." Then he jumped out into the water and took her by the hand, almost fiercely, adding, "An' you'll been heez wive, Lucy Miera, you'll been my Tony's wive."

This was Lucy's betrothal to Man'el's son.

For Lucy had come over to Man'el's house, quite naturally, the morning after Tony went away. I do not believe the man would have spoken to any other person. It is one of the things we cannot explain, this sudden touching of hands by two strange spirits without any conscious negotiation of terms. I suppose it was the instinct to play house in the real that brought Lucy to him in the beginning. She puttered about, keeping his house in fine state, while Man'el sat low down on the doorstep, talking of the Islands and Tony.

Through the years which followed, those two played a wonderful game between them, a game as unconscious as it was enthralling. It had its own catch-words and symbols, its gestures and formulas. In that game the name of Tony was everything, a sort of solitary chessman, moved hither and thither by the players

with touching belief in its importance. Lucy loved this disembodied Tony—Tony of the delicate, sweet spirit and constant fresh wonder in things—with a love such as only a girl at seventeen can give to an image. Those years under the tutelage of Man'el Costa did a deal for her capacity for sheer love.

And Man'el loved Lucy, always through Tony. He loved her way of doing this or that—because Tony would be charmed with it when he came back; Tony would adore the shape of Lucy's head and the way the blue-black hair clung about it, shadowing the long, straight eyes that curled at the corners under the heavy lashes; his ears would be ravished by the queer little up-tilt at the end of her grave sentences. Tony would be ineffably happy—as Man'el was now happy. That was the game. And all the time, underneath it and constantly veiled by it, was the certainty, to him, that Tony would never come.

Never was such an idealist. For it was an ideal—an ideal for which he had to fight as the months and years went by. I had a glimpse of that fight when he came to me for advice during the third winter. He wanted to make some arrangement whereby his little wealth should become the property of his son at the moment of his return to Old Harbor. And so it was executed.

It was about this time that we began to notice the return of the valiant air, flickering and occasional at first, as though the youth that was really his, and had been lost for a time, was coming back with tentative gladness to meet the unfolding womanhood so near to him.

It seems preposterous that, in all the seven years after Tony went away, none of us should have seen through that game of theirs, and should have gone on in our lives with the unthought-out consciousness that Lucy Miera was another's. Especially is it inexplicable that the man should not have understood. But he did not understand, and they did not, till that night when the two sat in silent and terrible wonder, watching their world go to pieces.

When the dead come to life there is generally something of the spectacular in their reincarnation. Nothing could have been less spectacular than the return of Tony Costa to Old Harbor, and nothing more dramatic.

He was discovered, one morning in late October, standing in front of Perry's dry-goods store, examining a display of shoes with the casual air of a chance passer-by. The harbor was full of strange craft from all ends of the earth. They were coming in all that day, driven to shelter by the silent threat of the barometer and the lowering menace of the sky. Weather signals had been up on Town Hill for three days. Tony had come ashore from a Lisbon freighter, as we afterward discovered.

Before long a crowd had gathered about him. He stood at his ease, playing with the questions of the ring about him with the perfect poise and confidence and enjoyment of a master fingering the keyboard of a piano.

"Hey, Tony," some one called from the crowd, "guess the old man was glad to see you, wa'n't he?"

Tony looked blank for an instant, then laughed aloud, finished rolling a cigarette, lit it, and laughed again.

"That's right—I hadn't thought—my old man *is* here."

Man'el Costa was coming down the street at that moment, walking slowly, with Lucy at his side. Somebody stopped him and spoke in his ear. I saw him start, turn and look at Lucy without a word, then stride down the opening lane toward his son. There was a look of wonder on his face, mingled with gladness, and a little fear, I believe. He came to a stop in front of Tony, as though at a loss suddenly for what to say or do. He looked around at all of us, but not at Tony. The tense and awkward silence lasted for many seconds. It was the younger man who broke it.

"Well—I'm back."

Man'el shuddered, seemed to look over our heads at the girl standing alone across the street, then turned and held out his arms mechanically, as though the gesture had been rehearsed many times.

"My boy—my boy—my boy!" His cry had the quality of a declamation spoken by a school-boy on a Friday afternoon.

Lucy had not moved since Man'el left her. I think I have never seen the soul of any one come out, naked and without reserve, as the soul of Lucy Miera came

out and waited while the two men walked across the street toward her, each playing with the valiant air; the one because it amused him, the other desperately. She waited, and they came up to her, and passed on without a sign.

All the way up the street she kept apart from the curious crowd, her wondering eyes always on the two men who made up her world, as though from their moving silhouettes she might read the meaning of that rebuff. Oh, but she was beautiful that morning, walking straight and bewildered along the olive floor of the sandy street, with a pale and ghost-like shadow lingering behind, as though fearful of going where she was going. She was only a few yards from me, and I could not keep my eyes from her face, across which no visible flicker of doubt passed in all that sore time. She had reared her ideal in a fine school, and now her ideal had taken shape and substance before her eyes; why she could not yet come into possession she did not know, but it must be all right.

That evening I went up to the little house, having been asked to arrange the matter of the property. Tony knew about it by this time—Man'el had talked of it all day, persistently, desperately. So he had avoided the vital subject, Lucy Miera.

Now he sat warming his hands over the stove, in which no fire was burning. Lucy stood just inside the door, a little rigid in her erect pose, looking always at Man'el, and swallowed up, as were both of us, by the fact that when Tony returned from his walk he would know about it; that one or another of his old friends must have told him of Lucy, and of Lucy's strange betrothal.

After a long time we heard him coming. He was very handsome in his way when he stepped in, a round cap set challengingly on the brown curls above the tanned pallor of his face. As he passed the girl at the door he lifted the round cap and looked at her. Yes, he knew. Any man could have seen that. In that look there must have been something new to Lucy Miera, for she flushed and dropped her eyes, feeling nervously behind her at the knob of the open door. He passed on, took a seat near his father, and began to examine the back of a wrist with minute care. After a hard moment of silence he spoke, still without seeming to look up.

"I been talking with some old friends —ah — they say they're old friends of mine—"

He broke off, looking up suddenly with the old wondering smile, as though in depreciation of his implied cynicism. Man'el made as though to rise, then settled back, nodded and smiled in confused approbation. It seemed to me, all through the evening, that Man'el was forever on the point of getting to his feet. Tony looked down and went on.

"I want you to tell me something, my father. Tell me—ah—how can anybody stay in this place a week and keep from going crazy?"

Man'el looked across the room at Lucy, and for the first time that day their eyes met, wide, bewildered. These two had lived in a world of each other so long they could only slowly take hold of that appalling question, and then they must have followed it out together, for the man's answer was shadowed on the moving lips of the girl.

"De Islands, Tony? Yez, I use' to t'ink I lak go back to de Islands maybe."

"Islands?" Tony seemed to play with the thought. "Yes, there's lots of nice islands. But what would you want to go on an island for? There's plenty of places where people get something out of life—where you can see them moving about and taking their pleasure—where things happen, and you can do something besides think about yourself."

Man'el said nothing. He only looked up at Lucy, who had continued looking at him. It was as though they reached out dumbly to take each other's hands. For their world had begun to turn over. Tony extracted a microscopic sliver from the back of his wrist, and went on.

"You know, my father, you did a big thing for me when you packed me off that time. I thought about myself too much then—I did for years, getting the lickings you never gave me, before I found out the world don't love a soft man. If you don't laugh at it, it 'll laugh at you. Ain't that so, my father?" He ended with a flicker of laughter, as spontaneous and unspoiled as that of a child. Man'el nodded and joined in the

mirth, rubbing his hands over the cold stove. In Lucy's eyes was a look of the pain that comes to every woman, but to her it came in the acid of an hour, not in the brackish tide of the years.

Then Tony began a wonderful tale, a tale made up of occasional and haphazard chapters from the years of his wanderings. He took us to far places, made us the intimates of fantastic scoundrels, confederates in questionable undertakings; standing apart from all and viewing his own lightness with high amusement, playing the careless Othello with a snapping finger.

I was carried away with it. Man'el sat through the hours, carrying out mechanically all the gesture of absorbed attention. Lucy had relaxed a little and now leaned against the door, watching the face of Man'el with troubled eyes. Tony had been playing to her all the evening. Now he displayed his cards abruptly.

"Look how it is, my father. Do you think if I had come home begging and whining, things would be like they are? No. I didn't want to come back, and here I am thrown at the door. I looked for nothing — asked for nothing — and what do I find?" He flung a hand about him. "My house—my money. Now I can go away, wherever I want, with new clothes on my back and money in my pocket. And with me"—he turned swiftly toward the doorway—"with me I can take my—"

"Lucy!" Man'el was on his feet at last. He beckoned to the girl with a fine gesture, the gesture he had played in the game all these years, the gesture to which he had clung all the length of that day as the one thing left to him from the wreck of his dream, since the symbol through which he had offered his great love to Lucy had taken on flesh and blood and desires of its own, and stood there to claim what she had offered it blindly. But when he made that gesture he did it superbly, with a fine flourish. He called to the girl, "Lucy, come here."

And Lucy went, moving rigidly. Tony, without rising, looked at her with bright eyes, taking her in deliberately from the slim ankles to the soft, clinging hair of her head. I saw that much from the open door, whither I had moved. Then he rose quickly, with a little laugh, and closed the door, leaving me in the empty blackness.

As I passed down through Cook Street I saw the weather signals still flying on Town Hill. The black expanse of the harbor was pricked by the riding-lights of a score of strange ships. Highland Light was dead, shrouded in vapor. All around the outside the whistling-buoys talked dismally of the fog. The world was trembling on the verge of a great sickness.

The next day was Sunday. Through the shifting crowds on the front street moved Man'el, walking between his son and Lucy. Lucy's hand was on his arm and her eyes were lowered under the stare of all the curious people. Her hair was done in the tight complexity of a ceremonial occasion, a little spot of high color burned on either cheek. They were on their way to put up the banns, or the "reading out," as they say in Old Harbor.

All that afternoon Man'el made himself insinuatingly conspicuous about the streets. His talk — and he talked with every one—was all of his plans for his own future. Never did any one embark, prospectively, upon such alluring and fabulous adventures in contentment. But we might all have been figures of clay; he was talking to himself, in a desperate attempt to silence a wild design which persistently refused to be silenced.

It was a losing fight—had been from the beginning, and he knew it. About eight o'clock in the evening the weather signals were hauled down from the pole on Town Hill, and immediately afterward the whole water-front took on a new life of noisy and purposeful movement. A strident riot of fog-horns blared shoreward from invisible ships, calling on straggling crews to come off; men plunged into the black mouths of wharf lanes, on their ways to the ends of the earth. We of the town gathered along the wharves to watch the departure of the strangers. One of the ships, a brigantine of our own, was bound out to the Islands, and three fishermen, near me on Mayo's wharf, were pointing her out to one another, riding formless within the triangle of her swaying lights, with gestures of special interest and good-will.

I have always remembered those gestures as strangely significant.

For at that moment Man'el Costa must have been clambering over the rail of that brigantine, a fugitive. How it came to be known so quickly is a thing I cannot explain. The news of it sprang up in every man's words along the waterfront like a spontaneous growth—Man'el Costa's going back to the Azores.

We all wondered why he was going, and at this of all times, and what he had said to Tony and Lucy. Men put the question and speculated on the answers in loud hails across the open spaces between the wharves—simple people, unabashed in face of the romantic.

Now we know that he had said nothing to either of them. He had gone furtively, straining at the oars of some obscure dory, his face turned toward the black silhouette of the town and contorted with that expression of malignant rage that stood for fear of himself—like a sullen outcast fleeing under the darkness from the scene of some misdeed. Inwardly, I believe, he went with the old valiant sweetness, playing the game with himself to the end.

Then, suddenly, Lucy was among us. I wish I could make you see her as I saw her, standing in a circle of light on the sand near the shore of Mayo's wharf. The rays of the lantern at her feet picked out her features in a new, odd aspect, and as though with the very inversion of the accustomed light the familiar spirit of Lucy Miera had given place to that of a stranger. A Lucy had grown up in Old Harbor — they had all known her — unfailingly sweet, shy without false constraint, always trying to understand the other and questioning herself if she failed, a flower lifting her cup to her world without thought that it might be soiled. But here, suddenly, was a thing of fire, a spirit of naked flame burning high in writhing and tormented magnificence. Her arms were out before her in tense appeal, her fingers clenched, her head thrown back; her words were low and monotonous and unbearable, carrying undiminished to the edges of the crowd.

"Take me—oh, take me!"

For she had seen at last. The hand of sudden and compelling necessity had shown her what the length of dead years might never have been able to make her understand. In a flash of light it had stripped her ideal of its fanciful vestments and shown her the spirit of Man'el, who had always and inevitably lived there. Then she knew that she wanted Man'el, only Man'el, passionately, terribly, her soul and blood calling out for him with all the pent-up flood of years—and that he was gone.

"Take me — oh, take me!" she was crying.

Then men in the circle about her stood abashed and helpless, because they could not understand. One among them did understand, but he stood aloof as the solitary spectator of a vast tableau, realizing with the relish of a connoisseur that here was a masterpiece. He had the cue to dissolve the tableau, and, being so pleased with the spectacle, he withheld it for an agonizing time, marked off by the grating of distant anchor-rodes.

When he gave it finally, his light words did not carry to us, but we could see by his gesture that he was explaining something to the men about him. Before we understood what it was all about, the circle of light was empty and a sound of crying oars passed below us in the dark.

After that we watched the lights in the harbor — the light in the harbor. Some one would cry out, "There she moves — I guess they didn't catch her." And then, after a long minute or so, from another, "No, that wasn't her—that's her to the west'ard." Then it became certain that she was moving, that her light was passing other lights, that she was gone. We were still trying to adjust ourselves to the new finality of things, when the note of the crying oars grew upon us once more.

Well, they were there, Man'el and Lucy, in the stern-sheets of the dory, looking at each other as men and women have looked at one another through the ages. The men who rowed that dory will never say much about it; when they do, it is that the two talked to each other as strangers who had heard of each other for years but had never met. I saw them walk up the slope of that beach together, against the background of a black and tumultuous crowd—alone in all the world.

Differences in English and American Usage

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

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IT has been intimated in a previous article that in the strictest and, it may be added, in the only really proper sense of the term, an Americanism is a word or phrase naturally used by an educated American which under similar conditions would not be used by an educated Englishman. The emphasis, it will be seen, lies on the word "educated." To set off the speech of the illiterate American against the speech of the cultivated Englishman is as unscientific as it would be to set off the speech of the London cockney against that of the cultivated American. Comparison of the usage of two different countries can properly be made only between members of the same social class.

Furthermore, this definition of Americanism needs another limitation, so far as these particular articles are concerned. They are in general given up to the consideration of the words and phrases found in the written tongue and not in the one spoken. In every country the colloquial speech of the most cultivated embraces a far wider range and variety of words and phrases than the same men would permit themselves to use in the printed page. Even he who is the most reckless in writing would never think of assuming to himself there a liberty of expression, not to call it license, which he indulges in unhesitatingly in conversation. The two general principles which have just been laid down are subject to certain modifications. Here, however, it is only important to say that the discussion of the subject is restricted to the written speech of educated men on both sides of the Atlantic. As a result, slang, vulgarisms, colloquialisms, and the grammatical blunders of the illiterate—which last are apt to be the same in all countries—do not come under consideration. This is not because all the terms excluded are in themselves unimportant. The language of low life is often picturesque and forcible. It is from that quarter that the literary language not infrequently recruits its own exhausted energies. But until such expressions have become embodied in the classical speech they have to be disregarded by him who limits his attention to that.

Restrictions such as these narrow largely the field to be covered. It is far, indeed, from being extensive. The truth is, the moment we give up the consideration of terms necessary to depict American scenery and American life, manners, and customs — for which no equivalents exist—we have, comparatively speaking, but a beggarly account of words to bring out sharply the differences of educated speech as found on the two sides of the Atlantic. Furthermore, these differences tend to become fewer with the increase of intercommunication. Still they exist. One cause for divergence of speech was inevitable in the nature of things. The American continues to retain words and meanings of words which were in frequent, if not in general use, both literary and colloquial, when his ancestors left their native land. It is to be kept in mind that a language transported from one country to another is fairly certain to undergo what is technically called an arrest of development. This is especially sure to be the case at periods when not only are distances vast but intercommunication infrequent. In the country emigrated from, words once familiar drop gradually out of use. New words are introduced to replace them. Others again change their meaning. Of two words once existing side by side and denoting essentially the same thing, one is taken and the other left. In this

movement of speech the transferred language has little or no part. Not only are the words which have been brought over retained; they are retained in their original sense. Hence in time the language of the colony as contrasted with that of the mother-country tends to seem, if not to be, archaic to the dwellers in the latter.

Such a result has been distinctly manifest in the language of this country. Many of our so-called Americanisms represent the English usage of the former half of the seventeenth century, when the original settlements were made here. Most of this class of transported words were heard then everywhere in cultivated speech. On the other hand, some had their native home in the English dialects. They have never been used in English literature, at least on any scale worth considering. But brought over to America, they became here part of the common tongue. Take one notable illustration. *Cracker,* as the designation of a thin, hard biscuit, is widely used with us by all classes. Now this term is not entirely unknown to English literature, but it cannot be said to have in it any recognized position. In the dialects of northern England and in parts of Scotland it is, however, not infrequent. From those quarters it was in all probability brought to America. Here it has come into general if not into universal use.

Very few, indeed, are the instances in which either the transported word or the meaning of it has died out in England itself. It is used at times; but still it is heard there so little, and so frequently heard here, that on both sides of the Atlantic it comes to be considered as a distinctive mark of American speech. No reader of Shakespeare needs to be told that he often uses *mad* in the sense of "angry." When Hotspur tells Henry IV. that the popinjay lord who had been sent to demand his prisoners made him mad, he makes use of an expression likely to be heard at any moment from the mouth of an American. Very noticeable, too, upon the speech of this country has been the influence of the Bible, the main reading of the early New England colonists. For instance, the authorized version uses the adjective *ill* half a score of times, but it never uses it of any bodily ailment. There is also in it no mention of *illness.* In both cases it is *sick* and *sickness* that are invariably found; and they are found very often. The same usage is generally characteristic of Shakespeare also. *Ill,* referring to physical indisposition, is employed by him about a dozen times, while *sick,* in the same general sense, can be found over a hundred. This practice remains with us. Though *ill* is used, it is not used so frequently as the word it has largely supplanted in the mother-country; for English speech, at least English colloquial speech, has largely abandoned the once general employment of *sick.* It practically limits it to sickness of the stomach. Or take again a common use of the adjective *homely,* as applied to personal appearance. The Bible has not the word at all in any sense. In this particular sense Shakespeare has it but three times. But when we reach a little later period it is a natural inference that such meaning must have been very prevalent. Otherwise Milton could hardly have represented Comus as saying:

> "It is for homely features to keep home,
> They had their name thence."

This now regular usage in America has never died out in England. It can be found in various later authors. But though surviving there, it has little of the vigorous life this meaning of the word retains here. Accordingly, so employed it may be called an Americanism.

It is almost needless to observe that the limitation of the differences between English and American usage, not merely to the speech of the educated, but to their written speech, restricts the consideration of the subject to a comparatively small number of words. Yet few as these are, they are too many to be treated in the pages of a magazine. Accordingly it is only for the sake of illustrating and enforcing principles that examples are adduced. Some idea can be got of their character, however, by the examination of two words, one a noun and the other an adjective. Where an Englishman says *autumn,* the American generally says *fall.* Both terms have, indeed, been more or less in use in the two countries; but the frequency of the employment of

the latter on this side of the ocean and its infrequency on the other entitle it to the right of being designated as an Americanism. The variation of usage extends even to the meaning. In popular speech *autumn* comprises in England the months of August, September, and October; in America it comprises September, October, and November. This difference of signification is very possibly due for its continuance, if not for its origin, to difference of climatic conditions. But when we come to the employment of the words themselves there is no reason in the nature of things for this particular divergence. *Autumn,* indeed, is common enough with us; but though somewhat frequent in literature, it is not often heard in colloquial speech. The exact reverse is true of England, save that there *fall* is altogether less used than *autumn* is here.

Still *fall,* though uncommon in England, has never gone out of use, at all events out of literary use. It has turned up occasionally, from the beginning at least of the reign of Elizabeth. Ascham in his *Toxophilus,* published even before the accession of her predecessor, Mary, divided the year into four seasons—spring-time, summer, fall of the leaf, and winter. It is to be noticed that even *spring* is not used by him without a limiting noun. *Fall of the leaf,* as a designation for "autumn," appears at irregular intervals during all the later periods of modern English down to the latest. In the *Pickwick Papers* the bagman, in the story he tells, observes that "my uncle's great journey was in the fall of the leaf." This full phrase is perhaps not so common as the simple word itself, as it appears in the not infrequent contrast of spring and fall. Of this no insignificant number of illustrations are to be found in English literature. But the independent employment of the word is the one which concerns us here. It was apparently not often used; still it was used. In Dryden's translation of the tenth satire of Juvenal occur the lines:

"... What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how, last fall, he rais'd the weekly bills."

Again, in Congreve's "Love for Love," Sir Sampson Legend describes himself. "I'm none of your forced trees," he says, "that pretend to blossom in the fall, and bud when they should bring forth fruit." Still, unless my own experience has been unfortunate—and it may have been—the use of *fall* is exceedingly rare in the literature of England during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Even the few times it occurs it seems ordinarily to appear in the fuller phrase "fall of the year." So rare is it, in fact, that when Browning, who is given to linguistic surprises, employs it, in his "Red Cotton Night-cap Country," without this addition, its presence comes to most of us with something of a sense of surprise. In this same poem, it may be added, he mentions *dry goods* as a designation of textile fabrics. This expression, though of English origin, is often, perhaps usually, characterized as an Americanism. Browning, however, seems to be unaware of any such attribution. In speaking of the mayor of Saint-Rambert, he says:

"Dry goods he deals in, grocery beside."

The other word referred to is the adjective *rare,* as designating meat partially cooked. The corresponding English term is *underdone.* The history of the former is essentially the same as that just given of *fall.* Both *rare* and *underdone* are used in the two countries; in each, one is heard regularly, the other infrequently. Very many absurd derivations have been concocted for the word now generally regarded as an Americanism. It is hardly necessary to say that it is quite as distinct in its origin as in its meaning from the more common term derived from the Latin *rarus.* This our adjective is genuinely Anglo-Saxon. It is to be noted here that a number of words now beginning with the liquids *l, n,* and *r* once possessed an initial *h.* Thus *loaf* was originally *hláf, nut* was *hnut, roof* was *hróf.* When the aspirate ceased to be pronounced, our ruthless ancestors, not having the reverential attitude of their descendants toward unnecessary and misleading letters, began their work of ruining the language by incontinently dropping the initial *h* as having outlived its usefulness. To words of this class belonged our *rare.* Its original form was *hrér.* In Anglo-Saxon dictionaries it is defined as "raw, un-

cooked." Like the rest of its class it also proceeded to treat contumeliously the initial *h*. In the spellings *rere, rear,* later *rare,* it had and continues to have a vigorous existence in certain of the English dialects. To some extent this remains true also of the cultivated speech. In the latter, however, it was for a long time mainly used to designate eggs boiled soft. Later it came to the front in a more general sense. Yet in spite of its occasional appearance in literature, it seems to have dropped out of the speech of educated men in England. The contrary is true of America. Apparently it was from the dialects that the word made its way into ordinary use in this country. Yet though *rare* is now exceedingly common and has been so for a long time, it is a singular fact that it does not appear in Pickering's early dictionary of Americanisms nor in the much fuller one of Bartlett, though the last edition of the latter's work came out as late as 1870.

These two examples serve to make clear the nature of the real distinction which exists between the speech of educated men in the two countries. The further distinction between the usage of the cultivated and the uncultivated American has not always been preserved on this side of the Atlantic. On the other side, so far as my own observation goes, rarely is the slightest attention ever paid to it. The results are naturally remarkable. To the student of language there is nothing more edifying, when it is not amusing, than the struggles of the average English writer to represent what he chooses to consider American speech. A sort of conventional lingo has long been established as the correct thing. No educated man on this side of the Atlantic ever thought of using it. Worse than that, even the uneducated never use it as a whole, though scattered words and phrases which occur in it they may occasionally employ. He who familiarizes himself with the language imputed to Americans in English comic papers and English novels comes speedily to observe that a variety of words and expressions has sprung up to represent their speech which has never been actually spoken by any collective body of human beings anywhere, if ever by a single human being. It apparently makes little difference whether the writer has been in this country or not, or even if he has been born on this side of the Atlantic. He goes complacently over the same old ground, introduces the same old words and phrases, and repeats the same old observations. In truth, the representation of American speech found in the *Sam Slick* of the Nova-Scotian, Judge Haliburton, or in the novels of the born Canadian, Grant Allen, are, if possible, greater travesties of it than that perpetrated by any purely English author.

Belief in this representation of a speech that never was spoken seems to extend to men who might be supposed to be exempt from the ignorance displayed in its concoction. Macaulay, for instance, even as early as 1832, must have come in contact with some educated Americans. He must have known how they talked. But we find him in that year writing to his sister that he had just received a message from a Yankee. His Yankee, in all probability, was a New-Yorker, who is not a Yankee. The purport of his correspondent's communication was to ask him for particulars about his life to be prefixed to a proposed edition of his works. "I guess," was Macaulay's comment, "that I must answer him slick right away." These words are to be taken in jest, as they are intended. They are contained in a private letter which the writer could never have expected to see published. Nevertheless they give us a fair conception of the ignorance generally prevailing; for no American, educated or uneducated, would ever have thought of employing seriously such a collocation of words. It is interesting as showing how naturally a man of Macaulay's knowledge and attainments dropped into the conventional phraseology of the English comic papers. It is not impossible that he really fancied that he was using a manner of speech heard somewhere in the United States. An American might as justly have put into Macaulay's own mouth some such expression as "Get hout of 'ere." More justly, indeed; the latter sentence could be heard in England; his own would have been heard nowhere in this country.

If a blunder like this could be perpetrated by a man of Macaulay's intel-

ligence and wide observation, little surprise need be felt at the extraordinary mess of linguistic monstrosities perpetrated under the guise of Americanisms by men who lack the knowledge he possessed, but abound in prejudices in which he was lacking. The result is remarkable enough when they set out to represent the speech of American men; when it comes to represent that of American women, to use Colley Cibber's phrase, they "outdo their own outdoings." Exceptions, to be sure, always exist to general rules. By him who is on the lookout for it, grotesque and ungrammatical and vulgar expressions will be heard at times from the lips of inhabitants of every country; occasionally, too, in quarters where we should least expect it. But it is always the grossest of blunders to pick out the exceptional as the type of the general. In particular, educated women the world over are, as a body, far more scrupulous in the use of language than men of the same class. Especially is this a characteristic of those highly cultivated. The fact is doubtless due to the possession by them of greater natural refinement and to the consequent instinctive shrinking from anything bordering on the coarse and vulgar. Hence their comparatively slight addiction to slang or toleration of expressions suggestive of the indelicate or low.

All this is true of them on both sides of the Atlantic. But the American woman as depicted in the English novel, especially in that of the minor English novelist, uses the most extraordinary conglomeration of words and phrases that was ever raked together from the highways and byways of colloquial speech. As represented there, she is linguistically one of the most fearful and wonderful creations that the human imagination has ever concocted. She combines in her utterance all the time-worn peculiarities which the British traveler long ago discovered and faithfully reported to his countrymen. Necessarily she speaks through her nose. Certain words and phrases are constantly on her lips. She "guesses" and "fixes" to an extent that would astound those most addicted to the use of the words. She is fond of saying "jest lovely," "jest elegant." As a result of her assumed sensitiveness about employing the word *leg,* she is invariably particular to substitute for it *limb.* These and scores of other phrases which have done duty for generations are assumed to adorn her speech on all occasions. If the portrait is drawn from life, one is naturally led to wonder what sort of American women those are who manage to get into reputable English circles; for it is there that they are represented as appearing. They certainly could not get into similar circles in their own land. It is, in truth, a libel upon cultivated English society to represent such persons as having effected an entrance into it. The novelists appear to felicitate themselves in all sincerity upon their success in reproducing American speech in the language they put in the mouths of American women. In a certain sense the result may do credit to their imaginative powers, but it is a good deal of a reflection upon their intelligence.

There is, however, a measurable palliation for errors of this sort on the part of Englishmen. Certain of our own writers are to some extent responsible for them; none more so perhaps than Lowell, who in his *Biglow Papers* ravaged all New England in search of quaint words, quaint phrases, quaint colloquialisms, quaint pronunciations, and quaint grammatical peculiarities, and blended them together in one volume of wise and witty sayings. Collectively, however, they have never been used by any single man or in any single community. But more responsible than all others are probably the compilers of Americanisms, at least the early compilers. In their volumes little or no heed was paid to the distinction between cultivated and uncultivated speech. Furthermore, no sufficient attempt has been made to separate the local from the general. A word entitled to be called an Americanism should have at least an approach to universality. Strictly speaking, it should be familiar to the majority of the people of the country, whether they dwell in the East or in the remote West, in the North or in the South. Nothing of this sort has been done thoroughly; in the earlier dictionaries it was hardly even attempted. The peculiarities of small communities, even of individuals, dwell-

ing in different parts of a country stretching over three thousand miles of territory have been jumbled together under one general title of Americanisms. The result is that a curious hodge-podge of words and expressions is attributed to the whole country which no one outside of some particular region could ever comprehend.

Now there may be a justification for including all these various sorts of words in a single volume. At least there would be a pretext; for a vocabulary confined to the speech of the educated class here, so far as it differs from that of England, would make an exceedingly slim volume. Only, in any scientific treatment of the subject, the fact ought to be brought out clearly that while these expressions may represent a form of speech used in different parts of America, they do not characterize the speech of America as a whole. Furthermore, it should be distinctly shown that in any dictionary representing cultivated speech a great deal contained in these vocabularies would be as much out of place as would be the cockneyisms of London or dialectic words and phrases of anywhere in a dictionary representing the speech of the educated class of England. The peculiar difficulty of separating with us the local from the general may be conceded. In no other country does change of residence take place on so grand a scale. A population as restless as the sea-wave is wandering constantly hither and thither. Not only do comparatively few die where they are born, but the distance which separates the cradle from the grave is often the breadth of a continent. It is inevitable under such conditions that peculiar expressions which characterize the speech of one part of the country should be transported to another and frequently a remote part. This involves special labor and difficulty in tracing the original home of many words and phrases, as well as the extent to which they have spread. The task of making a collection satisfactory to the student of language is thereby largely increased. None the less does the duty of so making it remain.

Furthermore, the difficulty of ascertaining the actual facts has been increased by the habit of making America responsible for the creation or employment of words to which individuals have taken a dislike. This is a practice which once prevailed in England on a grand scale. Nor even yet has it disappeared among the prejudiced or ill-informed. Let us take a striking instance. In 1834 Samuel Taylor Coleridge died. In the year following, specimens of his "table-talk" appeared under the editorship of his nephew, Henry Nelson Coleridge. In that work the poet and philosopher is represented as relieving his mind on a wide variety of topics. It is not to be doubted, as it most assuredly is to be hoped, that his metaphysical utterances rested on a more solid foundation than his linguistic. One instance is given in which he devoted his attention to a word which has caused trouble to generations. "I regret," said he, "to see that vile and barbarous vocable *talented* stealing out of the newspapers into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of the day. Why not *shillinged, farthinged, tenpenced,* etc.? The formation of a participle passive from a noun is a license that nothing but a very peculiar felicity can excuse. If mere convenience is to justify such attempts upon the idiom, you cannot stop till the language becomes, in the proper sense of the word, corrupt. Most of these pieces of slang come from America."

The expression of opinion in the last sentence about the place of origin of objectionable words was enthusiastically re-echoed by the editor of the work in a note to the passage. "They do," he said, emphatically, "and I dare say since Mr. Washington Irving's 'Tour on the Prairies'—the best English, on the whole, he has yet written—we shall have *eventuate* in the next year's Annuals." There is no need to concern ourselves here with the dismal forebodings of the speedy appearance in the Annuals of the verb. It is with the adjective we have to do. Coleridge does not say specifically that this particular formation was an Americanism, though he may be thought by the ordinary reader to imply it. It has not, however, escaped having its birthplace assigned to this country by others, not because they knew it to be so—for that they did not know—but because it seemed satisfactory to have it so. There is,

furthermore, no doubt that this particular adjective has been the subject of controversy for generations. Just as there are men, so there are words, which seem born to endure contumely. They are constantly subjected to the hardest sort of buffetings both from the wise and the unwise. One of these unfortunates is *talented.* Like *reliable,* it has always had a thorny road to travel. Macaulay tells us that he would not use it, first because it was not wanted, and secondly because it is never heard "from those who speak very good English." This latter statement, if correct, would be ample justification for not employing it. But the reason that Coleridge gave for his denunciation of it was in no sense a reason at all. He missed the only possible linguistic objection to it. The word contains a plain allusion to the parable of the talents. But in the narrative which Christ delivers to His disciples it is the possessor of plural talents that is honored, not the possessor of the single talent. He is the one who is relegated to the realm of outer darkness. It was to that place many enemies of the derived word would have liked to have both it and its users sent.

Accordingly, from the point of view of its origin, objection to this adjective should be based upon the assumption that it ought to be formed from the plural and not from the singular. That, however, with this ending was practically impossible. But the termination *ed* added to the noun is in itself perfectly regular. Coleridge's remark upon such a derivation was nothing but an error springing from his ignorance. He was merely repeating the well-known criticism which Johnson had made in his life of Gray. "There has of late arisen," wrote Johnson, "a practice of giving to adjectives derived from substantives the termination of participles; such as the *cultured* plain, the *daisied* bank; but I was sorry to see in the lines of a scholar like Gray, the *honied* Spring." From the general attitude Johnson took to this poet we may well afford to doubt the deep-seatedness of his sorrow. At all events, there was no reason for it; for *ed* in such cases is an adjective termination. It is not a participial one, though its form coincides with that of the past participle. Furthermore, it had not lately sprung up, as he asserted; it goes back to the earliest period of the language. Illustrations of it can be found in writers who flourished centuries before either one of these two censurers of it was born. It is not surprising that the bigoted Johnson should fail to bear in mind the words of a writer he never loved; but it is not easy to understand how Coleridge could have forgotten, among other instances, the "sworded seraphim" and the "mooned Ashtaroth" of Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity."

This sort of censure of words in common use wherever English is spoken is due generally to pure ignorance. To the same cause may be attributed the extraordinary conception of the usage prevalent in this country. It is, to be sure, frequently reinforced by prejudice and hostility, the ever-ready guides to credulity and error. But such is not always the case. So far, indeed, from the caricature of American speech being invariably due to antipathy, it has sometimes been accompanied with warm and almost enthusiastic admiration of the character portrayed. Take the case of Fullalove in Charles Reade's novel *Hard Cash.* He is manifestly a special favorite of the author. No small share of time and space is spent in enlarging upon his ability, his energy, and resourcefulness. He is described as engineer, mechanician, inventor, hunter, student, dreamer, and philanthropist. In all emergencies he is found equal to the situation. The language put into his mouth is also invariably entertaining; linguistically, however, it is even more grotesque. It is all the more entertaining to the American reader for the remoteness of the resemblance it bears to anything ever heard in real life. As coming from a man possessed of the intellectual gifts with which Fullalove is credited, it is simply impossible. Yet it is fairly certain that Reade was giving the sort of speech which he honestly believed to be prevalent to a greater or less extent in the United States. It is even more certain that it was a lingo which was never spoken in its entirety by mortal man anywhere.



WHILE SURPRISE STILL HELD THEM MRS. MORTON ENTERED THE ROOM, BAG IN HAND

The Unemployed

BY FLORIDA PIER

TWO ladies sat in Mr. Tate's sitting-room. The elder, Miss Harriet Tate, knitted busily and from time to time glanced at her niece speculatively. The handsome young woman failed to return the glances, and rocked back and forth, her brows puckered, her fingers idly beating a tattoo. Presently both ladies looked up quickly as a station hack passed the window, and while surprise still held them Mrs. Morton entered the room, bag in hand. She stopped on seeing the others; they gaped at her.

Mrs. Morton was the first to speak. "But I had no idea any one was here. Aunt Harriet, I thought you were in Florence."

Barbara rose and saluted her sister's cheek. "What ever made you pounce down like this? Father didn't expect you."

"My dear Barbara, it isn't pouncing when one comes to see one's own father." She crossed the room and embraced her aunt. "It is so dear to think you both remembered."

Miss Harriet clicked her needles somewhat sharply and demanded, "Remembered what?"

"But isn't that the reason you are both here? To-morrow is father's wedding anniversary. I couldn't bear to think of his being alone." Mrs. Morton breathed a sigh of delicately sad romance.

The other ladies looked a little dashed, and said "Oh!" in that peculiarly flat

tone which is a confession that one knows one should have had much more to say. Mrs. Morton flickered her eyebrows to show what a grief their forgetfulness was to her, and this caused her sister to say with weighty feeling:

"Naturally that was in my mind, but I cannot say it was my sole reason for coming. I felt that father needed me."

"He's not ill?" Mrs. Morton's voice took a droll drop to the honestly anxious.

"Of course not; he's as fit as a fiddle. There was no need for Barbara's coming. I was here." Miss Tate spoke as one intrenched.

"Not that I had any idea you were here, Aunt Harriet."

Mrs. Morton eyed her relatives curiously, puzzled at a certain asperity in their tone. "Where is father?" she asked.

The question caused an uncomfortable pause; then Barbara said:

"Up-stairs. He—he prefers sitting in his bedroom."

"But why?"

"That's the way men get when there are no women around; they get queer, that's why!" Miss Harriet quitted the room with what one is obliged to admit was a flounce.

"I don't understand it at all, Barbara." Mrs. Morton sank into a chair, feeling a nervous dread that the situation was not wholly simple.

"There's nothing to understand. I've felt for years that it wasn't right for father to be left alone, and so I decided to come and make him a long visit with the intention of perhaps giving up my flat for good in the spring. Of course it is a sacrifice, but I felt it was my duty. It is so awful for father with no women to look after him. But what should I find when I got here but that Aunt Harriet had left her favorite *pension* in Florence and arrived here the day before, with the sole reason that she felt father needed her. It's so perfectly silly. I was here. She only irritates father."

"You weren't here when she got here."

"No, but I was coming." Barbara's anger was rising.

"Well, if you both arrived with the intention of preventing father from being lonely, why does he stay up-stairs?"

"I don't know; I think Aunt Harriet gets on his nerves. He has his collection of beetles all along the corridors, and she says the beetles molder away into dust—some of them are getting ragged at the edges — and that we are all breathing beetles, and that vexes father."

"Poor father!" Mrs. Morton again sighed.

"Of course he has got into queer ways — a man living alone does — and Rankin's as set in his ways as a brick in mortar. If the house were to burn down he would go right on putting the cinders to rights. He acts as though we weren't here, and when he sets the table he places a book-rest in front of father's place. It holds a newspaper in the morning, Lamb or Hazlitt for luncheon, and Epictetus or Sir Thomas Browne for dinner. I don't think father means to be rude, but he forgets, and Aunt Harriet and I sit like dummies while father chuckles over what he is reading."

Mrs. Morton shook her head sadly, then suddenly stopped. "But if he chuckles he must be cheerful!"

"Oh, he is very cheerful. I'm sure I don't know why. There, you can hear him humming now." They listened, and in the room above a voice was heard to carol out something about "Up in a balloon, boys, up in a balloon."

Mrs. Morton jumped to her feet. "I'm going up to see him. The dear old thing doesn't know I'm here." She left the room and ran along the hall and up the stairs. Reaching a door, she tapped, then called out, "Guess who's here!" There was no answer. She repeated her challenge in a slightly flatter tone, and finally a voice called, "Come in, if you must." She entered and found a slender, rather elegant figure, attired in bristling tweeds, perched on the edge of the bed tinkering with a small instrument.

He did not look up as she entered, but said, pleasantly, "Dusting?" She remained standing in the doorway, and at this greeting exclaimed in protest, "Father, it is I."

Mr. Tate raised a pair of quizzical, studious eyes and laughed out: "Bless me, it's Margot. I was so busy, and I knew it was a woman's voice, and I thought it was a maid wanting to dust. How are you, dear?" He kissed her, and his eye went back to his instrument.

"But, father dear, you haven't any maids now; you've just Rankin and his son."

"True, true, but we used to have them, and I forgot. I've got the nicest little instrument here for gaging the rainfall, Margot; want me to explain it to you? It got a bit bent in transit, and I was just fixing it."

Mrs. Morton ignored his offer and looked about the room. Its austere bareness was an appeal to her womanhood. "Father, father," she wailed, "what have you done to your room?"

Mr. Tate's face lighted up. "Isn't it splendid? The idea is quite my own. You know a bedroom should be perpetually clean, so I have eliminated everything that won't keep clean. I thought of going without hair-brushes, confining myself to a comb, but I decided not to, for I particularly want to avoid appearing eccentric. It makes the room a great success, doesn't it?" He beamed so sweetly at his bare spaces and shining surfaces that his daughter was forced to a faint nod.

More cheerily she asked, "Is it because you like your bedroom so much that you don't stay down-stairs with Aunt Harriet and Barbara?"

Mr. Tate pursed his lips and buzzed a sound of uncertainty for half a minute before he answered. "No—er—no, not precisely."

His daughter's pretty head was wagged patronizingly, and she murmured, "Poor father!"

It was a match to her father's smoldering emotions. They flamed. "*That's* the reason I stay up here, Margot, because they wag their heads at me and say, 'Poor father!' Now *you've* begun it, and I won't have it. I'm not decrepit and I'm not imbecile, yet when all you women act like that I feel as though I were both. What did they come here for, anyway?"

"Oh, father, I really think that's unkind. 'They' are your own daughter and sister."

"Those are not the rôles in which they came. They came as women, to a house without women. They didn't come to visit me. They came with all the official bustle of a life-saving brigade. How would you like it, if you were perfectly strong and healthy, to have some amateur ambulance crew bandaging your legs together, stiffening you up with unnecessary splints, covering your mouth with surgeon plaster? You'd hate it. I hate it."

"Father dear, it's simply madness to talk like that. They have both made sacrifices in order to prevent your—well, your—well, to see that everything is all right. They felt you needed them, and I do think you ought to be nice to them."

Mr. Tate took long, nervous strides up and down the room, ramming his hands into his trousers pockets, his hair seeming to bristle of its own accord. "Now I've got to be nice to them because it would hurt them if I didn't let them be nice to me. That is a pickle of fish."

The worried lady sat down on the edge of the bed, and said with dignified gentleness, slightly intoned, "I hope, father, that you realize why I've come."

"Bless me, no. Why have you come?" Mr. Tate stopped in his striding and blinked at her, conscientiously wondering if there was something he had forgotten that he ought not to have forgotten.

"I couldn't let you be alone on your wedding anniversary." She sent him a delicately quivering smile.

"God bless my soul, when is it?" His face wore a startled, guilty expression.

"Father dear, it's to-morrow."

"Not to-morrow, Margot. I can't have it to-morrow. I'm going fishing to-morrow."

He started his strides again, this time with a jaunty swing as of one who is looking forward to contentment.

"But how can you have it any other day when it is to-morrow?" Mrs. Morton was beginning to weary of gentle reproof, and her tone was growing more frankly argumentative.

"Well, you and Aunt Harriet and Barbara celebrate it. That's the idea; have champagne." Mr. Tate stopped before her with a little dancing step of happy adjustment.

"Father, you are incorrigible. Here I come down from town expressly to be with you, and you go off fishing."

"You come fishing, too, will you? That would be ripping." He sat down beside her and took her hand, his nose

wrinkling in a funny little way it had when he was very much pleased.

She laughed unwillingly, then sobered. "It's no use, dad; I'd catch cold; I've no enthusiasm to keep me warm; besides, it would be a quaint way of keeping mother's anniversary; she loathed fishing."

Mr. Tate's erect form wilted. He patted his daughter's hand sadly. "So she did; so she did. Funny the things women loathe. She would stay at home and oversee house-cleaning while I went fishing. Women are awfully fond of houses, Margot." He smiled doubtfully, afraid that he might be touching on sacred topics.

"Dad, I had another reason for coming to see you." Her head drooped.

"What?"

"Oh, I won't tell you now, only I'm not very happy."

"Tut, tut, Margot! What are you talking about?"



He eked out the Sentence with indiscriminate Pats

"Father," she faced him firmly, "do you need me?"

"Why, really, Margot, I can't say; perhaps I do. I—I hadn't thought of it."

"Say you do, dad, and let me stay here with you for a while." There were tears in her soft, dark eyes.

"Oh, dear me, dear me!" Mr. Tate was all concern and embarrassment.

"Send Aunt Harriet and Barbara away and let me take care of you." She buried her face on his shoulder, and wild bewilderment expressed itself in every line of her father's face.

"Well, my dear"—he drew himself together for a great effort—"to be sure—well, well, we needn't talk about it. You go now and take off your things, and stay just as long as—" He eked out the sentence with indiscriminate pats, and Mrs. Morton, wiping her eyes, rose, and very pathetically tilting her chin to an angle of courage, left the room.

Mr. Tate, left alone, stared thoughtfully at the floor, then called, "Margot!"

She reappeared in the doorway.

"Won't they miss you at home?"

"Oh, don't ask me!" An explosion of audible tears made her duck her head, and with a little swoop she disappeared into an adjoining room.

Mr. Tate picked up his rain-gage and started down-stairs. When he reached the room where his daughter and sister had been sitting, he paused outside the closed door and listened a minute. Hearing nothing, he opened the door cautiously. The room was empty. He eyed the lamp-shades, sofa-cushions, ornaments, and excrescences that had been dragged from the cupboards in which he had placed them, and installed by his visiting relations in places of prominence about the room. A raffish light appeared in his

eye, and with an air so idly nonchalant that there would be no need of changing it were he to be at any moment discovered, he quickly dropped bibelots into ornaments, ornaments behind furniture, whisked sofa-cushions under sofas, and lightly whirled a lamp-shade behind the piano.

It was still causing a strange vibration when Miss Tate entered the room. She traced it to its source with a glance, cast an eye about the room, tightened her lips, and conveyed to her brother the accurate impression that she regarded him as in immediate need of discipline, and herself as wholly competent to administer it.



"I WANT TO TALK TO YOU, RANDOLPH"

Mr. Tate smiled weakly, and murmured: "Just coming in, Harriet? I was just going out." He strode toward the door.

"Randolph!" Miss Tate's voicing of his name stopped him.

"Did you speak, Harriet?" Amusement made his nose twitch. His sister saw it; for her, ill-placed levity was but a final proof of irresponsibility.

"I want to talk to you, Randolph." She sat down with firmness in her every move.

"Oh!" Mr. Tate came an unwilling step nearer.

"About Barbara."

Mr. Tate sat, but on the side of a chair and with his body inclining slightly toward the door.

"She has an absurd notion," Harriet began, "that she ought to stay here with you. Now I want you to tell her it is quite unnecessary."

Mr. Tate leaped at the word. "I will, Harriet. I think it is quite unnecessary, too. There is no reason why any one should stay here; no one must feel that for a moment—"

He would have gone on, but his sister caught him up. "Nonsense, Randolph! Don't tell me that any house with only a man in it can get along. Every moment I stay here proves to me how much I am needed. Don't thank me; we've never wasted words, you and I. I'm needed; that's enough; I'll stay. But Barbara is a very different matter. What I want to know is, why doesn't she live with her husband?"

Mr. Tate was now lying back in his chair, a languid figure. He shook his head. "I don't know."

"But you must know. They've been married at least three years, and for two years, anyway, she might for all practical purposes have been a widow. What does it mean?"

"Well"—Mr. Tate looked longingly toward the door—"well, you see she hardly had time to acquire the habit of living

with her husband, and unless one has the habit it is so difficult to discover any other reason for living with a person."

"Randolph, I don't believe you ever said such a thing in your wife's time."

"No; probably not." Mr. Tate looked very chastened.

"To continue, then: I think Barbara should live with her husband. That is her place, managing her own home and her own husband."

Mr. Tate's nose began to quiver again, but his sister's next sentence stopped it.

"Barbara is not happy."

Mr. Tate warmed to eloquence. "My dear Harriet, why should she be? My late wife had so many ideals about a good woman's influence that Barbara married a scapegrace with the sole purpose of reforming him. I forbade the marriage. Parental interference made her sure she was right, and she ran off with him."

"You mean he ran off with her."

"I mean nothing of the kind. If a good woman is determined to take care of something, that something has nothing whatever to say about it."

There was a pause, during which Mr. Tate gnawed his mustache with vigor. Presently his sister said:

"Well, don't you think she ought to be with him now?"

"He won't let her be. He says he is in Porto Rico, and that the climate isn't fit for her. Probably the addition which he makes to the general heat causes his statement to be quite true."

"But the poor child must do something."

"How do you mean—do something?"

"My dear Randolph, if a woman hasn't some one to look after, furniture or a husband or something, it's—it's bad for her."

Mr. Tate's worry and bewilderment increased; he asked, pathetically, "Do you think so, Harriet?"

"Of course I do. I don't know what the world is coming to. The women have kept the world going for thousands of years, and now it is just as though no one believed it, or liked it, or—or intended to let them go on doing it. Things were very different in my time. Which reminds me, how long is Margot going to stay here — how long can her home get along without her?"

Mr. Tate shot his arms out at right angles, rose from his chair like a geyser; his rain-gage fell to the floor, rolled in front of him, and his second stride crushed it into the carpet. He jumped off it as though hoping by his quick retraction to make the false step as if it had never been; and, stopping only an instant to gaze on the wrecked instrument, he again rammed his hands into his trousers pockets and strode from the room.

On the veranda he encountered Barbara.

"Hullo, dad! May I speak to you a moment?" She paused, confident, and was surprised to have her father turn, enter the house, ascend the stairs two at a time, and lock himself into his bedroom. In her amazement she stood gazing after him, then entered the sitting-room, to find her aunt face downward on the floor, her head for the moment invisible under the sofa. In a second it appeared, followed by a hand and arm, which in turn was followed by a sofa-cushion and a velvet picture frame.

"Aunt Harriet, what under the sun are you doing?"

"I am seeing the extent to which your father's eccentricity will carry him. When we are out of this room he comes in and conceals things. He did the same thing yesterday. I can't be too glad I came when I did. If Randolph had lived alone much longer he would have been as mad as a hatter. Mark my word, a house without a woman in it has ceased to be a part of civilization. That is a perfectly good velvet frame." The object of her approbation having been dusted violently, Miss Tate proceeded to peer behind and under all pieces of furniture that might in any way offer a place of concealment.

"Aunt Harriet, you wouldn't be hurt, would you, if I said that—that I think perhaps what you are doing irritates father, and that I believe I know how to manage him, and that I believe it would be better if you let me take care of father. I—I'd love to."

"My dear Barbara, there is little doubt in my mind as to where your duty lies. You should be in Porto Rico at this moment guiding your husband's footsteps."

Hot blood flamed in the young woman's

cheeks, and with an exclamation of "How could you!" she hurried from the room.

Miss Tate restored the room to what she felt to be its normal condition, then installed herself in a seat of vantage and took out her knitting. She stopped frequently and looked about in search for something provocative of activity. A faint scowl settled on her brows on finding nothing. She had given Rankin orders for the day, and he had reminded her by his manner that he had, without her orders, successfully kept house for Mr. Tate for years. Perhaps she ought to discharge him for impertinence; still his agitation was perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that Barbara and Margot had also given him orders for the day. She must speak to Barbara and Margot. It never did for more than one woman to attempt to run the same house. She must have that clearly understood. For a few minutes she knitted busily; then glancing out of the window, she noticed a tree bearing plums. Instantly she rang the bell. Rankin came after a somewhat longer pause than pleased her.

"Rankin, I see some plums out there. Have any preserves been made?"

"No, madam."

"Why not, Rankin?"

"Mr. Tate dislikes preserves, madam."

"Oh!" Miss Tate had but the monosyllable to offer.

"Unless you would care for preserves, madam."

Rankin was unenthusiastic, but regarded the formal courtesies.

"No. I dislike them myself. However, all the ripe fruit should be carefully picked and wiped before being laid away."

"It was picked this morning, madam."

"And wiped?"

"And wiped."

"Very well, Rankin; that is all." Rankin left, and Miss Tate marveled to herself how quickly one lost the knack of housekeeping. Odd as it seemed, she could think of nothing to do. She continued to knit for a second; then rising briskly, she marched up-stairs, and, rapping sharply at the room of each niece in turn, asked if she were coming down for tea. They both replied that they were, and Miss Tate descended the stairs.

Her nieces came down to tea; her brother did not. Her nieces had obviously been crying. Miss Tate was crisply cheerful.

"You don't know how glad I am to be back in my own country," she pattered. "One really gets very tired of *pensions*. It was particularly bad this winter. All Italy was packed, to the very last thing that could be called a bedroom, with middle-aged women. Women everywhere. I didn't suppose there were so many women in the world. They look very silly going around in that loose, dreary fashion. Why were they not in their homes looking after some one or something I do not know."

"Perhaps some one or something preferred their staying in Italy." Barbara's tone was edged.

"Nonsense! I was there; I realized that I ought to be here, and I came. Probably the others have a like duty if they would only see it. This cream is far too thick, very bad for me; I must tell Rankin to put a little milk in." Miss Tate was momentarily growing more pleased with her situation.

Barbara opened her mouth to speak, and such was the prophecy of her manner that Margot trod quickly on her foot. Barbara closed her mouth.

"The house always seems so strange without dear mother." Margot smiled with gentle reminiscence.

"Wonderful woman, your mother; she wouldn't leave home for a day." Miss Tate wagged her head over such noble sticking to one's post.

Margot looked distressed. "Wouldn't she? I had forgotten that. She — she could have, couldn't she?"

"How do you mean—could have?"

"She wasn't afraid—?"

"Afraid?" The exclamation came in two voices, the accompanying stares both being turned toward Margot's anxious face.

"I just meant — I just mean — oh, nothing." She bowed her head over her teacup to hide the tears that had welled. The other two exchanged glances.

"My dear, it is my duty to ask you: are you not happy with Jim?" Miss Tate spoke in a voice sufficiently sepulchral to suit an answer in the negative if that should be the outcome of her question.

"Of course I am!" The decisiveness of the answer made it fairly seem an explosion directed against Miss Tate. "I adore Jim. Please don't say such things."

"Then what is the matter?"

"What was the matter with you in Florence?"

"Nothing."

"Then why did you leave?"

"I had to."

"Well, that is why I left home."

"You've left home!" Again the exclamation came in two voices.

"I'm going to stay and take care of father for a while." The misery in her face was disarming. The other ladies seemed full to the brim, yet for the moment unable to overflow. Miss Tate was the first to manage it.

"Margot, I will not have it. As your aunt I claim the authority to say it must not be. To leave Jim in this way, for no reason, when you are not needed here—"

Mrs. Morton rose and with quivering lips left the room. Miss Tate gaped after her, and when the door closed she turned to Barbara, uncertain and distressed.

"I declare I have hardly spoken to a soul to-day that they haven't rushed out of the room." Remembering that Barbara had been one of the number, she flushed, and said, a little tremulously, "I don't want to go back to the *pension,* but if both you and Margot want to run your father's house, why—" she stopped, biting a lip that would twitch convulsively. Barbara raised a pair of strong, young arms above her head, stretched them to their full length, and then, dropping them, said with a weary laugh, "Everything is beastly, Aunt Harriet, but don't you give in."

They sat silent by the disordered teatable. Out in the hall Mr. Tate could be heard opening the cabinets containing his beetles. A precious specimen had arrived that morning. It was apparently being installed. The sounds of Mr. Tate's activity were accompanied by his favorite refrain, "Up in a balloon, boys, up in a balloon." For some reason the proximity of this happy bustle irritated the two ladies, and they rose and arrayed themselves for walking.

Dinner that night began in an atmosphere of severe strain. Miss Harriet delayed taking the place opposite Mr. Tate until all eyes were on her, when the poor lady murmured, "I do not wish to preside if any one else cares to more than I do." A chorus of "Nonsense! Tut, tut, my dear aunt Harriet!" answered her hesitancy, and she sat, shaking her head and moving her lips without quite enough intention to cause any words to be heard. Rankin was the only one who did not join in the protest against her deprecations. It could hardly have been otherwise, yet she felt that his correct silence covered human reservations.

The faces of the two young women still showed depressing signs of recent ravaging emotion. Miss Harriet's expression was no longer the cheerful one of the afternoon. The ladies made no attempt at conversation, and Mr. Tate smiled serenely into his book, his food finding its way to his mouth more by the directings of Providence than by any aid he gave it.

Once he pulled himself from his volume, said, "Well, well, well!" in a superlatively loud and cheerful voice, and then suddenly realizing the quality of the social atmosphere, returned to his book with much the manner of an unexpectedly chilled diver making for his bath-house. It took him but a half-page to forget his recent experience, and presently an appreciative and absent-minded "Good, very good!" broke the silence. Mr. Tate's contentment served to heighten the surrounding distress. He was a brightly shining light that made more dense the near-by gloom.

The dessert had been reached when Mr. Tate exclaimed: "Rankin, here is something apropos of what you were saying the other day about the unemployed: 'There is no rivalry so bitter as that of the active and idle for what they consider an opportunity for exercise of their capabilities. Nothing makes for unhappiness so surely as to look for an entry into the scheme of the universe and find none, and no other factor is greater in the turning of the unemployed into the unemployable.'" Mr. Tate capped his extract with: "Very true; undoubtedly very true. It was interesting that you noticed it, Rankin."



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"I NEVER EXPECTED TO BE TREATED SO—TO BE CLASSED AS AN UNEMPLOYABLE"

Miss Harriet rose, her serviette in use as a handkerchief. "I never expected to be treated so—to be told I was jealous of my own nieces—to be classed as an unemployable. I have been unhappy, but—" Her feelings prevented further speech. Her nieces were on either side of her; they followed her as she left the room, comforting, soothing, creating a hubbub of sound that effectually assisted Mr. Tate in the idea that some one had gone suddenly mad, and that it was perhaps himself. When they had quitted the room he turned in horror to Rankin, who stood near blinking rapidly.

"Rankin, what has happened? Tell me at once. Is my sister ill?"

"No, sir, no, sir; I don't think it's that, sir."

"But what is it? I saw nothing, I heard nothing, and then suddenly—"

"I think it was what you were reading, sir."

"But what was I reading? Good heavens, what has the psychology of the unemployed got to do with my sister?"

"She thought it had everything, sir. She thought you were referring to her, sir. Most ladies are what you might call out of jobs, sir, and some of them feels it, and it don't do to say too much."

"Bless me, bless me! I'd bite out my tongue—" Mr. Tate stared with appalled eyes at the spot where his sister had a moment ago sat. Suddenly he rose to dash after her, to undo what damage he could. Margot appeared at the door, and he sat down again. Rankin discreetly disappeared.

"Well, I've done it, haven't I?" His despair was so complete that his daughter did not add to it. She spoke almost lightly.

"Oh, you've done it, dad."

"How's your aunt? Prostrate?"

"She's calming down a little. Barbara is comforting her by telling her that she is unhappy and out of a job, too. Aunt Harriet says she can't stand going back to that *pension* of extra women, and Barbara says that if she isn't needed somewhere it will kill her. They both sounded so awful I had to come away." A break in her voice was the last straw for Mr. Tate to bear.

"Margot, don't cry," he pleaded. "I couldn't stand it."

She smiled faintly instead. "Dad, don't you need any of us?"

"Need you, need you? Margot, nothing like this ever happened to me before. What has come over you all? The other two haven't husbands at home to look after, but aren't you all right?"

"My dear dad, that was the special reason I had for coming here. I'm so unhappy."

"Another of 'em! Gad, I'm snowed under. What do you mean, Margot?"

"Mother taught me that woman was man's inspiration. I tried to inspire Jim until I found that the greater part of the time I didn't know what he was talking about. I saved his money until he made so much that now there is nothing to do but spend it. The boys are at school, and from time to time I am allowed to send them tennis-rackets or towels. Jim had a clever mother, so that I can't nag him as I would have had to if he had had a dull one. As a last resort I tried housekeeping on the efficiency plan, motion study, routing, time-cards—you know; it's in all the magazines. Well, as the result of that there's nothing left for me to do in my house. I am so unhappy at home I don't know what to do, and there's no use in my leaving home, because no one would notice it if I did."

"My poor child!" Mr. Tate was overcome.

"What are you going to do about us, dad?"

"Do?"

"Which of us are you going to have live with you?"

"But—but I don't see the connection."

"You're our only chance. Unless there's something wrong somewhere there's nothing for a woman to do. There must be something wrong here, with no woman about. Which one shall you let stay?"

Mr. Tate was in a state of collapse. He seemed to be coercing himself into saying the right thing, but it took an inordinate amount of persuasion. Finally the wrong thing gathered such strength that it passed beyond his control and burst into speech. "I won't have it; it's absurd to propose it! I'm sixty-one, and if I can't be trusted to order my own food and keep myself clean at that

age, it's high time I learned how. There's no use in saying I still need the discipline of having what I don't want. I had it for forty years, and if that didn't make me good nothing can."

"Father, you don't mean mother?" Margot's question came in a great, shocked breath.

"No, my dear, no; I just mean your mother's ways. Not that they weren't all right, but she was a terribly womanly woman, and—Margot, after all, it's houses you women want, not us. Can't I get you each a house and let you run it?"

"Dad, you're breaking my heart! We only want to run houses for some one else."

Margot sobbed softly, and Mr. Tate sucked in his lips with a troubled face. After a moment he gave in, and said:

"Very well, my dear; you shall all live with me."

Mrs. Morton's bowed head shook a negation. "That won't do, dad; we each want to manage. We're each of us capable of managing a lot more than just the one man. You've got to give one of us the whole job."

"Oh, Lord!" Mr. Tate slipped lower in his chair until fully three-quarters of his generous length was under the table.

Impetuously Mrs. Morton drew her chair nearer his and spoke in a soft whisper. "Dad, don't tell them I'm in the pickle, too! I think I'll go home. I don't want them to know I'm one of them. I couldn't stand it."

Mr. Tate responded in the same conspiring key. "All right, Margot; mum's the word. We'll let them think you're one of the employed. Only if I do that, you've got to help me settle them." Margot nodded, and they both assumed expressions of intense thought. At the end of three minutes the muscular contraction was beginning to be fatiguing.

"Have you no ideas, dad?"

"No; haven't you?"

"Not one."

They screwed their faces in another attempt. Unexpectedly little cracks and crevices appeared in Mr. Tate's mask of concentration, and finally it collapsed completely into a broad grin.

"Father, what is it?" Mrs. Morton's voice was tense with hope.

"I just remembered why I married your mother." His chuckles piled up into a hearty laugh.

"Father, how irritating you are! What has that got to do with anything?"

"It's got everything; it puts the joke on me." He wagged his head and shook out sputters of rueful amusement. "Guess why it was, Margot."

"No, no—I don't want to—I've got to think."

"But, Margot, it's birds come home to roost. It was because she was so *helpless;* she needed me." A paroxysm of laughter rocked him.

"Dad, if you don't stop laughing I'll have to cry."

"Fire ahead, Margot; I—I'll just keep on laughing. Between us—we'll have—made a fitting—comment."



CHRISTINA, DUCHESS OF MILAN, BY HOLBEIN

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Christina, Duchess of Milan, by Holbein

ALTHOUGH claimed by Germany, Holbein is really a mixed product. Born in Augsburg when that city was a center of wealth and commerce and in frequent communication with Italy, he left it at eighteen for Basle, going later to London, thus becoming less Teutonic and more of a world-observer. In England he devoted himself to portraiture, which had grown in favor. Living in an age of religious controversy and bitterness, this friend of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More could not escape the serious side of life, and in all his portraits there is an air of sadness and gravity. He shows us the minds of his sitters as well as their dress, their characters as well as their rank.

Christina, daughter of the King of Denmark, was sixteen when Holbein went to Brussels to make a portrait of her for Henry VIII., who sought a successor to Jane Seymour. She was already a widow, having been betrothed to Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, who had died soon after their marriage. Holbein never demanded many sittings, but made faithful drawings, with notes of the color of dress, hair, and eyes. The collection of his drawings at Windsor reveals his manner of working.

A three hours' sketch served for this portrait, and the king was so pleased that he sent a proposal of marriage, which she declined, saying, according to the story, that she would gladly accept the honor had she two heads. This story, however, is discredited, since the princess, while willing to accept, was prevented by her uncle, Charles V., who had taken umbrage at the English monarch. In its simplicity this black-robed figure is one of Holbein's most enjoyable works, whether regarded as a piece of painting or a rendition of character. The property of the Duke of Norfolk, it long hung in the English National Gallery.

W. Stanton Howard.

One Mother

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

INTO the Federal army—the army that freed the slaves—a little boy was sold. Many in both armies were younger in years, smaller and more frail of body than he; his weakness was more pitiable than that of the youngest and smallest of them all, for his was of the mind. Cornelius Garvin at seventeen was a child in a man's body—a chaser of butterflies, a Barnaby Rudge. And this boy was stolen that he might be sold into war for whatever price he would bring.

"Traffickers in human blood," his abductors were called by the mayor of Troy, in a letter to Governor Seymour, of New York. For although Cornelius Garvin's mother was but a washerwoman who could neither read nor write, friendless save for neighbors as poor as herself, yet so fiercely determined was she in her search for her son that servants and doorkeepers, guards and secretaries were brushed aside while she forced her way into the presence of every man who, to her, represented law and power. To them she told her story—such a story as, once heard, was never forgotten. Mayors and governors, major-generals and private soldiers, grand juries, secret-service agents, editors, foreign diplomats—even Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States—worked and grieved and fretted and raged over the fate of this little Irish boy, a mother's only child.

In Troy, New York, in 1862, the war —as it did everywhere else—bore down hard. The heaviest burden was upon the very poor; the prices of the commonest necessaries of life became too dear for some to pay. Among those forced by hunger to walk that bitter road that lies "over the hills to the poorhouse" were Mrs. Catherine Garvin and Cornelius, her son. Besides the question of food, the widow was at her wit's end to solve another problem—that of longer keeping her boy "Con" at home.

Martin Kane — now a sergeant of Troy's police, then a boy of eleven or twelve — remembers his old neighbors well.

"The Garvins? I can't mind the time when they didn't live next door to us in the other side of the double house in Reade's Alley. Us boys—my brothers and I and the other boys in the alley—used to play with Con, and be in and out of Mis' Garvin's house, and playin' in the back yard, and out by Richardson's Pond all the time. Con, he was older and bigger and stronger than us; maybe that's why we liked to play with him. And he'd do about anything any of us told him to. He didn't say much—just laughed a lot at nothin' at all—and there was a look to his eyes like the look of windows in an empty house. I mind one night he smashed Jimmy O'Bry'n's fiddle, and laughed—just crushed it in his hands; *he* didn't know there was any value to it! An' soon after that he pulled his straw mattress out onto the doorstep and set fire to it, an' he laughed at that, too. I guess it was then that Mis' Garvin gave up trying to keep him home."

And so the County House out in the hills opened its doors and took them in. Spring came, and Mrs. Garvin went back to see if the world outside the red brick walls would let her live in it again. It was ruled that once a month she might call at the County House and see her boy. One time she called and found that he was gone. After that Catherine Garvin's life pivoted on one point and went round and round; she never turned aside, never lost sight of that one objective point—to find Con.

Where she got her first clue no one knows, but suddenly she hurried down to New York City. When she came back she went straight to Captain John Arts, the Superintendent of County Poor. He did not know that Con had "left" the County House. That was a terrible interview. These two were old enemies, for she had been "troublesome" at the poor-

farm; but now, in her grief and anger, she was beside herself—savage as some wild creature of the forest that had been deprived of its young. Captain Arts, in a statement which he gave to the newspapers months afterward, wrote that Mrs. Garvin told him:

"'I was in New York looking for Con when I met three rowdies from South Troy. They asked me if I was looking for Con. I said I was. They said, "You need not look for him; he has gone for a soldier."'" The statement goes on: "She said that these rowdies had sold him for $300. Then she charged that Keeper Taber had sold Con as a substitute for himself or a friend." Captain Arts, in his fragmentary account of Mrs. Garvin's accusation, implies that, in one breath, she had charged two separate perpetrators with the commission of the same crime. Her meaning, it seems reasonable to infer, was that the three men of South Troy had acted in collusion with Keeper Taber of the County House. Perhaps this was her suspicion only; maybe the South Troy men had tried thus to shift the blame. After such an accusation it was open and endless war between Con's mother and the Superintendent of the County Poor.

Catherine Garvin's unexpected meeting with the three young thugs suggests a sorry picture—that of the lonely little woman's eager greeting to the familiar faces from home. Had they met her Connie? See her as she awaits the answer—the thin, worn body in the plain black dress, polished and green and rusty brown with time, the more rusty bonnet that perched far back on the knob of gray-streaked hair; a little woman, who peers up into the hard faces and whose eyes anxiously follow every uneasy shift, every sidelong glance of the three. The crowds that had been so confusing but a moment ago are forgotten; those who jostle against her and eddy swiftly past on either side are unfelt, unseen. She has eyes only for the three who had known Con back home. Then came their brutal answer: "You needn't look for him; he has gone for a soldier!" Perhaps she was stunned, bewildered for the moment, and let them walk away. More in character would be the guess that she screamed and tried to seize them, and that they broke away and lost themselves in the crowd, leaving behind them a helpless little woman crying something about her Con, who had been stolen to be made a soldier.

Cornelius Garvin was not the first nor the only person to be sold into the army. Less than a month before his abduction the draft had been put into operation, and the riots to resist it had failed. Any man whose name had been drawn from the wheel might purchase exemption by the payment of three hundred dollars, but it was cheaper to hire—or buy—a substitute. At once a horde of depraved men became brokers in substitutes, a new calling that instantly developed into a business of immense profits of which the money paid to the brokers by drafted men for substitutes was the smallest part. Many of the Northern states, made desperate by ineffectual efforts to fill their quotas of recruits, began to offer greater and greater bounties to induce enlistments; county, state, and national bounties totaled to a tempting sum—in New York as high as $725. It was this money that brought out the small-sized army of bounty-brokers. To their call rose the scum of the country. The idle, the dissolute, the criminal, flocked to the brokers, who enlisted them, shared with them the cash bounties, and then, by bribery—stupendous in its extent—corrupted guards and officials into permitting their recruits to escape and be enlisted again and again from other districts or from cities near by. Many were of course firmly caught and forced into the army, but of those who never saw a musket there were many more. Surgeons were bribed into accepting the aged, the infirm, and the crippled; clerks were taught to forge papers on which bounty might be collected for recruits who had never existed. It was a gold-yielding Klondike.

And this went on for months unchecked by the authorities, who seem to have been stupefied by the enormity of it all, or blinded to it by their own harassments. Worst of all, boys of fourteen and fifteen were drugged and enlisted, bounty-brokers and women of the streets swearing that they were the parents of these minors and that they gave the necessary consent; foreigners unable to speak English suddenly found themselves

in the army—they knew not how; old men were made drunk, their white hair and beards dyed, and themselves started for the battle-fields and camps. Yet such as these could come to their senses, communicate with friends, and eventually escape. But for poor, helpless Con Garvin there could come no such unclouding of the mind.

Back in Troy his mother took up the search for him. She could not wait for the promised investigation by the Superintendent of County Poor. Her Con was in the war; she must find him and bring him home. Sergeant Kane, her old neighbor, remembers how she came night after night to his mother, and cried and moaned, or shrilly poured out a torrent of invective against those who had stolen her little boy—that was the woman of her. In the daytime she did not weep; she worked harder than most men have ever worked, washing clothes, cleaning offices—anything that would bring money enough to enable her to look for her boy.

In November she reported the case to the War Department; weeks passed, and there had been nothing done. Then, in some unrecorded manner, she discovered that Con had been enlisted into the Fifty-second Regiment, New York Volunteers. How she managed to make this discovery is one of the most remarkable, most inexplicable features of her story. With this information she went to Washington, straight to Abraham Lincoln. Perhaps then for the first time she knew real hope. No one in trouble had ever left the presence of that sad-eyed man without at least words of comfort and the friendly clasp of a great, strong hand. To him she poured out her story—volubly, doubtless, probably with weeping and with calls to the Virgin and to all the saints to bless him and requite him. And the President, stooping under his own too great burden, bent a little lower that he might take upon his shoulders her burden, too. He gave her a pass, good throughout the army, and a letter to the Secretary of War in which he asked that she be given aid in the search for her son. Secretary Stanton wrote an order for the discharge of Cornelius Garvin, and Mrs. Garvin was sent to Colonel Lafayette C. Baker, Provost Marshal of the War Department.

A detective was detailed to accompany her to the Army of the Potomac, then in the vicinity of Brandy Station. She went at once to the camp of the Fifty-second New York Regiment, but she could not find Con. No such person was there — that was all: no such person there. How hope must have numbed as she slowly comprehended the meaning of the words. Then, day after day, week after week, she searched the army, camp by camp, regiment by regiment, sent here, sent there; now certain, as some pitying, over-sanguine informant directed her, that within the hour she would surely find him; now utterly disheartened, all but hopeless, and exhausted by her search.

There were no battles, but there was worse — disease; and there were days when she looked in terror into rows of dead faces beside trenches cut in the frozen ground, or in almost equal terror walked up and down, hour after hour, past rows of countless hospital cots, now starting forward at some fancied resemblance, now pausing to catch again some delirious cry which for the moment she had thought to have been Con's. The weather was bitterly cold, yet there were heavy rains that froze as they fell. She obtained food and shelter where and when she could. Over and over again she told her story—that to her never became monotonous, never grew old—at camp-fires and in officers' mess-tents, at headquarters and among the baggage trains, until the whole army must have buzzed with the story of Con Garvin.

At last Catherine Garvin, worn out, disheartened, her money almost gone, gave up and went back to Troy. Her search had failed in the army, but she indomitably began over again from the other end. She went back to her washing and to the cleaning of offices, but when she could she told Con's story, until slowly, little by little, she set a-turning the mills of the gods. That same month, January, the district attorney of Troy, John H. Colby—to whom Mrs. Garvin had taken letters in which many prominent men, asserting that a great wrong had been committed, demanded that he investigate — presented the case to the grand jury. Almost at the same time a search, instituted by Major-General Han-

cock, was begun in the army by the War Department.

To the grand jury, Mrs. Garvin's statement was to the effect that "on or about September 7th, 1863, as your petitioner is informed, the keeper of the County House sold said Cornelius into the army for between $300 and $400." She told that she had made search for him, and had found that he had entered the Fifty-second Regiment, New York Volunteers, but had been "transferred" therefrom. Then, "Your petitioner called at the County House and made inquiries. Was informed by wife of keeper that her son, the said Cornelius, 'was gone; that you' (meaning your petitioner) 'must not feel sorry for him, as he was no benefit to you.' That said keeper drew from his pocket a wallet and said to your petitioner, 'This is the money that I got for him. Look at this'—holding it up to your petitioner."

Presumably this unsupported statement did not constitute sufficient evidence, for the grand jury refused to indict. The district attorney later wrote to Captain Arts: "No evidence was adduced implicating any person in his abduction. . . . I do not know of any evidence or ground of suspicion tending in any manner whatever to implicate you or Mr. Taber with his alleged abduction."

Thus, by the grand jury's action, the names of Captain Arts and Keeper Taber, of the County House, were completely cleared. But the investigation did nothing toward finding Con.

The search conducted in January by the War Department was much more satisfactory—as far as it went. It was proved that—

> "Cornelius Garvin—it is supposed under an assumed name—did enlist in the United States service in the city of New York on or about the 8th day of September, 1863; was sent to Rikers Island, New York Harbor; left Rikers Island about the middle of September, 1863, in the steamer *Daniel Webster;* arrived at Alexandria, Virginia; thence was forwarded to Mitchells Station, Virginia, where he joined the Fifty-second Regiment, New York Volunteers, on or about the 23d day of September, 1863."

To this point the evidence is clear, precise, and uncontroverted, but beyond it all is a maze of conflicting testimony, contradictions, false certificates, and bewilderment. So much, however, had been proved that an official investigation was begun in March, 1864, and the inquiry developed the feeble and profitless theory that one John Garvey, a substitute, aged nineteen—rejected because of partial insanity and sent from Mitchells Station, September 24th, 1863, to Camp Convalescent, Alexandria—was none other than Cornelius Garvin; because, "in the recollection of the late surgeon's clerk, the personal appearance of this man 'conforms precisely' to Garvin's." Very good; but Camp Convalescent's records contain no such name as John Garvey. Who John Garvey was, and what his fate may have been, seems never to have been further investigated, and so the discovery of his loss was of no aid toward the finding of the lost Cornelius Garvin, after all.

Then the War Department went in for affidavits and statements of men who claimed to have seen and known Con Garvin. Mrs. Garvin on her own account made a collection, too. Brought together, these certificates are so many sticks that have but vigorously stirred an already muddied pool—save in one particular: by their aid a sight, at one point, is to be had of the bottom, and at that point lies Company I, of the Fifty-second.

Six privates certified to Mrs. Garvin that "we have seen Cornelius Garvin, known him, and could identify him. And we hereby state to the best of our opinion that he is in the Fifty-second Regiment, New York Volunteers, at present" [February 14, 1864]. Whereupon one Samuel White, evidently to discredit the signers of that statement, certified that these men had been transferred to another regiment in September, 1863, and had left him and Cornelius Garvin with the Fifty-second; but that he, Samuel White, had not seen Garvin since leaving Mitchells Station. Concerning Samuel White's testimony the War Department's memorandum reads: "The certificate . . . is false and evidently is intended to deceive, without being a forgery. The name Samuel White does not appear on the books or returns, . . . but the name of Emanuel White is found there, and his signature . . . is so unlike the signature of the appended certificate as to entirely preclude the belief that both

were written by the same person." The vicious circle went round and round. But it seems evident that black work was somewhere being done to obstruct the search.

On May 16th, 1864, one Towns[e]ll Shapman, at "Queen Street Hostal," Virginia, certified: "I have seen Corneles Garvin in the 52nd N. Y. Vols. ten Days ago in Co. I, Captain George Dignan [Degener] gave him a different name so that his mother could not get him wen she was at the Regt. Last Winter I being of the same Regt. in company H." First Lieutenant Wm. J. Rechenstein, Company C, certified, in Washington, May 21st, 1864: "I saw the son of Catherine Garvin at the camp of the Fifty-second Regiment some fourteen days ago." And Private Fredrick Rolf, in the U. S. A. General Hospital, Albany, March 14th, 1865, certified that he was acquainted with Cornelius Garvin, of his own company and regiment—I, Fifty-second—and that he had seen him engaged with the enemy at Spottsylvania, Virginia, May 18th, 1864; had seen him struck in the head by a ball, carried to the rear, "and I believe the wound to have been mortal."

Thus two privates and an officer of the Fifty-second, widely separated from each other in time and locality when they made their statements, certified to having seen Cornelius Garvin in the Fifty-second Regiment between the 6th and the 18th of May, 1864. But across the face of each certificate is the War Department's memorandum: "*This certificate is false*"; because, "The most reliable information shows that Cornelius Garvin disappeared from the Fifty-second Regiment, New York Volunteers, during the month of November, 1863; search was made for him in January, 1864, and the case officially investigated in March." Search was made and the case officially investigated: *ergo,* in January and March he could not have been there!

However, "the most reliable information" does seem reliable indeed—no less than the affidavit of a fellow-townsman and fellow-soldier as well. Emerson E. Purdy swore that he had known Cornelius Garvin in Troy, had been with him on Rikers Island, and had been assigned with him to the Fifty-second Regiment, which they had joined at Mitchells Station, Virginia. Garvin, under an assumed name (what it was the deponent does not know), had been assigned to Company I; had remained for about three months; and then, on the first march of the Mine Run campaign, November, 1863, had fallen out, "and I have not seen him since." Purdy and several men of the Fifty-second Regiment identified Cornelius Garvin's photograph as that of a boy called by the nickname of "Watches" or "Watchless," who, until he disappeared in November, 1863, had been connected with Company I. But, "if this be true," says the official report, "Cornelius Garvin was not enrolled in the company even under an assumed name, for the rolls of this and other companies have been carefully examined and the men present recognized, and the names of those absent from any cause whatever have been identified with parties other than the person known as 'Watches' or 'Watchless' or Garvin." The War Department rests its case.

With Mrs. Garvin, during the year and a half that the War Department searched and investigated, fate had dealt almost as unkindly as with her boy. The first blow fell in April, when Attorney A. A. Lee, employed by the United States government to conduct, in Troy, an investigation of the kidnapping charge, told the story of Con's last day at the County House. "Stokes [an inmate] swears that on a Saturday in the latter part of August, Garvin and himself were picking up potatoes; that Garvin obtained an old tree and, placing it against the fence, escaped. Stokes, a cripple, could not pursue, but he gave the alarm. James Ellis pursued, but could not catch Garvin. . . . L. Owens, in charge of the department, said that it was a common thing for Garvin to run away and be brought back. . . . The evidence was addressed to the solution of but one question, to wit, Was Garvin enlisted into the United States service, and if so, by whom? The evidence fails to establish either branch of the proposition. On the contrary, it tends strongly to refute the wicked charges."

Police-sergeant Kane, the Garvins' one-time neighbor, was recently shown the old newspaper account of Attorney Lee's

investigation. He laughed. "*Stokes?* Poor old Johnny Stokes! I mind him well, too. Crazier'n Con ever was. Us boys met Johnny down by the pond one day. 'B-bo-boys!' he yells, 'I—I jest l-l-lost a t-thousand fish-h-h-hooks in that h-hole!' Well, if Johnny Stokes *swore* that Con Garvin ran away— Say! what 'n blazes did Con want o' a *tree* to climb over a fence like that'n was at the County House? Why, of course he ran away. Maybe he climbed through the hole in the pond where Johnny lost his thousand fish-hooks!" Then, serious again: "But *we* always believed Con Garvin was kidnapped, and that's what I'll always believe."

Catherine Garvin believed that, too. She went to New York City that April of 1864 and enlisted dangerous aid—the press. The city newspapers avidly caught up the story: "A mother in search of her deranged son . . . stolen from a lunatic asylum"; "The innumerable meshes of red tape . . . have hitherto defied her efforts to obtain redress and the restoration of her son"; "Taken out by a heartless scoundrel of a keeper, brought to this city, and regularly *sold* as a substitute into the Fifty-second Regiment." These articles, presently copied by the Troy papers, brought upon Catherine Garvin a swift and terrible retaliation. Captain Arts and Keeper Gersham Taber had, to their minds, been pilloried long enough; it was time to turn and defend themselves. Captain Arts deemed it his duty to present the following statement. It began: "This woman's real name is Daly"—and her whole sorry story was soon told. Perhaps it is the just painting of her character, perhaps the pen was wielded by an over-angry man; but the statement did much in Troy to discredit Catherine Garvin and her search.

They, mother and son—the statement said—were very troublesome, exceedingly quarrelsome, especially the woman. Mrs. Garvin had been in the habit of going from the County House to Troy and neighboring cities with Con and begging money on pretense of procuring medical aid for him. (Did Captain John Arts know that it was pretense? Might there not still have been hope in this uneducated woman's heart that, with proper care, her son could be made well?) An order prohibiting them from going to the city interfered with this begging; the woman became still more unruly and troublesome, until, in March, 1863, she was dismissed; she took her boy with her. In ten days they were back. Her face was bruised; "Con did it," she said. Neighbors had interfered, or he would have murdered her. So Con was taken back into the County House, and his mother went to live in Troy. Once a month she might visit her son. She was to receive a dollar a week from the county. In August Captain Arts saw in the records of the police court that Catherine Garvin Daly—married the preceding month—had had her husband, a worthless ex-soldier, arrested for non-support. Sixty days for Daly. (When released, he went back to the army and was not heard from again.) In view of this second marriage, the county's dollar-a-week charity to Mrs. Garvin —she never called herself Mrs. Daly— was withdrawn; when its restoration was denied her, she grew abusive and Captain Arts ordered her out of his office. *Then,* says the statement, there followed the accusation that Con had been kidnapped. The statement ends: "I will only add that I believe this woman to be a very dangerous impostor, bent on begging money and hoarding it up, besides being of a wicked and evil disposition, as is shown by the manner in which she worked up her grudges against me, for refusing her further relief, into the basest fabrications, none of which have the least foundation in truth."

This was oil, not upon the troubled waters, but upon the flames, for Troy had long been the seat of a war over the Garvin case—a war of rival newspapers. The Troy *Daily Whig* stoutly upheld its political party's county officers; the *Daily Press* as stoutly, and more bellicosely, supported Mrs. Garvin — the kernel, caught between the upper and the nether millstones, which they furiously ground and ground. But she could not read, so perhaps it did not matter so much, after all.

But Captain Arts's cry of "impostor" re-echoed throughout the town, and sympathy became tinged with suspicion, so that little gifts of money, in excess of wages earned, were withheld. It even became harder for Catherine Garvin to

obtain work, and she was able to go less and less often to Virginia to run down clues. Now and then there came to her, through the newspapers, wild thrills of hope, such as these:

"Washington, April 29. — Telegram: 'Mayor Thorn, Troy, N. Y. Has the boy Con Garvin arrived in Troy yet? (Signed) L. C. Baker, Colonel and Agent, War Department.' From this it is inferred that the boy is on his way home."

"Con Garvin has turned up down in the Army of the Potomac. He is expected home to-day." But "to-day" became yesterday, and still he did not come.

The New York *Daily News,* on May 26, 1864, printed a strange story. It told that Cornelius Garvin had been found "some time ago" at the front, and, in charge of an officer, had been sent to Washington on his way home, but "again disappeared, and there is apparently no trace of him. The boy's mother . . . has laid the case before the British Minister, and he has written to Consul Archibald, in this city, who in turn has communicated with Mayor Thorn, of Troy. Strenuous efforts are being made to obtain the facts of the suspicious second abduction of the lad." This second abduction seems to be but a figment from some space-writer's brain, for there is no hint of such a thing in the records of the War Department. And Con did not come home. When Catherine Garvin could, she went to New York City, to Washington, to Virginia. Each journey was begun in the hope that this time she would be given her boy to bring back with her; each journey ended in a home-coming more lonely than the last.

The army was not in winter quarters now; it was in the field fighting, spread over miles of country. Camps had given place to bivouacs, skirmishes to battles; the wards of the winter hospitals, with their sheltered cots, had changed to the terrible field hospitals—barn floors and stifling tents and the bare, hard ground. The sufferers were no longer sick men; they were men with wounds, each man a horror to himself and to all who must look on him. Catherine Garvin followed the army; stood for hours by the roadside trying to glimpse each face as the troops in thousands marched past; waited with the non-combatants until the rolling musketry should for the time be done; joined the parties that by night searched the battle-fields and brought the wounded in. Over and over again went the old weary round; over and over again told the story of her boy who had been sold for the price he would bring.

Colonel Baker wrote of her: "The persistency of purpose, the undying hope and affection of the sorrowing mother for her simple 'Con,' were hardly ever surpassed in human experience. Unable to read or write, she always carried in her apron a large number of letters and other memoranda from prominent officers and others, given to aid her search. Yet she could, as if by intuition or the inspiration of her love, place her hand upon any of the documents she desired to use and repeat their contents. And whenever she found interested listeners to her mournful story she would select the particular document she wanted and give its statements. After exhausting the subject, she would sit in a musing mood, gazing into vacancy for several moments, and then roused from her reverie, gather up her treasure of manuscripts, and exclaiming, 'My poor Con! I must go and find him!' she would start again on her journey among the regiments of the Union army."

Through it all it was this same Colonel Baker who remained her most stanch friend, her too impetuous, too partisan ally. It was Colonel Baker who hotly charged that Captain Degener, Company I of the Fifty-second, had been repeatedly informed that Garvin was in his company under an assumed name, but, instead of prosecuting the search as directed by his commanding officer, had attempted to intimidate by threats of punishment those privates of his company who were disposed to assist Mrs. Garvin and others engaged in the search. Colonel Baker did more than make impotent accusations. Upon the arrival of the Fifty-second in Washington, he placed Captain Degener under arrest "to await a further development of facts," and vowed that in prosecuting his investigation of Con's abduction he would spare neither time nor means in order to "bring to speedy justice all those engaged in this inhuman and diabolical outrage." Colonel Baker's sympathy and indignation seem rather to have got the best of his good judgment,

for the Department of Military Justice promptly reported to the Secretary of War that Colonel Baker admitted that his charges rested entirely upon information received from Mrs. Garvin, and it appeared to be a foregone conclusion of "this unfortunate woman" that Captain Degener was in some way concerned in the abduction and concealment of her son, but she furnished nothing which could be considered proof of the fact. "Her excitement on the subject of Captain Deg[e]ner's supposed complicity in the matter is so intense as to amount almost to insanity, and tends to impair the force of her unsupported statements. . . . It is therefore recommended that Captain Deg[e]ner be discharged without delay."

And it was hot-headed Colonel Baker who wrote, June 3, 1865, to the Mayor of Troy, that while the testimony elicited by one of his detectives in May, 1864, did not "directly implicate" the Superintendent of County Poor, yet enough had been shown to satisfy *him* that the boy could not have escaped without the direct knowledge and connivance of the superintendent. But the grand jury long before had declared Captain Arts and Keeper Taber to be immaculate of blame, and it is but fair to say here that every indication points to the innocence of these men. Captain John Arts, a soldier, honorably retired because of his wounds, is well remembered and highly spoken of in Troy to-day.

But just as there is no doubt as to the blamelessness of Captain Arts, so is there no doubt as to the kidnapping and selling of Con, even though the charge was never conclusively proved and the abductors were never found. It is almost a certainty that Con did leave the County House as "Johnny" Stokes described; perhaps he was enticed; probably, after he had run away to follow some whim of his blighted mind, he was picked up —stolen—by brokers or their agents on the lookout for substitutes. Sold by some one he certainly was, and that some one bought, by bribes, the officials who passed him into the army. Cornelius Garvin, unaided, never could have passed an honest, competent examination.

"I cannot conceive how it would be possible for said Garvin to pass any examining surgeon or mustering officer," wrote Dr. C. L. Hubbell, surgeon for the Enrolling Board, Fifteenth District, New York, "inasmuch as he always appeared to me to be nearly, if not quite, demented. I once or twice endeavored to draw him into conversation when he was an inmate of the County House, and never elicited anything more than a simple laugh peculiar to the worst form of lunacy."

But on September 7, 1863, he was enlisted into the Federal army, joined his regiment at Mitchells Station, Virginia —and disappeared.

Perhaps, and perhaps, and perhaps—nothing but conjectures and speculations. To the many let there be added two more —conjectures that are here made for the first time: Perhaps Con Garvin wandered out between the pickets and into the Confederate army, and fought there under the other American flag, and fell, and now lies among the gray at the south side of some blood-stained field. Or perhaps the war ended and found him still in the gray ranks, which, disbanding, left him, a chaser of butterflies, to wander farther and farther south. Perhaps he wanders there to-day, old now, bent and shaken; an old man who "laughs loudly at nothing at all"; an old man "with a look to his eyes like the look of windows in an empty house."

After the war Mrs. Garvin went back to Troy. Policeman Kane pityingly tells how she still sought her boy—here, there, wherever rumor placed him—for twenty years.

"All of a sudden," says Policeman Kane, "she went back to Ireland. Maybe she had been told Con was there. We heard after a while that she was dead. . . . Con? Nobody'll ever know—except that she never found him."

A Rest Cure

BY CLARE BENEDICT

CHARLIE and Olive and Tam were supposed to be playing games; in reality they were discussing a vital question. At least, Charlie and Olive were discussing it, while Tam listened with confused comprehension. Tam was considerably younger than his brother and sister, a whole generation younger, according to children's reckoning; moreover, being the baby of the family, he had always been engaged to sustain the character.

"We haven't seen her for a month and five days," Olive announced, significantly.

Charlie made an impatient movement. "Of course we haven't seen her—she's taking a rest cure. It's awfully uncomfortable for every one, but if she has to—why, she has to, that's all."

Olive confronted him meaningly. "*I* don't believe she's in the house."

This assertion startled both her hearers. Tam lifted frightened eyes; hitherto his one comfort had been that, though invisible, his mother was close at hand.

"Where's she gone?" he demanded, shrilly.

"Oh, hush, Tam!" his sister exclaimed; "we're talking in the *strictest* confidence."

"Secrets," Charlie added, succinctly, whereat his younger brother looked so dejected that Olive felt bound to intervene. It was terrible for them all to lose their mother's presence, even temporarily, but it was particularly terrible for little Tam.

"If you're *perfectly* quiet, you can help us to find her. Come and sit close to me."

Tam obeyed with alacrity. "I can get under nearly all of the furniture," he declared, "if she's hidden anywhere on this floor; but if it's down-stairs, there's Parkins and—father."

Olive smiled. "Oh, she's not hidden under furniture, Tam," she explained, condescendingly. "*I* don't believe she's anywhere near us."

Charlie brought his fist down on the window-ledge. "Stop guessing—give us facts!"

Olive surveyed him; he was necessary as an ally, but he was difficult to handle on account of his quick temper—mother called it spirit.

"You're awfully like father," she observed, disapprovingly.

Her brother looked half pleased and half offended. "Father's great," he retorted, rather stiffly. "Mother's awfully proud of him."

"That's just where you're wrong," Olive objected, triumphantly; "and when you hear what I have made out you will see that I am perfectly right in saying that *father* is at the bottom of the whole trouble."

"What have you made out?" Charlie inquired, with feigned indifference, fixing challenging eyes upon his sister. "Oh, come on," he urged, as she hesitated. "Besides, who knows that there's anything in it?"

Olive straightened herself with an indignant movement. "If you didn't have *me,* you might lose mother altogether. How do you know that she's in the house? How do you know that she will *ever* come back again?"

Here Charlie interrupted her angrily. "Of course she's in the house—you saw her on the stairs—she'll come out as soon as the rest cure is over."

He made these assertions confidently, but his expression was not so confident. Olive had a way of finding things out, and though, as a rule, he despised her for this, yet occasionally he had profited by her discoveries.

Olive looked at him in a superior manner. "They always *call* them rest cures," she said; then, lowering her voice to an impressive whisper, "*I* believe that father and mother are getting a divorce."

Charlie stared at her in horror.

"Yes," Olive continued, still more impressively, for she saw that at last Charlie

was nonplussed, "that is why she's gone away. They always separate for a long time before they can get it. Probably mother's out West somewhere."

At that Tam began to cry, covering his face with both his fat hands.

"Oh, don't be a baby!" Charlie admonished him, sharply, though he himself felt extremely uncertain. "But you saw her on the stairs," he suggested, desperately, addressing his sister.

"Yes, but that was four weeks ago, only five days after she first disappeared; besides, I never told you what father said." She paused, as if to postpone the disclosure; little Tam clung to her, whimpering faintly.

"What did father say?" Charlie demanded, this time with compelling imperiousness.

"Well, you see, mother had called me from the hall, and we were whispering outside her door. Then father came suddenly up the stairs; she jumped back, but it was too late. He came straight to us and took her by the arm and just pushed her back into her room, and I heard what he said—in his *judge* tone, all gruff and cold, as if he had something stuck in his throat. 'If you disobey orders, Olivia, I wash my hands of you completely—you will have to find some one else to take care of you.' Mother looked at him with eyes full of tears, but she didn't answer; she just went into her room. As soon as the door was shut father turned to me, telling me never to linger near mother's room again. He was very angry, I could tell that by his voice—angry at mother—and when married people are angry that means divorce."

"What's a divorce?" Tam inquired, anxiously, for Charlie was too much stunned by his sister's narrative to speak at once.

"A divorce," Olive replied, with authority, "is when a father and mother decide to separate."

"Then I'll go with mother," Tam declared, in great relief.

"You can't; boys always go with their father; if any one goes with mother, it will be me."

This announcement caused utter consternation; nevertheless, Charlie made a gallant rally.

"You don't know a thing about the law," he objected. "Even if father was cross to her that once, that doesn't prove that they're going to have a divorce. It's *like* girls to pile things sky-high—with no foundation. But I'll have facts before I budge."

Olive faced him excitedly. "Isn't it a fact that we haven't seen her for four weeks? Isn't it a fact that he spoke to her as he did before me, with his judge manner and awfully stern eyes? Would he have said that he was going to wash his hands of her unless they had reached the *final* stage?"

"Oh, I don't know; father's a handful when he's determined; he wouldn't be a judge unless he was awfully set on his own way."

"But he made her cry," Olive persisted. "I saw that myself. His eyes flashed the way they do when Parkins touches his law-books."

"I won't have father flash his eyes at mother!"

This outburst startled the two combatants; they had not supposed that Tam would grasp their meaning, but evidently he had grasped part of it, for his small face was working with sudden rage.

"He's like father, too," Olive remarked, parenthetically, as she put her arm about the angry little boy. "Well, Charlie, what do you propose to do? Are you going to let mother go without a struggle, or are you prepared to make a fight to keep her? I can't manage the thing alone, but with you to help I think it could be done."

This artful appeal had an immediate effect. Charlie straightened himself. "If there's anything to be done," he said, "I'm your man."

Tam gazed at his brother admiringly; at times Charlie seemed almost as big as father, and ever so much more available, for Charlie could play with you when he was good-natured, whereas father never played with any one.

"If you stand by me," Olive was saying, graciously, "we must succeed; Tam will be splendid as a foil." She was not quite sure of the exact meaning of the word, but it sounded well, and Charlie would not know.

"I'll be a foil, I'll be a foil!" Tam cried out joyously. "Can I carry my drum?"

"Be quiet, Tam!" his sister exclaimed, reprovingly. "Your brother and I have a great deal on our minds. We must plan when best to attack father. *I* think we'd better force our way into his den."

The two boys seemed awed by this proposition. "When had we better do it?" the older one inquired.

"To-night, after dinner," was the prompt answer. "That's the time we usually see him."

"Can't I dress up?" Tam begged, with fresh hope; the idea of seeking father in his den irresistibly suggested make-up.

"No," his sister replied, with decision. "Of course," she continued, addressing her elder brother, "we must begin by just *asking* to see mother; if he agrees, we won't mention anything else; but if he declines, then we must go to all lengths."

Charlie's reluctance had vanished completely. "I shall simply demand an explanation of father."

Olive looked at him rather doubtfully. "I hope he won't put on his judge's manner."

"Judge or no judge," Charlie retorted, "he's my father, and if he's going to divorce mother I shall speak to him as man to man."

Olive was growing uneasy; her plot was thickening with a vengeance. "Of course, Charlie, you must always remember that judges hold very responsible positions—that's why they are so very absent-minded—mother said so; they hold human lives in their hands," she concluded, with much solemnity.

"Judge or no judge," Charlie repeated, vehemently, "I'm mother's champion, and I propose to defend her."

"No; I'm mother's champion," Tam interposed, in a loud voice.

Olive frowned, putting her finger to her lips. "Good gracious, boys, don't quarrel at this juncture!" Juncture was another word that Olive thought very effective.

Tam jumped from his seat. "Will he let us see mother to-night?" he asked, wistfully. The dispute of his elders did not interest him in the least, but he was interested in the expedition to the den; provided, of course, that he could dress up and then find mother hidden somewhere behind the furniture.

"Either he shows us mother or he tells us the reason," Charlie answered, decidedly.

Judge Reading sat alone in his study; his face was grave, his eyes were fixed upon the fire. Whatever thoughts occupied his mind, they were not happy thoughts.

At last he roused himself, lighting a cigar and throwing a log of wood on the fire as if to chase away the gathering gloom. He was a tall man, with dark eyes and nervous hands which he had a way of clenching when he was worried—and he was worried now intensely.

Just as he had settled himself again in his arm-chair and had taken up a book, a peculiar sound made him pause—the sound of feet approaching his study door. He frowned; it was the youngsters, no doubt, but how odd that they should seek him here! This was a sacred retreat, which no one entered unless by special invitation. He sighed, recollecting one person who had always come, even when she had not been invited. He made a reluctant movement as if to rise; he would intercept the children and take them back to the nursery.

At this moment a timid knock at the door told the judge that he was too late in his intention.

"Come in," he called out, rather ungraciously.

Three figures immediately made their appearance, the figures those of the children. They looked frightened, though quite determined. They advanced in a solemn procession, first Charlie, then Olive, and lastly Tam. Their father's silence seemed to disconcert them; they had evidently expected him to reprove them for disturbing him. The Judge, however, merely stared at them with absent eyes.

"Good evening, father," Olive began, politely. ("If he asks us to sit down," she had told the boys beforehand, "we must simply decline. It would never do —*under the circumstances.*")

But he did not ask them to sit down; he continued to gaze at them with queer, far-away eyes.

"Father," Olive went on, bravely, though her heart was quaking fearfully, "we've come to ask you when we can see



Drawn by C. E. Chambers Half-tone plate engraved by Nelson Demarest

"I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN BEAR IT MUCH LONGER"

mother. It's been four weeks and five days now since—the rest cure began."

At that Judge Reading's face altered; the dreamy look gave place to one of annoyed anxiety. "You can see her when the time comes," he answered, shortly.

Olive flinched in spite of herself at his tone—it was the judge tone. She glanced appealingly at Charlie, who immediately came forward gallantly.

"We'd like to know whether she's really in the house?" the latter demanded, with more spirit than diplomacy.

Judge Reading surveyed the speaker searchingly. "Has any one put you up to this?" he asked, and Charlie's eyes fell.

"It was Olive's idea," he answered, much against his will. ("But father's eyes just bored a hole through me," he told his sister afterward.)

"Come here, Olive," her father directed, and the girl obeyed breathlessly.

"What is your idea?" the Judge asked, gently, taking her hand in his and drawing her close to him. Her brown eyes, with their frightened defiance, recalled those other brown eyes that had pleaded so hard with him of late; that brown hair, escaping so prettily round corners, recalled other brown hair that always played tricks on its owner that this girlish figure with its angular lines did not recall, though it suggested that other figure of the gracious curves.

"Oh, father," she cried, impetuously, moved by some impulse that she could not explain, "we do miss her *terribly!* I don't see how we can bear it much longer!"

"She's our mother; we have a right to see her," Charlie put in, decidedly; somehow his father did not seem half so formidable when he had that dreamy look in his eyes.

Judge Reading, however, had recovered himself by this time, though Olive's outburst had affected him poignantly. He answered his eldest son curtly, "You can see your mother when the rest cure is over."

There was a pause, during which Tam cast furtive glances at the furniture. He still had hopes of finding his mother hidden somewhere; she had played hide-and-seek with him so often, she was such a splendid hider! He decided to put his hopes into words.

"Maybe she's hiding somewhere," he suggested, addressing no one in particular; "she always gets splendid places, but I always find her." As he spoke he gazed expectantly at the large writing-desk, near which his father was seated.

The latter smiled for the first time. "No, she's not hiding, Tam—and when she comes out again you mustn't let her run up and down stairs playing games with you; it tires her all out."

The boy lifted incredulous eyes. "Mother's *never* tired," he declared.

Charlie gave his sister another look; she nodded slightly, whereat the next bolt was hurled.

"I must say, father, I think Tam is right. Why should mother rest when she's never been tired? We know about that better than you do, because we're with her all day, and you only see her in the evenings."

His father's frown began to alarm him, but Olive now plunged in with desperate courage.

"Father, if you're going to have—to have—" she stammered, breaking off rather hurriedly. Her father's frown had deepened so ominously that she realized keenly how those poor criminals felt. "Even if you condemn me," she cried, passionately, carried away by her vivid mental vision, "you *must* let me see mother first!"

Judge Reading drew the girl to him again, making her stand before him, which she did tremblingly—it was so dreadfully like her picture of the court-room.

"I don't understand you, Olive," he said, rather wearily. "As for your mother, I have told you already that you can see her when the rest cure is over. That finishes the matter. Now you had better all go to bed."

The children were so utterly confounded by this reception that they could not recover even a semblance of spirit. To be dismissed in contempt without so much as a serious answer humbled their pride in a most devastating manner.

The Judge, with one of his penetrating looks, appeared to divine their cruel discomfiture; at least, he divined that they were disappointed about something; and as he himself was suffering from bitter disappointment, he had a fellow-feeling for them without at all understanding.

"I have changed my mind," he announced, suddenly. "You can see your mother for just five minutes to-morrow night. You can walk in one door and out the other, but you must promise not to speak a single word—you must just smile at her and show her that you are well. *Now* I hope you will cheer up!"

He surveyed them rather anxiously; he was taking a grave responsibility, but things could not well be worse than they were at present.

The children, however, were too much astonished to reply; they just stared at him with dilated eyes—to see mother to-morrow? Then she was in the house!

"Thank you, father," Charlie said, with an effort; he had not forgiven his father for that order about going to bed.

"Thank you, father," Tam repeated, in a subdued voice; to him to-morrow night seemed a terribly long way off.

Olive approached her father timidly. "Thank you father," she murmured as she kissed him.

When the children had regained their wing of the house, instead of seeking the nursery they slipped into a little side room which had long been their refuge in times of special stress.

"My goodness!" Charlie exclaimed, flinging himself into a chair, "we *have* made a muddle!"

His sister sank down opposite; she, too, was strangely exhausted. "We have *forced* him to let us see her."

"But we didn't find out anything about the divorce. I told you he wouldn't understand—we ought to have spoken right out."

"I cculdn't, I shouldn't have dared. I feel so queer when he looks at me that way. I know just how the criminals feel—your heart beats so fast that you can't say a thing. It's *very* exciting, though," she added, pensively. "Do you know, Charlie, after seeing father to-night I can't help wondering whether mother isn't a *little* to blame? He seemed so sad and lonely."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Of course mother's not to blame!"

"Mother's not to blame," Tam repeated, sleepily.

Tam had curled himself up on the sofa, for it was long past bedtime.

"Oh, he ought to go to bed," Olive murmured, conscience-smitten; "they don't know where to find us. We'd better all go—we have so much to do to-morrow."

"What have we got to do?" her brother inquired, discontentedly.

Olive hesitated; her plan was as yet immature, but it was one which contained great possibilities.

"I think," she said, "that we ought each to give mother a present—it will be our only way of reaching her. Father said that we mustn't speak a word, but he can't prevent us from *giving* her something."

Charlie was decidedly impressed, though he refrained from expressing his admiration. "I suppose you've thought out what we are to give her?" he asked, with scarcely veiled sarcasm.

"Not entirely, but I have an idea."

"What is it?" Charlie demanded, hastily, for Olive's ideas held a fatal fascination for him.

She shook her head mysteriously. "I can't tell you yet, but I will say this much, that we must put messages in them—at least, if you're not afraid of father's seeing them?"

Charlie sprang to his feet. "I'm not afraid of father in the least—*I* don't feel a bit queer when he looks at me—it's only girls that get frightened at being stared at."

The next evening, at a little before eight, the children mounted the stairs to their mother's room, each carrying a carefully tied parcel. Charlie and Olive led the way solemnly; Tam followed; in spite of repeated warnings that any infringement of order would mean summary ejection, it was evident that he was on the eve of an outburst. What he would do when brought face to face with mother was most uncertain, though Olive hoped that the weight of his present would have a steadying effect. She herself felt extremely nervous; as the instigator or ringleader, so to speak, she bore a heavy responsibility, and the comparative failure of last night's campaign had dampened her ardor, if the truth must be told.

When they reached the historic spot where the momentous scene between their parents had taken place, they found the trained nurse waiting for them. She smiled at them, whispering a final word

of instruction, after which she opened the door and ushered them into the room.

At first they were so bewildered that they only saw the soft lights and the flowers, then they saw their father standing by the sofa, and then—on the sofa—they saw mother, with her hands stretched out to them. Tam gave a joyous shout. The next instant he was in his mother's arms, and she was kissing him over and over again.

"I can't speak!" Tam cried, exultantly, "but here's something for you," and he thrust his parcel into her hands.

By this time Olive had gained her mother's side, whereupon she, too, was enveloped in a close embrace. Charlie's turn came next, after which, having presented their offerings, they retreated, according to promise, to the farther door, where they lingered for a moment, gazing back at the sofa, and mother returned their gaze with glistening eyes.

When they found themselves once more in the dark hall, they sat down, without a word, upon the stairs. Olive was crying quietly; it was so terrible to see mother and not to be able to talk to her! It made it almost worse, somehow, to know that she was near, and yet to be separated from her. Tam was both dazed and indignant; he had found mother, and then he had lost her again; he leaned against his sister disconsolately, ready the next moment to add his tears to hers. Charlie was the only one of the three who attempted to maintain a brave front; he did this by indulging in strong language, always very comforting to the masculine mind.

"Father is a tyrant," he cried, resentfully. "I don't care whether he hears me or not!" But Olive was too much dejected to protest.

Meantime, as soon as the children had left the room, Judge Reading had seated himself beside his wife; he was very anxious about the effect of his experiment. Her face was certainly flushed and her eyes were dangerously bright. She was examining her presents eagerly.

First, she opened Charlie's package, which proved to be a three-pound box of cream-peppermints.

"He knows I love them," she explained, with a tender smile; "isn't that thoughtful of him?" She now spied a small card, which she seized and read aloud.

"Dear Mother, — If it comes to the worst, hire the very best lawyer. I can pay when I'm of age. It's all right to keep lawyers waiting a long time.

"Yours as ever,

"Charlie."

Mrs. Reading fixed puzzled eyes upon her husband. "What does he mean?" she asked, wrinkling her pretty forehead.

"It means nothing," the Judge replied, uneasily.

Mrs. Reading had already untied Tam's parcel, whereupon her children's faces gazed at her from a triple frame.

"What a lovely idea!" she exclaimed; "the darling!" A slip of paper fell out on which Tam had printed in large characters, at his sister's dictation, the following enigmatic inscription:

"From Tamworth Egerton Reading, for Mother, to make her stay with us if she *possibly* can."

Mrs. Reading stared again at her husband. "There's something behind this. Do you think I'm very ill?"

Judge Reading took the third package from her. "I didn't tell them they could give you presents," he muttered. "We will leave this one until to-morrow," he added, decidedly.

"No, Charles; I must see it now."

She spoke imperatively; her husband yielded, handing her the parcel with evident reluctance. The sight of a prayer-book, handsomely bound in red morocco and containing a large silver marker, greatly increased his uneasiness. Such a present was most ill-timed, for it certainly suggested serious thoughts. He was woefully disappointed in Olive; last night she had seemed much more sensible than her brothers.

Mrs. Reading turned the pages rapidly until she came to the book-marker, which was placed in the marriage service; a faint pencil-mark inclosed the words, "Until death us do part." A small card lay in the same page.

"For my dearest Mother. From her devoted daughter. (*Private;* to be destroyed.)

"Father is *terribly* lonely. I saw it last night. Whatever he *says,* this is true. O. S. R."

Mrs. Reading gave an exclamation. "Charles, this isn't a game! They have got some idea in their heads, poor little, lonely things!" She looked at her husband. "I must see them at once; I sha'n't sleep until the thing is cleared up."

"Nonsense!" he said, avoiding her eyes. "If you overdo now, all the good will be lost."

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "It hasn't done me any good—I told you it wouldn't; I am much more tired now than I was at the beginning. A rest cure! How much do you think it has rested me to worry all day about what the children may be doing? I can't help it; I've always been with them—I know the little things that make them happy and comfortable." She was shaking with rising agitation.

Her husband bent over her. "You promised to give it a fair trial," he said, reproachfully.

"Well, I have. I haven't seen them for a month, and see what they have come to in that time! Did you ever behold more desolate little figures? Tam was absolutely heart-breaking; as for Olive, she has aged at least three years. They are homesick for me, just as I am for them; and they are worse off, for I have had you, whereas I don't believe you have played with them once. You don't understand—you are doing the big things so splendidly—*I* ought to do the little things."

She broke off, glancing up at him appealingly. "Charles, let me see them alone for twenty minutes. I've tried your way faithfully for a month; now try mine."

The Judge surveyed her critically; she certainly looked better this evening—he was not sure yet whether this was due entirely to excitement.

"Very well," he agreed, reluctantly, "but it must be only for twenty minutes."

Mrs. Reading was kissing him rapturously. "I feel so much better, Charles, so like my old self!"

The Judge smiled as he held the slight figure for an instant in his arms; it was true that her whole aspect had changed; to his joy, she looked both serene and light-hearted.

Five minutes later the children were with her, Olive and Charlie on each side of her, and Tam on her lap, and she was thanking them for their presents.

"But I didn't quite understand the messages," she said, searching their faces.

"Oh, didn't you?" Olive exclaimed, disappointedly. "I was sure that *you* would understand."

"What did I tell you?" Charlie demanded, triumphantly; "no one could understand what you were driving at. Father didn't, and here is mother just the same."

"Oh, but I have an idea," Mrs. Reading interposed; "that's why I called you back—because if it's what I think, it must worry you very much."

"It worries us *sick!*" Olive burst out, desperately.

"But, mother," Charlie put in, striving to fix her attention, "*are* you going to do what Olive says?"

Mrs. Reading started. "What does Olive say?" she asked, gently.

Olive hid her face against her mother's shoulder; a sudden shyness had overwhelmed her.

Mrs. Reading drew her closer, stroking her hair. "What is it, dear? Tell mother the whole truth."

"Oh, mother," Olive cried, miserably, "I thought you and father had—quarreled. I heard him speak to you that day on the stairs—and after that you never came out again. And—and—they say rest cures are only excuses for—for—divorces." She broke off, panting for breath.

Mrs. Reading's expression had darkened. "Is it possible that you thought this, too, Charlie?" she asked, in something like father's judge tone.

Charlie reddened. "I did after Olive had talked a lot. And, mother," he went on, eagerly, "as I said in my message, if it comes to the worst, count on me."

There was a pause, during which the children were anxious, for their mother looked as if she were going to cry.

"You have made a dreadful mistake," she began, tremulously, "a mistake which



Drawn C. E. Chambers

SHE SPIED A SMALL CARD WHICH SHE SEIZED AND READ

hurts me very much, and which would hurt your father still more if I should tell him. I can't imagine how Olive could have supposed such a thing. You are not old enough to understand, but some day you will know why I feel so badly that you should have thought that."

Her voice shook. Tam pressed a little closer, and Mrs. Reading kissed his upturned face. She did not feel satisfied with what she had said; in striving to be moderate she had perhaps made no impression. "You see," she began again, resolutely, "your father and I are not like ordinary married people—I've always been more like his child than his wife—I am so much younger—and he is so wise and good and strong." She hesitated, embarrassed by the children's silence; it was awkward, having to praise one's husband to them.

"As for what he said on the stairs," she went on, "that was not meant as Olive supposed—it was a joke, though of course he was disappointed that I had begun disobeying orders at the very start. He has been terribly worried about me for some time—that has made him irritable—but it is all because he wants me to be well. He wants it so much that he doesn't think of anything else. But he cares for you just as much as I do, only men don't like to show their feelings. He is so proud of you, Charlie, and, Olive, he thinks you perfection; and as for you, Tam, he loves you dearly."

Mrs. Reading broke off nervously; would no one say anything?

"I love father," Tam announced, unexpectedly.

His mother caught the speaker to her impetuously. "Of course you do, and so does mother. He has made her life one happy dream!"

Charlie and Olive were filled with dismay. Here was a new mother, with indignant eyes and trembling lips; they felt intuitively that they had disappointed her.

"Oh, I like father," Charlie assured her, hastily, "only I'm not so well acquainted with him as I am with you."

Olive laid a caressing hand on her mother's sleeve. "I think father is splendid," she said, softly; "he looks through you until you are all curled up, and then he smiles at you, and you feel happy and safe."

Mrs. Reading brightened, giving her daughter a grateful look. "That's just it," she murmured; then, assuming a different manner, "Now is everything straightened out, and you will never imagine such dreadful things again?"

At this crisis Judge Reading opened the door. "Time's up," he proclaimed, in a cheerful voice. He approached the sofa, inspecting his wife anxiously; she looked better than she had looked for months.

Mrs. Reading raised shining eyes. "If you'd let me see them every day, I'd be well in a week."

"She'd be well, she'd be well!" Tam chanted, gleefully, "and I won't let her be 'it' any more." He had jumped down from his mother's lap and was standing beside his father, staring up into his face.

"Good for you, Tam o' Shanter!" the Judge exclaimed, as he surveyed the small figure indulgently. This was one of the names that father was fond of calling him; and though Tam did not altogether like it, he decided to make no protest on this occasion.

Charlie, who had risen at his father's entrance, now came forward. "Don't you think," he said, in his most grown-up tone, "that I could help you take care of mother? In the daytime, I mean, when you are not here?"

Olive slipped her hand into her father's. "We'd be *awfully* careful of her, father," she urged, "if you'd *only* let us be with her again."

Judge Reading kissed his daughter impulsively, then he glanced at his wife; she was gazing at him imploringly.

"It's four children against one poor man," he said, smiling back at her rather ruefully. "I yield this much," he added, addressing the children; "you can see your mother for twenty minutes every day and—"

But the shout that went up put an end to further speech, and the Judge found himself encircled by eight slim arms.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

A CORRESPONDENT of the Easy Chair, who claims to be typically middle class, but who is possibly either an I. W. W. or a multimillionaire, writes us of a matter which he holds is peculiarly interesting to people of his alleged rank in life. The matter is the well-known matter of tipping, not to call it the nuisance, the curse. He appears to think we have never treated of it, and he wishes us to do so, because of a recent hopeful experience of his; but our impression is that we have often deplored this evil, and tried to point escape from it; though very likely we have read so much about it that we imagine ourselves to have written of it when we have only been darkened by the counsel of other philosophers. In any case the fact apparently remains that there is but one public house in the United States of America where the wayfaring man may arrive, eat, sleep, and depart without having at least a dozen hands held out to him by the service for pay in supplement of the generous charge of the office. But the fact that there is one such house is evidence that every hotel in the country may be conducted on the same principle, and the suffering middle class relieved from the burden that now rests more heavily upon it than upon any other class.

We are reporting the contention of our correspondent here, and we are by no means siding with him yet in his premise or conclusion, though we may come to that before we get through, and may end by espousing the cause of a class which has neither the picturesqueness of dire poverty nor the glamour of great riches. The middle class is, in fact, rather repulsive to the prouder instincts, and it is hard to give it any sort of sympathy in its woes. People whose incomes oblige them to be continually watching their outgoes do not appeal either to the pity or the reverence of the Easy Chair. Lifted above their necessity, or sunk below it, according to its changing mood, the Easy Chair can, however, deal impartially with the matter, and give its correspondent the hearing which it will try to keep from turning into a free advertisement for that one tipless hotel of our continent. There is, indeed, one other tipless hotel in Christendom, and this in the very center of the heart of tipping, that is to say in London itself. From time to time it is rumored that this house is a failure, and that it has gone back to tipping like all the other hotels of Europe; but the testimony of our correspondent is that it is more flourishing than ever—so much so that if you want a room in it you must apply five or six weeks ahead. When it was first opened it was the experience of the Easy Chair to be turned roomless from its door, together with multitudes who proposed at least lunching there, but could not get within sight of the restaurant, such was the pressure to realize the fact that no waiter there could be even bribed to take a tip. As for our correspondent, though he does not say so, he probably engages a room at that hotel six weeks ahead when he is going to London, and has his place in the restaurant secured for him at the same time.

In his letter to us he notes but he does not too patriotically dwell on the fact that the tipless hotel in America practised its true hospitality years before its generous sister-hostelry in London, though he celebrates in graphic terms the joy of going to that home of peace in a hostile world of tips. When he drives or motors up to its door, the doorman opens to him with no anthropophagous greed in his eye, and the bell-boy who goes up with him in the elevator unlingeringly leaves him in his room with no insidious suggestion of ice-water. The porter arrives and puts his trunk in a convenient place, without trying to found a pecuniary claim upon his carefulness. At the door of the dining-room there is no exasperating boy to take his hat, or

his scalp in default of it, and look him out of a dime when he reappears. The head waiter does not forecast an unwilling acknowledgment from him in giving him a table; the waiter assigned him forbears to tempt him to an excessive order in the hope of a large percentage on the outlay. Every detail of the service throughout his stay in the house is marked by the same decent restraint, and when he goes he abandons himself to the taxi-cab with both hands in his pockets. The very taxi-cab has been ordered for him, and he will be safe from overcharge in it, but he does not say what passes between him and the chauffeur when he reaches the station; perhaps it is a quarter. He owns himself a helpless prey to tipping when exposed to it, and he contrasts his experience in this tipless hotel with his experience in any and every other hotel in this country. What that experience is we all know from our own remembrance of the passions of fear, rage, and shame which spring from the incidents and circumstances of the odious ordeal.

There is perhaps no phase of our false conditions which is so maddening and humiliating as the custom of tipping which now attaches itself to almost every relation of "hireling and him that hires." This is what our correspondent says, and it is in this that we heartily agree with him, though we are not so sure that we think hotel-tipping the worst kind of tipping. Why should a man who has paid forty or fifty cents for having his hair cut pay the man who has cut it ten cents more? Why should he give the expressman who bangs his trunk down in his apartment fifteen or twenty cents more than the company's outrageous charge? Why should he add twenty or twenty-five cents to the sum that the chauffeur has already extorted from him by his lying clock? The answer is simple: because he thinks others do it, and is afraid not to do it. He dreads the barber's, expressman's, chauffeur's scorn, or the show of it; they may not really despise him if he does not do it; they may hate to have him do it as much as he hates to do it.

We all know what the griefs of the tipper are, for they are our own, especially if we are of that middle class with which we have explained that one can have little sympathy, because it is neither picturesque nor splendid. But the griefs of the tipped are as yet almost unknown because the tipped are not very articulate, and because their sorrows are mixed with a shame which they are loath perhaps to expose. We tippers have often voiced our sense of the black ingratitude which the tipped often show in receiving the gifts which their rapacity extorts. We have told how they hover over us, with every servile incitement to profuse expense in us, and then when we have left half-eaten the food which we have ordered, quit us sometimes with no thanks at all for our bounty, or with a nonchalant acknowledgment hard upon insolence, and of one make with impertinence. Have not we felt, if we do not own, the pitiful doubt whether we should give thirty or twenty-five cents; have we not trembled in the base hope of perhaps getting off for twenty cents? We ourselves, before our superfluity mounted into the millions, had to watch our outgoes; we, too, had to guard against their passing our income; we, too, have practised matching our middle-class grudge with that lower-class greed. Yet now, such is our fine oblivion of the past in the tide of our present prosperity, we confess again that we sympathize rather with the lower-class greed than the middle-class grudge. Perhaps this is because poverty and riches are mystically allied in a contempt for the golden mean which seems to them both a leaden meanness. We are aware that if we had been always as wealthy as we are now, we would not have poorly sought to fob the waiter off with twenty or twenty-five or thirty cents, but would have magnificently pushed a five or, for all we know, a ten dollar bill toward him, as we have read of opulent people doing. We have even read of opulent people, or at least one opulent ass, giving his steward a thousand-dollar tip at the end of a steamer voyage, and we are not sure that we shall give less if ever we cross the Atlantic again. The steward may direly need it, and if he does—

> "'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe,"

as Mr. Pope's Homer says upon the oc-

casion of any signal benefaction in the course of the *Odyssey,* and we may hereafter pay such debts as we go. But for the moment, as we recall, it is not the question of us upper-class profligates, but of the middle, the bourgeois, the citizen class, who by the mere dint of their numbers do most of the tipping, and the grudging that goes with it, and we are anxious not to shirk our plain duty in treating of their sufferings and their sorrows. At the same time we have as clear a duty to the lower-class greed which preys upon that grudge — to the under-dog which in the battle of life is always stretching a rapacious paw from the dust.

Tipping, which is the gross and offensive caricature of mercy, inverts the effect of the heavenly attribute which it mocks; it curses him that gives and him that takes, but most it curses him that takes. We do not have the fact from the taker; as we have said, he has contributed little or nothing to general knowledge in the matter; but there is a sort of universal parity in human nature which enables us rightly to judge, or at least to divine, the case of the poor man, though we are now so rich, and were once merely so comfortably well off. We are confident that no man ever yet received a money gift from another without a sense of degradation and a loss of self-respect. Of course, custom hardens, and each successive gift imparts a fainter throe; the sting of shame is dulled more and more to the calloused soul, but it is always the sting of shame. We do not believe it possible for a man earning an honest living to take money which he has not earned without the misery which even the mendicant must know from alms. Of course, the waiter who goes away with the grudge-stained middle-class tip in his pocket, with or without thanking the giver for it, comforts himself with the theory that it is part of the honest living that he has earned; but at the bottom of his heart he must know that the tipper does not think so. He must know that the tipper believes himself choused, plundered, robbed in his tip, and loathes him in the proportion of it. The tipper has paid quite enough for his dinner, and has eaten it in the convention that the charge for it included the service, and yet he has been forced to pay for the service over again; and not only to do this, but to guess at the worth of the service or the expectation of the servant. Was a middle-class man ever so confident of the just apportionment of the reward to the hope of the rewarded as to be sure that he was not going away with a sense of unsatisfied greed and a low opinion of the rewarder? But has not the waiter behind his chair had his anxieties too as to the size of the tip, and wondered whether it would be thirty or twenty-five or, pitifully, twenty cents? The tipper is not the only one who has had his heart in his mouth, or has trembled in that darkness as to the sum, which no tipper, tip he ever so often, ever rightly knows. Perhaps the tipped has suffered even more poignantly from the uncertainty.

The only certainty concerning the tip is that it is altogether wrong. It had its bad beginning in the largess flung to slaves, and descended to us from what the old-fashioned travelers called the "trifling gratuity" which they bestowed upon the servants in a foreign inn. Like graft, it is "wholly un-American" in spirit, and, like graft, it is now characteristically American. Before the Civil War it was almost unknown; after that we began to flock abroad, and to bring it back with us. It is as distinctly of European origin as the gipsy-moth or the deadlier brown-tail, and as yet we have not discovered any parasite that will keep it in check. It has spread everywhere through the country, so that now the most innocent rural district is not free from its ravages. At first the tourists who encountered the custom in Europe sent up such lamentable cries that the reverberation alarmed the simple-minded European inn-keepers, and in some of their hotels there were placards vividly forbidding tips to be given or taken. All the same, they were given and taken, and the plague raged as before. Other devices were practised to mitigate the plague; we remember an agreeable tea-room in Paris where you gave no tip, but might put your gratuity, as trifling as you chose, on the counter as you went out, and suffer no shame for your guess at the right amount if you guessed wrong. Custom has indeed ap-

proximately ascertained the right amount in Europe, where they have a parasite for the gipsy and the brown-tail moth; but here no man, nor woman neither, knows it.

From time to time there is great talk of abolishing the custom in the newspapers; the editors write against it, and their readers write to them and thank them; but hitherto nothing has been done except in that one hotel, which we are so resolutely keeping secret. There is no reason, however, no scruple that need oblige us to secrecy concerning the means by which this inspired hostelry has freed its guests and servants from their common curse. The management has imagined paying the employees a sufficient wage, and the device has worked perfectly. Where the other hotels pay a man thirty dollars a month, this hotel pays him sixty dollars a month. It may seem incredible, but this has ended tipping there. The managers of the other hotels regard it as a harmless joke, a thing not to be seriously considered in their relations to the public; and it is hard even for a guest in that exemplary house to believe it. At first he confidently offers his tip, and when he is duly put to shame by having it refused, is astonished by finding himself as well and willingly served as if the waiter had been put to shame by receiving it. By and by he gets to liking the conditions, and abides by them as implicitly as the servant must on pain of being discharged if he violates them. An ideal justice would of course work the expulsion of a guest who gave a tip as inexorably as the present system works the discharge of the servant who takes it; but they have not yet come to the ideal justice even in Hotel Utopia.

We veil its identity under a pseudonym, though we have long believed Utopia is the only country that has ever really existed. Other countries make a factitious appearance on the map, just as the other hotels which permit and encourage tipping have a factitious effect of business while underpaying their servants and letting them collect from their guests the balance of the wages due. Nobody who has realized the self-respectful comfort of Hotel Utopia would go to any other hotel if he could help it. He is no more molested by tipping there than in his club or his own house, and nowhere else on our tip-blighted continent is he served so kindly and promptly. We do not know that this house is so anticipatively thronged as that tipless hotel in London, and if we had not pledged ourselves so piously to conceal its identity we are sure that our readers would deluge us with demands for rooms in it. As it is, we feel that they will respect our vow, and we hope they will not tempt us beyond our strength in the case of any other hotel following its example.

The example is worthy of emulation beyond other good examples because it was in the hotels that the plague of tipping first broke out on our shores, and they have a peculiar duty to the public in being the first to attempt its cure. It is possible, of course, that the disease has now gone so far and so deep that it cannot be wholly extirpated, but we should like to have the experiment generally tried in the hope of a partial amelioration. We are sure that the public would applaud the resolution of any hotel-manager to pay his service twice the present wages on condition that no tips should be given; but if the tips continued to be offered we know that the porters and bell-boys and waiters and chambermaids would still rejoice together in the increase of their wages, and would try their best to refuse the tips.

EDITOR'S STUDY

THE creative is not only as indefinable as life, but the commonest quality of a living universe; and like life, or rather we should say *being* life, it takes care of its own issues. God and the soul, forever more and more hiding themselves, infolding as they unfold, are so immediate to us that we do not need to concern ourselves about them. We may not surprise them, but at every turn they are sure to surprise us. There would be for us no "turn" but for the tropical quality of their life in us.

In these essays of ours in quest of living reality we have not sought to capture and define anything so elusive, though always prevenient, present, and following, but to indicate the turning-points and the moments of surprises, hoping to make acquaintance with what is at once commonest and most inexplicable. Only by this recognition, this real knowledge—call it intuition or what we will—which cannot be imparted but must spontaneously arise within us, can we escape a purely mechanical theory of our own and the universal life.

It is a futile emancipation if it lifts us into the thin air of transcendentalism, and thus out of the field of human experience and activity. This kind of absoluteness is not courted by our most modern philosophy. Without leaving the earth, we have our place in the sun. Our sense of creative activity as an ascent is a tolerance, or lifting, of our experience itself, not into a state of ethereal exaltation, but into a native humanism. To exalt is only more deeply to cherish. The soul insists upon its dwelling more than on its transcendence, which, as we have intimated, takes care of itself, whatever theory of life we may adopt. Though Desire, in the very meaning of the word, is "away from the stars," yet the stars still hold their places in the heavens, and their influences more nearly concern us than astrologists ever dreamed. We do not worry about them; indeed, we are likely all our lives to regard them as negligible.

Life itself is instinct with prophecy, and confidently commits us to a blind course and to all the lures of time and of the world, sure of its eternal ground. The prophetic soul turns us to the world, however apparently amiss that world may present itself to us. As Dr. Sigard Ibsen, son of the dramatist, says, in his *Human Quintessence:* "We may know, intellectually, that we are not the central beings of the universe. We may be Copernican in creed, but such knowledge has never been emotionalized and made part of our springs of action. When we actively live, it must be on a Ptolemaic basis; we must regard our humanity as the center of things, and always act with reference to that rather than to any extra-human standpoints." We cannot go with Dr. Ibsen in the one step further that he takes, when he makes it follow from this Ptolemaic habit of our conscious activity that we can consciously mold our destinies as we will. Though we must act as if we could do this, yet when we have thought and done and felt our best, the issue is really determined by the creative activity of the soul—the divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we may. If we are not thus "on our way attended," we must resort to sheer rationalism as the basis of life; the wonder, the unprecedented newness, vanish.

But it is only when we are on the way in which our feet are set—our feet of flesh upon the earthly firmament—that we have this invisible attendance. An unseen Levana puts us upon our feet and turns our steps away from herself apparently, and though she follows our eager quest for the objects of desire in a world of appearances, she is a reticent nurse, for all her prophecy. We are not, save through experience, warned of our mistakes in thought, feeling, or action.

On the purely physiological plane, the

soul seems to be at one with the body and with Nature in her consent to and reinforcement of bodily appetites. The life of faith, imagination, and reason, in their invisible correspondences, is an ascent to higher planes of action and sensibility, which keeps such pace with our material progress that we should attribute it to environment but for the fact that it is a series of transformations in a visible world which, apart from humanity, has remained unchanged. The human environment counts for so much only because it has been psychically informed and uplifted. Looking back, if only for a few generations, we can see that human society has been thus changed by what we must regard as a creative evolution, since nothing in our mechanical progress or even in our purely intellectual attainments could have suggested or inspired it. Yet at no moment during this period would there have been any visible disclosure of the transformation; nor would it have been registered in vital statistics. Some note of it might have been divined from a new order of associative activity or from a new form of religious enthusiasm, not for what these sought to accomplish, but for the spirit prompting them; or some unusual occasion might have tested human disposition and sympathy, bringing them to the surface, and showing a quality in them never before realized.

At any time we find it difficult to gage the hearts of men by the things they are busiest about. Human existence becomes an insoluble problem to one watching it from a post of observation; and we don't seem to get any help by fixing our attention upon the schools and the churches—least of all by minding what legislative bodies are trying to do. The marketplace only confuses us. We have to brush aside the cobwebs of all this busyness to get close to anything like real manners, not those that are put on and worn, but those which are intimate and spontaneously express feeling; or, if not in actual contact with our fellow-men, we find in creative art and literature these insignia of the soul, or in the speech of some inspired preacher or statesman. Then we are face to face with the ever-growing miracle.

Life takes care of its own issues, in whose triumph we are participant. The essential is well hidden from us, as if it were not primarily our concern or solicitude, while the whole constitution of things not merely invites, but forces us to issues with inert matter, laying stress upon our mortal necessities, the needs of the flesh, our dependence upon effort, first for simple survival, and then for improvement of conditions. What we most diligently seek seems to us important, and is meant to seem so.

The important is not the essential, but it is impressive and most interesting. When we see that matter is the ultimate result of all the forces in the external world; that there is so much, even beyond our use or reach or vision; that the sun shines and the flowers bloom in uninhabited places, we respect the material world for much beyond its service, and it impresses our sensibility not merely by its imperative urgency, its resistance, and a vastness that defies vision, but by its beauty and terror and majesty. Even if we are insensible to its charms and outgrow our timidity in the presence of its violence, our sense of its importance grows with every step in our progress, because of its direct relation to that progress.

Indeed, some aspects of the relation give us a humiliating sense of our dependence. We can sow seeds, afforded by Nature, but she must grow the crops; and in our mechanical industries she must do work for which we have insufficient strength. When, as in these later times, we discover and draw upon the less obvious sources of power, we can only flatter ourselves upon our wits, upon our rational inferences and adaptations. Then the things of the mind are seen by us to be of paramount importance.

In the mean time civilization has been going on, and that means mainly the development of human association. Here, too, from the beginning of our artificial system of politics, the wisdom of no divine nymph Egeria anticipated the growth of human experience. For practical uses only the wisdom gained by experience was available, expressed in maxims and opinions which were Ptolemaic inversions of the real truth. Not only was the earth central to the universe, but every race and nation upon the earth held itself

central to all others, and the illusions of pride and prejudice reinforced the energies which built up civilization; all the unseen powers appealed to, instead of setting man right by a divine orientation, seemed to impart a fanatic enthusiasm to his competitive antagonisms. To all of this the soul of man, also, has consented, knowing that to be fully held by the illusion is thus to experience the great human sincerity—is the condition of its passing; that to lose the soul in the world is the way to find it again in its own world of reality.

There is no other way for earth-dwellers; and one does not get far on in it before he is sensible, through no bodily organs and no rational process, of an invisible attendance. The vision and faculty of his creative soul are manifest, and the more so the more vividly his attention and his activities have been outwardly directed and engaged, and the more eagerly he has bitten into the world or wandered upon its surface in zestful adventure. Something occurs to him which he is not looking for or seeking, something athwart the path of his search, or something from within himself, flashing obliquely across the line of his ordered thought from some secret source; yet it would not occur to him but for his attitude of one seeking with passionate watchfulness. The passionate worker shaping inert matter for mere use will soon find, as if overtaking him, the rhythmic creative impulse which makes him an artist in clay, wood, or stone. No effort of his could compel this impulse, which yet never comes to the effortless.

The solitary man would never be thus overtaken. Associative development is the positive as well as the indispensable condition of any psychical creative manifestation. Or we may put it the other way, and say that only through such creative activity of the soul is sociability, in a distinctively human sense, possible. Biologically—in our bodies—we may cultivate seclusion; but the soul insists upon community as the condition of its manifest presence, and so potent is this presence in associative life that its manifestations even in the primitive periods—when language and myths were born—are justly deemed miracles. The common sense was a kind of divination through this psychical reinforcement of it. The voice of the people seemed verily to be the voice of the god, or rather it was the way the god had of speaking. For the creations of the human soul were like overtones of the social life—in the ecstasy of song, dance, or rite, and in poetic tension—occurrences not consciously sought or premeditated, and which, since they had no visible explanation, were referred to a divine source.

We moderns, with all our other sciences, have one that we call psychology, to which of late much attention has been given — so much indeed that we have ventured, in the Study, to take advantage of it. But our psychology has found for us no way to premeditate psychical creative activity or sensibility, though these are the essential elements of our spiritual life. Nor can we any more than the ancients dissociate anything in the life of the soul from the Divine Purpose, it being understood that neither in that Purpose nor in the creative life of the soul is there any teleological plan such as enters into our arbitrary undertakings.

Our human experience, regarded in its continuity, is not a mere fabric built into the world, materially embodied and mentally fashioned to conform to external relations and demands; it has been a living growth, beyond physiological functioning. The soul holds the secret of this life, whatever its setting in matter or in the mind. Along with the empire of the world—the mastery of things and of conditions through our efforts and our intellections—has come the possession of us by our souls, not of our separate selves, but of human society bound together by sympathy. The intuitions of faith and reason and the creations of the imagination not merely overtake and uplift human experience, but as of old must find expression in its terms and by way of descent. Whatever miracles may be wrought in our common human nature, and even if we become altogether Copernican in practice as well as in theory, the illusion shall still hold us to the end of all earthly terms, and our keenest interest shall still seem to be rather in the worldly investment than in the essential reality it veils.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A Legless Tale

BY SAMUEL McCOY

COMMERCIAL travelers will remember the old Monument House in the town of Pivot City, Indiana. They will likewise recall a once-familiar sight in the hotel—the figure of William Leach, in his prime one of the most talented house-painters in the county, who, having lost both legs in a railway accident, drew a substantial sum from the railroad which had crippled him and became a resident guest and landmark.

In one way, Leach was fortune's pet. Scarcely a week passed in which some theatrical company did not arrive to play its one-night stand in the Monument Opera House next door. An entrance to the theater led from the hotel which embraced it; and William Leach would steer his wheel-chair and himself into the theater and spend an evening on enchanted ground. At not one of these performances did he ever pay cash—Daniel Tube, who owned the Opera House, was a boyhood chum of his and delighted to give his crippled friend the freedom of the playhouse.

After nine years Leach died. His will, written on a single sheet of Monument House stationery, directed that after paying his funeral expenses and his just debts, the residue should go entirely to a man named Antrobus, a citizen of Cincinnati, who had been Leach's chief witness in the suit born of the railway accident. The deceased left no relatives, but Pivot City grew justly indignant when it learned that the estate, which was found to be precisely one thousand dollars, was to go to a total stranger.

The regret of Daniel Tube for his friend's taking off was tempered by the consideration that Leach had bequeathed him, after all Tube's years of generosity in the matter of the Opera House, nothing except his wheel-chair. Tube attempting to sit in it, it had collapsed under his inconceivable rotundity and torn a hole in his only pair of trousers; and the tailor had refused to make him another, alleging that to do so would bankrupt him.

Besides all this, Tube was deep in a depraved and shameless attempt to sell the Monument Opera House, which was worth nothing, to Antrobus, who was prepared to make an investment in Pivot City; and Tube's nervous and futile efforts to prepare a statement of the theater's earnings which should impress the prospective buyer fretted him so that he shrank to almost three hundred pounds, a mere shadow of his former self.

Leach was to be buried on Sunday; Tube expected his presumptive victim to arrive from Cincinnati on Saturday night; and it was not until nearly eight o'clock on Saturday night that Tube hit on a solution of his difficulties whereby he succeeded in selling the Opera House, "with all its assets and liabilities," to Antrobus, for five hundred dollars. Antrobus paid out the money in cash from his own pocket, and Tube rapidly and silently gathered up his family and faded away from Pivot City on the night train, never to return.

Antrobus remained, intending to mourn at



TUBE ATTEMPTING TO SIT IN IT

the funeral on Sunday, collect his share of the estate on Monday, and return to his home in Ohio on Tuesday, a better and a cheerfuller man.

This, however, was not to be.

The new owner of the Monument Opera House, finishing his breakfast on Sunday morning, was roused by the sight of an apparently endless line of carriages, buggies, landaus, hacks, phaetons, coupés, and chaises, each festooned with black and all alike in their dilapidation, which took its melancholy way past the hotel windows.

"Holy mackerel," said Mr. Antrobus, when he had counted up to thirty-eight of the disreputable equipages and there seemed to be no sign of a conclusion to the procession, "what is it, a funeral?"

"Surest thing you know," replied the hotel clerk, "that there's the beginning of the best funeral that was ever pulled off in *this* town—and the corpse," he added, thoughtfully, "was a feller *you* ought to admire, I guess."

"How do you mean?" demanded Antrobus, apprehensively.

"Why, them rigs is on their way to the undertaker's, gettin' ready for Bill Leach's funeral. Wish I could go—"

But Antrobus, with an inarticulate gurgle, had already rushed out and was taking his way madly toward the undertaker's.

The fact was that the town of Pivot City had acted with commendable promptitude. The *amount* to be spent upon the funeral had not been stipulated in the will; and by mutual consent, in which the undertaker consented more mutually than any other six men, it was agreed to give Will Leach a proper funeral at his own expense.

The exequies, indeed, did credit to the city. The total bill, including the purchase of three hundred and sixteen pairs of white gloves (afterward used at various weddings), the hiring of one hundred and eight vehicles and three brass-bands from the neighboring capital, the flowers and the floral pieces, reached the magnificent total of $675. The remaining $325 was justly appropriated by the administrator as his fee. Every one mourned sincerely, and none more sincerely than Mr. Antrobus.

On the following morning, when State Senator Lucius Q. Dorman, administrator of the Leach estate, reached his law office on the town square, he found Antrobus waiting for him.

With Antrobus was the Honorable William Wigmore, an Easterner from Pennsylvania, who had but recently begun the practice of law in Pivot City, famed equally for his profound knowledge of the law and his inability to win a case. He had, however, impressed Antrobus, a stranger, with his majestic confidence. At the end of two hours Dorman followed his visitors to the door and shook his fist after them. "Sue and be darned to you!" he cried; and slammed the door.



MR. ANTROBUS WAS ROUSED BY THE SIGHT OF AN ENDLESS LINE OF CARRIAGES

Sue they did. Whatcomb, the able judge of the circuit, was then sitting in Pivot City, the county seat. It was arranged that Antrobus's suit against Dorman should be called at once. The excitement occasioned by this spectacular litigation following immediately upon the spectacular funeral was intense—the court was packed.

"Well," remarked Judge Whatcomb, as the clerk finished the reading, "this Court won't commit herself—yit. She is fair to everybody, white or black. But it appears to me that if Luce Dorman wanted t' pay out $675 for Bill Leach's buryin', there wa'n't nothin' in Bill Leach's will t' pervent it. Go on, let's hear what you've got to say, Bill Wigmore."

Wigmore, a little dazed by this lucid hint from the Court, arose as impressively as Webster about to thunder. He unmasked batteries of legal authority which were paralyzing. His introduction was masterly, his exordium profound. After an



AFTER AN HOUR AND A HALF HE REACHED HIS RINGING CLIMAX

hour and a half, in a voice that made the windows rattle, he reached his ringing climax — "We denounce the extravagant funeral of William Leach as the unspeakable financial crime of the century!"—sat down, borrowed a fresh quid from Antrobus, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and smiled happily.

Judge Whatcomb looked at him pityingly. "Well, you got that out o' yore system, didn't you, Bill?" he inquired. "Is it yore idee that th' administrator hadn't ought to have *buried* Bill Leach?"

"We are perfectly willing, your Honor, to allow any reasonable amount for the funeral —say seventy-five dollars. But we will fight the payment of any such sum as *six hundred* and seventy-five dollars to the very last drop of blood in our veins!"

"Well, well!" observed the Court.

Dorman had elected to defend his own case. He spoke briefly; but every word was luminous with feeling. "For Pivot City is not," he said in closing, "without civic pride. And where should civic pride rest, if not in a town's distinguished sons? Had it not been for his unfortunate determination on that well-nigh fatal day, nine years ago, to visit our neighboring metropolis of Indianapolis, who shall say to what heights as a house-painter William Leach might not have climbed? I hear no answer! How many of your homes, my friends, are not to-day shielded alike from sun and from rain by the coat which William Leach gave them, before he laid down that inspired brush! Gentlemen! . . . old friends! . . . Pivot City would ill have requited the fame which William Leach has added to her glorious name had she not paid to the cold remains all the honor that lay within her power—*and the provisions of the will!*"

"Senator Dorman," whispered the undertaker, leaning over the rail, "I want to grasp your hand."

When the tumultuous applause had at last been hushed to some extent, the Court gave its decision without further argument. "It is my duty and my pleasure," said Judge Whatcomb, succinctly, "to uphold the honorable administrator who has just addressed you, and to pernounce him entirely justified in the expenditure of six hundred and seventy-five dollars for the buryin' of old Bill Leach. Call the next case!"

Wigmore conferred for a moment with Antrobus and then leaped to his feet.

"Your Honor," he expostulated, "I beg that before taking up further cases on your docket you will allow my client to present a second plea. I beg leave to present for my client a plea against Lucius Q. Dorman in an action of debt."

"Go ahead," said the Court, kindly, "I reckon it won't hurt nobody t' *listen*."

Antrobus's second plea was read at once.

"Gottfried Antrobus, plaintiff," it ran, "complains of Lucius Q. Dorman, as administrator of the estate of one William Leach, in an action of debt: For that whereas the said defendant, in the person of William Leach, deceased, during a term of nine years immediately preceding the death of said Leach, did become on two hundred and eighty-nine separate and innumerable occasions, whereof a schedule is attached hereto, indebted to one Daniel Tube for admission to the Monument Opera House, each occasion being valued in the sum of one dollar,

which the defendant agreed to pay" (a gale of derisive laughter swept over the court-room at this assertion), "and this liability on the part of the defendant forming part of the assets of the Monument Opera House and purchased in good faith by the plaintiff, the defendant now refuses to pay upon request, to the plaintiff's damage two hundred and eighty-nine dollars, with interest; wherefore he sues."

This was the asset by which Daniel Tube had been able to effect the sale of the Opera House to Antrobus.

Henry Sims, ticket-taker at the Opera House, was duly sworn.

"Mr. Sims," said Wigmore, "you were acquainted with William Leach?"

"I was," said Sims. "What's it to you?"

"How intimate was your acquaintance?"

"I don't allow *no* acquaintance t' git intimate with me," replied Sims.

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Sims," said Wigmore, gently. "I am merely inquiring if you knew Leach well."

"Oh! Yes, I knowed him well *and* ailin'—knowed him boy an' man, with legs an' without. Matter o' forty year."

"Was he, to your knowledge, a man who made remarks in a facetious way?"

"Do Bill Wigmore mean, was Leach a romancer?" drawled Sims; "if that's what he's a-drivin' at, I'll say this for Bill Leach—he wan't no more of a liar than Luce Dorman there."

"I object!" said Dorman, leaping to his feet.

"Set down!" said the judge. Dorman sat down.

"Mr. Sims," Wigmore controlling his emotion with difficulty, "did you ever hear the deceased, William Leach, make any remark indicative of a belief on his part that he was admitted to the Monument Opera House without charge?"

"Well," observed Sims, grinning, "him and that old fool Dan Tube always said something to each other at the door, when Leach come in—but it didn't mean nothin'."

"What *was* this conversation?"

"Well, Bill Leach always used t' say as he come a-rollin' in, 'On tick, Dan?' and Tube he answers back, every time, 'On tick, Bill!' But, as I say, it was jest a fool remark. I never heard either on 'em ever say a sensible word about Bill Leach *payin'* for t' see a show."

"Ah!" said Wigmore, calmly. "And you say that this question and answer as to admission on tick, as Mr. Leach put it, you heard only once?"

"Once!" snorted Sims. "Every night there was a show in the hull nine years!"

"That will do, Mr. Sims," said Wigmore, quickly, "you may sit down."

Mr. Sims did so. Wigmore called a second witness, and a third, and a fourth; and from each he extracted a statement differing in no particular from that made by Sims. The court-room was in high disgust. Judge Whatcomb evidently shared in this feeling; at this point, he took a hand himself.

"Mister Wigmore," he observed, "are you sure you know what you're tryin' to do? I can tell you right now that everybody in Pivot City knows that them was the words that Bill Leach and Dan Tube always said. It didn't mean a thing, and you are jest takin' up the Court's valuable time!"

"But," Wigmore faltered, "your Honor's attitude seems without precedent. I—"

"Without precedent?" thundered the judge, "and who are you, Bill Wigmore, to give this Court yore views on precedent? You set a precedent for yoreself by winnin' one case ef you can, an' then you can talk about precedents!"

Thus encouraged, Wigmore commenced his final argument. It had been alleged by the various witnesses and even by the Court itself that the "On tick" colloquy was to be taken as a mere jest between Leach and Tube; the attorney could not concur in this opinion; as a matter of law, the spoken words, *verba dicta*, must be accepted *bona fide et ad rem*, at their face value—*cum his accedes ad curiam*. Leach being dead and Tube *absente reo*, Tube's act in including his bill against the Leach estate among the assets of the theater must be accepted as proving that the contract was made in all seriousness; wherefore the plaintiff humbly begs that his claim of $289 against the administrator be allowed.

To this unanswerable logic Judge Whatcomb returned only a display of that relentless reasoning which has given him his place in the annals of the Indiana bar.

"Mister Wigmore, you come to this town from nobody knows where and you set out to show off how smart you are; but you hain't any case at all. In the first place, I *know* that Dan Tube never expected Bill Leach to pay for gittin' into his Opery House; my say-so ought to be enough for anybody, but Bill Wigmore ain't satisfied with that—he wants *more*. All right, I'll show him. So far as I or anybody knows there ain't but two ways of chargin' admission to a theater—you pay for a *seat*, or you pay for *standin'-room*, one or t'other. Now, Bill Leach never stood up, for he had no legs to stand up *with;* therefore, he couldn't be charged for standin'-room; and he always set in his own wheel-chair; therefore he couldn't be charged for a seat. In the eye of the law, when Bill Leach was in a theater, Bill Leach *didn't exist!* He was *non compos mortalis;* there could be no claim agin him, and therefore the claim of this yere Antrobus is disallowed!"

He paused to let his words sink into the reeling brain of Wigmore, and then concluded, with implacable righteousness:

"I have knowed Luce Dorman ever sence he was high enough to look over a counter an' ask for a chew of Star; I never set eyes on this yere Mister Antrobus from Ohier tell this day; I believe in home industries; *absens haeres non erit*—we keep our money in Pivot City! I guess that will hold you, Bill Wigmore!"

It did.



The Fountain of Youth

Piracy

A Recitation

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

THE good old days of piracy, when men of various shades
Put satin on and fattened on the coast and shipping trades,
When Kidd and mighty what's-his-name were masters of the seas,
And my great-great-great-grandpapa had yours upon his knees,
Explaining that he wanted blood, and meant, by Jove, to let it—
Those good old days, I say, are gone; and gad! how I regret it.
(Repeat that after me, my friends: say, "Gad, how we regret it!")

They're gone. And yet how strange it is that piracy's taboo.
We've got the ships, we've got the sea, we've got the pirates, too.
My plumber and my tailor and that lad down at the bank—
Why shouldn't I be one myself, and make you walk the plank?
Yes, all you men shall walk the plank with bullets in your sides,
And all you girls shall cling to me and beg to be my brides.
(Repeat that after me, my dears: say, "Mayn't we be your brides?")

Ah, I'm a cold, impassive beast. Brides ain't no treat to me.
I'd rather watch my captives flop and flounder in the sea,
Where Kidd and mighty thingumbob—did I say that before?
Then I must ask you all to clap and call it an encore.

. . . . . .

I thank you—thank you—that will do! Don't think I would rebuff
Your kindness in applauding me, but really, that's enough.
(Repeat *that* after me, I beg: say, "Really, that's enough.")



Excitement in the New Suburb

Oh, Alfred, look! There's a new blade of grass on the lawn!

Careful Father

YOUNG Harold was late in attendance for Sunday-school and the minister inquired the cause.

"I was going fishing, but father wouldn't let me," announced the lad.

"That's the right kind of a father to have," replied the reverend gentleman. "Did he explain the reason why he would not let you go?"

"Yes, sir. He said there wasn't bait enough for two."

Perhaps That Helped

MISS CARTER had not been successful in bringing young Mr. Dodge to her feet, and in consequence felt a little spiteful toward him.

One evening they were having quite a serious talk in the library.

"Do you think," asked the young man, "that men progress after death?"

"Well," responded the girl, "if they don't, it would almost seem useless for some of them to die."

A True Friend

AN elderly man in a large city died in extremely poor circumstances. A prominent business man, well known for his mercenary character, attended the funeral and was visibly affected as he looked for the last time on his old friend and associate.

"You thought a great deal of the old gentleman?" he was asked after the services were over.

"Thought a great deal of him?" echoed the merchant. "Well, I should say I did. There was a true friend! He never asked me to lend him a cent, though I knew that he was practically starving to death."

He Got One That Time

A PASSENGER in a Pullman car was inclined to be rather friendly with the porter, but had not as yet given him any tip.

"Do you enjoy your position?" the man asked, as the porter was brushing his coat.

"Yes, sah," replied the colored fellow, "I likes de quarters heah berry much, sah—when I gits 'em."

No Competitors

IT was a geography lesson, and the teacher had been asking what some of the different states were noted for. Looking at one of the little girls, she asked:

"Tell me, Florence, what Rhode Island is celebrated for."

For a moment the child was silent, then an inspiration apparently came to her.

"Rhode Island," replied the little girl, "is celebrated for being the only one of the United States that is the smallest."

Gaudeamus Igitur

THE big apartment-house was illuminated from basement to attic, and sounds of revelry were heard therein.

"Some big wedding, I suppose?" asked a casual passer-by of a man entering the house.

"Oh no," replied he, as he inserted his latch-key, "the janitor died yesterday."

Two Places Lost

"SO the boss discharged you?"

"Yes, and he did it so suddenly that I lost the place in the book I was reading, as well as the place in the office."

What Mother Meant

"MY mother says she'd like to look like you, Mrs. Bennett," remarked little Mary to one of her mother's friends.

"Indeed! Like me, my dear?" said Mrs. Bennett, who is very plain, but not entirely aware of it. "Well, I consider that a very nice compliment indeed from so pretty a lady as your mother. Are you quite sure, dear, it was I your mother meant?"

"Oh, yes," replied the child. "She said that if she could have your strength and health, she believed she'd be willing to look just as you do."

For a Safe and Sane Fourth

THE young mother approached the clerk and inquired sweetly:

"Have you any fireworks suitable for small children?"

The clerk replied that he had. "We have something new in the firecrackers; and here are the roman candles, sky rockets, and—"

"But I am afraid my little boy is not old enough for them," she interrupted.

"Then here are some pin-wheels, and—"

"Oh, just the thing!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Have you some safety pin-wheels? My little boy is not yet three years old."

Couldn't Matter Much

MRS. BREEN had talked enthusiastically of the largely advertised fire sale which was to take place in one of the down-town department stores. That evening when her husband came home he looked about at a number of bundles which were lying on a table.

"Well, Mabel, what did you find at that wonderful fire sale?" he inquired.

"Oh, Will, I got some of the loveliest silk stockings at twenty-four cents a pair! There isn't a thing the matter with them, except that the feet are burned off."

Probably Not

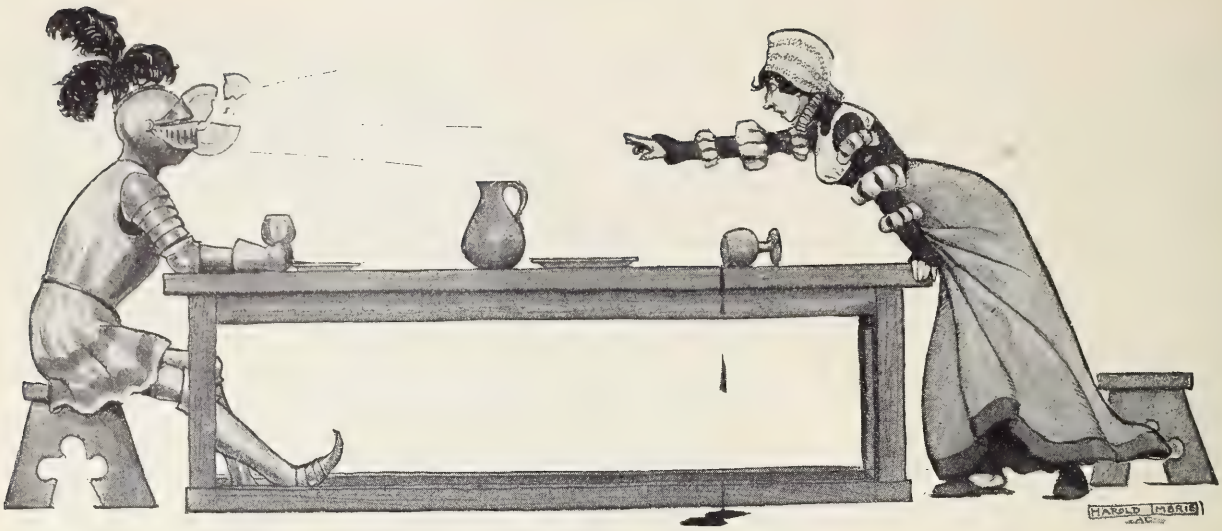
A YOUNG man timidly approached the father of the girl of his choice and asked for her hand in marriage.

"I am not at all certain," said the father, "that my daughter loves you sufficiently to warrant me in intrusting her to your keeping."

"Well," replied the young man, reflectively, "perhaps you haven't had the same advantages for observing things that I have."



Proposed Road Law Framed to Please Autoists



When Knights Were Bold

Showing that armor had its domestic advantages

Good Little Boys, Beware!

MY uncle has a shiny pate
As smooth as any dinner plate;
He never has to comb his hair,
Because there isn't any there,
'Cept round the edges, where it grows
Just under where his hat-band goes.
I asked my Uncle Frank one day
What made his hair come off that way,
And this is what he said to me:

"My boy, your uncle used to be
His father's pet and mother's joy;
In fact, he was so good a boy
His mother, many times a day,
Would pat him on the head and say,
'I'm proud of you, my little lad,
The finest boy I ever had.'
And by and by, as Frankie grew,
The neighbors paused and patted too;
The grocer often did the same,
The preacher patted when he came,
Until at length those curly locks
Could not survive such frequent shocks,
And thinner grew, and thinner still,
And slowly disappeared, until"—
Here uncle gave a sort of cough—
"They patted till they wore it off!"

So that's the way my uncle said
He got his smooth and shiny head;—
And I've been thinkin', maybe p'r'aps
These awful goody-goody chaps
Don't understand the risk they run,
Or they would have more sport and fun.
I'd have a fit and tumble dead
If any one should pat my head.
My pa, he takes me on his knee
And pats me where my trousers be,
But I would rather run the chance
Of letting him wear out my pants,
'Cos I could get another pair,
But where'd I get some curly hair?
Some other boys may act like girls
And take their pats and lose their curls,
But I would rather take some spanks
Than have a head like Uncle Frank's!

F. C. WELLMAN.

How Could He?

EXCITEMENT is oftentimes the cause of queer remarks as well as the cause of strange telegrams.

A man who had been one of the passengers on a vessel which had been widely circulated as lost was rescued almost by a miracle. On arriving at a place from which he could send a telegram he forwarded the following despatch to his partner:

"I am saved. Try to break it gently to my wife."

Indisputable

AN enterprising young man in a rowboat in one of the small towns in the Middle West called out to the man on the roof of a one-story building afloat in midstream: "You people who live on the lands along here know that this river overflows its banks every spring. Why don't you move?"

"Ain't I movin', you durn fool!" answered the man on the roof.



Equal Rights

It's a perfect outrage the way that horse eats away the most of our dinner!



Painting by W. J. Aylward Illustration for "The Battle of Lake Erie"

PERRY TRANSFERRING HIS FLAG FROM THE "LAWRENCE"

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Carlsbad the Cosmopolitan

BY HARRISON RHODES

UPON closer examination Carlsbad will prove less like Pittsburg than it may seem upon arrival. The broad, dingy valley of the Eger, which contains some grimy, straggling suburbs, some factories belching smoke, and the two railway stations, is really only an evidence of the wise segregation of the town's baser activities. In the narrower valley of the Tepl which opens opposite, the real Carlsbad, the world's most famous health resort, lies, trim and clean, neatly packed between green, wooded hills. The working suburbs are inevitable—one hundred and fifty thousand visitors a year put some considerable burden of toil upon sixteen thousand permanent inhabitants, and a world crying for Sprudel salts makes inevitable the chimneys blackening the blue summer sky. The yards at the stations, crowded with trains which have arrived to-day and will go back to-morrow, are signs of the enormous scale upon which Carlsbad undertakes to cure. Indeed, the sight of the railway carriages of all nations which have clattered across Europe from Paris, from Calais, Ostend, and Berlin, from St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Cracow, and Vienna, might give to the imaginative traveler his first thrill, his first conception of the great rush of humanity toward these healing waters.

There are humors and inconsistencies, of course, in Carlsbad, there are, happily, both follies and fashions in its cures; yet even through the buzz of conversation, the clatter of coffee-cups, and the music of many bands, you may catch, as it were, the booming of a more solemn note, and feel suddenly touched at the thought of that great onrush of all the peoples of the earth upon these hot springs in the green woods of Bohemia, which are so pathetically counted on to repair past errors and make possible future ones.

For more than five centuries and a half Carlsbad has been Carlsbad, and the waters that boil there have washed away the ailments of heterogeneous and cosmopolitan millions such as might have gathered around some fountain that had broken through the young earth's volcanic crust at the foot of that legendary Tower of Babel. The town's history is long. Its book of visitors contains the names of emperors, kings, and princes of many lands, of their royal consorts, of a myriad minor nobles. It would contain, too, had it been worth while to keep the record, those of uncounted and unconsidered millions, ranging down the social scale to the Jews and peasants of remote Russian villages, who still almost incredibly accomplish this long westward journey to the sources of health. You may encounter on the trains approaching from the great unknown Slav regions of eastern Europe miserable travelers—who have existed days and nights on the hard,

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bare benches of third-class carriages—around whose necks dangle the emblems of their pilgrimage, cheap and gaudy mugs emblazoned with the name of Carlsbad, relics of earlier visits. Health, so far as it is the gift of its famous springs, Carlsbad offers to all. It is only incidentally the resort of pleasure-seekers and of people of fashion. All through its history there must have been something broadly, generously democratic about it. Before the spouting fountain of the Sprudel, prince and pauper must always have stood equal, asking the same boon.

No examination of the historical documents is, however, needed to convince the most casual visitor that Carlsbad exists solely and simply for the cure. Its inhabitants have no conceivable outside interest, no possible other life. Their town is nothing but one vast hotel, one lodging-house. Sweeping statements about any place are dangerous, and likely to be immediately denied by its better-informed inhabitants, yet it is literally true that an industrious search during a considerable period failed to discover in all Carlsbad one single building of any description which appeared to be devoted to the uses of a single person or family, which was, in short, a private dwelling. No one inhabits Carlsbad without taking lodgers, no one visits it for long enough to need a house. The town is indeed a triumph of concentration of purpose, of efficiency, of compactness.



THE LITTLE TEPL FLOWS BENEATH GREEN, WOODED HEIGHTS



THE STREAM OF BREAKFASTERS HAS THE AIR OF A PICNIC-PARTY

Its very situation makes wasted space almost impossible. The little river Tepl flows down a smiling valley between green, wooded heights. As it nears its junction with the Eger the hills come closer; in this narrowest part of its course lies Carlsbad, clean and shining, trim and gay. The town consists of little more than a mile and a half of houses on each side of the river. Occasionally the valley broadens and a tiny extra street is fitted in. At the town's center a small spur of the hills bears the gay, picturesque tower of the town-hall above the crowded streets. Here and there all along its length the town climbs the hillside, and pleasant, freshly painted houses hang over the lower town; indeed, one arm of the town, the fashionable West End, sends its small street a full quarter of a mile into the woods. Yet the main impression is the Tepl and the houses neatly and prettily fitted in along its two banks.

The river, too, shares in the general trimness. It used to be unruly, given to springtime floods and such pranks. It is now walled with stone. Its bed is flagged, and one of Carlsbad's pleasantest sights is the municipal river-cleaners, armed with huge brooms, standing knee-deep in the Tepl, industriously sweeping down-stream anything which flecks the clean smoothness of its stone-paved bed. Carlsbad allows no function to be deranged either in its own or its visitors' physical economy.

As it proves impossible to speak even of the green valley of the Tepl, or of the shallow, rippling river, or of the pretty, fresh town without at once speaking in terms of the cure, perhaps it should be impossible to write further without writing definitely of springs and healing waters and of the régime forced upon even the most pleasure-loving cure-guest. Existence arranged under special and rigid conditions assumes by turns fantastic, picturesque, and humorous forms. Most visitors—whether they are termed *kur-gästen* or only transient *passanten* upon the schedule for the authorities which every one fills out upon arrival—will, as it were, remember Carlsbad life more vividly than Carlsbad.

It rains sometimes in Bohemia, but we shall presuppose fair weather. It is in the sunshine that all the pretty outdoor life of Carlsbad is at its best. And bright days are, after all, the ones which will be remembered, for when the liver has been scoured by the healing waters till it is as clean as the bed of the river Tepl, the mind becomes optimistic and its memories persistently pleasant.

The sun is up early for the Carlsbad season. The morning mists and hazes that have gathered over the little river and its wooded hills are dispelled long before the ordinary lazy visitor, the sluggish creature who lies abed till half-past five, is stirring. To suit his luxurious taste the bands do not begin to play at the springs till the advanced hour of six, when he belatedly begins his day. But in the dimmer dawn, that fresher morning from four till six, the spring-maids already stand by the steaming fountains ready to dip the waters, and a queer ailing underworld of poor Russian Jews, who have come across the Eger from the dingy village of Fischern, where they lodge, stretch out their cups for health. They live across the river because in this way they avoid paying the visitors' tax levied on every *kur-gast* lodged in Carlsbad itself. In return for this dispensation they are expected to drink the waters before six and not vex the colonnades with their inferior presence. Doubtless tangled beards, long, black alpaca coats, and odd plush hats seen in too great profusion would spoil the picture later. One may say, too, without wishing to be unchivalrous, that the ladies from Fischern fail deplorably in reaching even the Carlsbad standard of fashion in dress, a standard not itself too exacting. But the sight of these early-morning drinkers is worth rising for. It is picturesque, it is even a little touching, it gives one again a sudden glimpse of the remote, almost unknown stretches of the Carlsbad horizon, the sense, as it were, of how far the spray of her fountains is tossed upon high and low, rich and poor alike.

At six the bands play at the colonnades of the Sprudel and the Mühlbrunn, and the two hours that follow are the most crowded, if not the most cheerful, in the streets of Carlsbad. In the height of the season the crush is enormous, and the congestion at the springs incredible. Waiting lines of hundreds stand with their cups at the popular Mühlbrunn, and four or five concentric circles ring the fountain of the Sprudel. All the minor springs under their smaller colonnades or houses gather their smaller companies of devotees. The doctors' orders often recommend something like two cups from one spring and a third from another. This has the advantage—probably not unintentional—of giving an object for that walk while drinking the water which is essential to the régime. For the spectator it has the added advantage of increasing the animation of the streets. Each with his cup in hand, thousands stroll from one spring to the other, sipping the water on the way, gazing in shop windows, greeting friends, making plans for the day, and making often, it must be admitted, rather wry faces. Something more shall be said later of the heroic pursuit of pleasure under the adverse circumstances of Carlsbad, but at the moment the chronicle of the cure must be continued.

The Sprudel is the prettiest sight of it. It is the most ancient of all Carlsbad's fountains, the father of all hot springs, and still pours forth in primeval vigor the greatest flood of all. It rises like a geyser in its basin, a steaming, spouting column an inch and a half thick and from six to thirteen feet high. Around it stand its priestesses, the spring-girls, dressed in white waterproof uniforms. They fix the drinking-cups at the end of poles and catch the water as it comes fresh from the earth's heart. The geologists call Carlsbad's fountains virgin or volcanic water. They have their sources in no rainfall sinking to fill subterranean reservoirs. Created in those glowing inner laboratories of the mother earth, the water here leaps to light and air for the first time. Pagan memories seem to stir in one at the thought; it becomes easy to believe that the springs bring, from recesses where it has lurked hidden since creation, some magic, unspoiled, primeval energy, and that the cheerful, smiling German peasant-girls who toil so tirelessly are captive woodland creatures serving forces more ancient than the gods.



Drawn by André Castaigne Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

A MORNING SCENE AT THE SPRUDEL—BEFORE THE SPOUTING FOUNTAIN



MORNING MIST OVER THE CITY

The Sprudel Colonnade is of iron, in the foolish and tasteless style of the seventies, but it is for all that a pleasant promenade, with palms, steaming waters, a sentimental statue of the goddess Hygeia, and a never-ceasing stream of humanity on the treadmill of the cure. The Mühlbrunn Colonnade is statelier and of stone. Over it hangs the Stadt Thurm on a spur of the hills. Before it flows the Tepl, and around it, too, in these morning hours surges the crowd. It shelters five springs beneath its long roof, and by these the pilgrims wait in long lines with their cups. At both the Sprudel and the Mühlbrunn bands play gaily and the Carlsbad morning is at its height. The crowd is varied, cosmopolitan, a microcosm of the world.

Americans one expects, and expectation is richly rewarded. There are English, too, though in lesser numbers than once; Germans, Austrians, and a heterogeneous and, to the Western eye, confusing company of all the races of eastern and northeastern Europe, from Scandinavia, and Russia, and all the strange countries of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The Latin races only are lacking in the picture, and of these the French are the most missed. Till the middle years of the last century Paris went freely to Ems, to Baden-Baden, to Homburg—where the croupiers conducted the gaming-tables in French—and ventured as far east as Carlsbad. They have begun to come again to Baden-Baden from Paris, and there is rejoicing in western

Germany. The eighteenth century is never quite forgotten in this new prosperity and national pride; even at Berlin they remember Frederick the Great, and secretly believe in Parisian elegance and fashion. There is at Carlsbad a little monument in a green wood commemorating the sojourn of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the daughter of Marie Antoinette; perhaps some day French visitors may again walk up the hill to this forgotten shrine to royalty. Till then, even in the absence of Latins, it would indeed be an exacting lover of cosmopolitanism who would not be fairly content with the mixture of races under the great colonnades.

It is at the smaller springs that the humors of Carlsbad are perhaps more evident. There are fashions in illnesses and cures, as in everything. Probably it is the mental effect, but it is certainly easier for ladies of any social position to be cured at a spring where other ladies of equally exalted station may be observed. It is pleasanter to sip the waters if one may stroll to and fro with an agreeable male invalid in well-cut flannels with a bunch of blue cornflowers in his buttonhole. At the moment it would appear that, on the whole, fashionable ailments are most alleviated at the Schlossbrunn, the pretty spring which gushes forth at the foot of the street leading down from the West End quarter and the smartest hotels. A philosopher might do well to consider the effect of its geographical situation upon its curative properties, and to wonder whether its convenient proximity to the soft beds of the fairest and most fashionable of Carlsbad's invalids has anything to do with its medicinal vogue. But the reader doubtless by this time feels that he has been hours without his breakfast and is impatient for it. He may be assured that his eagerness does not equal that of the thousands who have been for hours drinking these warm, salt, bitter waters.

At about eight the movement toward breakfast begins, and till toward half-past ten this meal is the one important thing in Carlsbad and the whole valley of the Tepl. Topsyturvy though it may make life seem, it is the event of the day, gastronomically, hygienically, and



FIVE SPRINGS ARE SHELTERED WITHIN THE MUHLBRUNN COLONNADE

socially — on the whole, the heartiest, healthiest, gayest meal of all. The impulse with which ten thousand people turn simultaneously to the breakfast-table has something majestic and inspiring in it. And the resultant exodus up the green valley of the Tepl to the various open-air restaurants is one of the prettiest, most innocent, most charmingly rustic sights which any resort in the world can show.

Even in the town, in the pleasant Stadtpark, in every restaurant, in every corner where breakfast may be had, breakfast is eaten. But the main hungry stream flows up the valley along the Alte Wiese, with its gay shops on either side, past the great group of the Hôtel Pupp and its *dependances* into the park-like country beyond, stopping only at some of the town's many bakers' shops to buy the breakfast bread.

It is said by some people that bread may be had at the restaurants; but the consumption of such bread, if it exists, would stamp the breakfaster as the veriest novice, the completest amateur, the most ignorant ignoramus of all Carlsbad customs. The doctors invariably prescribe special mixtures and bakings, and the only way to follow a régime is to carry your bread always with you. This early morning stop at the bakery is, however, very agreeable. There is a pleasant turmoil and confusion in the shop, a lovely show of bread ranging richly from whites and ambers to browns, and a cheerful group of pretty, pink-cheeked girls behind the counter. One of these hands you a silver basket, into which you put your selection of rolls, sticks, buns, and cakes; she tells you the modest price, incloses your provision in a bright pink paper bag, and sends you on your way. The green walk flushes with pink paper bags, and the stream of breakfasters has the odd air of a huge picnic-party.



GLORIETTES CROWN THE SUMMITS OF THE GREEN HILLS

There is no more cheerful, smiling valley anywhere than the Tepl's, up which you start by the Goethe Weg, named for one of the most frequent and most illustrious of the town's invalids. The hills fall back a little, and here and there in what would have been rich meadow-lands stand pleasant cafés with hundreds of small tables all laid and waiting. You pass Sans Souci, sitting on a tiny hill, to the left Schönbrunn (both bearing proud imperial names of Berlin and Vienna), then, on the river's edge, the pretty Post-

hof. Farther on lies the Schweizerhof and Freundschaftssaal (Friendship's Hall), an authentic and winning example of Teutonic nomenclature. All these divert their goodly proportion of the breakfast stream, yet it keeps on its way in considerable volume till, something close to a mile and a half from the town, it flows finally into the Kaiserpark, and spreads, as it were, into the broad, gay pool of its many tables.



BEING PHOTOGRAPHED WITH BETTY

Friendship's Hall is much like Kaiserpark, and Schönbrunn like Schweizerhof. There are minor differences, such as the style of the waitresses' caps or the color of the tablecloths. But there are the same smiling, hard-working girls, and the same incomparable breakfast at all. The moment has come for raptures, both gallant and gastronomic; the honest, amiable, efficient young women of the Carlsbad cafés are as near perfection as are the coffee and the eggs and the ham from Prague which they dispense.

Those who have been convinced which is the best of the cafés and which waitress is the pearl among women, reserve a table regularly; it stands waiting for them, cups ready, cloth laid, the sunlight flecking it with dancing shadows of the leaves of the sheltering tree. Others like to vary their breakfast-place. They choose a table. The waitress to whom it belongs detaches herself from the cheerful group where she stood and approaches you. She is smiling, fresh; she suggests peasant cottages and the hay-fields.

Carlsbad doctors allow the first to be almost the heartiest meal of the day. Coffee—a beverage which exists rarely nowadays except under the sway of Vienna; rich cream, frothing as it always does near that imperial city; eggs fresh as the sweet, green country which yields them; and Prague ham *(Prager-schinken),* which might well be the proudest boast of the ancient capital of Bohemia. Orders for such nectar and such divine meats Betty takes, or Sofie, Nelly, Kathi, Mitzi, as the case may be. She wears as a brooch upon her neat bodice her name in silver letters, and as she departs she leaves with you to help your memory a slip of paper upon which it is printed. To know those who do your service by their pretty German names instead of by mere heartless numbers is one of Carlsbad's most graceful characteristics. Indeed, never can enough be said for the tireless, smiling activity of Carlsbad servants; the cheerful will-

ingness to toil which somehow takes away any conceivable degradation from either giving or receiving menial service, makes the whole relation of employer and employed into something so pleasantly democratic as to seem almost Utopian, and makes the outdoor half-picnic breakfast a sheer delight.

At several of the cafés there is a *Frühstück Conzert*—a breakfast concert — which increases the cheerful racket in which the meal goes on. There is, indeed, a constant turmoil of one thing or another being done for your comfort. If the morning wind down the valley seems a little chill, or if the sun will go behind a cloud, there is some one at hand to fetch a rug to tuck about your legs or around your shoulders. If you are really *enfant du siècle,* and feel no shame in yielding to the influence of the *Zeitgeist* — in short, if you like picture post-cards—you will find a photographer in waiting, and by the next day may gladden the world by a distribution through the mails of a picture of yourself, smiling fatuously, with pretty Betty at your elbow holding the coffee-pot.



A Carlsbad Bride

With a gentler and more irregular current the stream of breakfasters flows back toward the town. For many, the chief purpose of the time till lunch is baths—hot, cold, spray, pine-needle, vapor, or light, as the prescribed régime may be. But strolling back, it is pleasant to linger occasionally by the gay shop-windows, and, if the purse allows, to vary the morning with a few purchases. Shopping in any watering-place seems a legitimate and engaging occupation. Even those of sterner stuff, who might despise it at other times, will find the crystals, the porcelains, the unset gems, all the pretty trifles of Vienna luxury, even the gowns and hats for ladies, quite worth their notice along the pleasant, shaded Alte Wiese, with its odd little shops like booths on the quay's edge. It is agreeably borne in upon the visitor from the West that he has at last gone beyond the influence of Paris, and that in these regions of East Europe, that proud imperial capital Vienna provides fashions and elegances all its own, and makes no apologies as it offers them. Wide questions of feminine attire might be tackled here, were a sufficiently competent and philosophical mind at the reader's service. Only one faltering masculine observation shall be set down. It would appear that in the Viennese — and Carlsbad— shops are to be discovered at present the only ladies' hats in the world which, to an impartial observer, have the faintest or remotest resemblance *to* hats. A phrase of dark and cryptic meaning which, it is alleged, dropped lately, gem-like, from the lips of New York's most famous man-milliner may here appropriately be quoted. "For the coming season," he is said to have prophesied, "hats will be worn quite simply on the head." The Carlsbad creations, even those of the widest brims and the most tossing plumes, seem as if they were meant to be worn more or less simply in that way. They are withal, as has been hinted, very flowery and feathery, very light and gay, very pleasant little things to pick up, very serviceable trifles, to purchase which helps pass the time till lunch.

Lunch is a more formal event. One is invited out to lunch. In the height of the season one is invited out a great deal, though not always, owing to the rigidity of the Carlsbad treatment, to a



Drawn by André Castaigne

BREAKFAST-TABLES IN THE KAISERPARK

great deal of lunch. Around the festive board—the classic phrase sounds perhaps a little ironical—around the lunch-table *maîtres d'hôtel* gather like doctors at a consultation. Most guests produce slips of paper upon which their doctors have tabulated dietetic liberties and limitations, and in conference with the waiters —who themselves have quite the tone of skilled physicians—arrange a menu of the requisite simplicity. In fact, Carlsbad restaurant proprietors in the past were as tyrannical with their guests as the most relentless doctor.

There is a story of a Fourth-of-July dinner given a few years ago by a patriotic group which found itself in Carlsbad on that date. As it chanced, the invalids of the party had been liberally accompanied by relatives in the rudest health, so there was no reason why the evening's menu should not be as lavish as the date demanded. There was, indeed, so the diners felt, no reason why it should not include champagne. But here the *restaurateur* was firm. Champagne was not on the régime of the Carlsbad cure, and it should not be served. His guests protested that they were not being cured; they pointed out that the extra profit to him would be considerable; still he was adamant. And fantastic though it may appear, he asserted that the municipal authorities would intervene and take away his license if he allowed any of the town's visitors to injure their health and thus impair the reputation of the waters. Such stern discipline is now old-fashioned. There is even an occasional attempt to attract the wholly sound in wind, limb, and digestion, and to prove that Carlsbad can provide pleasure as well as she can health. But it is hoped in the interests even of the non-curing idler that the town will remain devoted to its one great object.

As between one simple dish and another, the Carlsbad head waiter, like waiters everywhere, has been sometimes observed to suggest the more expensive. But to the philosopher and economist it is interesting to note that while in most places the costly *plats* are the rich ones which one ought not to eat, in Carlsbad they are the simple ones which one must eat. It would astonish most people—at least the uncured—to learn how much it may cost in a fashionable Carlsbad restaurant to offer a dinner-party to ladies who eat only boiled eggs and drink only sour milk. It would also amuse most people—at least the unregenerate—to see in the height of the season what lovely clothes, what ravishing hats, and what sparkling jewels may be worn to eat the boiled egg, and what an air of social activity and smartness may be made to accompany the cool cup of sour milk. Under the severest stress and strain, fashion will be fashion. Even while the liver yields complainingly to the Carlsbad waters, ladies smile and gentlemen pay them court. Nothing can be more fantastically Carlsbadian than the "affairs" which are occasionally gossiped about by the Schlossbrunn of a morning; both the fair ones and their cavaliers seem so depressed by love and make such wry faces as they stroll together draining their tepid, bitter cups of water to the dregs.

And yet the Carlsbad invalid has ordinarily a surprisingly robust appearance. He looks strong—scoffers say he has to be, to live through the rigors of the cure. A serious tribute has already been paid to the virtues of Carlsbad waters, so it may be permissible to quote the anecdotes of the light-minded. There is an apocryphal legend of an epitaph in a Carlsbad churchyard:

I was well.
I hoped to be better.
Here I am!

It is true that the cure does produce certain swimmings of the head, certain faintnesses of the knees, yet the observer would scarcely guess this, above all of a sunlit afternoon, when it is pleasant to be one of the many who climb the green hills and take the pleasant wood walks which stretch for miles on every side of Carlsbad. The woods are as well cared for, as trim and neat, as well combed and brushed, as is the town. Paths are everywhere laid out, and everywhere sign-posts give the pedestrian directions and distances. Everywhere, too, there are benches, and resting-places where there is a pretty outlook toward the valley. Here and there small cafés hide discreetly among the trees, and offer sour

milk and even more worldly beverages to reward the efforts of the climber. Even the abundant leafiness, the green coolness of the paths, is helped by fond municipal care. Sometimes, when the walk through pines would be hot at midway, the path itself has been planted with deciduous trees, and cuts its way through the dark woods, a streak of paler, brighter green, a line of tender, flickering leaves through which the sunlight filters to fleck the ground with gay, dancing patterns.



THE CARLSBAD NIGHT IS INCREDIBLY PREMATURE

Pleasant names and pleasant legends adorn the resting-places in the woods. At Hirschensprung, for example, you remember the stag followed by the Emperor's dogs, the desperate leap to the valley below, the mad cries of the unhappy hounds who had sprung and found themselves boiling in the hot waters of the Sprudel; this, indeed, is the legendary story of the discovery of the springs and the founding of Charles the Emperor's Bath, Carlsbad. A literal mind nowadays may doubt the ability of either medieval stags or imperial dogs to spring a quarter-mile, but the idler who has climbed to the lovely rock of the legend will be inclined to accept history trustingly. Everywhere summer-houses make easy the ascents, chapels tip the rocky spurs, or the pavilions which in Germany they call so prettily "glorietes" crown the summits of the green hills. Inscriptions, sometimes sentimental and grandiloquent, remind one of the princes and heroes, the poets and the fair great ladies who once walked the shaded paths. Even in the silence of her woods the long, crowded history of Carlsbad grows vivid. There is a somewhat grim, somewhat neglected granite obelisk which is oddly characteristic of her varied appeal. It is in memory of that Scottish nobleman, Lord Findlater, who more than a century ago loved the Carlsbad woods and did so much in planting and improving them. His memorial stands not far from Peter the Great's; from the misty coasts of Scotland to the bleak Russian steppes went the fame of the Sprudel.

Something of the stages of the town's history can be read in the architecture of the houses and hotels where successive generations have been lodged. There are



The Russian Church—an evening Silhouette in the West End

pretty mid-eighteenth-century houses of the time when Carlsbad was still largely German. Then quaint late-eighteenth, early-nineteenth century buildings indicate by their names—König von England, Graf von Edinburgh—that early English invasion, that flood of British gold, which astonished and delighted the continent of Europe. Later, modern hotels indicate the new cosmopolitanism and the arrival of America upon the European scene. The houses as well as the hotels of Carlsbad are named, prettily, sentimental German names, like "Three Pigeons," or "Little Rose," or "Nut Tree." There is in the look of the town what can best be described to English-speaking readers as a pleasant mingling of Georgian and early Victorian, something a little prim, a little sentimental, and yet pleasantly and decently dignified.

Our description has wandered idly toward the late hours of the afternoon. The municipal bands play daily, and play the best music, at some one of the pleasant cafés. Crowds gather, listen, munch cakes, and drink the best coffee—and, of course, the best sour milk. Strolling home from these afternoon festivities, you may encounter people who have already consumed a frugal evening meal and are on their way to the theater. The Viennese operettas which the municipal impresario provides begin at half-past six, and the afternoon and evening, to our wilder, more nocturnal Western tastes, become hopelessly confused. The Carlsbad night is incredibly premature. At six you may venture to say it is still young, but ten you must call the witching hour. At rare intervals there is a little dancing at the dull municipal casino or at one of the hotels. Otherwise only an occasional solitary and meditative promenader beneath the colonnade of the Mühlbrunn breaks the dead hush of eleven o'clock. Night broods over the sleeping town and the green valley of the Tepl. In the silence the belated stranger may hear the splash of the Sprudel, always tossing its jet skyward in clouds of steam, as it has through the centuries. Hygeia, near by, in the dim-lit colonnade, takes on some resemblance of beauty, seems really a white divinity watching over the sleep of her myriad devotees, who will wake in the dewy morning again to sacrifice to her. Again one catches the solemn hint of paganism, of the old worship of Mother Earth and her healing springs. Serenity descends, and sleep, till again the bands break the

morning stillness, the crowds hum in the streets, and the pink-cheeked maids of the springs hand forth their cups. It is pleasant; it may even be imagined that many people are sorry when they are cured, sorry to leave the green woods and the trim town. Happily—shall we say?—the flesh is but human. With a little lack of care, a little pleasant excess, some trifling ailment may return. Again the sufferer, pink bag in hand, may enjoy his ill health as he starts for breakfast up that smiling, sunny valley where Carlsbad lies.

This Is Her Garden

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

THIS is her garden: in it day by day
She lived and worked, with patient, tender care
Marshaling her flowers in orderly array
Till beauty clad the earth that once was bare.
This fringed, spice-freighted pink, she planted here;
Blue burning larkspur, and the honeyed phlox,
And these proud ranks that high above them rear
Their satin spires, the stately hollyhocks.
Here once again they fill with brilliant bloom
Long summer days, while through the summer nights
They penetrate the warm, moth-haunted gloom
With fragrant promise of unseen delights.
Again her garden blooms, its fountains spill
Their wonted laughter over marble brims
As in those other summertimes, but still
A sense of emptiness its beauty dims.
The pansies as I pass lift wistful eyes,
Each lily shakes a disappointed head,
And all the rustling garden, longing, sighs
For one who will not walk there, being dead.
Yet surely here, if to this world return
Spirits released, might come her gentle shade
To comfort those who with the flowers still yearn
For her lost presence in the heaven she made.
But no, not even here, her soul set free
From mortal care would love to earth recall,
For in this very garden, it may be,
She buried sorrows undivined by all
Who knew her air serene and tranquil grace.
Unsummoned let her rest, while empty stands
Save of her memory this garden space;
A prayer of beauty wrought with loving hands.

On the Instalment Plan

BY CORRA HARRIS

THERE is a valley in the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains in North Georgia which has the appearance during the winter snows of an immense old white china bowl. It is cracked with many wandering streams, mottled over with the shadows of the naked branches of trees, chipped at the top where the hills do not come evenly together. And it is entirely broken in one place where they divide. As the season advances, the snows melt and the bowl becomes a green chalice, one of those "loving cups" of nature, finely decorated in a very old and quaint fashion. A forest darkens the edges of the scallops above; the meadows below are rimmed with the lavender gloom of red-bud-trees. All is inlaid with wide bands of golden wheat-fields and with long, curving strips of vivid-green corn.

In the bottom of the valley there was a few years ago a little village spread like a calico quilt, as if old women had made it, put together about an open square with narrow, yellow, sun-baked streets. Every door-yard was a fragment of fallen rainbow filled with a thousand blossoms. Seen from a distance, with men and women moving through it like walking bees, this tiny village was beautiful, a part of a sweet enchantment, an eccentric decoration accomplished not by nature, but by the rude hands of men and the flower-dreaming minds of women. A closer view reveals it for what it is, ugly, begrimed, and poverty-stricken.

The name of the place was Arden—merely one of those wayside stations through which a narrow-gage railroad runs to meet the broad-gage roads which lead to progress, commercialism, and to what we call modern civilization as distinct from a pioneer settlement. The citizens of Arden were pioneers in a state of arrested development. These towns are common in the mountainous portions of the South, held here and there among the hills like faded daguerreotypes of former days between the embossed leaves of old albums.

The inhabitants were divided into two distinct classes, men and women. This difference was not only a matter of sex, but of character. The men were shiftless, idle, and outrageously good-natured. The women were industrious and correspondingly shrewish. The laziest, least ambitious men in the world are pioneers who fail to follow the current of events, and hold on to their guns, fishing-rods, axes, and plows until the world passes them by. But the women in such communities invariably retain the thrift, the energy, and the virtues of first settlers. They must, in order to make those ends meet which the men have dropped in a kind of witless despair.

It was a bright, windy morning in March. Showers of peach blossoms were blowing across the valley from many orchards. They arose like whirling clouds of white and pink wings from every garden, fell upon the frowzy heads of children playing in the street, scattered among the hen-coops in back yards, covered the earth in that place like a transient sweetness. The town was in a strictly domestic uproar, which did not extend as far as the Square, where the men herded and "trade" nodded with a sunshine hood over its head. The women were house-cleaning. The front yard of the Beasley cottage was cluttered with household furniture. Bedsteads, slats, chairs, swollen pillows, and feather ticks, a hundred things which belonged inside, seemed gross and unsightly when they were piled outside in the glowing bridal wreath of a springtime world. A loud, metallic rattling of pans and stove-lids issued from the kitchen, and presently Mrs. Beasley, a little, old, faded woman in a black-and-white polka-dot calico gown, issued from the door, carrying a hod of ashes and soot in her hand. Her skirts were tucked up; her thin ankles showed in white stockings above her slatternly

shoes. She walked rapidly toward an ash-barrel which stood against the fence that divided the Beasley lot from the Agnews' place. She dashed the contents of the hod into the barrel, and stood in the gray cloud of dust rubbing her nose. She always did this when she was put out about anything, and she always rubbed it the same way, so that it was crooked, and leaned a little in her brown, wrinkled face like a mast that has been tilted in a storm.

A tall woman prematurely aged appeared in the door of the house across the fence. Her skirts were also tucked up, her shoes were wet. Her dress was open in front. She held a young baby in her arms, its tiny fingers pressed like fat claws into the soft flesh of her breast.

"Mary, I'm worried about my stove. The back's burned out already!" exclaimed Mrs. Beasley, looking up at her.

"And my sewing-machine is out of order. I paid fifty dollars for it. Took me two years," replied the younger woman, with a sigh.

"It costs more to get things on the instalment plan from agents," commented Mrs. Beasley.

"But it's the only way for folks like us to get 'em," Mary replied.

"I wonder how Sally Bowman's organ turned out. She's finished paying for it, she says."

Both women looked across the street into the wide-open door of their neighbor's house. They could see Mrs. Bowman swishing water with a broom over the floor. She loomed like a giantess in the darkened hall, her feet wide apart, her naked arms swinging the broom back and forth with terrific energy.

"Oh, she'd never admit it if the thing wasn't all right. Everything she has is better than anybody else's," answered Mary, significantly.

"Except Tom," smiled the older woman.

"And if she'd bought him on the instalment plan instead of marrying him she'd have been better satisfied with him," added Mrs. Agnew.



"It costs more to get Things on the instalment Plan"

The women of Arden had many virtues and one weakness in common. They patronized "traveling agents." They would purchase anything from a stove to a cabinet organ on the instalment plan. They were always in debt, and they vied with one another in this kind of extravagance. They faced the future as if it

were a calamity, and provided against it by paying instalments of one kind or another upon their belongings. But up to date they had always paid. Not a woman in the town had ever been obliged to give up her purchase, though Mary Agnew had come perilously near losing her sewing-machine. She was the mother of six little Agnews, and the last one coming during the winter months, she had been cramped to meet the last payments upon the machine because she had not been able to attend properly to her hens, and she depended upon her eggs-and-chicken money to pay the monthly instalments.

Sally Bowman had the advantage. She was in affluent circumstances because she had no children, and could spend all she made upon luxuries, such as the cabinet organ.

Both women envied her as they stood watching her — for many reasons. In the first place, she had fine things in her house, and more quilts than any other woman in town, because she needed fewer and had more time to piece them up. But that was not the chief reason they envied her. She was always able to get the best of her husband. Mrs. Beasley had quarreled incessantly with old Oliver during the twenty years of her marriage, but she slaved for him and obeyed him. Mary Agnew was completely cowed by Berryman, not only because he had made her the mournful mother of six children, but because she dared not complain, no matter how idle he was. For if she did he always got drunk.

Sally Bowman was the only wife in Arden who preserved a spirit that no man could quell in the marriage relation. She took this advantage of her husband's virtuousness. She was never afraid he would do wrong. She was intolerant of his only weakness, which was a passion for fishing.

"Reckon Tom Bowman will fish any this spring?" asked Mary, with a sour smile, watching Sally sling the water from her broom down the front steps.

"He's been half a dozen times already. Keeps his rod behind the door in Oliver's store. Can't stop a man from doing what he wants to do; makes him more determined if you try to stop him," answered Mrs. Beasley.

At the very moment that Mrs. Beasley and Mary Agnew were gossiping over the fence three men stood in front of the court-house on the Square. Each had his hands in his pockets. If the saints in heaven have no gender, it will not be difficult to distinguish those who once had the doubtful honor of being men by this habit, that will surely remain with them, of feeling among their flank feathers for their old trousers pockets. One of them, a long, slipshod person, bent forward, pulled one hand out, laid two fingers across his lips, and skeeted a stream of tobacco juice far out into the dusty street. This was Berryman Agnew, the husband of Mary. He looked as if he had been born in the objective case. Misfortune was written upon him in small type—an impression produced by his narrow face, his little apostrophe nose, his perch-shaped mouth, and his short, receding chin showing through a colorless beard. He got drunk when anything untoward happened. It was the only resentment he ever showed against fate. He was timid, and always spat before he spoke.

He held his hat on now against the wind, turned his head sidewise, and stared up at the shining skies.

"Believe it's going to rain," he put forth, tentatively.

"Not before to-morrow!" contradicted Oliver Beasley.

He was very short, and so fat that the back of his neck wrinkled into a roll that made his hair stick out behind like bristles. He wore a thick, grizzled beard which almost covered his face, and he always went about in his shirt-sleeves. He was one of the two merchants in Arden, and kept a clerk, not because he could afford it, but because he lacked the energy to wait upon his customers.

The third man was Tom Bowman, dark, raw-boned, nervous—the only man in town who did not use tobacco nor profane language nor drink whiskey. He looked as if God had pinched him in the face for righteousness' sake. He was a good husband. This was why Sally despised him. He was nothing else, except disputatious with other men. He never contradicted his wife.

"See that cat over there in the door of the post-office washing her face?" he

said, wagging his head at his two companions. "That's a sure sign of rain."

"Cat or no cat, I say it will not rain to-day!" retorted Beasley, waddling off to his store. He was subject to digestive disturbances, and was often irritable. Mrs. Beasley lived in constant fear that he would "drop dead," as she expressed it.

The other two men went on discussing the weather. Agnew said that he had aimed to plow some, but he hardly thought it worth while to begin if it was going to rain. Bowman said he was going a-fishing, if it did rain.

"I 'lowed you were done with fishing, Tom," said Agnew, in his singsong voice, a slow, crawling worm of wit showing slyly in his eyes.

Bowman knew what was coming. He looked down the street and saw a chance to change the subject.

"Here comes Pink Britt," he said.

The man who was approaching walked wing-footed, reared back, with his coat-tails flapping behind him in the wind. His legs were short and thin, his body was globular. His head was cone-shaped, his sleek black hair grew long upon his forehead. He had the eyes of a rake and the nose of a scamp—no bridge above, too much nostrils below — and a dark mustache, with long ends so waxed and stretched that it seemed to divide his face like a thick, black mark beneath a very small sum in subtraction. His chin was the remainder, a mere cipher.

This was Colonel Pinkerton Britt, briefless attorney-at-law, confirmed bachelor, very popular, and the lowest card in the deck of Arden citizens. He was the nephew of Granny Swilling and the idol of her heart as well as the prospective heir to her little hillside apple orchard beyond the town. He was the only person in Arden who had a chance to inherit anything. He lived upon his prospects.

"Think it will rain to-day, Pink?" Bowman hailed him.

"No; women are all house-cleaning. They never do that if it's going to rain. Your wife's got all her quilts out on the line in the back yard, Tom, and Mrs. Beasley was beating carpets in hers as I passed, and Mrs. Agnew was scouring. The children are playing in the puddles barefooted, and the sun's shining to beat the band. No, it won't rain to-day. Never does when the women turn loose like that. They know!" he concluded, dropping into a chair and tilting it back against the wall, and hitching the heels of his shoes over the rung so that his knees stuck up.

Agnew chose another chair, leaned back in it against one of the posts of the awning, and swung his legs.

"Tom's thinking of going a-fishing if the weather permits," he drawled, with a grin.

"Take my advice and don't go. Don't commit any transgressions to-day, Tom. Mrs. Bowman won't stand for it. She was flying in and out of the house like a hornet with its tail feathers tucked up. She's mad all over. Industrious women always are when they are house-cleaning. I'm not a married man, but I understand the sex, coming and going. Better walk softly till she gets over this spell."

The air was rent with a shrill whistle of a locomotive. A black plume of smoke suddenly appeared beyond the Square and spread over it in a thin, gray veil.

"That's the 'short dog,'" exclaimed Bowman, referring to the little train of two coaches which passed through Arden every day about noon.

Britt took out his watch and stared at it in amazement.

"Had no idea it was so late. Time flies for a busy man," he exclaimed.

"Wish I knew whether it was going to rain. I ought to get that plowing done," complained Agnew.

Nothing was further from their minds than that they were ridiculous, and that even at this moment fate was preparing whimsically, after the manner of fate in a certain mood, to make them the victims of a comedy which would have for each of them all the horrors of a tragedy.

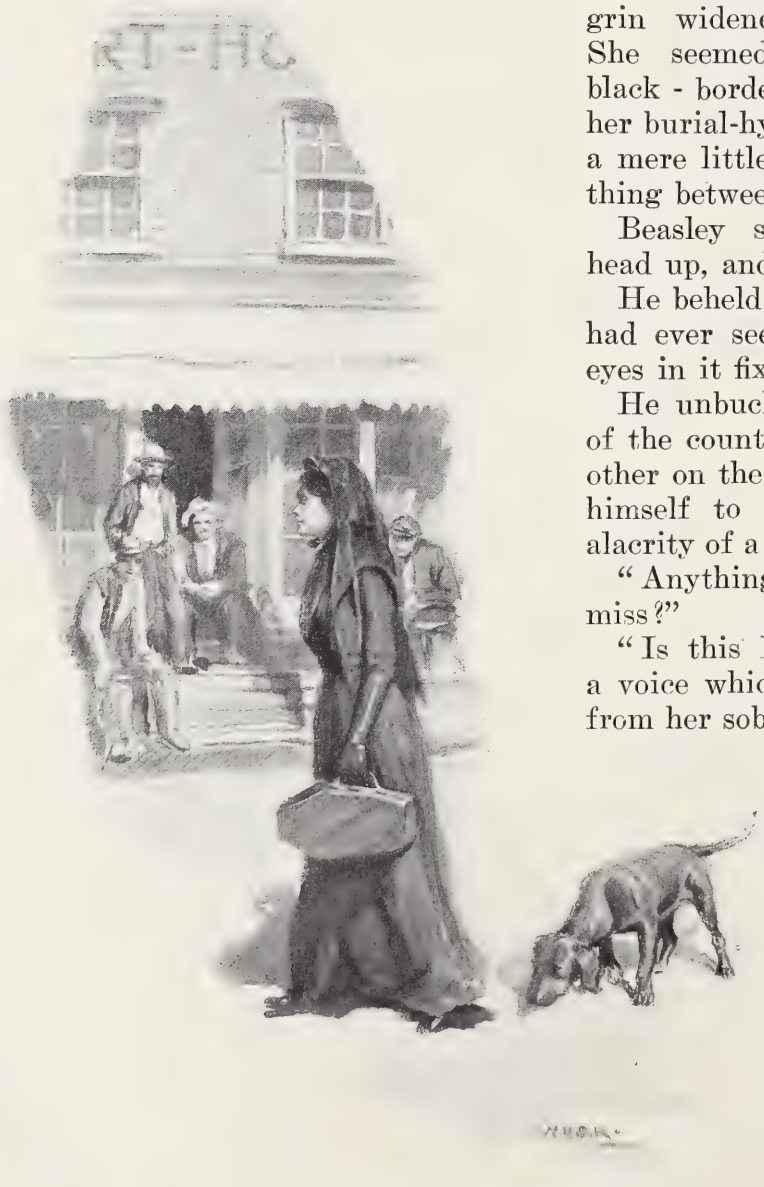
A little, pale, blue-eyed woman had just stepped from the train. She wore a black frock that drooped woefully about her figure, and a long, black veil draped back from her widow's bonnet. Her mouth was sad, her chin quivered. Her long lashes were dewy with tears; her brow was the epitaph of grief; only her nose was keen, upstanding, alert, like an enterprising undertaker at a funeral. She carried a small, oddly shaped sample-case in her black-gloved hand.

She came suddenly into view from around the corner nearest the railroad station, and moved slowly across the Square, with the sorrowful mien of the chief mourner accompanying the body of her dear dead.

The men stared. A hound lapping water from a puddle near the well looked up, flattened his ears inquisitively, followed her a few steps, smelled her heels carefully, then stood with his nose pointed at her, still sniffing. He could make nothing out of such a scent. Britt and Agnew brought the front legs of their chairs down upon the pavement, bent forward, and observed her curiously as she passed.

"Who is that?" asked Bowman.

"Don't know," replied Agnew; "must be an agent for something."



"Must be an Agent for Something"

"Looks like an agent for funerals to me," said Britt.

"Widow, I reckon."

"Pretty, too," appraised Britt.

The "pretty" by this time had disappeared into Oliver Beasley's store.

Old Beasley was sitting in a chair between the window and a notion-counter, asleep. His short, fat legs were straddled far apart, his feet turned up and resting upon the heels of his shoes, the purple, thick fingers of his hands were locked over his enormous stomach; his head lolled upon one shoulder, his mouth yawned in his bushy beard, and he was snoring loudly through his nose. The clerk had gone home to dinner. It was the "slack" hour of noon, when customers were rare.

The woman with the sample-case entered noiselessly, looked about her, beheld Beasley, and considered the situation. For one instant a purely commercial grin widened the thin, narrow face. She seemed to wipe it off with a black-bordered handkerchief, resumed her burial-hymn expression, and coughed, a mere little "ahem" of a cough, something between a sigh and a cat-sneeze.

Beasley started, snorted, jerked his head up, and opened his eyes.

He beheld the saddest, sweetest face he had ever seen, with two brimming blue eyes in it fixed upon him imploringly.

He unbuckled his fingers, caught hold of the counter with one hand, placed the other on the edge of his chair, and lifted himself to his feet with the awkward alacrity of a fat man.

"Anything I can do for you, ma'am—miss?"

"Is this Mr. Beasley?" she asked, in a voice which she seemed to disentangle from her sobs.

"Yes, ma'am! That's my name."

"Oh, Mr. Beasley, I am so glad to meet you, to have the comfort at this time of meeting such a man!"

She turned about, reached for another chair, drew it forward, and placed herself deprecatingly upon the edge of it, while the old man gave up the



"TAKE IT AWAY!" GROANED THE TORMENTED MAN

scramble to help her. She really seemed too frail, too sad, to lift a chair.

"Please sit down!" she entreated. "It is so warm."

He sat.

"You see, I know you. A very dear friend of yours in Atlanta told me when I came to Arden to come straight to you. He said you were the best, most sympathetic man in town."

She paused, pressed the black-bordered handkerchief to her lips before she could go on.

"Who, ma'am? A dear friend, did you say?" he managed to inquire.

He was flattered. He did not think a single man in Atlanta knew him except a wholesale merchant, who certainly entertained no complimentary opinion of him if his cruelly insistent letters about due-bills were any evidence.

"I—how stupid of me to forget his name! But he knows you and admires you so much!"

Beasley's eyes were still bloodshot from his sleep. He sat like an old turtle with his head thrown out waiting for the next bait.

"Frances Fuller is my name — Mrs. Fuller. My husband is just dead," she ended, in a whimper.

"Sorry, ma'am, I'm sure. Never had the experience. My wife's well and hearty, but it must be trying." He was really moved.

"Still, it might happen to you at any time, Mr. Beasley."

"What, ma'am?"

"Death," she murmured. "We none of us know the day when we shall be called to get into our coffins."

"I suppose not, ma'am."

"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He is like the grass. To-day it flourisheth; to-morrow it is cut down and withereth."

"Yes'm," he assented; "I've heard that Scripture ever since I was a boy. Only you've got it a little mixed, ma'am. Nineteenth psalm, part of fifth verse down to seventh: 'In the morning they are like the grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth.'"

"And then he needs a coffin, doesn't he? You can't sling a man on a pitch-fork into a hay-loft when he has been

cut down and withereth!" she concluded, with triumphant and shocking logic. "My own dear husband was strong and well one day; the next day he was sick, and the next day he was cut down like the grass—cramp colic."

She dabbed her eyes with the handkerchief.

"Then, Mr. Beasley, I had to buy his coffin, when I was in no condition to trade. I just couldn't haggle with the undertaker in that sad hour about such a matter. And do you know what he did?"

"Didn't refuse to let you have one, I hope," he exclaimed.

"Indeed, no! But he charged me a hundred and fifty dollars for one that cost him only twenty-five!"

"I say!" deplored Beasley.

"And that's what happens to every poor woman whose husband waits till after he is dead to buy his coffin. The undertaker profits by her sorrow when common decency forbids her to exercise her judgment in matters involving money. He charges her three hundred per cent. profit on the four boards and cotton-satin lining of the box her dear one is laid away in."

"I never thought of it that way," he sympathized.

"Of course not. Nobody does till it is too late. That's why I am in this business. I said to myself, after Charley left me, that if I could help it no other poor widow should be cheated as I was. I said if men knew in time to save their wives from this outrageous speculation on their sorrow and helplessness, they are *bound* to prevent it. And I'm here to tell you, Mr. Beasley, the Lord has been with me in this work. I've sold as many as six coffins in one town; saved as many families that much distress when their next hour of bereavement is at hand; and saved them enough on every casket to buy the widow handsome mourning!"

During this astonishing speech she hitched her chair forward to within a few inches of old Beasley's. She opened her sample-case, turned the lid over, so that it actually rested on his knees; then she lifted a plain box that was turned upside down, and disclosed a tiny rosewood casket about ten inches long. It was mounted in silver, and had a little square of glass let into the top, disclosing the interior, lined with the finest satin. Just below the glass was a pillow trimmed with lace.

"Isn't it a beauty!" she exclaimed.

Judging from the old man's face, he did not think so. He sat reared back in his chair, his eyes distended, his hands raised in horror.

"Now, our Consolidated Casket Company, of Atlanta, will let you have this lovely casket exactly as represented in the model for forty dollars, or for five dollars each month for a year, if you want to buy it on the instalment plan. And we will deliver it at once. You can get it in three days; have it ready—"

"Ta-ta-take it away!" groaned the tormented man.

Mrs. Fuller looked up, slid her sample-case entirely over on her own knees, and stared at him in injured surprise.

"Why, Mr. Beasley! You surely are not afraid of a pretty little box! I hope you are not superstitious!"

"No'm, I'm not; but I'm sick, ma'am! I ain't been well all day. I'll ask you to excuse me. I can't do business feelin' the way I do."

"That's just the point!" she said, with the animation of conviction. "You are ill. You do not know how it will end. If anything should happen, Mr. Beasley, your poor wife would have to pay extra for a casket in your size." She deliberately measured his girth with a multiplying eye. "Probably as much as two hundred dollars. That shape is not kept in regular stock. It would be a special order, and—"

She did not finish the sentence. Beasley suddenly closed his eyes; the sweat popped out upon his face; he began to breathe like a smothered man.

Mrs. Fuller shoved back her chair in disgust, arose, went out without a backward glance at her victim. She walked sadly down the street to Mr. Baldwin's store. Here the same scene was enacted with variations according to the old merchant's disposition, which was sour.

He lifted his hands out of a barrel of brown sugar and dusted them off against the sides of his trousers.

"I've got no time to talk about coffins, ma'am. I'm doin' business for the livin', not for corpses. I ain't goin' to

die as I know of, and my first and second wives air both dead. I buried 'em decent, each in a plain deal box that didn't cost me but five dollars — and they've been paid for!"

Before the end of the hour she had canvassed the entire Square without success. No man, it appeared, was willing to "embrace this opportunity to save his widow from extortionate undertakers." Berryman Agnew was so horrified that he gave up the idea of plowing altogether, and spent the afternoon in the back room of the drug store drinking "bitters." The agent's convincing arguments made him feel imperatively the need of "bitters." He realized that he was "run down." He told Pinkerton Britt, who came in wild-eyed from an interview with the casket agent, that he believed he had "spring fever." Tom Bowman fled to the creek after a desperate encounter with her. He was nervous and depressed. Whatever Sally did or said, he felt that he could only calm himself in this soothing pursuit. None of them went home to their midday dinner.



"I'VE GOT NO TIME TO TALK ABOUT COFFINS, MA'AM"

But Mrs. Fuller was far from being discouraged. In fact, she was just beginning to cheer up. During the afternoon she made a canvass from house to house. And she sold four caskets—three on the instalment plan. Nothing ever before offered by agents to the women of Arden appealed so strongly to their thrift and their natural disposition to prepare for the worst, which they had often observed always happened. As for death, who could escape it? But now let the grim monster come! The consciousness of having a beautiful casket in the house ready for this very last, most dreaded emergency afforded them a satisfaction which reached exaltation.

Still, they kept the matter secret. Men were not only foolish and improvident, but they were apt to misunderstand, even to resent this effort on the part of their wives to forestall the graft of conscienceless undertakers.

It was natural that they should think first of their husbands—had they not always considered them first, like good and faithful helpmeets? Besides, every married woman is a potential widow in her saddest, most self-sacrificing moods. This was a feminine characteristic which the casket agent made serve her purpose. She had never succeeded in selling a coffin to any man for his wife, no matter how ailing she was. And she never sold one to a woman for herself. She had learned, moreover, never to suggest the idea of personal dissolution to a prospective female customer. Herein lay the success of her business.

Only the angels in heaven could have understood a certain variation in the connubial barometer of affection that evening in three Arden households. Oliver came home depressed, pale, with puffs under his eyes. Berryman Agnew was mournfully intoxicated, and Bowman had the hang-dog expression of a good man who has been doing wrong and knows it. All this was common enough. They had often returned to their spouses in this morally subnormal condition. That

which was not common was the way these patient, long-suffering women received them. Mrs. Beasley was almost sentimental. She told Oliver that he did not look well; that she was uneasy about him. She hoped he'd try to take better care of himself. More than once before bedtime he lifted his eyes from his paper and detected her furtively, anxiously regarding him. Each time he broke into a cold perspiration, and each time she sighed with the air of a woman who knew what to expect and had done the best she could about it. In fact, she had. She had purchased a rosewood casket for him, and she had willingly dedicated all her butter-and-egg money over and above her missionary dues for a year to pay for it. No man could ask a better example of sacrifice and devotion in a wife.

Sally Bowman nearly took the breath out of her poor Thomas by meeting him at the door with a kiss. If she had met him waving the flag of a South-American republic he would not have been more astonished. She had purchased for him an extra-fine casket with brocaded satin lining.

Mary Agnew received her husband with an air of comprehensive forgiveness which touched and cheered him. She was sad, it seemed, but gave every token of love and devotion. In the course of the evening, as she was stripping off little Berryman's underpinning, she sighed and said she was glad she had named the child for his father. She thought when a man died it was nice to leave a son behind with the same name to comfort his mother. Agnew stared at her in astonishment. He had no means of knowing that she had sacrificed the price of their oldest little girl's commencement frock to pay the first instalment on his coffin, which was plain, with nickel mountings, but warranted to last as long or longer than any rosewood casket on the market.

A week later Sally Bowman gave her annual quilting. The big double bed was covered with a display of millinery. In the midst of it lay a little, old black-silk bonnet with a ruffled tail. This belonged to Granny Swilling. She was very old, very brisk, a mere wraith of a body, in voluminous skirts and a narrow, tight waist that fitted her flat breast and thin shoulders like a glove. She presided at quiltings, weddings, and funerals, just as a little flowery, extravagantly twisted letter is always to be found at the beginning of a chapter on ancient history or in the top line of an old ballad. She had asthma, was afflicted with rheumatism and a mysterious "misery" in her side. Her finger-joints were enlarged, her knees stiff, so that she walked with two sticks. And she had palsy. She owned a farm on one of the hillsides of the valley and an orchard of Shockley apple-trees that yielded yearly several hundred bushels of apples with no trouble at all. She was Pinkerton Britt's sole surviving relative, and she refused to die. He lived with her, and often attended her in the night during one of the fearful attacks of asthma. Each time she gave every sign of dissolution; each time he did his best to revive her, being sure that nothing would do it. And each time, apparently at the last gasp, she would settle back comfortably in his arms, sigh contentedly, resume her regular breathing, open her eyes, and look up at him whimsically, faintly grateful.

"Oh, Pinkerton, lad, you've brought your old auntie through again!" she would whisper. "You are a good boy to me. I have left you everything in my will. You will not have to work so hard when you have the Shockley apple orchard."

After that he would return to his bed covered with the sweat of terror and exhaustion, disgusted with the whole performance.

The next morning when he arose he would find her moving briskly about the kitchen, poking the fire, wagging her old, white head over the bread-tray, preparing his breakfast, in every way plainly showing she had taken a new lease of life.

This was the old lady who sat now near the window of Sally's parlor knitting. It was in the afternoon. The guests were seated around the quilt, which was stretched between four long poles and suspended from the ceiling. Each had one arm above, crooked at the elbow, thimble-finger deftly running the needle along the shell pattern. Conversation was strained. They talked irrelevantly, as if they had something else on their minds. The usual gossip refused to flow.

Two or three women who had not in-



MORE THAN ONCE HE DETECTED HER FURTIVELY, ANXIOUSLY REGARDING HIM

vested in coffins wondered what was the matter. They felt as if they were walking mentally in the dark, which was streaming full of mystery. Mrs. Beasley was conscious of an immense short box in her attic, beneath which rested the casket of Oliver, her husband. Sally Bowman was dying to know what she had paid for it. She had folded away her best quilts in Thomas's casket, which she was proud to think of as extra fine. She had it in the plunder-room above the kitchen, where Thomas never prowled since she burned his fishing-rods. Mary Agnew felt that she could not compete with her richer neighbors. She had been content to take a less expensive casket. Still, she longed to know exactly what kind the other women had purchased. Granny Swilling had got one for her nephew, and paid cash for it. The thing was sitting this minute in her living-room covered with a bright silk quilt, to keep Pinkerton from scratching it with his heels. Every evening he sat upon it, believing that he was resting upon an old chest in which Granny kept her dearer relics, and which he supposed she had got some one to bring down-stairs for her. Granny was uneasy about him. He had "spells" sometimes that lasted for days. She thought she would outlive him and was sorry for it. But she was glad to know that she was probably the only one who had been able to save ten dollars on her purchase by paying cash for it. She was tempted to broach the subject. But, like the others, she hesitated to discuss a matter so sacred, so prophetic of sorrows they were now prepared to bear with equanimity. They eyed one another speculatively, and spoke of the weather, crops, of the new missionary assessment, of everything, in short, except what was uppermost in their thoughts.

The devil always gets in his horse-laugh. Even in the best society you will find him smoking with the men after the ladies have retired. There is no situation, however grave, however sacred, that he may not be discovered with his hand over his mouth waiting in the wings for his cue, and the less fitting the occasion is, the louder he laughs.

It was Saturday afternoon, six months later. The back door of Granny Swilling's living-room was open. A bright fire burned in the fireplace. Granny sat in the corner, with a mass of bright-colored scraps in her work-basket, piecing a bed-quilt which was to be an exact match to the one that lay spread neatly and completely over her nephew's casket, on the other side of the room. A smart-looking yellow hen stood in the door craning her neck toward the wood-box. Her comb was very red, her tail stylishly spread; she moved slowly forward a step at a time, with a secret air, like a lady with a love-letter to post. As a matter of fact, she was considering the wood-box as a possible nest.

At this moment some one came up the

steps, and Pinkerton Britt flung himself noisily in through the front door.

The hen rose upon wing and flew back into the yard, cackling as she went, as much as to say: "I cannot expose my chicken in the egg to the curious gaze of a stranger!"

"There, Pinkerton, look what you've done. In another minute she'd have been on her nest in the wood-box; now there's no telling where she'll lay that egg."

She turned her head and stared at him. He had flung himself upon the gaudily covered bier, braced his back against the wall, and with his head thrown back he was whooping with laughter. The tears ran down his red face.

"Do you remember the agent for caskets that was here last spring?" he asked, when he could control his merriment.

"Yes," admitted the old lady, with mental reservations.

"Well, she was back here this morning, her mourning-veil bobbed off, white trimmings, looking as chipper as a sparrow in May. She met Oliver Beasley and Berryman Agnew on the street.

"'Oh, Mr. Beasley, so glad to see you again,' she says, 'and to find you looking so much better. It comforts me to know that you won't need *your* casket any time soon. But Mrs. Beasley didn't pay her instalment last month, nor this one either. I reckon she forgot it.'

"All this time she was fumbling in her hand-bag for something. Presently she found it. A due-bill for ten dollars on his casket. She passed it to him smiling. And before Berryman caught on she pulls out another one and gives it to him.



He chopped with the Frenzy of Madness

"'Yours isn't so much, Mr. Agnew,' she says, sweetly; 'only seven dollars. Your wife took the nickel-plated handles on the one she bought for you.'

"Berryman stood working his eyebrows and squeezing up his mouth as he looked at his, but Oliver just gave one groan and slid down on the ground. Folks thought he'd flung a fit, and came running from every direction. That's how it leaked out. The due-bills passed from hand to hand while we were reviving Beasley. Tom Bowman was mighty near tickled to death, he laughed so. But while he was whooping and slapping Agnew on the back, Sally comes along on her way to the store, and hears what it's all about.

"'You needn't laugh, Thomas,' she cries, giving him a look fit to kill him. 'I've got one for you, too, but thank goodness it's paid for!'

"With that she walked off. And Bowman couldn't have looked paler if he'd seen his own ghost."

"What are they going to do about it?" asked Granny, nervously.

"Oh, it's been arranged. Old Jim Baldwin has agreed to pay the due-bills and take the caskets off their hands. Says he'll add an undertaking feature to his business. He had a terrible time with Sally. She didn't want to let Tom's coffin go. But he begged so, said it would be the death of him if the thing stayed in the house.

"Now," he went on, regarding the old lady with a broad grin, "everybody's going to Baldwin's store to look at those coffins. And it's astonishing how much they remind you of the fellows they were meant for. Berryman's is long and narrow and plain. Tom's is medium size and of the 'best quality,' as Sally always says. And Oliver's is as short and pot-gutted as he is."

He lurched to one side; the quilt was slipping upon the highly polished surface beneath. He clutched at it, kicking the side in the effort to recover himself. It gave forth a peculiar, hollow sound.

"Hello! What's this I'm settin' on? I thought it was your old chest, but it feels like a piano on all-fours."

For the first time he was aware of the intensity of Granny's gaze. It was personal — beside the question—more intimate than necessary.

"No, Pinkerton, it ain't a pianny; it's—"

"Good Lord!" he yelled, leaping to his feet and dragging the quilt with him.

He stared, pale with horror, upon the glistening mahogany casket-lid.

"Now, Pinkerton, don't you begin to carry on and take one of your spells. I bought it for you, and it's been paid for."

Britt reeled backward, covering his face with his hands, and deposited himself on the wood-box. Granny hurried across and began to beat him on the back. She thought he was dying. He was doubled up, half of his legs and half of his back in the box, his head hanging between his knees, his arms limber as strings.

"Does anybody know you've got it?" he panted, presently.

"No, not a soul, honey, but you and me," answered the distracted old lady.

He lifted his head.

"Well, give it to me."

"It's yours. 'Tain't nobody else's," she soothed him.

"Can I have it now, this minute?"

"Yes, of course you can; but I don't see no cause to hurry about claimin' sech furniture as that!" she replied, astonished to see him scrambling out of the box, his eyes fixed with glittering intensity upon the coffin.

The next moment he seized the casket by one of the handles, yanked it across the floor, through the door, and down the steps. With incredible swiftness he dragged it over the ground to the wood-pile.

"You Pink!" screamed Granny, standing like a little, crooked exclamation-point in the doorway, and waving her hands as she saw her nephew swing the ax over his head and come down with all his strength upon the lid. "Don't do that, Pinkerton!" she wailed. "It cost seventy-five dollars!"

But she might as well have addressed a maniac. He chopped with the frenzy of madness. In a few moments there was not a piece of it too long for the kitchen stove.

"And it wa'n't mahogany, after all, the heifer!" was Granny's tearful comment as she considered the white-wood fragments after Britt put on his coat and started back to town.

The Iron Star

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

THE farm-house in which the two young officers had established themselves for the night stood on the skirts of a village; the front of it looked across a road to an orchard of cherry-trees all afoam with blossom. It was after supper in the great, black-raftered living-room of the farm, where they had sat at table under the timid, wondering eyes of the farmer and his women-folk, that the pair of them came forth to find a slender moon hanging aloft and the night perfumed like a bride with the scents of spring.

Lieutenant von Marx paused on the doorstep to cut and light a cigar; his junior and subordinate, Lieutenant Schmidt, who was content with a cigarette, leaned against the doorpost to wait for him, gazing out at the scene. His lighted cigarette glowed like a lamp as he drew it, and its tiny illumination showed briefly his blunt young face under the peak of his cap.

"Just look at that blossom!" he exclaimed. "It's wonderful. This doesn't look like the seat of a war, does it?"

Lieutenant von Marx uttered a vague sound of agreement. He was sheltering in his cupped hands the flame of a match, whose light escaped between his fingers as from the crevices of a leaky dark-lantern. He lifted it toward his face and became visible in his turn. He was perhaps twenty-six years of age, tall and thin, the right shape of man for a tunic and sword-belt. The light of the match glanced upon his rather long, serious countenance, concentrated frowningly upon the business of accurately kindling the cigar. Strong, mobile brows, thin, fastidious nose, and lips reserved and sensitive sprang into view, were colored ruddily for an instant, and were merged in the dark again as he dropped the match and raised his head. It was like seeing a personality created and annihilated in the same instant.

"We'll walk round and visit the sentries," he said, settling his belt above his hips as he moved from the door.

"Very good, sir," replied Lieutenant Schmidt, formally, falling into step at his side.

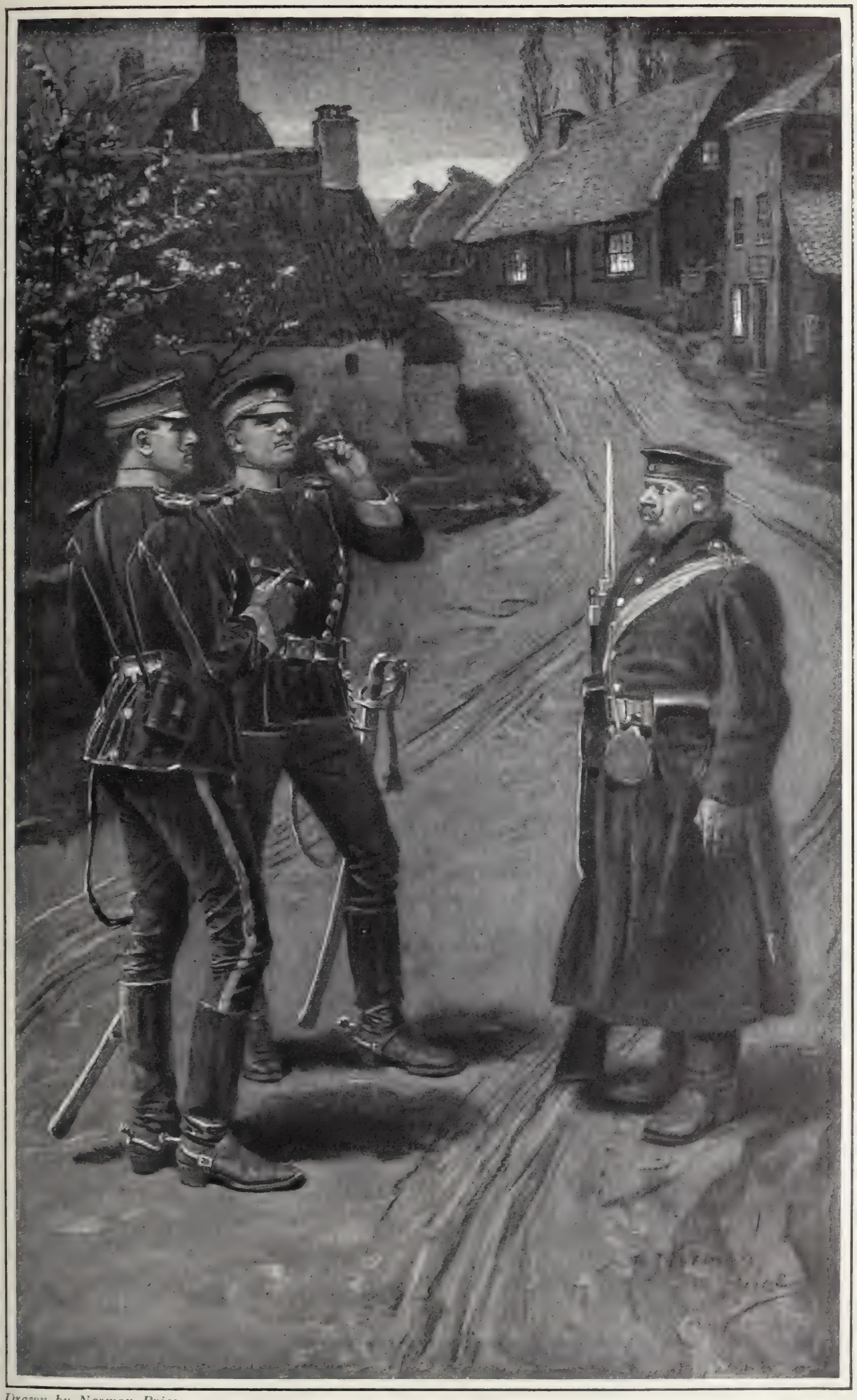
About them, as they went along the road, the orchards were festal with promise under the moon. It was as Lieutenant Schmidt had said; the great war in which their country was engaged sounded here no echo. It had flowed over the borders like a pestilence, but hither it had not come. Their sixty men and their twelve wagons of explosives, with which they were sent to feel their way toward some projected scene of action, were the first shapes of war which the village had seen. The wagons were parked and guarded in a straw-yard; the horses were stabled in a barn; the men were camped about their fires in a pasture-field. They had come in the evening, unannounced and inexplicable, and they would be gone in the morning; they were but brief visitors to these orchards exultant with blossom which made a tender rampart about the village.

"Wonderful!" Lieutenant Schmidt was exclaiming, still intent upon the blossoms which hung, like low clouds, above them on either side of the road. "It is like a scene in a theater; and any day now we may come up with the fighting-line. To-morrow, perhaps — straight from all this to the sound of the guns! Queer, isn't it?"

"Yes." Lieutenant von Marx glanced absently up at the trees. Beyond them a ruddy light shivered against the dark sky from his men's camp-fires. "Yes; we ought to be in touch with the general soon. And then—"

"Then for the real thing," said Schmidt.

Lieutenant Schmidt had fought with his regiment in the first battle of the campaign, had been cleanly shot in the leg there, and was only now returning to service. Lieutenant von Marx, on the



Drawn by Norman Price

A SENTRY CHALLENGED THEM AT THE ENTRY TO THE VILLAGE

other hand, had yet to go under fire for the first time. He had been at work at the base, converting able-bodied farm-hands into infantry; it was by way of recognition for his real usefulness that he was now sent forward to bear a part in the last critical phase of the war.

"The real thing," he repeated now. He had a fashion of deliberate speech. "I suppose we're lucky. My father was a general when he died, but he'd never seen service."

"Lucky! I should think so!" Schmidt had not a doubt of it. "Why, when the war started, my battalion was under fire for eleven hours the first day. We lost over two hundred men before they let us move."

"Yes." Von Marx glanced sideways at him, an erect and boyish figure in the darkness. "And you felt you were lucky to be in it—at the time, I mean?"

"Of course I did." Schmidt did not quite understand. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It was simply maddening to get hit next day and be out of it all."

He had been shot while standing at his full height on the top of a bank, behind which his men were taking cover from a hot fire, to observe the course of the fight through his field-glasses. Afterward, being no longer able to stand, he had remained quietly sitting in the same place till his sergeant had pulled him down into safety. There had been neither bravado nor heroism in it; he belonged to that fear-callous type of natural soldier which in modern war is always necessary and never valuable. He was the last man to question the quality of the luck which took him into action, even though it abandoned him there. Von Marx, realizing this, made a sound like a sigh and walked on in silence.

A sentry challenged them at the entry to the village, stepping suddenly out of the shadow at the roadside to the pale moonlight, a stumpy, overcoated figure bristling watchfully. At their reply he became abruptly a respectful automaton, standing rigidly to attention while he recited his orders in a toneless gabble, like a child hurrying through a lesson. He was perhaps ten years older than Von Marx, with a rough, simple face and a thick, reddish mustache. While he repeated his orders his eyes, showing the whites, were fixed as though in a stupor of deference and humility on his officer's face.

"Keep a good lookout," Von Marx bade him, perfunctorily, as he moved on. "Curious," he remarked to Schmidt, when they had passed from the man's hearing to the single street of the village between the silent, lighted houses. "That man positively quakes at the sight of an officer, but he isn't a coward. He'll fight all right."

"Oh, he'll fight all right," agreed Schmidt, cheerfully. "That kind always does. Give him an order—fire, charge, retire, or whatever it is—and he carries it out like a sort of clumsy machine. I fancy a man's got to have a certain amount of imagination in order to be a coward."

"You've seen that, too?" asked Von Marx, quickly.

"Well—" Schmidt hesitated. "I'm not going to mention any names," he said, "but that day I was hit there *was* a fellow, an officer, who went all to bits during the first hour. He could hardly walk, by Jove! Then—it was a funny thing—just as we were opening out he got stung across the forearm by a bullet. Not properly hit; only the skin cut open. I saw him jump and clutch at his arm, and his color-sergeant ran forward and took hold of him. He turned and swore at him, and inside of a minute he was taking his company along as smartly as if he'd been under fire all his life. The bullet-graze seemed to work like a nip of brandy. Queer, wasn't it?"

"No," said Von Marx. "That wasn't queer at all. I can understand that. He wasn't a coward; he only needed to get his nerves—focused."

"Was that it?" said Schmidt, with no ironic intention. He had a high respect for Von Marx's intellect, and particularly for his vocabulary. "Get his nerves focused, you said? It's an idea."

They were nearing the straw-yard in which their wagons of shell and powder were parked. Von Marx slowed his pace in order to speak his thought before the challenge of the sentry on guard over them could interrupt him.

"It isn't every man," he said, "who lives in such a way that he is ready at

any instant to be a hero. Some of us are like violins; we need to be tuned before we can be played on. You're like a bugle, Schmidt; you can't make music, but you can make a useful noise, and you're always ready."

Schmidt shrugged in some embarrassment, doubtful whether he was being praised or criticized. "Some buglers can play very good music," he remarked, helplessly.

From the gate of the straw-yard a harsh voice challenged them sharply.

From the wagons they passed to the field in which the men were camped, their blankets spread on the ground between the big fires, which were now great, glowing heaps of wood-ash, lighting the place with a lurid glamour and throwing red gleams on the blossom of the surrounding orchards. To Von Marx, in the mood which governed him, there was a quality in the scene that disturbed him like a presentiment. The prostrate forms of his men asleep under the blank sky, the hush of the place in which they were, the muffled figure of a sentry beyond, pacing slowly to and fro, the angry radiance of the fires that glowed like a conflagration, made up a picture of strong colors and violent suggestions that set his imagination racing. He knew he had yet many miles to go before he came up with the general to whom he was directed; that danger of surprise lay many miles farther than that; that he and his command were a minute cog in a vast operation which must bring the war to an end within the next few weeks. He knew all this; and yet the little camp had somehow so much the look of "the real thing" that he made haste to pass beyond it to bring his fancies into order.

"We'll cut across here," he said, presently, to Schmidt at the gate of an orchard. "There's a sentry stationed on the road at the other side; no need to go round."

"Very good, sir," agreed Schmidt, promptly. "Gate's locked, it seems. However—"

He vaulted it neatly and Von Marx followed, and they went forward under the trees. Under their feet the ground was grassed, so that after the road their footfalls seemed noiseless. Over them the heaped and heavy blossom made a roof that shut out the moonlight; between the spaced trunks they went as through long, shadowy cloisters, with only the meager light beyond to guide them on their way. The scent of earth and leaves was like a presence in the place; a stir of wind shook the branches so that they rustled and petals of blossom rained on them, touching their faces like the ghosts of snowflakes.

"Wonderful!" ejaculated Schmidt, a few paces in the rear.

"What are you stopping for?" asked Von Marx.

"Light a cigarette," was the answer.

Von Marx walked on slowly. The place, the scents, the beauty of it all, relaxed the burden on his mind. It was a thing one could feel without thinking about, like love or pain. It undid for the moment the cares of his responsibility and of the ordeal toward which each day's march brought him nearer. He bent his head to clear a branch that stretched before him like a white-draped arm, and heard behind him the scrape and splutter of Schmidt's match.

The orchard, under its canopy of blossom, was like a vault, in which the little flame of the match, like a candle in a cathedral, spread a wide and vague light, complex with heavy shadows of trunks and branches. Von Marx, still strolling forward, took in absently the effect of it, unreal like a scene in a theater, yet all arresting and delicately beautiful. It reminded him of something seen or suggested in some opera; he was idly seeking in his memory for it, when one among many of the nearer shadows which swayed and jerked in the fitful light moved strangely.

He stopped in mid-stride, startled. Behind him the match went out. "Damn!" said Schmidt, and his match-box rattled again in his hands. To Von Marx, rooted to his place in the returned darkness, it seemed that near him there was a movement, a shifting of shapes unseen who trod on the soft turf with infinite precaution. The blood tingled suddenly in his face; all that in him was susceptible to the gruesome, to fear of furtive dangers wearing the mask of the night, shrank and failed him. With an awkward, slow motion he passed his right hand across to feel for the hilt of his

sword, and he was frozen to immobility again by a low voice that spoke at his side.

"Keep quite quiet!" it said, very distinctly, in his own tongue, and he was aware that something hung in the air close to his face. Then Schmidt's second match crackled and flamed, and he saw what it was.

A man as tall as himself, in stained uniform, with a thin, unshaven face, was close to him, keeping Von Marx between himself and Schmidt. His right hand held a heavy revolver; the left he put forward now, so cautiously that he seemed to grope, and gripped Von Marx by the upper arm.

He could not move; a paralysis of his will held him; there was nothing in him to equal the menace of the big, black revolver and the tense, strong face of its owner. He was aware that around him there were other shapes, men in hiding behind trees, dark, rigid forms constrained in the abrupt attitudes in which the match-light had caught them. And suddenly, with an utter lucidity, the schooled soldier in the marrow of him perceived the meaning of it all. These were a party of the enemy, a forlorn hope which had whipped round the flank of the army and was aiming at the great magazine whence his twelve wagons of ammunition had been despatched. It was a frantic guess to account for frantic facts, and he knew it was true. He could not, for all he strove to do so, take his fascinated eyes away from the revolver that pointed so steadily at his face; but at the edge of his field of vision he saw the dim figures about him moving, edging and stealing forward as silently as the shadows that aided them — bent shapes of dread and danger advancing toward Schmidt.

He would have shouted. He labored to gather his breath mightily and let it forth in a warning roar, straight into the muzzle of the weapon. He had the will, even the courage to do it—everything but the mere physical force. The revolver never wavered; and behind it the hard, desperate face was as steady and pitiless as iron.

"See the light on this blossom," came the cheerful, foolish voice of Schmidt. "Wonderf—"

It broke off. He had seen. The light vanished. In the second of silence that followed, Von Marx had time, and ample time, to wonder drearily just how much he had seen and comprehended. Then there was a sound like a sob and a rasp of metal on metal, as if Schmidt had dragged out his sword.

The man who held Von Marx by the arm cried aloud suddenly. "Get him!" he shouted, and forthwith the place was alive with the voice of men moving among and against the trees. Some one fell close by and swore venomously. "Shoot, shoot!" called some one else. "Shut up!" shouted Von Marx's captor.

Schmidt, then, had not stood to fight. He had run, drawn sword and all, back through the orchard and over the locked gate and into the village.

"Now, move toward the gate," said his captor, curtly. "Go carefully, mind! And remember I've got this."

"This" was the revolver with which he pointed the way. Von Marx turned and began to walk; he found a curious numbness in his legs. Once he halted, and in the same instant the hard muzzle came up against his spine. Another instant and he could have turned and died; it wanted no more than an instant of freedom, of detachment from the tensity of the situation; but that instant was not to be had. Under the compulsion of the revolver he climbed the gate and waited in the middle of the road with his back turned while his captor climbed it after him. It was then that he heard the shots—first two or three, then a single one, then a brisk tattoo of them.

The man with the revolver was beside him.

"That accounts for your party, I'm afraid," he said. "A pity, but it had to be done. Walk straight down toward the village, please!"

It was about a hundred yards farther on that they came upon the body of a man in the road, stark in the moonlight. Von Marx, going past, saw him clearly. He lay on his back, with his arms stretched out and his hands seeming to clutch at the earth as though he clung to it for a last support and refuge. His upturned face, thin and drawn, snatched at the feelings like a cry for help; this man had died at his post. His rifle, with its

bayonet fixed, lay just beyond his right hand; it had not fallen till he fell.

"Go on," commanded the man with the revolver. "Go straight on. But—what's that?"

There rose, across a cape of orchard, first a glare of fiery light, then a peak of flame itself—a soaring, extravagant uprush of fire toward the vacant sky.

"They've — damn them!" cried his captor—"they've fired a house, the fools. Get on, you! Quick now, or I'll—"

Von Marx turned on him. He made no attempt to draw his useless sword. He knew whence the fire came. It was from the straw-yard where the wagons were parked, with their freight of shells and powder. Schmidt had not run for nothing: he had saved the ammunition from capture.

"Shoot, then," he cried. "Shoot and be done with it. You've failed, you fool! You're beaten, you're beaten, you're—"

The earth and the air and the sky detonated into red chaos as the twelve wagon-loads of high explosives blew up. He felt himself spun backward like a cork in an eddy of water and knew that he had been thrown to the ground with a jar. Dimly through his failing consciousness he told himself that he was shot, wounded, dying. To all his senses came a swift bitterness. Then the darkness swooped upon him and he knew nothing more. He lay in the road, with his right arm across his body, as though in an effort to draw the sword he had never used. So he was still lying when he was found.

It was nearly two whole days later that he stirred painfully and knew again that he was alive and that the world was still about him. The first part of it which he saw was a stained ceiling directly above him. Faintly he began to remember and to wonder, without eagerness, how it was that he had died under the sky and was now resurrected beneath a roof.

"Well?"

He rolled his weak eyes slowly to look at a man who stood at the side of his bed, a spectacled and bearded army surgeon, who surveyed him with a smile.

"So you've come round at last?" said the doctor. "Good! Don't try to talk just yet, though. You'll feel more up to it presently."

His plump, deft fingers were feeling Von Marx's brow under the bandage that circled it and trying his pulse. The injured man moved his dry lips.

"Where—?" he managed to breathe.

"Hush!" urged the doctor. "You're in a farm-house; we carried you here. It was the only house in the village you left standing. You'll feel better presently."

Von Marx tried to speak again, but the doctor put a cup to his lips. Each minute that passed left his mind more supple, and there was a word the doctor had used that set his blood moving. "The only house in the village *you* left standing," the doctor had said. Fearfully, as one puts one's hand upon a wound, he sent his memory back to the events of that dire evening, and at once his mind was perplexed with images, vivid and shameful — Schmidt's young, careless face seen in the glow of a cigarette, the moonlight on the piled cherry-blossom of the orchards, the thin, unshaven, remorseless face of his captor, with its steel-trap mouth. To what strange shape had the face of the facts changed while he lay unconscious?

He heard the doctor's voice at the door, speaking to some one outside.

"Yes, he's doing very well," the doctor was saying. "I'd rather he didn't talk to-day, but you can talk to him. Not too long, of course."

"I'll be careful," was the answer, as the new-comer entered the room, treading cautiously on the boards in an effort to keep his spurs from jingling. Von Marx looked up slowly at the tall man, wearing the insignia of a colonel on the staff, who stood at the foot of his bed.

"Glad you're better," said the tall colonel. "The general was quite anxious to know. Not in much pain, I hope?"

"No," breathed Von Marx. The doctor hushed him at once.

"Sorry," said the colonel. "I didn't really mean to ask you a question—though of course we're all very eager to hear what you've got to tell. Not that there's much we don't know, I fancy."

He smiled. He was a large man, with florid good looks and a certain ease of gesture and phrase. He was ornamental and good-natured, a military shop-walker.

He saw that Von Marx's face stiffened at his last words, and took it for a sign of surprise.

"Oh, the situation was fairly clear," he said, with a wave of his large, white hand. "We know what time you left your quarters, and every one for a hundred miles round knows what time you blew the wagons up. The rest we could piece out by going over the ground."

Von Marx groaned. "The general knows—" he murmured.

"Don't talk," said the big colonel. "The general knows everything," he said, reassuringly. "He's delighted; simply delighted. According to him, your fireworks made all the difference between a disaster and a victory. He told us last night at dinner—we're in the farm-house where you were, you know—that a man who could do what you did—blow up half his own men without hesitating when the need arose—was a man worthy of the Iron Star. It's General Kraft, you know."

Von Marx gazed at him dumbly, unable so quickly to take the measure of the situation.

"I shouldn't wonder if he gave you the star himself," the colonel said, nodding to give emphasis to his words. "I know he's thinking about it."

It was all that was needed to complete the bizarre quality of the affair. The Iron Star is not among those decorations which kings give to kings, like the Black Eagle or the Golden Fleece; it has to be earned. Courage and prowess alone have no claim to it; the man who would wear it must have found the occasion to do more than his duty and venture more than his life. By taking it he accepts an obligation of service and high valor; he acknowledges a debt to his country of the best that is in him to give. Thereafter none may challenge him to a duel; he cannot be called on in a court of law to confirm his word by an oath; his courage and his honor are proven for all time. And of this order General Kraft was chief and senior.

The colonel babbled a while further, easily and amicably, telling how the party which had attacked Von Marx was only the advance-guard of a large body which had found its way round the flank of the army, and how it had been routed when the explosion of the wagons shouted like a trumpet across the valleys to the unwitting brigades. Von Marx hardly heard him; the little star of dull iron was suddenly a thing of more appalling menace than the revolver which had daunted him in the gloom of the orchard. But there was the difference that with the revolver he had been taken by surprise, ambushed, given no time to summon his manhood.

The colonel took his leave at last. "Till to-morrow," he cried, genially. "I expect the general will come round then. I wish I were you."

His spurs rang a tinkling accompaniment to the showy geniality of his voice; he swung out at his long-legged cavalryman's stride, going to tell the general that the hero was well enough to be made much of. Fools were made to be the scene-shifters of fate. Behind him Von Marx, who was no fool, closed his eyes and lay still. He was making the most of his time, that he might be ready for the general.

Several times during the day visitors came to the door, to be received by the doctor, bidden to silence, and suffered to take a brief look at the patient. They were officers of General Kraft's division, which was now lying upon the scarred and defaced country like a locust swarm. He heard them whispering; the idea that they were looking upon a man whose fanatic sense of duty had enabled him to blow half his own detachment to atoms had captured their imaginations; he heard whispered adjectives of wonder, and more than once the words "Iron Star." And once, limping on a stick, with bandages about his scorched face, there came one of his own corporals, a survivor of that night of horrors. Upon him Von Marx rolled his slow, despairing eyes in scrutiny. It was plain the man knew nothing; he had not been in the straw-yard when Schmidt fired it, or he would have been dead. His honest, unintelligent eyes were frank between his bandages; as he saw Von Marx look toward him he saluted clumsily.

General Kraft, as the tall colonel had previously promised, came the following morning, stamping his way up the narrow, bare stairs with half a dozen big, clean staff-officers at his heels. The

plump doctor stood beside the door saluting; as his hand flew up, Von Marx raised himself on his pillows. The moment was at hand and he was ready for it. The general came in, a spare man, with a gray, mobile face like a clever ape, and alert, mocking eyes under heavy brows. Behind him, his big officers crowded the little, low-ceilinged bedroom, making a foil of mere largeness and physical strength to his pungent and forcible personality. He cocked a swift, searching eye at the young man on the bed; it somehow expressed, in the same glance, both indulgence and severity.

"Ah, Lieutenant!" he barked, in his shrill, grating voice. "Getting better, aren't you? Of course you are. Fine thing you did the other night. Very fine thing!"

There was malice in the manner in which he said it; if he had wished to jeer, to insult, he could not have spoken it otherwise. Von Marx glanced toward the staff-officers, wondering for a moment if he had been forestalled and the whole shameful thing discovered without his help. But they knew nothing: for them, General Kraft was speaking in his ordinary tones; he was famous for these and for the rasp of his manner.

"General," began Von Marx.

"Hey!" interrupted the general. "You oughtn't to talk, you know." He jerked his impish old face round toward the doctor. "Bad for him to talk, isn't it? Of course it is. There, you see," to Von Marx again; "the worst thing you can do is to talk. It might—oh, it might get you into all sorts of trouble."

It was unmistakable—he knew! Von Marx, gazing at him helplessly, felt a horror of his cunning and his glee. He had found it all out and was relishing it, chewing the cud of it and finding it savory.

"I must tell you—" he tried again.

"Silence!" barked the general, sharply. "My orders, Lieutenant. You are not to speak."

There was a pause; the general, with one hand resting on the rail of the bed, was fidgeting with the other among the medals and decorations upon the breast of his gray tunic. Their eyes met; both were steady.

"It has been easy," began the general, "to read the story of your deed, and what was lacking in the evidence was supplied by the accounts of the survivors and the prisoners." His gaze was a warning now; the malice had gone out of it. As clearly as though he had spoken in words, it told Von Marx that he had a part to play, a rôle to fulfil, by keeping silent.

Von Marx lay still, watching him, bewildered and daunted. The general gave him a slow glare and half turned toward his staff officers so as to include them in his audience. He began to speak deliberately, pausing to choose words, so that his little speech gave to the affair the air of a ceremony. The tall, uniformed men, spruce and comely, drew themselves up formally to hear him; he made of the little, plain chamber a council-room.

"Gentlemen," he said, "a man owes to his country what he has—the brave their courage, the strong their strength—and those who have most owe the largest debt. The most heavily indebted of all are those who owe to their fatherland not merely service in the field, but service, devotion, sacrifice, at all hours, while life remains in them. Such men are few; we know them first by some such deed as this which Lieutenant von Marx has accomplished; we distinguish them thereafter by—this token!"

His restless fingers came away from his breast and he held up before them, in his bony, red hand, the little five-pointed star of dull iron, dangling by its black ribbon. There was an instant of silence. Then he went about the corner of the bed.

"Take it," he said to Von Marx. "Take it. You must pin it on yourself; it is the rule. Take it, I tell you."

Under the compulsion of his eyes and voice, Von Marx received it in his open hand. He was aghast; the thing he had intended to prevent was happening in spite of him.

"I must speak," he cried, suddenly. "I will speak. This star—I can't—"

The general interrupted him in his harshest voice. He looked across at his officers.

"Then," he said, "in that case you will wait for me below, gentlemen."

The door closed behind them, their spurred boots were noisy on the stairs, and Von Marx was alone with the general. The Iron Star lay yet in his hand; with a shudder he dropped it on the counterpane. The general, watching him with pursed lips, nodded to himself.

"Well," he said. "You want to tell me what you were doing when the straw-yard was fired, eh? Isn't that it? By the way"—he cocked his bright and secret eye inquisitively,—"who *did* set the straw on fire?"

Von Marx gaped helplessly.

"Schmidt, I suppose?" went on the general. "Poor Schmidt! I saw him shot in our first action. A mere bull-dog of a man; no soldier at all. However, he's been some use at last."

"Then," cried Von Marx, "you know! You know everything?"

The general nodded. "I know everything," he said, steadily.

"Ah, but you don't—you can't," cried the younger man. He flung himself up on his elbow. "It was in an orchard that it began," he said, his words tumbling over one another in his eagerness to tell the whole miserable story and fulfil his purpose. "Schmidt had lingered behind to light a cigarette. One of the enemy—with a revolver—" He paused.

"I know, I know," said the general. "That man wasn't dead when we got here, and I spoke to him before he died. I know it all."

"But"—Von Marx touched the Iron Star where it lay on the counterpane—"but this! If you know all—" He stopped.

The general frowned thoughtfully, put his hands behind him, and walked away to the foot of the bed.

"Ah," he said, "I must make you understand—yes! The star, what is it? To be brave alone is not enough to win it; we have brave men in plenty. And to be a great soldier is not enough. It goes to those who have done more than our country can ask of its sons—men who are to heroes what apostles are to priests. To win it a man must be inhuman—and there are no such men. It never has been won; it never will be."

His eyes were empty now of mockery; he was grave, simple, almost reverent.

"It carries an obligation," he went on; "the obligation to serve whole-heartedly, with every faculty of mind and body, till you have expiated your dishonor. You will never be able to rest till you have done it; the star won't let you. Each time you receive the salute of honor you will feel it sting you like a whip. You can never be a coward again; you will not dare. Pin it on your breast, Von Marx; that is the first step, and nobody can do it for you. Pin it on!"

"Ah!" The sound was almost a sob. Fumbling with nerveless fingers, Von Marx found the star and fastened it on his shirt over his heart. The pin, as he thrust it through, pricked him sharply.

The general came again to his bedside.

"Welcome," he said, holding out his hand. "Welcome to the order. There were thirty-two of us; you make the thirty-third. Thirty-two men will know the truth about what you have done, therefore. They will understand."

"Will they?" asked Von Marx.

The general nodded again. "Yes," he said. "For each of them gained the star in the same way. I, too—yes; I, too! There is no other way."

His hand was still outstretched, in comradeship and kindness. Von Marx took it, wondering.

Atoms

BY SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B., F.R.S.

IT is now known that everything which we see, and indeed many things which we do not see, such as air, are composed of atoms. Till within a few years it was believed on indirect evidence that this was so; now we know that it is.

What is an atom? The meaning of the word is "uncuttable," "indivisible." For the origin of the conception we must go back to the times of the ancients. What we know of ancient literature is confined to the writings of the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the inhabitants of India, of Greece, and of Rome. But their writings treat of history or of poetry, as a rule; the only scientific pursuits of the inhabitants of these countries were politics, ethics, and mathematics. Distinction was to be gained in the forum, in the temple, or on the battle-field, not in wresting secrets from nature.

Some of the ancient Greek authors, however, speculated on the world which they inhabited; among them, Democritus, Empedocles, Epicurus, and Aristotle. One of the questions which they discussed was whether the matter of which they believed the world to consist was able to fill space entirely, or whether it consisted of particles. So far as our senses tell us, water or glass is a continuous whole; whereas sandstone or snow consists of particles which can be seen by the unaided eye. The question was whether water, if it were possible to magnify it enormously, would not be seen to consist of minute particles, similar to those seen in sandstone, except that the water-particles would be mobile. On the whole, the verdict was that matter must consist of particles.

Down to the Middle Ages the question still occupied men's minds. In the time of King Charles II., who, by the way, was the founder of the Royal Society for the Promotion of Natural Knowledge, his apothecary, N. Lefèbure, stated clearly the arguments adduced by those who preferred the idea of a continuous instead of a discrete structure of matter; he wrote: "If you ask of what a body is composed, you will be told that that has not yet been settled by the schoolmen; that if it is a body it must have quantity, and therefore must be divisible; it is clear that bodies must consist either of things divisible or indivisible—that is, either of points or of parts. Now a body cannot consist of points, because a point is indivisible, for it has no quantity; and a point cannot convey quantity to a body, seeing it has no quantity in itself. It must, therefore, be concluded that bodies must be composed of divisible parts; but the objection to this view is that if this is so we ought to know whether the smallest part of such a body is divisible or not. If it is divisible, then it cannot be the smallest part, because it can be divided into others still smaller; and yet, if this smallest part is indivisible, there would always be the same difficulty, seeing it would be without quantity, and could not convey quantity to a body, not having it itself; for divisibility is the essential feature of quantity." The argument may be summed up in the Latin saying, *De minimis non est disputandum.*

In 1804 John Dalton revived the atomic hypothesis to explain the fact that when elements unite they do so in definite proportions; and when they form more than one compound with each other the elements are present in multiple proportions. To give an instance: carbon burns in oxygen; if there is plenty of oxygen, twelve parts of carbon are added to thirty-two parts of oxygen; if there is excess of carbon, then the compound contains only sixteen parts of oxygen for each twelve parts of carbon. Dalton's explana-

tion was that in the first compound, carbonic-acid gas, one atom of carbon is united with two atoms of oxygen; whereas in the second, one atom of carbon has united with one atom of oxygen. This hypothesis proved of the greatest use; it gave definiteness to chemical conceptions; and, indeed, without it chemistry could not have developed. Still, it was a theory; no one had seen an atom; nor was there any direct evidence of the existence of atoms.

It came to be evident, about the middle of the last century, that, in order to explain certain facts connected with the relative weights of gases, matter must not merely consist of atoms, but that these atoms must have the power of uniting in small groups. In forming a compound, indeed, this must be so; for instance, carbonic-acid gas must consist of one atom of carbon which, along with two atoms of oxygen, forms a small group of three atoms. The novelty of the conception was in the notion that oxygen itself, in the state of gas, as it exists, for example, in the air, consists of small groups of atoms; in this case, two. To such small groups of atoms was given the name *molecules*. A molecule is that portion of a substance which can exist in the free state, as oxygen does in air. An atom generally exists in combination; but atoms may, and sometimes do, exist separately; in which case they also are termed molecules. Now, can molecules be seen? Is their existence a mere assumption? The answer to that question is: no, they cannot be seen; but artificial molecules can be made which correspond so closely in their behavior to real molecules that the existence of real molecules is practically certain. Moreover, although no one has ever seen a molecule, still the track of a molecule moving through space has been seen; and just as Robinson Crusoe was right in inferring the existence of Man Friday from his footstep imprinted in the sand, so the real existence of a molecule may just as certainly be inferred from the track it leaves. How that has been done we shall now proceed to explain.

Our atmosphere consists of a mixture of nitrogen and oxygen, together with small quantities of other gases, of which argon is present in largest amount. Air is somewhat lighter than oxygen; while oxygen is sixteen times heavier than hydrogen, air is nearly fourteen and one-half times as heavy. Now, the atmosphere presses on the surface of the earth, owing to its weight; the pressure at the level of the sea is about fourteen pounds on each square inch; it is generally measured by the height of the barometer, which, at sea-level, is thirty inches in fine weather. If we ascend a hill, the barometer falls; there is no longer so much air pressing on the earth, for there is less air above us. To halve the pressure we should require to ascend nearly four miles; this is not quite so high as the highest of the Himalayan Mountains. There would then be as much air below us as above us. Suppose now that the atmosphere consisted not of air, but of hydrogen; how high would it be necessary to ascend in order to halve the pressure? Evidently, in order to have the same weight of hydrogen pressing on us as we have air, the atmosphere would have to be fourteen times as high; and to halve the pressure we should need to ascend, not four, but fourteen times four, or fifty-six miles.

The pressure of a column of gas, be it air or hydrogen, depends evidently on two things: first, on the relative weight of the molecules of the gas; and, second, on the number of molecules in the layer of gas that is pressing on us. It is supposed, in the calculation which we have just made, that when the number of molecules is equal, then the pressure is equal; and this can be easily proved. So that a quart of air, at four miles up, would contain as many molecules as a quart of hydrogen at fifty-six miles up. From this it follows that if we knew the height at which the density of gas would be halved, and if we also knew the number of molecules of air in a quart at the height where *its* density is halved, we should be able to calculate the number of molecules in a quart of hydrogen.

Measurements of this kind have practically been made by Jean Perrin, one of the professors in the University of Paris; and they constitute one of the most remarkable feats that have ever been accomplished. Perrin made what may be called "artificial molecules," by pouring a solution of gamboge, the ordinary

water-color paint, into water. The gamboge separates as a milky cloud; and, seen under a microscope, the cloud consists of small, round particles of different sizes. Months were spent in separating out a lot of uniform size. This was done by a method of settling them; the larger grains settle more quickly than the smaller ones. But the process was slow, before a sufficient number of equal size had been collected. Next, the density of the grains had to be found; this was not difficult; a known volume of the suspended grains was weighed in a flask, and the weight of the solid in the water was found by evaporating off the water and weighing what remained. To find the diameter of a grain was not quite so easy; it was done by allowing some of the suspension to dry up; a lot of grains, which could be counted, often lay in a row the length of which could be measured. Of these grains, 125,000 would lie along an inch; and each grain was about one and a fifth times as heavy as water.

The next step was to make a kind of atmosphere of these grains, and to find out at what height their number would be halved. The emulsion was accordingly put into a small glass dish and placed below a photographing microscope. The microscope was focused on one of the lower layers, and a photograph was taken; naturally, only those in focus appeared on the plate. The microscope was then shifted to a known distance, so as to take a picture of the grains higher up; and this process was repeated until the numbers at different heights in this "atmosphere" of gamboge granules had been measured. Now we come to a sum in proportion. The height at which the pressure of a gas is halved is in inverse proportion to the density; thus, as already stated, because hydrogen is fourteen times less dense than air, it is necessary to go fourteen times as high in an atmosphere of hydrogen before its density is halved. So that by comparing the height required in the "atmosphere" of gamboge with that required for hydrogen or for air, their relative densities are determined; and as it is known that equal numbers of molecules, at the same temperature, exert the same pressure, and as the number of particles of gamboge in a known volume had been counted, it follows that the number of particles—that is, of molecules—in the same volume of air or of hydrogen can be reckoned, for it is identical. An ordinary thimble holds about three cubic centimeters; the number of molecules of air which fills it is expressed by one followed by twenty naughts, or a hundred million million million. And knowing the relative weights of the same volume of hydrogen and of gamboge particles, exerting the same pressure, and at the same temperature, the weight of a molecule of hydrogen can be calculated; there are four followed by twenty-six naughts in a grain weight.

Such figures convey little; they only show us what extraordinarily small things there are in this world of ours. But the fact that "visible molecules," as we may term these particles of gamboge, behave in a manner exactly similar to molecules of gases such as hydrogen, or of the oxygen and nitrogen of which air consists, makes it absolutely certain that such invisible molecules really exist, and that their real, not merely their relative, weights can be determined.

So much for molecules; now for atoms. Every one has heard of radium, the wonderful metal discovered by Madame Curie. Among its other remarkable properties it has the one of breaking up, or disintegrating; one of its products is a gas named *niton,* and at the same time it expels an atom of helium, a gas discovered by the writer of this article in 1895. The breaking up of an atom of radium is accompanied by a kind of explosion, the result of which is that the atom of helium is shot off with enormous velocity — indeed, at a rate of about 12,500 miles a second, which is about the fifteenth part of the velocity of light. The breaking down of radium into helium was the first known instance of the decomposition of a chemical element, or of one element changing into another; it was discovered by Mr. Frederick Soddy and the writer in 1903. The rate of motion of the helium atom thus expelled was first measured by Professor Rutherford. To Mr. C. T. R. Wilson, of Cambridge, we owe the astonishing feat of mapping the trail of the moving helium atom; and we shall try to give a description of how this wonder was accomplished.

One would not suppose it, but every solid object, such as a steel knife, a wine-glass, a lump of coal, is covered with a thin layer of water; it has also on its surface a very thin film of air. These can be removed by heating; but when the substance is again cold, the layers of water and condensed air return if it is left lying about. The amount thus adhering depends partly on the material of which the object consists, and partly on the extent of its surface; a large surface condenses more gas and water than a small one. Now, the smaller a particle, the larger its surface in comparison with its volume; that is easily realized when it is considered that by powdering any material its surface is greatly increased, while its total volume remains unaltered. Particles of dust, therefore, which are very small, possess relatively large surface. Next, ordinary air which we breathe always contains the vapor of water; this is seen in winter when the glass panes of a window become frosted over with frozen water, deposited from the air in which it had previously existed as vapor. If air is cooled, it deposits some of its water-vapor. Another point to consider is that when air is compressed it grows hot, as every one who has pumped up the tire of a bicycle knows; and the converse of this is also true; when air expands against a resistance, it cools itself. Now imagine a glass globe full of air, saturated with water-vapor—that is, containing as much as it will hold at the temperature of the room. Suppose this air made to expand, by withdrawing some suddenly with a pump; then some of the water-vapor is bound to condense (for the air becomes colder), provided it can find anything to condense on. All air contains particles of dust, unless they have been filtered out by passing the air through cotton-wool. And each dust particle will become covered with a droplet of water, due to the adhesion of water to its surface, and the result will be a fog. Indeed, it is possible to count the number of dust particles in air by this means, as was shown years ago by Mr. John Aitken.

But it is not merely dust which will condense water-vapor into liquid. Invisible particles, termed ions, will do the same. What is an ion?

For long, electricity was supposed to be a mysterious fluid, or rather, two mysterious fluids, one of which was called "positive," the other "negative." It has now been shown, thanks to the investigations of Sir J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge, that what was known as a current of "negative" electricity is, in actual fact, a stream of small particles moving with great velocity. These particles of electricity, known as electrons, can combine with matter; metals are such compounds; gases like oxygen and nitrogen have also electrons associated with them. When an atom of oxygen, of iron, or indeed of any substance, has been deprived of an electron, or has had an electron added to it, it becomes an ion. If the electric particle has been removed, it is said to be a positive ion; if the electron has been added, it is called negative. The word "ion" means "going," or "traveling"; such atoms are easily attracted to or repelled by electrified bodies, and they move rapidly toward them, or away from them, as the case may be; if the electrification of the body is negative—that is, if there is an excess of electrons adhering to its surface — it repels particles which have also an excess electron; if, on the contrary, the electrified body is electrified by having had electrons removed (and that is called positive electrification), then it will attract particles having an excess electron.

Now, when atoms of helium are expelled by the excessive force of a radium atom, they are moving, as has been said, with enormous velocity. In passing through air they collide with the molecules of oxygen and nitrogen, and convert some of the atoms with which they come into contact into ions—that is, they knock off electrons from some, while they add electrons to others. Both kinds become able to exert attraction on neighboring matter; and in presence of cooled water-vapor some of the water-vapor condenses on these ions; round each ion a droplet is formed. If brightly illuminated, the row of droplets appears as a white streak, which can be photographed; it reveals the track of the moving helium atom. The motion soon dies out; at ordinary atmospheric pressure the distance traversed does not exceed two inches, owing to the collisions

of the helium particles with the air molecules, and the consequent stoppage of their motion. The photograph reveals a number of short, straight lines radiating from the particles of radium from which the helium atoms are escaping; these consist of lines of vapor condensed on the ions of air produced by the bombardment of the air molecules by the rapidly moving helium atoms. Again, although we cannot see atoms, still their paths can be traced and their presence revealed.

Until recent years it was believed that there are some eighty kinds of matter which cannot be simplified; to these were given the name "elements." Water, for instance, can be changed, on passing an electric current through it, into its constituents, oxygen and hydrogen; from glass it is possible to produce its constituents, namely, silicon, calcium, sodium, and oxygen; all these were, and are still, termed elements, for out of none of them was it possible to obtain any simpler form of matter. To each of these elements an atomic weight has been ascribed; thus, taking the weight of an atom of hydrogen as unity, that of oxygen is 16; of silicon, 28; of sodium, 23; and of calcium, 40; these are the relative weights of the respective atoms. Here is a list of the atomic weights of some of the elements:

Hydrogen, 1; helium, 4; lithium, 7; glucinum, 9; boron, 11; carbon, 12; nitrogen, 14; oxygen, 16; fluorine, 19; neon, 20; sodium, 23; magnesium, 24; aluminium, 27; silicon, 28; phosphorus, 31; sulphur, 32; chlorine, 35; argon, 40; potassium, 39; calcium, 40, etc. If these numbers be compared, it will be seen that they follow a certain order; thus, the eighth element after helium is neon, like helium an inactive gas; the eighth element after lithium is sodium, a soft, white metal like lithium; similarly, magnesium resembles glucinum; aluminium resembles boron; silicon, carbon; and so on. Argon, again, is the eighth element after neon, which it resembles, as it also resembles helium. There is another noticeable point. Niton has been mentioned as one of the products into which radium changes; the other is helium. Now, the atomic weight of radium has been very carefully determined; it is 226. As the loss of an atom of helium of atomic weight 4 changes it into niton, the atomic weight of niton should be 226 minus 4, or 222; and the result of experiments by Dr. Whytlaw-Gray and the writer showed that that is the atomic weight of niton. We have here a clue to the structure of one element; and it is worth while seeing if other elements cannot be caused to change, and whether one of the products of the change will not be helium.

Radium changes spontaneously; how can other elements be induced to imitate it? Let us first think of compounds all of which are decomposable. Most compounds change into the elements of which they are composed if they are raised to a sufficiently high temperature, or if they are made to conduct an electric current. Elements, on the other hand, stand the highest temperatures which can be produced artificially without changing their nature, although all change their state; that is, the solid elements melt, and then change to gas; but the element remains essentially the same; on cooling, the original substance is recovered. What may happen at the enormously high temperature of some of the stars is another thing; there is evidence, which cannot be treated of in the present article, which gives rise to the presumption that in the hottest stars many of our elements have no existence. Again, elements either refuse to allow an electric current to pass through them, like sulphur, or they conduct the current, like copper, and are not altered thereby.

Heat and electricity in motion are forms of energy; and the problem is how to impart a very large quantity of energy to a small quantity of an element. The most potent form of energy which we know — that is, the greatest amount of energy in the smallest space — is that afforded by the spontaneous decomposition of niton, the first product from radium; it is capable of raising two and a half billion times its weight of water through one degree centigrade; or, by volume, twenty-four million times in about a month; for it takes about that space of time to "disintegrate." A gram, about the thirtieth part of an ounce, of niton will give off as much energy as five horses would if they worked for a month. But no one can

obtain a gram of niton; the amount with which the writer worked was only the millionth part of that quantity; it represents the work which would be done by a horse in twelve and a half seconds. Still, the space occupied by the niton is infinitesimal; a little tube no thicker than the finest hair and an eighth of an inch long would amply hold the niton.

Now, niton, it will be remembered, changes spontaneously; it expels atoms of helium moving with enormous velocity. Just as bombardment with the stream of bullets from a machine-gun destroys any object on which the bullets strike, so it may be conjectured that the stream of helium atoms may destroy the atoms of elements on which they impinge. To test this, some niton was dissolved in water; it was easy to prove that the gases produced consist mainly of oxygen and hydrogen, the elements of which the water consists. It was also easy to detect the helium produced from the niton; but it was with considerable surprise that it was found that the element neon was mixed with the helium.

Nature sometimes aids us in making experiments, although as a rule she places hindrances in our way; in this case she was kind. Mineral springs often contain niton, and gases escape from the water in large quantity. An investigation of the gas escaping from the mineral springs of Bath showed the presence of helium, as might have been expected, due to the disintegration of the niton; but the amount of neon in these gases greatly exceeds that of the helium.

Again, when niton is dissolved in a solution of sulphate of copper, some of the atoms of copper appear to be broken up by the rapidly moving helium atoms, and another element, lithium, appears to be the product. Other experiments showed that the elements silicon, titanium, zirconium, and thorium, as well as lead, when treated with niton, yield carbon as one of their products of decomposition. In fact, it must be inferred that just as there are elements which spontaneously change into others, so many of the ordinary "stable" elements can be broken down by appropriate treatment.

"Appropriate treatment" means the communication to the element to be changed of a large dose of concentrated energy; and the next step was to try if electric energy would have a disintegrating effect. Every one knows nowadays that it is possible, by means of "X-rays," to photograph the bones, and indeed the heart and the stomach, inside the body. An X-ray bulb is a glass flask with three metal plates in its interior, connected to the outside by wires. From one of these plates negative electricity in the form of cathode rays is made to stream; these rays hit another plate, placed at an angle, so that the X-rays pass out of the bulb; it is these which are used to take photographs. The third plate is the positive electrode. These bulbs are "run" for months before they become useless, hence they have received large doses of energy during their lifetime. Now, on examining the gas from the interior of several of these bulbs, old from use, it was found that helium was present. The air contains some helium; and it was not impossible, though unlikely, that it might have entered the bulb through the glass. But that idea was negatived by experiments made quite independently by Professor Norman Collie and by Mr. Hubert Patterson; each of them passed a stream of cathode rays through hydrogen; the rays impinged on the glass vessel; and after five hours both helium and neon were found in the gases pumped out of the bulb. Again, the helium and the neon might conceivably have entered from the outside air; but that was disproved by surrounding the bulb with an external vessel from which all air had been removed; helium and neon were still found in the gases which had been exposed to the cathode rays; none could have entered from without. On interposing a plate of aluminium, so that the cathode rays did not strike the glass, no neon was formed; the glass of the vessel appears to be essential to the formation of neon. Now, glass is a compound of silicon, calcium, sodium, and oxygen; presumably it is the oxygen which leads to the production of neon, although that has not yet been conclusively established; both Professor Collie and Mr. Patterson found that if oxygen is present along with the hydrogen in the bulb, and if the mixture is treated with cathode rays,

neon is produced. Whence come the helium and the neon?

An atom of helium is 4 times as heavy as an atom of hydrogen; an atom of oxygen, 16 times; an atom of neon, 20 times. A reasonable explanation of what has been found would appear to be given by the supposition that four atoms of hydrogen have combined to form an atom of helium; that if oxygen be present, an atom of helium and an atom of oxygen combine to form an atom of neon. But the case is not quite so simple; for the atom of neon is not exactly 20 times as heavy as an atom of hydrogen, but 20.2 times. Whence comes the decimal .2? In all probability from the electrons, or atoms of electricity; we may therefore speculate that neon is a compound of hydrogen in the form of helium, and of oxygen, together with electrons.

The case is by no means proved; but enough has been said to give some idea of the progress which is being made in the direction of ascertaining the nature of the elements. "Facts are chiels that winna ding," and it is necessary to account for the facts which have been described. The explanation may be wrong; but the human mind cannot rest content with retaining in the memory a mere catalogue of facts; theories are put forward, and it remains to be seen whether they will be justified by new facts. Such is the history of the progress of science; and whatever the explanation, the fact is incontestable that a new chapter in the history of chemistry—that is, in knowledge of the world around us—has been opened.

Day and Night

BY JAMES STEPHENS

WHEN the young eyes of the day
Open on the dusk, and see
All the shadows fade away
Till the sun shines merrily,
Then I leave my bed and run
Out to frolic in the sun.

Through the sunny hours I play
Where the grass is warm and long;
I pluck the daisies, and the gay
Buttercups, or join the song
Of the birds that here and there
Sing upon the sunny air.

But when night comes, cold and slow,
When the sad moon climbs the sky,
When the whispering wind says, "Boh!
Little boy," and makes me cry,
By my mother I am led
To my home and to my bed.

The Imperturbable Duchess

BY J. D. BERESFORD

WHILE it is difficult to defend Cunningham Black, his conduct needs no explanation. That diablerie which spices all his writing is characteristic of the man himself; there is more than a hint of the satyr about him. The two waves of hair on each side of his forehead inevitably suggest horns, and the set of his eyes, the half-whimsical cynicism of his expression, are all in keeping with the popular conception of the hoofed devil. Lastly, his extraordinary thinness, which is emphasized by his prim, neat dress; his narrow, bony hands and feet, the curious squareness of his little shoulders, all heighten the impish effect of him.

As to the origin of the long campaign —that, too, is easily explained. Cunningham Black was the son of a bookseller, and although he had made himself acceptable to society by his cleverness and his wonderful adaptability, he was always a little over-assertive. He had not forgotten the bookseller's shop, and he continually persuaded himself into a contempt for those who moved so easily in ways which he had studied with long effort. Doubtless he tried very earnestly to despise these people with whom he loved to be seen.

Every one now knows the other protagonist. The unhappy Valetta, Duchess of Tottenham, has attained a celebrity she neither desired nor deserved. Her very tricks of manner and speech are familiar to the general public. Unhappy she certainly is, and for no fault of her own. There were no less than three Duchesses of Tottenham when the trouble began, and she was the younger of the two dowagers. She was, in fact, quite terribly poor for her position, and she cannot be blamed for staying with the Davidsons, or with any other people in whose houses she could really economize. Meanness in the matter of tipping the servants was excusable in a duchess.

Black was not in an unusually bad temper when the incident happened. He had lunched on the corridor-train, not to his complete satisfaction, but still sufficiently, and when he had found a first-class smoking-carriage on the branch line and settled himself down to a very decent cigar, he was probably in a fairly comfortable humor. Then, just as the train was starting, Valetta was ushered with some ceremony into his empty compartment.

Black did not know that it was the Duchess; he did not know that the Duchess was going to the Davidsons. He only knew that a thin, middle-aged, rather expensively dressed woman in a *pince-nez* had been thrust upon him, and he resented it. He realized, too, the fact that she was treated with much deference by the attendant guard. There was an innate radicalism in Black which was always up in arms against this show of deference to the upper classes.

He had put up his long, thin feet on the cushion of the opposite seat, and he withdrew them very deliberately when he found that the intruding woman intended to enter that compartment and no other.

The train started immediately; the Duchess, already affronted, took her seat in the corner by the farther door, and Black put his feet up again and continued his cigar.

The Duchess coughed and let down the window. She had her back to the engine; Black was facing it, and he was immediately conscious of a draught. He scowled at his companion and turned up the collar of his overcoat.

The Duchess coughed again—a cough which perfectly expressed her dislike of the cigar and the smoker of it.

Black was exasperated. "Why travel in a smoking-carriage, madam, if you object to the smell of smoke?" he asked, acidly. "The train is not full."

"I did not notice," said Valetta, and

put her head a little back to stare at this impossible fellow-traveler of hers. It was a trick of hers; she had put her head back in precisely the same way when she was a spectacled school-girl of fourteen, long before she had any hope of becoming a duchess.

Black put her pose down to aristocratic intolerance. He shrugged his shoulders, looked at the ground-glass legend on the window and then at his cigar.

"You can change at the next station," he said.

"Insufferable!" said Valetta, addressing the window on her own side of the carriage. She was quite cool, and she spoke with perfect distinctness.

That word roused all that was worst in Black, but it immediately cooled his temper. This was a declaration of war, and he was far too clever to fight when he was angry.

He opened the window beside him and threw away his less than half-smoked cigar, put down his feet, tossed his hat onto the rack, and so prepared the ground to give battle on even terms.

"Under these new conditions," he said, "may I be allowed to close that window?"

Valetta gave a slight inclination of her head, and continued to take an absorbing interest in the landscape.

Black got up and closed the window, quite politely.

When he had returned to his seat, he said calmly, with something of a judicial air, "I shall change compartments at the next station, but I should like to point out that it is you who owe an apology, not myself."

Valetta turned and looked at him with the same lift of the head, smiled faintly, and turned away again.

Black was badly nettled, but he controlled his voice. "I don't press the point of the apology," he said. "Put it, if you like, that I am elaborating my own defense. I am aggrieved. You seriously interfere with my comfort, presume beyond all limits on the privileges of your sex, and then calmly assume that I am in the wrong throughout. I resent your attitude, your calm assumption of superiority. I analyze the situation from a purely detached point of view, and I can find no excuse for your attitude."

Valetta had a grave failing. She lacked any sense of humor. That sense would have saved the situation, but she failed completely to appreciate that this scene was pure comedy. Her only refuge was dignity. No one could deny that she had dignity.

She turned to Black, lifted her *pince-nez,* and held it, somewhat after the manner of a lorgnette, a little in front of her eyes—she had always suffered from bad sight. She studied him for a moment, and then, as the train was already slackening speed, she said, "If you will kindly open the door for me, I will change carriages."

"I have said that I will save you the necessity," returned Black.

The train stopped, and Valetta, who was on the platform side, held up a hand to some official visible on the station. The official—it chanced to be the station-master—leaped to open the door for her. She made a regal exit, leaving her new-found vassal to collect such small belongings as she had brought with her and transfer them to another carriage.

Black was left to light another cigar and ponder the things he ought to have said. He was conscious of a distinct feeling of regret that he would in all probability never have an opportunity of saying any of those things to the person whom they concerned. That regret was soon wiped away.

When he arrived at the station for the Davidsons' place, he had some difficulty in finding a porter. There was only one, and he and the station-master were both engaged on behalf of Black's late traveling companion; they were giving their whole attention to the instructions of the Duchess's maid. Valetta sailed straight out of the station and entered the Davidson motor. When Black at last received attention, he found that he would share the Davidson omnibus with the Duchess's maid and the Duchess's luggage.

He had quite grasped the situation, and he had plenty of time during his eight-mile drive behind the third best pair of carriage-horses to consider his plan of campaign. Whatever Black's failings, he had courage and confidence.

They met within ten minutes of Black's arrival.

Valetta had spent the interval in the rooms set apart for her, and had done her best without maid or heavy luggage to make herself presentable. Her best was little enough, and she had not taken off her hat when she came into the drawing-room for tea.

Black had just sat down; he was in the Duchess's direct path toward her hostess, and he got up gracefully and moved to one side. He was always at home among furniture, never in the least embarrassed, gauche, or clumsy.

Introductions were not the rule at the Davidsons, but the Duchess was outside all ordinary rules. Other visitors were not introduced to her; they were presented.

Little Mrs. Davidson cast a quick glance round the members of her house-party in search of strangers, and noted Claude Greening, the brilliant young member for Brittleworth, and Cunningham Black. She gave Greening the preference.

"Oh, Duchess," said Mrs. Davidson, "may I? I don't think Mr. Greening is known to you—for Brittleworth, you remember; and Mr. Cunningham Black—the writer, you know."

Greening bowed, a shade too formally. Black smiled, and gave a faint inclination of the head. "Curiously enough," he said, "the Duchess and I traveled part of the way down together, and though quite unknown to each other, of course, we had quite an interesting discussion on the feminist question."

Mrs. Davidson beamed—dear Mr. Black was such a help; he was always so amusing and interesting. She caught her breath with a gasp—a curious little way she had before speaking, as if she had just finished a deflating laugh—but before she could begin, the Duchess took up the conversation.

Valetta's eye had rested for one moment upon Black, and then had wandered away from him as if he were some negligible little animal that had brought upon itself a moment's undeserved attention.

"So interested in your speeches, Mr. Greening," she said, "so—so—er—interesting I found them." She was not in the least discomposed, but she was characteristically unable to put a sentence together or to give utterance to any remark that was not platitudinous or in some way banal. She had never even posed as a clever woman.

Greening bowed again, muttered something about being highly complimented, then pulled himself together, cleared his throat, and said, "Reporters make rather a hash of one, though," and proceeded to tell a story of a reporter's, or printer's, error in the rendering of one of his own efforts.

It was rather a dull story, but the Duchess gave it most flattering attention. At its conclusion she caught at the word "misrepresent," which Greening had used, and said, "You must find it very annoying when you are—they misrepresent you like that; it must be so annoying."

"Extremely," replied Greening, and cleared his throat again, but Mrs. Davidson and Black both rushed in to head off any further stories of the same type. Mrs. Davidson's gasp gave Black the lead.

"One may be misrepresented without being reported," he remarked. He raised his voice slightly and gathered in the attention of other groups which, temporarily alienated by Greening, had fallen into private discussions. "Personally," he went on, "I find it rather amusing; I suppose it is only the very earnest, sincere people like politicians and other professions beginning with a 'p,' like popular preachers and philanthropists and public prosecutors, who simply can't bear to be misconstrued. I've been fortunate in being consistently misunderstood; if any one had ever taken me seriously, I should have been living in an attic now, like all the other writers with a purpose."

Valetta tried to change the topic, but she could not think of any remark to make. She never took the initiative in conversation; she had a way of permitting other people to speak to her, and she was out of practice. She did begin by saying, "Er—ahem!" but as no more interesting continuation suggested itself—she was bewilderedly trying to think of something that began with a "p"—she repeated her opening in a different tone, giving it a bronchial inflection which suggested some misguided cake-



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

BLACK HAD THE GAME ALL TO HIMSELF

crumb in the ducal and always magnificently dignified throat. Valetta could have choked with dignity.

Black had the game all to himself. He had a whimsical manner which always gave interest to his conversation. If the things he said were not actually funny, his expression and gestures made them appear so.

"As an instance," he said, "of how one may be misunderstood. I was in the train a few days ago, just recovering from a railway lunch. Had to change onto a branch line and got a smoking-carriage all to myself, making myself really comfortable, when a dignified lady in a *pince-nez* got in just as the train was starting. It wasn't a corridor; no escape for either of us. Her magnificence—philanthropist probably, certainly one of the people who begin with a capital "P"; might have been a peeress—anyway, she objected to smoking. Didn't say anything, you understand, but looked and coughed and opened the window; very dignified all the time." Black's expression conveyed an impression of the lady's dignity so well that even the footman who was handing the tea had to fetch cakes from a side-table. Black had his audience well in hand. He shrugged his shoulders and continued: "What could I do? I threw away my just-lighted cigar, I took my feet off the cushions, I even took off my cap—still the lady looked affronted. Then—a mistake, I admit—I tried to defend myself. I put it quite politely that I was not the aggressive party. I said I would change compartments at the next station, but that I could not bear to be misunderstood. I wanted to make it plain that I had had no idea when I took my seat that this was the particular compartment in which she always traveled. I was humble and, I hope, delicately apologetic. But, no! I received no sign of forgiveness."

"What a weird person!" interpolated one of Black's listeners.

Black held up his hand. "Ah! But I have a theory," he said. "Is it possible that this lady could have been a princess, traveling incognita, some very elect person who was unable to recognize my right to exist in the same compartment?"

A chorus of incredulity greeted this theory, but before Black could get a hearing Valetta very distinctly "er—ahemmed" again. She had thought of a remark.

"How are the pheasants doing this year?" she asked, addressing Mrs. Davidson, and Black got no further chance to claim the general attention. The point of his theory was lost. Every one gave way to the Duchess.

Black had all the qualities that go to the making of success, and chief among them was that which in a statesman or a general might be dignified as "an iron will"; in the present case it may be spoken of as pertinacity. He was thirty-five, and twenty years' incessant attention to various problems had not only made his name familiar to a large reading public, but had also raised him to such an assured position in literature that his books received long reviews on the day of publication. And had not his assiduity and genius received even greater rewards than these? Was he not to be found, a welcome guest, in a house-party that included a duchess? But this very gift for persistence, newly combining with that radical flaw in him which can only be traced to an hereditary taint, was working now to doubtful ends. He had such confidence in his position that he was determined to humiliate Valetta, Duchess of Tottenham. She was a stupid woman; she had nothing but her dignity; she should be taught that the brains of a genius were worth more than an hereditary title, however magnificent. Cunningham Black was piqued, and he had pertinacity.

He began his reasoned campaign at dinner that evening. He sat a long way from Valetta at the table, but that very fact gave him an opportunity.

The dinner began badly. For some reason there was a slight atmosphere of constraint. People seemed bored with one another, and none of them made the least attempt to claim the general attention. In vain did Mrs. Davidson gasp and bubble, speak to Mr. Greening across two intervening guests, and to Professor Barrett across four, in the endeavor to draw some interesting topic from them. Most vainly did she throw a beseeching glance at Cunningham Black; he was

deliberately glum; he recognized that the whole party was flat, and he meant it to remain flat until he exerted his power; he meant to prove his capacity and value later. Mrs. Davidson relapsed into conversation with her dull partner, Lord Graves; she was expert hostess enough to know when her visitors wanted to be let alone.

Then, somewhere about the sixth course, Black exerted himself. In his own dry, excellently restrained way, he began to exercise his wit. He aroused a ripple of laughter; one by one he collected hearers from remote corners of the table; he evoked discussion; and when the dessert was set and the servants had left the room, he began a story to which every one listened except the Duchess and Davidson; and Davidson would have listened if he had been permitted.

But as Black told his story he was giving all his attention to the far end of the table, however much he appeared to be addressing the company at large. He was keeping his story going and awaiting his opportunity. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Valetta deeply pondering some remark to recall the attention of the erring Davidson, who had been unsuccessfully endeavoring to keep up a conversation with his apparently deeply interested partner while he tried to catch the point of the story that was creating so much amusement.

Black was nearing the climax when he suddenly held up his hand and leaned forward. The laughter subsided, an expectant silence fell over the whole table, and precisely at that moment of breathless suspense the voice of Valetta was heard to say very clearly, "Er—ahem! How are the pheasants doing this year?"

Some silly ingénue tittered, and even the most diplomatic were unable to refrain from a glance toward the head of the table.

By all Black's calculation the Duchess should have looked extremely foolish, but Valetta put her head back slightly, looked down the table with a gentle smile of tolerant approval, and turned to receive her host's answer.

It was certainly not Valetta who was covered with confusion, but many others of the Davidsons' guests had a curious feeling that they had been betrayed into a breach of good manners, and later they sought opportunities of amusing the Duchess, and it was noticeable that Black was not quite a success. It almost seemed that the avoidance of Black was a recommendation to favor in the eyes of the Duchess. Greening, for instance, was plainly in the ducal good books, although he was most distinctly a bore. Uncharitable people said that Valetta's slight deafness accounted for her favor of Greening—she did not hear half he said.

It was not Black's fault, so much was tacitly agreed. He was not responsible for that contretemps of the dinner-table. He happened to be unlucky, that was all, but unlucky people were not in vogue with those who sought the honor of aristocratic recognition.

Black himself was peculiarly sensitive to atmospheres, and he saw very clearly that he must play his game with great caution. In that house it would be fatal to whisper any insinuation against the Duchess—her slight deafness, her stupidity, her silly little mannerisms were all covered with the glamour that surrounds the ducal coronet. At the back of his mind he was quite conscious that, despite those twenty assiduous years, he had not overcome the reproach of the bookseller's shop. Valetta might be rude, might commit almost any solecism, and at the worst her rudeness might be attributed to eccentricity. Let Cunningham Black make one mistake in breeding, and it would be brought against him as a damning accusation; it would be a *faux pas;* it would be evidence of his upbringing.

So he walked very warily at the Davidsons', and, afraid to make new opportunity, waited for one to be presented. But when such opportunity came it was too slight to afford him any real satisfaction, and never did Valetta lose for one instant her personal dignity.

Defeated but not disheartened, Black undertook to solve the problem as he had solved so many others. Its very difficulty attracted him. But in this house his handicap was too great. He left the Davidsons' three days earlier than he had originally intended, and returned to London to begin his great campaign.

The opening shot fired three months later was a mere rocket to attract attention. A story of Black's appeared in a well-known magazine, and told as a piece of pure comedy the incident of the railway carriage. He made a good story out of it, distorted the facts, and introduced some kind of a plot. It attracted more attention than short stories generally do, because it was in Black's best manner, and was particularly well-finished and witty. Its chief charm, however, was the remarkable character sketch of the woman who intruded into the smoking-compartment. She was not a duchess in the story, but the wife of a retired merchant; but everybody who was personally acquainted with the younger dowager Duchess of Tottenham smiled as they read, and said, "How very like Valetta!" and either told their friends to read the story or sent the magazine to them by post. There was, indeed, some quality about that character sketch which impressed itself on the public mind.

The story was followed within a month by the production of Black's comedy, "Madam Dignity."

The play had been written and accepted under another title before Black paid his epoch-making visit to the Davidsons, but when he returned to town he had completely rewritten it, despite the urgent remonstrances of the actor-manager, who had pledged himself to its production in the following spring. Originally there had been a countess in the play, the kind of part of which Miss Compton might have made a success, but this part was now altered and expanded until it was second only to that of the actor-manager's. Black stage-managed the play himself, and in addition to his work at the theater he devoted many patient hours to Miss Moira Greville, who, it will be remembered, made such a sensation in the part of Lady Freake.

"Madam Dignity" was unquestionably a brilliant comedy, but it is doubtful if it would have run for eighteen months had it not been for the interest which was awakened in this part of Lady Freake. On the first night there were, perhaps, a dozen people in the theater who recognized that this was not a caricature so much as a portrait of one of the three Duchesses of Tottenham.

Lord Graves grew very warm on the subject. He said that it was scandalous that a playwright should be allowed to draw the character of such a well-known figure, or an actress be permitted to mimic a duchess. He said that Black and Miss Greville and the manager could be had up for libel. He was so disturbed about it all—remembering, perhaps, that he, too, had been one of the Davidsons' house-party, and might also be portrayed on the stage—that he talked about it to every one he knew, and the advance booking broke all records.

Valetta herself went to see the play, and smiled sweetly through the performance. Her only comment on it was that it was "quite amusing."

It may have been due to the actor-manager's press-agent, or it may have been an accident, that the secret became known to the general public. If the disclosure was the work of the press-agent, he can hardly be blamed. Pit, gallery, and upper boxes have to be filled, as well as dress-circle and stalls. The agent's knowledge of human nature was profound. Once the secret was known, the cheaper parts of the house were crammed every night and at each of the three matinées which soon became necessary. The woman in the street was no longer to be put off by the imaginary portraits of the aristocracy which had hitherto satisfied her. In "Madam Dignity" she saw, if not an actual duchess, so good a representation of one that she could recognize the original in the Park or at the Palace Gates on the occasion of a drawing-room.

That possibility drew crowds to Hyde Park on Sunday mornings, and when, at the beginning of the season, Valetta drove round in her shabby hired landau, a wave of emotion passed over the ring of sight-seers. Anybody who was anybody could not fail to point an excited finger and whisper: "That's her. That's the Duchess of Tottenham."

Valetta had to cease driving in the Park.

So far Black had merely drawn a strikingly true portrait of Valetta; he had not laughed at her and pointed the finger of scorn. His plan was deep and far-seeing; he desired the public to become familiar with the person he in-

tended to ridicule. When that object had been achieved, he started the Mrs. Scroggins vogue.

Mrs. Scroggins was a charwoman of doubtful antecedents and uncertain honesty, who first appeared as a subsidiary character in Black's novel, *Little Frailties.* She spoke lodging-house English, she was stupid and a little deaf, but she overcame the doubts and questions of all her employers by her extraordinary dignity. All Black's best work was in the portrait of Mrs. Scroggins, and such was his genius in depicting her that the character carried conviction; the enormous public which read *Little Frailties* realized for the first time how far personal dignity will cover a multitude of minor defects. And no one who had seen "Madam Dignity" could doubt for a moment that Mrs. Scroggins was, in another sphere of life, none other than Valetta, Duchess of Tottenham. Everybody, of course, *had* seen "Madam Dignity" by that autumn (there were five companies out; the three matinées were still necessary at the West End Theater), and the editors and reviewers, who all gave Black a column on the day of publication, made one or two covert remarks which would have given the show away, even if that portrait had not been obvious.

It was evident that Mrs. Scroggins was too good to wither as a subsidiary character in a novel. Two months after the publication of the novel she appeared as the heroine of a series of short stories (each complete in itself, according to the advertisement) in a new and enterprising magazine. The business manager of that magazine made the most of his opportunity. The hoardings of London and the provinces blared Mrs. Scroggins at every passer-by; she was better known than Sherlock Holmes or Captain Kettle; and the poster artist, either by accident or under Black's tuition, had achieved under the rusty bonnet of Mrs. Scroggins a very passable likeness of Valetta, Duchess of Tottenham.

It is doubtful whether, at this point, an action for libel could have been successful; the connecting-train was too long. Could a jury be asked to cast Black in damages because he had caricatured his own creation of Lady Freake in the person of this charwoman? Was it not, on the other hand, too late to bring an action on the grounds of the play which had now been running a year? Even Lord Graves was doubtful. In any case, no action was ever begun.

Black still moved in high society, and when he was questioned he always denied with great warmth and sincerity that he had founded his two celebrated characters on any living personality. When *Mrs. Scroggins* was published in book form after she had made the fortunes of the magazine, Black wrote to all the papers which made insinuations and asseverated with heat that Mrs. Scroggins was an entirely imaginary person. His attitude in this matter, indeed, appeared so disinterested that that summer—nearly two years after the Davidson affair—he was received into houses which had hitherto appeared almost impregnable. Black was the man of the moment that summer.

He did not, however, meet Valetta, Duchess of Tottenham. He probably would not have met her in any case, but, as a matter of fact, she had taken herself and her dignity to Bordighera. The Scroggins vogue had been a little too much for her.

Cunningham Black, despite his origin and his cleverness, was not a bad fellow at heart. He had in the first instance attacked a principle, if he had done it through a person. In the railway carriage in which he had first met the Duchess he had wanted to defend himself. He had known in his heart that his feet should have come off the cushion and his cigar gone out of the window with great alacrity. He had known that the bookshop had been betrayed by his resentment against the manner of the Duchess's intrusion. If he had been given opportunity, he might have made the *amende honorable,* but Valetta was certainly a little deaf, and possibly she had not heard him very well—it is often difficult to hear well in a train. Then when the mischief had been done he had felt that he must vindicate himself at all costs. If he could have broken through Valetta's reserve of dignity so far as to be allowed to explain himself at the Davidsons', the affair would have gone no further. But confronted with that



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I. Half-tone plate engraved by Nelson Demarest

CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, HE WAS THINKING OF THE BOOKSHOP

awful barrier, he could not let the matter rest; it had become an obsession with him to prove that cleverness was more than the air of the aristocrat.

Now, when he had succeeded in his long campaign, when he was at the height of his fame, and Valetta, over whom he had triumphed, was practically banished, Black was sincerely sorry. He discovered her address in Bordighera, and decided to make full amends.

So he wrote a letter, a long and very tactful letter, in which he humbled himself, while disclaiming any past intention to bring pain to the Duchess. He admitted, nevertheless, that a foolish and altogether wrong-headed public had, in fact, misrepresented him, and he begged that the Duchess would forgive him, and promised that in the event of such forgiveness being graciously bestowed he would call in every copy of the book *Mrs. Scroggins,* and never permit the play to be revived.

He posted his letter and waited anxiously for a reply, but no reply came.

He blamed the Continental postal system. He did not think it possible that the letter could have reached its destination, and though it was the height of the season and he would miss Ascot, he decided to go to Bordighera and make his amend in person.

He called at the address he had been given, the morning after his arrival, but he was told by the same English maid he had traveled with in the omnibus that the Duchess of Tottenham was not at home.

He left a card and called again in the afternoon, with no better luck.

But on the second morning he met Valetta in the Gardens. She was in a bath-chair—her health had not been good lately. Black lifted his hat gracefully, and requested the chair-man to stop.

"Forgive me—one moment, Duchess," he began, and continued, with some eloquence, to repeat the matter of his letter. He was quite humble and apologetic to this exiled aristocrat; he made no claim to have achieved any victory; the matter of his apology and the manner of its delivery were unimpeachable.

Valetta sat quite still, a faint smile on her lips, but she did not look at him until he had finished. Then she lifted her head with that gesture which had become so familiar to the great English public, her eyes rested on him for one brief moment, and passed him by.

"Insufferable!" she said, distinctly, addressing the back of the bath-chair-man.

The invalid-chair passed on with dignity and left Cunningham Black in the avenue. He was still bareheaded, and, curiously enough, he was thinking of the bookshop.

He remembered that in the old, old days before he was famous, he had sometimes been cheeky to his father's customers.

When

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

WHEN all the shapes and hues of clouds,
That sailed in fleets across the sky,
Come back again in rosy crowds
For us to see—then you and I
May build our forts of sand anew,
And laugh again as children do.

The Coryston Family

A NOVEL

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER VII

IT was a breezy June afternoon, with the young summer at its freshest and lustiest.

Lord and Lady Newbury were strolling in the garden at Hoddon Grey. The long, low line of the house rose behind them—an attractive house and an old one, but with no architectural features to speak of, except a high-pitched, mossy roof, a picturesque series of dormer-windows, and a high gable and small lantern cupola at the farther end, which marked the private chapel. The house was evidently roomy, but built for comfort, not display. The garden, with its spreading slopes and knolls, was simple and old-fashioned, in keeping thereby with the general aspect of the two people who were walking up and down the front lawn together.

Lord William Newbury was a man of sixty-five, tall and slenderly built. His pale hazel eyes, dreamily kind, were the prominent feature of his face; he had very thin, flat cheeks, and his white hair—he was walking bareheaded—was blown back from a brow which, like the delicate mouth, was still young, almost boyish. Sweetness, and a rather weak refinement—a stranger would probably have summed up his first impressions of Lord William, drawn from his bodily presence, in some such words. But the stranger who did so would have been singularly wide of the mark. His wife beside him looked even frailer and slighter than he. A small and mouse-like woman, dressed in gray clothes of the simplest and plainest make and wearing a shady garden hat, her keen black eyes in her shriveled face gave that clear promise of strong character in which her husband's aspect, at first sight, was lacking. But Lady William knew her place. She was the most submissive and the most docile of wives, and on no other terms would life have been either possible or happy in her husband's company.

They were discussing with some eagerness the approaching arrival of their week-end guests, Lady Coryston and Marcia, the new dean of a neighboring cathedral, an ex-Cabinet Minister, and an Oxford professor. But the talk, however it circled, had a way of returning to Marcia. It was evident that she held the field.

"It is so strange that I have scarcely seen her!" Lady William was saying, in a tone which was not without its note of complaint. "I hope dear Edward has not been too hasty in his choice. As for you, William, I don't believe you would know her again if you were to see her without her mother."

"Oh yes, I should. Her mother introduced her to me at the Archbishop's party, and I talked to her a little. A very handsome young woman. I remember thinking her talk rather too theatrical."

"About theaters, you mean," sighed Lady William. "Well, that's the way with all the young people. The fuss people make about actors and actresses is perfectly ridiculous."

"I remember she talked to me enthusiastically about Madame Froment," said Lord William, in a tone of reminiscence. "I asked her whether she knew that Madame Froment had a scandalous story, and was not fit acquaintance for a young girl. And she opened her eyes at me as though I had propounded something absurd. 'One doesn't inquire about that!' she said, quite indignantly, I assure you, 'but only whether she can *act*.' It was curious, and rather disquieting, to see so much decision—self-assertion—in so young a woman."

"Oh, well, Edward will change all

that." Lady William's voice was gently confident. "He assures me that she has excellent principles—a fine character, really—though quite undeveloped. He thinks she will be readily guided by one she loves."

"I hope so, for Edward's sake, for he is very much in love. I trust he is not letting inclination run away with him. So much—to all of us—depends on his marriage!"

Lord William, frowning a little, paused a moment in his walk and turned his eyes to the house. Hoddon Grey had only become his personal property some three years before this date; but ever since his boyhood it had been associated for him with hallowed images and recollections. It had been the dower-house of his widowed mother, and after her death his brother, a widower with one crippled son, had owned it for nearly a quarter of a century. Both father and son had belonged to the straitest sect of Anglo-Catholicism; their tender devotion to each other had touched with beauty the austerity and seclusion of their lives. Yet at times Hoddon Grey had sheltered large gatherings—gatherings of the high Puseyite party in the English Church, both lay and clerical. Pusey himself had preached in the chapel; Liddon, with the Italianate profile—orator and ascetic—might have been seen strolling under the trees where Lord and Lady William were strolling now; Manning, hatchet-faced, jealous and self-conscious, had made fugitive appearances there; even the great Newman himself, in his extreme old age, had once rested there on a journey and given his Cardinal's blessing to the sons of one of his former comrades in the Oxford movement.

Every stone in the house, every alley in the garden was sacred in Lord William's eyes. To most men the house they love represents either the dignity and pride of family, or else successful money-making and the pleasure of indulged tastes. But to Lord William Newbury the house of Hoddon Grey stood as the symbol of a spiritual campaign in which his forebears, himself, and his son were all equally enrolled—the endless, unrelenting campaign of the Church against the world, the Christian against the unbeliever.

. . . His wife broke in upon his reverie.

"Are you going to say anything about Lord Coryston's letter, William?"

Lord William started.

"What—to his mother? Certainly not, Albinia!" He straightened his shoulders. "It is my intention to take no notice of it whatever."

"You have not even acknowledged it?" she asked, timidly.

"A line—in the third person."

"Edward thinks Lady Coryston most unwise—"

"So she is—most unwise!" cried Lord William, warmly. "Coryston has every right to complain of her."

"You think she has done wrong?"

"Certainly. A woman has no right to do such things, whatever her son may be. For a woman to take upon herself the sole direction and disposal of such properties as the Coryston properties is to step outside the bounds of her sex; it is to claim something which a woman ought not to claim — something altogether monstrous and unnatural!"

Lord William's thin features had flushed under a sudden rush of feeling. His wife could not help the sudden thought, "But if we had had an infidel or agnostic son—?"

Aloud she said, "You don't think his being such a Radical—so dreadfully extreme—and revolutionary—justifies her?"

"Not at all! That was God's will—the cross she had to bear. She interferes with the course of Providence—presumptuously interferes with it—doing evil that what she conceives to be good may come. A woman must persuade men by gentleness—not govern them by force. If she attempts that, she is usurping what does not—what never can—belong to her."

The churchman had momentarily disappeared in the indignant stickler for male prerogative and the time-honored laws of English inheritance. Lady William acquiesced in silence. She, too, strongly disapproved of Lady Coryston's action toward her eldest son, abominable as Coryston's opinions were. Women, like minorities, must suffer; and she was glad to have her husband's word for it that it is not their business to correct or coerce their eldest sons, on the ground of political opinions, however grievous those opinions may be.

"I trust that Lady Coryston will not open on this subject to me," said Lord William after a pause. "I am never good at concealing my opinions for politeness' sake. And of course I hold that Coryston is just as much in the wrong as she. And mad to boot! No sane man could have written the letter I received last week!"

"Do you think he will do what he threatens?"

"What—get up a subscription for Mr. and Mrs. Betts, and settle them somewhere here? I dare say! We can't help it. We can only follow our consciences."

Lord William held himself erect. At that moment no one could have thought of "sweetness" in connection with the old man's delicately white features. Every word fell from him with a quiet and steely deliberation.

His wife walked beside him a little longer. Then she left him and went into the house to see that all the last preparations for the guests were made, gathering on her way a bunch of early roses from a bed near the house. She walked slowly through the guest-rooms on the garden front, looking at everything with a critical eye. The furniture of the rooms was shabby and plain. It had been scarcely changed at all since 1832, when Lord William's widowed mother had come to live at Hoddon Grey. But everything smelled of lavender and much cleaning. The windows were open to the June air, and the house seemed pervaded by the cooing of doves from the lime walk outside—a sound which did but emphasize the quiet of the house and garden. At the end of the garden front, Lady William entered a room which had a newer and fresher appearance than the rest. The walls were white; a little rosebud chintz curtained the windows and the bed. White rugs made the hearth and the dressing-table gay, and there was a muslin bedspread lined with pink and tied with knots of pink ribbon.

Lady William stood and looked at it with an intense and secret pleasure. She had been allowed to "do it up," the preceding summer, out of her own money, on which, in all her life, she had never signed a check; and she had given orders that Miss Coryston was to be put into it. Going to the dressing-table, she took from the vase there the formal three sprigs of azalea which the housemaid had arranged, and replaced them by the roses. Her small, wrinkled hands lingered upon them. She was putting them there for the girl Edward loved—who was probably to be his wife. A great tenderness filled her heart.

When she left the room she rapidly descended a staircase just beyond it and found herself in the vestibule of the chapel. Pushing the chapel doors open, she made her way in. The rich glooms and scents of the beautiful, still place closed her in. Kneeling before the altar, still laden with Whitsun flowers, and under the large crucifix that hung above it, she prayed for her son—that he might worthily uphold the heritage of his father, that he might be happy in his wife, and blessed with children. . . .

An hour later the drawing-room and the lawns of Hoddon Grey were alive with tea and talk. Lady Coryston, superbly tall, in trailing black, was strolling with Lord William. Sir Wilfrid, the ex-Minister, Sir Louis Ford, the Dean, and the chaplain of the house were chatting and smoking round the deserted tea-table, while Lady William and the Oxford professor poked among the flower-beds, exchanging confidences on phloxes and delphiniums.

In the distance, under the lime avenue, now in its first pale leaf, two young figures paced to and fro. They were Newbury and Marcia.

Sir Wilfrid had just thrown himself back in his chair, looking around him with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Hoddon Grey makes me feel good! Not a common effect of country houses!"

"Enjoy them while you may!" laughed Sir Louis Ford. "Glenwilliam is after them."

"Glenwilliam!" exclaimed the Dean. "I saw him at the station, with his handsome but rather strange-looking daughter. What's he doing here?"

"Hatching mischief with a political friend of his—a 'fidus Achates' who lives near here," said the chaplain, Mr. Perry, in a deep and rather melancholy tone.

"From the bills I saw posted up in Martover, as we came through"—Sir Louis Ford lowered his voice—"I gath-

ered the amazing fact that Coryston—*Coryston!*—is going to take the chair at a meeting where Glenwilliam speaks next week."

Sir Wilfrid shrugged his shoulders, with a warning glance at the stately form of Coryston's mother in the distance.

"Too bad to discuss!" he said, shortly.

A slight smile played around the Dean's flexible mouth. He was a newcomer, and much more of an Erastian than Lord William approved. He had been invited, not for pleasure, but for tactics—that the Newburys might find out what line he was going to take in the politics of the diocese.

"We were never told," said the Dean, "that a *woman's* foes were to be those of her own household!"

The chaplain frowned.

"Lord Coryston is making enemies in all directions," he said, hastily. "I understand that a letter Lord William received from him last week was perfectly outrageous."

"What about?" asked Sir Louis.

"A divorce case—a very painful one—on which we have found it necessary to take a strong line."

The speaker, who was largely made and gaunt, with grizzled hair and spectacles, spoke with a surprising energy. The Dean looked puzzled.

"What had Lord Coryston to do with it?"

"What, indeed?—except that he is out for picking up any grievances he can."

"Who are the parties?"

The chaplain told the story.

"They didn't ask anybody to marry them in church, did they?" asked the Dean.

"Not that I know of."

The Dean said nothing, but as he lay back in his chair, his hands behind his head, his expression was rather hostile than acquiescent.

Meanwhile, under the lime walk the golden evening insensibly heightened the pleasure of Newbury and Marcia in each other's society. For the sunny fusion of earth and air glorified not only field and wood, but the human beings walking in them. Nature seemed to be adapting herself to them—shedding a mystic blessing on their path. Both, indeed, were conscious of a secret excitement. They felt the approach of some great moment, as though a pageant or presence were about to enter. For the first time Marcia's will was in abeyance. She was scarcely ecstatically happy; on the far horizon of life she seemed to be conscious of storm-clouds—of things threatening and unexplored. And yet she was in love; she was thrilled both physically and spiritually by the man beside her; with a certain helplessness, she confessed in him a being stronger and nobler than herself; the humility, the self-surrender of passion was rising in her, like the sap in the spring tree, and she trembled under it.

Newbury, too, had grown a little pale and silent. But when his eyes met hers there was that in them under which her own wavered.

"Come and see the flowers in the wood," he said, softly, and, leading the way, he took her out of range of those observers in the garden, deep into a noble beechwood that rose out of the garden, climbing through a sea of wild hyacinths to a hilltop.

A mossy path offered itself, winding through the blue; and round them closed the great beech-trees, in a marvel of young green, sparkling and quivering under the shafts of light that struck through the wood. The air was balm. And the low music of the wood-pigeons seemed to be there for them only—a chorus of earth's creatures, wooing them to earth's festival.

Unconsciously, in the deep heart of the wood, their footsteps slackened. She heard her name breathed.

"Marcia!"

She turned, submissive, and saw him looking down upon her with adoring tenderness, his lips gravely smiling.

"Yes!"

She raised her eyes to his, all her ripe beauty one flush. He put his arms round her, whispering:

"Marcia! Will you come to me—will you be my wife?"

She leaned against him, in a trance of happiness, hiding her face, yet not so that his lips could not find hers. So this was love—the supreme of life?

They stood so in silence a little. Then, still holding her, he drew her within the low feathering branches of a giant tree

where was a fallen log. He placed her on it and himself beside her.

"How wonderful that you should love me—that you should let me love you!" he said, with passionate emotion. "Oh, Marcia, am I worthy? Shall I make you happy?"

"That is for me to ask!" Her mouth was trembling now, and the tears were in her eyes. "I'm not nearly as good as you, Edward. I shall often make you angry with me."

"Angry!" He laughed in scorn. Could any one ever be angry with you, Marcia? Darling, I want you to help me so! We'll help each other—to live as we ought to live. Isn't God good? Isn't life wonderful?"

She pressed his hand for answer. But the intensity of his joy, as she read it in his eyes, had in it—for her—and for the moment—just a shade of painfulness. It seemed to claim something from her that she could not quite give—or that she might not be able to give. Some secret force in her cried out in protest. But the slight shrinking passed almost immediately. She threw off her hat and lifted her beautiful brow to him in a smiling silence. He drew her to him again, and as she felt the pressure of his arm about her, heart and soul yielded utterly. She was just the young girl, loving and beloved.

"Do your father and mother really approve?" she asked, at last, as she disengaged herself. And her hands went up to her hot cheeks, and then to her hair, to smooth it back into something like order.

"Let us go and see." He raised her joyously to her feet.

She looked at him a little wistfully.

"I'm rather afraid of them, Edward. You must tell them not to expect too much. And I shall always—want to be myself."

"Darling! What else could they—could any one — want for you — or for me?" The tone showed him a little startled—perhaps stung—by her words. And he added, with a sudden flush:

"Of course I know what Coryston will say to you. He seems to think us all hypocrites and tyrants. Well, you will judge. I won't defend my father and mother. You will soon know them. You will see what their lives are."

He spoke with feeling. She put her hand in his, responding.

"You'll write to Corry—won't you? He's a dreadful thorn in all our sides; and yet—" Her eyes filled with tears.

"You love him?" he said, gently. "That's enough for me."

"Even if he's rude and violent?" she pleaded.

"Do you think I can't keep my temper—when it's *your* brother? Try me."

He clasped her hand warm and close in his strong fingers. And as she moved through the young green of the woodland he saw her as a spirit of delight, the dark masses of her hair, her white dress, and all her slender grace flecked by the evening sun. These were moments, he knew, that could never come again—that are unique in a man's history. He tried to hold and taste them as they passed, tormented, like all lovers, by what seems, in such crises, to be the bitter inadequacy and shallowness of human feeling.

They took a more roundabout path home than that which had brought them into the wood, and at one point it led them through a clearing from which there was a wide view of undulating ground scattered with houses here and there. One house, a pleasant, white-walled dwelling, stood conspicuously forward amid copses a couple of fields away. Its garden surrounded by a sunk fence could be seen, and the figure of a lady walking in it. Marcia stopped to look.

"What a charming place! Who lives there?"

Newbury's eyes followed hers. He hesitated a moment.

"That is the model farm."

"Mr. Betts's farm?"

"Yes. Can you manage that stile?"

Marcia tripped over it, scorning his help. But her thoughts were busy with the distant figure—Mrs. Betts, no doubt, the cause of all the trouble and talk in the neighborhood and the occasion of Corry's outrageous letter to Lord William.

"I think I ought to tell you," she said, stopping, with a look of perplexity, "that Corry is sure to come and talk to me—about that story. I don't think I can prevent him."

"Won't you hand him on to me? It is really not a story for your ears."



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THE LAWNS OF HODDON GREY WERE ALIVE WITH TALK

He spoke gravely.

"I'm afraid Corry would call that shirking. I—I think perhaps I had better have it out with him—myself. I remember all you said to me!"

"I only want to save you." His expression was troubled, but not without a certain touch of sternness that she perceived. He changed the subject immediately and they walked on rapidly toward the garden.

Lady William first perceived them—perceived, too, that they were hand in hand. She broke off her chat with Sir Wilfrid Bury under the limes, and, rising in sudden agitation, she hurried across the lawn to her husband.

The Dean and Sir Louis Ford had been discussing Woman Suffrage over their cigarettes, and Sir Louis, who was a stout opponent, had just delivered himself of the frivolous remark, in answer to some plea of the Dean's on behalf of further powers for the female sex:

"Oh, no doubt, somewhere between the harem and the woolsack it will be necessary to draw the line!"—when they, too, caught sight of the advancing figures.

The Dean's eyebrows went up. A smile, most humorous and human, played over his round cheeks and button mouth.

"Have they drawn it? Looks like it!" he said, under his breath.

"Eh!—what?" Sir Louis, the most incorrigible of elderly gossips, eagerly put up his eyeglass. "Do you suspect anything?"

Five persons were presently gathered in the library, and Marcia was sitting with her hand in Lady William's. Everybody, except Lady Coryston, was in a happy agitation and trying to conceal it. Even Lord William, who was not without his doubts and qualms, was deeply moved, and betrayed a certain moisture in his eyes as he concluded his old-world speech of welcome and blessing to his son's betrothed. Only Lady Coryston preserved an unbroken composure. She was indeed quite satisfied. She had kissed her daughter, and given her consent without the smallest demur, and she had conveyed both to Newbury and his father in a few significant words that Marcia's portion would be worthy of their two families. But the day's event was already thrust aside by her burning desire to get hold of Sir Louis Ford before dinner, and to extract from him the latest and most confidential information that a member of the opposition could bestow as to the possible date for the next general election. Marcia's affair was thoroughly nice and straightforward — just, indeed, what she had expected. But there would be plenty of time to talk about it after the Hoddon Grey visit was over; whereas Sir Louis was a rare bird, not often to be caught.

"My dear," said Lord William, in his wife's ear, "Perry must be informed of this. There must be some mention of it in our service to-night."

She assented. Newbury, however, who was standing near, caught the remark and looked rather doubtfully at the speaker.

"You think so, father?"

"Certainly, my dear son; certainly."

Neither Marcia nor her mother heard. Newbury approached his betrothed, but perceived that there was no chance of a private word with her, for by this time other guests had been summoned to receive the great announcement, and a general flutter of laughter and congratulations was filling the room.

The Dean, who had had his turn with Marcia, and was now turning over books, looked at her keenly from time to time.

"A face," he thought, "of much character, promising developments. Will she fit herself to this medieval household? What will they make of her?"

Sir Louis, after paying his respects and expressing his good wishes to the betrothed pair, had been resolutely captured by Lady Coryston. Lord William had disappeared.

Suddenly, into the talk and laughter there struck the sound of a loud and deep-toned bell. Lady William stood up with alacrity. "Dear me! Is it really chapel-time? Lady Coryston, will you come?"

Marcia's mother, her face stiffening, rose unwillingly.

"What are we supposed to do?" asked the Dean, addressing Newbury.

"We have evensong in chapel at seven," said Newbury. "My father set up the custom many years ago. It gathers us all together better than evening prayer after dinner."

His tone was simple and matter of fact. He turned radiantly to Marcia and took her hand again. She followed him in some bewilderment, and he led her through the broad corridor which gave access to the chapel.

"Rather unusual, this, isn't it?" said Sir Louis Ford to Lady Coryston, as they brought up the rear. His face expressed a certain restrained amusement. If there was a convinced agnostic in the kingdom, it was he. But, unlike the woman at his side, he could always take a philosophical interest in the religious customs of his neighbors.

"Most unusual!" was the emphatic reply. But there was no help for it. Lady Coryston followed, willy-nilly.

Marcia, meanwhile, was only conscious of Newbury. As they entered the chapel together she saw his face transfigured. A mystical "recollection," shutting him away completely from the outside world, sweeping like a sunlit cloud even between himself and her, possessed it. She felt suddenly forsaken — altogether remote from him.

But he led her on, and presently they were kneeling together under a great crucifix of primitive Italian work, while through the dusk of the June evening gleamed the lamps of the chapel, and there arose on all sides of her a murmur of voices repeating the Confession. Marcia was aware of many servants and retainers, and she could see the soldierly form of Lord William kneeling in the distance, with Lady William beside him. The chapel seemed to her large and splendid. It was covered with painting and mosaic, and she felt the sharp contrast between it and the simple bareness of the house to which it was attached.

"What does all this mean?" she seemed to be asking herself. "What does it mean for *me?* Can I play my part in it?"

What had become of that early antagonism and revolt which she had expressed to Waggin? It had not protected her in the least from Newbury's growing ascendancy. She was astonished, indeed, at her own pliancy. In how short a time had she allowed Newbury's spell upon her to drive her earlier vague fear of his surroundings and traditions out of her mind!

And now it returned upon her intensified—that cold, indefinite fear—creeping through love and joy.

She turned again to look beseechingly at Newbury. But it seemed to her that she was forgotten. His eyes were on the altar—absorbed.

And presently—aghast—she heard her own name! In the midst of the General Thanksgiving, at the point where mention may be made of individual cases, the chaplain suddenly paused to give thanks, in a voice that possessed a natural and slightly disagreeable tremor, for the "happy betrothal of Edward Newbury and Marcia Coryston."

An audible stir and thrill ran through the chapel, subsiding at once into a gulf of intense silence. Marcia bowed her head with the rest, but her cheeks burned, and not only with a natural shyness. The eyes of all these kneeling figures seemed to be upon her, and she shrank under them. "I ought to have been asked," she thought, resentfully. "I ought to have been asked!"

When they left the chapel, Newbury, pale and smiling, bent over her appealingly.

"Darling! You didn't mind?"

She quickly withdrew her hand from his.

"Don't you dine at half-past eight? I really must go and dress."

And she hurried away, without waiting for him to guide her through the unknown house. Breathlessly she ran upstairs and found her room. The sight of her maid moving about, of the lights on the dressing-table, of the roses, and her dress laid out upon the bed brought her sudden and unspeakable relief. The color came back to her cheeks; she began to chatter to her maid about everything and nothing, laughing at any trifle, and yet feeling every now and then inclined to cry. Her maid dressed her in pale pink, and told her plainly when the last hook was fastened and the last string tied that she had never looked better.

"But won't you put on these roses, miss?"

She pointed to the bunch that Lady William had gathered.

Marcia pinned them into her belt and stood a moment looking at her reflection in the glass. Not in mere girlish vanity!

Something much stronger and profounder entered in. She seemed to be measuring her resources against some hostile force —to be saying to herself:

"Which of us is to yield? Perhaps not I!"

Yet as soon as Marcia entered the drawing-room, rather late, to find all the party assembled, the tension of her mood dropped, thawed by the sheer kindness and good-will of the people round her. Lord William was resplendent in a buttonhole and new dress-clothes; Lady William had put on her best gown and some family jewels that never saw the light except on great occasions; and when Marcia entered, the friendly, affectionate looks that greeted her on all sides set her blushing once more and shamed away the hobgoblins that had been haunting her. She was taken in to dinner by Lord William and treated as a queen. The table in the long, low dining-room shone with flowers and some fine old silver which the white-haired butler had hurriedly produced from the family store. Beside Marcia's plate lay a bunch of lilies of the valley which the no less ancient head-gardener had gathered and tied with a true-lover's knot, in the interval between chapel and dinner. And opposite to her sat the man she was to marry, composed and gay, careful to spare his betrothed embarrassment, ready to talk politics with Sir Louis Ford and cathedral music with the Dean, yet through it all so radiantly and transparently happy that his father and mother, at any rate, could not look at him without melting memories of their own youth, which sometimes—for a moment—made talk difficult.

After dinner Sir Wilfrid Bury found Lady Coryston in a secluded corner, deep in the evening papers, which had just arrived. He sat down beside her.

"Well, how are you feeling?"

"If we could but revive the duel!" said Lady Coryston, looking up with eyes aflame.

"Gracious! For what and whom? Do you want to shoot your future son-in-law for taking her from you?"

"Who—Marcia? Nonsense!" said Lady Coryston, impatiently. "I was talking of this last speech of Glenwilliam's, attacking us landlords. If the duel still existed, he would either never have made it or he would have been shot within twenty-four hours!"

"Hang Glenwilliam!" Sir Wilfrid's tone was brusque. "I want to talk about Marcia!"

Lady Coryston turned slowly round upon him.

"What's wrong with Marcia? I see nothing to talk about."

"Wrong? You unnatural woman! I want to know what you feel about it. Do you really like the young man? Do you think he's good enough for her?"

"Certainly I like him—a very well-disposed fellow. I hope he'll manage her properly. But if you want to know what I think of his family"—she dropped her voice—"I can only say that although their virtues no doubt are legion, the atmosphere of this house is to me positively stifling. You feel it as you cross the threshold. It is an atmosphere of sheer tyranny! What on earth do they mean by bundling us into chapel like that?"

"Tyranny! *You* call it tyranny?" Sir Wilfrid's eyes danced.

"Certainly," said Lady Coryston, stiffly. "What else should I call it? One's soul is not one's own."

Sir Wilfrid settled down on the sofa beside her and devoted himself to drawing her out. Satan rebuking sin was a spectacle of which he never tired, and the situation was the more amusing because he happened to have spent the morning in remonstrating with her—to no purpose whatever—on the manner in which she was treating her eldest son.

CHAPTER VIII

WHILE these events were happening at Hoddon Grey, Reginald Lester was passing a solitary Sunday at Coryston; until the afternoon, at least, when visitors appeared. To be left to himself, the solitary inhabitant, save for the servants, of the great classical pile; to be able to wander about it as he liked, free to speculate on its pictures and engravings; to rummage the immense collection of china in the basement rooms which no one but himself ever looked at; to examine some new corner of the muniment-room, and to ponder the strange and gruesome collection of death-masks, made

by Coryston's grandfather, and now ranged in one of the annexes of the library—gave him endless entertainment. He was a born student, in whom the antiquarian instincts would ultimately overpower the poetic and literary tastes which were now so strong in him; and on Sunday, when he put aside his catalogue, the miscellaneous possessions of a historic house represented for him a happy hunting-ground through which he was never tired of raiding.

But on Sunday, also, he generally gave some time to writing the journal of the preceding week. He had begun it in the hopes of attaining thereby a more flexible and literary style than the methods of his daily research allowed, and with various Stevensonian ambitions dinning in his head. Why should he not make himself a *writer,* like other people?

But the criticisms of books, the records of political or literary conversation, with which the parchment-bound volume had been filled for some time, had been gradually giving place to something quite different, and it had become more necessary than ever that the book should be carefully locked when done with, and put away in his most private drawer.

For instance—

"What is happening — or what has probably already happened, yesterday or to-day, at Hoddon Grey? It is very easy to guess. N. has been gaining ground steadily, ever since he has been able to see her away from the distracting influences of London. What is impressive and unusual in his character has room to show itself; and there are no rival forces. And yet I doubt very much whether it would answer his purpose that she should see much of his home. She will never endure any home of her own run on the same lines, for at bottom she is a pagan, with the splendid pagan virtues of honor, fairness, loyalty, pity, but incapable by temperament of those particular emotions on which the life of Hoddon Grey is based. Humility to her is a word and a quality for which she has no use; and I am sure that she has never been sorry for her "sins," in the religious sense, though often, it seems to me, her dear life just swings hour by hour between the two poles of impulse and remorse. She passionately wants something and must get it; and then she is consumed with fear lest in the getting it she should have injured or trampled on some one else.

"Of late she has come in here—to the library—much more frequently. I am sure she feels that I care deeply what happens to her; and I sometimes am presumptuous enough to think that she wishes me to understand and approve her.

"It has grown up inevitably—this affair; but N. little realizes how dangerous his position is. Up to a certain point the ascetic element in him and his philosophy will attract her—will draw the moth to the candle. All strong-willed characters among women are attracted by the austere, the ascetic powers in men. The history of all religious movements is there to prove it. But there are tremendous currents in our modern life making against such men as Newbury—their ideals and traditions. And to one or other of those currents it always seems to me that she is committed. She does not know it; does not dream, perhaps, whither she is being carried. But all the same there are 'murmurs and scents' from 'the infinite sea' of free knowledge and experiment which play upon her and will never play upon Newbury.

"Coryston will make a great effort to upset the engagement—if it is an engagement; that I can see. He thinks himself justified, on the ground that she will be committing herself to an inhuman and anti-social view of life; and he will work upon her through this painful Betts case. I wonder if he will succeed. Is he really any more tolerant than his mother? And can toleration in the active-spirited be ever anything more than approximate? 'When I speak of toleration, I mean not to tolerate Popery,' said Milton. Lady Coryston can't tolerate her son, and Coryston can't tolerate Newbury. Yet all three must somehow live together and make a world.

"Doesn't that throw some light on the ideal function of women? Not voting — not direct party-fighting — but the creation of a spiritual atmosphere in which the nation may do its best, and may be insensibly urged to do its best, in fresh, spontaneous ways, like a plant flowering in a happy climate:—isn't that what women might do for us, instead of taking up with all the old-fashioned, dis-

appointing political machinery that men have found out? Meanwhile, Lady Coryston of course wants all the women of her sort to vote, but doesn't see how it is to be done without letting in the women of all and any sort—to vote against her.

"I have about half done my cataloguing, and have been writing some letters to Germany this morning with a view to settling on some university work there for the winter. A big book on the rise and fall of Burgundy suggests itself to me, and already I hug the thought of it. Lady Coryston has paid me well for this job, and I shall be able to do what I like for a year, and give mother and Janie some of the jam and frills of life. And who knows if I sha'n't, after all, be able to make my living out of what I like best? If I only could *write!* The world seems to be waiting for the historian that can write.

"But meanwhile I shall always be glad of this year with the Corystons. How much longer will this rich, leisurely, aristocratic class, with all its still surviving power and privileges, exist among us? It is something that obviously is in process of transmutation and decay; though in a country like England the process will be a very slow one. Personally I greatly prefer this landlord stratum to the top stratum of the trading and manufacturing world. There are buried seeds in it, often of rare and splendid kinds, which any crisis brings to life—as in the Boer War; and the mere cult of family and inheritance implies, after all, something valuable in a world that has lately grown so poor in all cults.

"Mother and daughter here show what is going on. Lady Coryston is just the full-blown *tyrannus.* She has no doubt whatever about her right to rule, and she rules for all she's worth. At the same time she knows that Demos has the last word, and she spends her time in the old see-saw between threats and cajolery. The old vicar here has told me astonishing tales of her—how she turned her own sister out-of-doors and never spoke to her afterward because she married a man who ratted to the Liberals and the wife went with him; how her own husband dreaded her if he ever happened to differ from her politically, and a sort of armed neutrality between her and Coryston was all that could be hoped for at the best of times.

"The poor people here—or most of them—are used to her, and in a way respect her. They take her as inevitable, like the rent or the east wind; and when she sends them coal and blankets, and builds village halls for them, they think they might be worse off. On the other hand, I don't see that Coryston makes much way among them. They think his behavior to his mother unseemly, and if they were he they would use all his advantages without winking. At the same time there is a younger generation growing up in the village and on the farms—not so much there, however!—which is going to give Lady Coryston trouble. Coryston puzzles and excites them. But they, too, often look askance; they wonder what he, personally, is going to get out of his campaign.

"And then—Marcia? For in this book—this locked book—may I not call her by her name? Well, she is certainly no prophetess among these country folk. She takes up no regular duties among the poor, as the women of her family have probably always done. She is not at her ease with them, nor they with her. When she tries to make friends with them she is like a ship teased with veering winds and glad to shrink back into harbor. And yet when something does really touch her—when something makes her *feel*—that curious indecision in her nature hardens into something irresistible. There was a half-witted girl in the village, ill-treated and enslaved by a miserly old aunt. Miss Coryston happened to hear of it from her maid, who was a relation of the girl. She went and bearded the aunt, and took the girl away bodily in her pony-cart. The scene in the cottage garden—Marcia with her arm round the poor beaten and starved creature—very pale, but keeping her head—and the old virago shrieking at her heels—must have been worth seeing. And there is an old man—a decrepit old road-mender, whose sight was injured in a shooting accident. She likes his racy talk, and she never forgets his Christmas present, or his birthday, and often drops in to tea with him and his old wife. But that's because it amuses her. She goes to see them for precisely the same reasons that

she would pay a call in Mayfair; and it's inspiriting to see how they guess, and how they like it. You perceive that she is shrinking all the time from the assumptions on which her mother's life is based, refusing to make them her own—and yet she doesn't know what to put in their place. Does Coryston, either?

"But the tragic figure—the tragic possibility—in all this family *galère,* at the present moment, of course, is A. I know, because of our old Cambridge friendship — quite against my will — a good deal about the adventure into which he has somehow slipped; and one can only feel that any day may bring the storm. His letter to me yesterday shows that he is persecuting the lady with entreaties; that she is holding him off; and that what Lady Coryston may do when she knows will greatly affect what the young lady will do. I don't believe for one moment that she will marry a penniless A. She has endless opportunities, and, I am told, many proposals—

"Ah!—"

The journal at this point was abruptly closed and locked away. For the writer of it, who was sitting at an open window of the library, became aware of the entrance of a motor into the forecourt of the house. Arthur Coryston was sitting in it. When he perceived Lester at the window, he waved to the librarian, and, jumping from the car as it drew up at the front door, he came across the court to a side door, which gave access to the library staircase.

As he entered the room, Lester was disagreeably struck by his aspect. It was that of a man who has slept ill and drunk unwisely. His dress was careless, his eyes haggard, and all the weaknesses of the face seemed to have leaped to view amid the general relaxation of *tenue* and dignity. He came up to the chair at which Lester was writing and flung himself frowning into a chair beside it.

"I hear mother and Marcia are away?"

"They have gone to Hoddon Grey for the Sunday. Didn't you know?"

"Oh yes, I knew; I suppose I knew. Mother wrote something," said the young man, impatiently. "But I have had other things to think about."

Lester glanced at him, but without speaking. Arthur rose from his seat, thrust his hands into his pockets, and began to pace the polished floor of the library. The florid Georgian decoration of ceiling and walls and the busts of placid gentlemen with curling wigs which stood at intervals among the glass cases wore an air of trivial or fatuous repose beside the hunted young fellow walking up and down. Lester resolutely forbore to cross-examine him. But at last the walk came to an abrupt stop.

"Here's the last straw, Lester! Have you heard what mother wants me to do? There's to be a Tory meeting here in a fortnight—mother's arranged it all; not a word to me—with your leave, or by your leave!—and I'm to speak at it and blackguard Glenwilliam! I have her letter this morning. I'm not allowed a look-in, I tell you! I'm not consulted in the least. I'll bet mother's had the bills printed already!"

"A reply, of course, to the Martover meeting?"

"I dare say. Damn the Martover meeting! But what *taste!*—two brothers slanging at each other—almost in the same parish. I declare women have no taste!—not a ha'porth. But I won't do it; and mother, just for once, will have to give in."

He sat down again, and took the cigarette which Lester handed him—no doubt with soothing intentions. And, indeed, his state of excitement and agitation appeared nothing less than pitiable to the friend who remembered the self-complacent young orator, the budding legislator of early April.

"You are afraid of being misunderstood?"

"If I attack her father, as mother wishes me to attack him," said the young man, with emphasis, looking up, "Enid Glenwilliam will never speak to me again. She makes that quite plain."

"She ought to be too clever!" said Lester, with vivacity. "Can't she discriminate between the politician and the private friend?"

Arthur shook his head.

"Other people may; she doesn't. If I get up in public and call Glenwilliam a thief and a robber—and what else can I call him, with mother looking on?—there'll be an end of my chances for good and all. She's *fanatical* about her

father! She's pulled me up once or twice already about him. I tell you, it's rather fine, Lester! Upon my soul, it is!"

And with a countenance suddenly softening and eyes shining, Arthur turned his still boyish looks upon his friend.

"I can quite believe it. They're a very interesting pair. . . . But—I confess I'm thinking of Lady Coryston. What explanation can you possibly give? Are you prepared to take her into your confidence?"

"I don't know whether I'm prepared or not. Whatever happens, I'm between the devil and the deep sea. If I tell her, she'll break with me; and if I don't tell her, it won't be long before she guesses for herself!"

There was a pause, broken at last by Lester, whose blue eyes had shown him meanwhile deep in reflection. He bent forward.

"Look here, Arthur, can't you make a last effort, and get free?"

His companion threw him a queer, resentful look, but Lester persisted:

"You know what I think. You won't make each other happy. You belong to two worlds which won't and can't mix. Her friends can never be your friends, nor your friends hers. You think that doesn't matter now, because you're in love. But it does matter—and it 'll tell more and more every year."

"Don't I know it?" cried Arthur. "She despises us all. She looks upon us all—I mean us people with land and money and big houses—just as so much grist to her father's mill—so many fat cattle for him to slaughter."

"And yet you love her!"

"Of course I do! I can't make you understand, Lester! She doesn't speechify about these things—she never speechifies to me, at least. She mocks at her own side just as much as ours. But it's her father she worships—and everything that he says and thinks. She adores him—she'd go to the stake for him any day. And if you want to be a friend of hers, lay a finger on him and you'll see! Of course, it's mad—I know that. But I'd rather marry her mad than any other woman sane!"

"All the same, you *could* break it off?" persisted Lester.

"Of course I could. I could hang—or poison—or shoot myself, I suppose, if it comes to that. It would be much the same thing. If I do have to give her up, I shall cut the whole business—Parliament—estates—everything!"

The quarter-decking began again, and Lester waited patiently on a slowly subsiding frenzy. At last he put a question.

"What are your chances?"

"With her? I don't know. She encourages me one day and snubs me the next. But one thing I do know: if I attend that meeting, and make the sort of speech I should have made three months ago without turning a hair—and if I don't make it mother will know the reason why!—it's all up with me."

"Why don't you apply to Coryston?"

"What—to give up the other meeting? He's very likely to climb down, isn't he?—with his damned revolutionary nonsense. He warned us all that he was coming down here to make mischief; and, by Jove, he's doing it!"

"I say, who's taking my name in vain?" said a high-pitched voice.

Lester turned to the doorway and beheld a protruding head, with glittering, greenish eyes, alive with laughter. Coryston slowly emerged, and closed the door behind him.

"Arthur, my boy, what's up now?"

Arthur paused, looked at him angrily, but was too sore and sulky to reply. Lester mildly summarized the situation. Coryston whistled. Then he deposited the butterfly-net and tin case he had been carrying, accepted a cigarette, and, hoisting himself onto the corner of a heavy wooden pedestal which held the periwigged bust of an eighteenth-century Coryston, he flung an arm affectionately round the bust's neck and sat cross-legged, smoking and pondering.

"Bar the meeting for a bit," he said at last, addressing his brother; "we'll come back to it. But, meeting or no meeting, I don't see any way out for you, Arthur; upon my soul, I don't!"

"No one ever supposed you would!"

"Here's your dilemma," pursued Coryston, good-humoredly. "If you engage yourself to her, mother will cut off the supplies. And if mother cuts off the supplies, Miss Glenwilliam won't have you."

"You think everybody but yourself, Corry, mercenary pigs!"

"What do *you* think? Do you see Miss Glenwilliam pursuing love in a garret—a genteel garret—on a thousand a year? For her father, perhaps; but for nobody else! Her clothes alone would cost a third of it."

No reply, except a furious glance. Coryston began to look perturbed. He descended from his perch, and, approaching the still pacing Arthur, he took his arm—an attention to which the younger brother barely submitted.

"Look here, old boy, am I becoming a beast? Are you sure of her? Is it serious?"

"Sure of her? Good God—if I were!"

He walked to a window near and stood looking out, so that his face could not be seen by his companions, his hands in his pockets.

Coryston's eyebrows went up; the eyes beneath them showed a genuine concern. Refusing a further pull at Lester's cigarettes, he took a pipe out of his pocket, lit it, and puffed away in a brown study. The figure at the window remained motionless. Lester felt the situation too delicate for an outsider's interference, and made a feint of returning to his work. Presently it seemed that Coryston made up his mind.

"Well," he said, slowly, "all right. I'll cut my meeting. I can get Atherstone to take the chair and make some excuse. But I really don't know that it 'll help you much. There's already an announcement of your meeting in the Martover paper yesterday—"

"*No!*" Arthur faced round upon his brother, his cheeks blazing.

"Perfectly true. Mother's taken time by the forelock. I have no doubt she has already written your speech."

"What on earth can I do?" He stood in helpless despair.

"Have a row!" said Coryston, laughing—"a good row—and stick to it! Tell mother you won't be treated so; that you're a man, not a school-boy; that you prefer, with many thanks, to write your own speeches, *et cetera.* Play the independence card for all you're worth. It *may* get you out of the mess."

Arthur's countenance began to clear.

"I'm to make it appear a bargain—between you and me? I asked you to give up your show, and you—"

"Oh, any lies you like," said Coryston, placidly. "But, as I've already warned you, it won't help you long."

"One gains a bit of time," said the young lover, in a tone of depression.

"What's the good of it? In a year's time Glenwilliam will still be Glenwilliam—and mother mother. Of course you know you'll break her heart—and that kind of thing. Marcia made me promise to put that before you. So I do. It's perfectly true, though I don't know that I am the person to press it! But, then, mother and I have always disagreed, whereas *you* have been the model son."

Angry melancholy swooped once more upon Arthur.

"What the deuce have women to do with politics? Why can't they leave the rotten things to us? Life won't be worth living if they go on like this!"

"'*Life,*'" echoed Coryston, with amused contempt. "Your life? Just try offering your billet, with all its little worries thrown in, to the next fellow you meet in the street, and see what happens!"

But the man in Arthur rebelled. He faced his brother.

"If you think that I wouldn't give up this whole show to-morrow"—he waved his hand toward the marble forecourt outside, now glistening in the sun—"for—for Enid, you never made a greater mistake in your life, Corry!"

There was a bitter and passionate accent in the voice which carried conviction. Coryston's expression changed.

"Unfortunately, it wouldn't help you with—with Enid—to give it up," he said, quietly. "Miss Glenwilliam, as I read her—I don't mean anything in the least offensive—has a very just and accurate idea of the value of money."

A sort of impatient groan was the only reply.

But Lester raised his head from his book.

"Why don't you see what Miss Coryston can do?" he asked, looking from one to the other.

"Marcia?" cried Coryston, springing up. "By the way, what are mother and Marcia after, this Sunday? Do you suppose that business is all settled by now?"

He flung out a finger vaguely in the

direction of Hoddon Grey. And as he spoke all the softness which had gradually penetrated his conversation with Arthur, through all his banter, disappeared. His aspect became in a moment hard and threatening.

"Don't discuss it with me, Coryston," said Lester, rather sharply. "Your sister wouldn't like it. I only mentioned her name to suggest that she might influence your mother in Arthur's case." He rose, and began to put up his papers as he spoke.

"I know that! All the same, why shouldn't we talk about her? Aren't you a friend?—her friend?—our friend?—everybody's friend?" said Coryston, peremptorily. "Look here! If Marcia's really going to marry Newbury!"—he brought his hand down vehemently on Lester's table—"there'll be another family row. Nothing in the world will prevent my putting the Betts case before Marcia! I have already warned her that I mean to have it out with her, and I have advised Mrs. Betts to write to her. If she can make Newbury hear reason—well and good. If she can't, or if she doesn't see the thing as she ought, herself — well! — we shall know where we are!"

"Look here, Corry," said Arthur, remonstrating, "Edward Newbury's an awfully good chap. Don't you go making mischief!"

"Rather hard on your sister, isn't it?" —the voice was Lester's—"to plunge her into such a business at such a time!"

"If she's happy, let her make a thank-offering," said the inexorable Coryston. "Life won't spare her its facts; why should we? Arthur, come and walk home with me."

Arthur demurred; stipulated that he should not be expected to be civil to any of Coryston's Socialist lodgers—and finally let himself be carried off.

Lester was left once more to the quiet of the library.

"'I have advised Mrs. Betts to write to her!'" What a shame! Why should a girl in her first love-dream be harassed with such a problem—be brought face to face with such "old, unhappy, far-off things"? He felt a fierce indignation with Coryston. And as he again sat solitary by the window he lost himself in visualizations of what was or might be going on that summer afternoon at Hoddon Grey. He knew the old house, for Lord William had once or twice courteously invited the Coryston librarian to examine such small treasures as he himself possessed. He could see Marcia in its paneled rooms and on its old lawns—Marcia and Newbury.

Gradually his head dropped on his hands. The sun crept along the library floor in patches of orange and purple, as it struck through the lozenges of old painted glass which bordered the windows. No sound except the cooing of doves and the note of a distant cuckoo from the river meadows.

He did his best to play the cynic with himself. He told himself that such painful longings and jealous revolts as he was conscious of are among the growing-pains of life, and must be borne and gradually forgotten. He had his career to think of—and his mother and sister, whom he loved. Some day he, too, would marry and set up house, and beget children, framing his life on the simple, strenuous lines made necessary by the family misfortunes. It would have been easier, perhaps, to despise wealth if he and his had never possessed it, and if his lack of it were not the first and sufficient barrier which divided him from Marcia Coryston. But his nature was sound and sane; it looked life in the face—its gifts and its denials, and those stern joys which the mere wrestle with experience brings to the fighting spirit. He had soon reconquered cheerfulness; and when Arthur returned he submitted to be talked to for hours on that young man's tangled affairs, handling the youth with that mixture of sympathy and satire which both soothed and teased the sentimentalists who chose to confide in him.

Next morning Marcia and her mother returned from Hoddon Grey in excellent time. Lady Coryston never lingered over week-ends. Generally the first train on Monday morning saw her depart. In this case she was obliged to give an hour to business talk, as to settlements and so forth, with Lord William, on Monday morning. But when that was over she stepped into her motor with all possible speed.

"What a Sunday!" she said, languidly throwing herself back, with half-closed eyes, as they emerged from the park. Then, remembering herself: "But you, my dear, have been happy! And, of course, they are excellent people—quite excellent."

Marcia sat beside her, flushed and rather constrained. She had, of course, never expected her mother to behave like ordinary mothers on the occasion of a daughter's betrothal. She took her own insignificance—the absence on her mother's part of any soft emotion—quite calmly. All the same, she had her grievance.

"If only Edward and you—and everybody—would not be in such a dreadful hurry!" she said, protesting.

"Six weeks, my dear child, is enough for any trousseau. And what have you to wait for? It will suit me, too, much best. If we put it off till the autumn I should be terribly busy—absolutely taken up—with Arthur's election. Sir Louis Ford tells me they cannot possibly stave off going to the country longer than November. And, of course, this time I shall have not only the usual Liberal gang—I shall have Coryston to fight!"

"I know. It's appalling!" cried Marcia. "Can't we get him to go away?" Then she looked at her mother uneasily. "I do wish, mother, you hadn't put that notice of Arthur's meeting into the *Witness*. Why, you didn't even ask him before you settled it all! Aren't you afraid of his cutting up rough?"

"Not in the least! Arthur always expects me to settle those things for him. As soon as Coryston had taken that outrageous step, it was imperative that Arthur should speak in his own village. We can't have people's minds in doubt as to what *he* thinks of Glenwilliam, with an election only five months off. I have written to him, of course, fully—without a word of reply! What he has been doing these last weeks I can't imagine!"

Marcia fell into a frowning silence. She knew, alack! a great deal more than she wished to know of what Arthur had been doing. Oh, she hoped Coryston had been able to talk to him—to persuade him! Edward, too, had promised to see him—immediately. Surely between them they would make him hear reason before any suspicion reached their mother.

The usual pile of letters awaited Lady Coryston and Marcia on their arrival at home. But before opening hers Lady Coryston turned to the butler.

"Is Mr. Arthur here?"

"Yes, my lady. He is out now, but he left word he would be in for luncheon."

Lady Coryston's face lit up. Marcia did not hear the question or the answer. She was absorbed in a letter which she happened to have opened first. She read it hastily, with growing astonishment. Then, still holding it, she was hurrying away to her own sitting-room when the butler intercepted her.

"There's a young lady, miss, who wants to see you. I took her to your sitting-room. She said she came from the dressmaker—something you had ordered—very particular."

"Something I had ordered?" said Marcia, mystified. "I don't know anything about it."

She ran up-stairs, still thinking of the letter in her hand. "I won't see her!" she said to herself, vehemently, "without Edward's leave. He has a right now to say what I shall do. It is different with Coryston. He may argue with me—and with Edward—if he pleases. But Mrs. Betts herself! No; that's too much!"

Her cheeks flushed angrily. She threw open the door of her sitting-room. Some one sitting stiffly on the edge of a chair rose as she entered. To her amazement Marcia perceived a slender woman—a lady—a complete stranger to her, standing in her own private sitting-room, awaiting her arrival—a woman in rather slipshod, artistic dress, with hands clasped theatrically, and tears on her cheeks.

"Who are you?" said Marcia, drawing back.

CHAPTER IX

"MISS CORYSTON—I have done a dreadful thing," said a trembling voice. "I—I have deceived your servants—told them lies—that I might get to see you. But I implore you let me speak to you!—don't send me away!"

Marcia Coryston looked in amazement at the shrinking, childish creature, standing suppliant before her, and repeated:

"I have not an idea who you are—please tell me your name."



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I DO WISH I COULD HELP YOU"

"My name — is Alice Betts," said the other, after a momentary hesitation. "Oh, perhaps you don't know anything about me. But yet—I think you must; because—because there has been so much talk!"

"Mrs. Betts?" said Marcia, slowly. Her eyes perused the other's face, which reddened deeply under the girl's scrutiny. Marcia, in her pale pink dress and hat, simple, but fresh and perfectly appointed, with her general aspect of young bloom and strength, seemed to take her place naturally against—one might almost say, as an effluence from—the background of bright June foliage, which could be seen through the open windows of the room; while Mrs. Betts, tumbled, powdered, and through all the juvenility of her attire—arms bare to the elbow and throat half-uncovered, short skirts and shell necklace—betraying her thirty-five years, belonged quite plainly to the used, autumnal category of her sex.

"Haven't you heard of me?" she resumed, plaintively. "I thought—Lord Coryston—"

She paused, her eyes cast down.

"Oh yes," said Marcia, mechanically. "You have seen my brother? Please sit down."

Mrs. Betts sat down, with a long sigh, still not venturing to look up. Instead she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, beginning to speak in a broken, sobbing voice.

"If you can't help us, Miss Coryston—I—I don't know what we shall do—my poor husband and I. We heard last night—that at the chapel service—oh! my husband used to read the lessons there for years and years, and now he never goes; but he heard from one of his men, who was there, about your engagement to Mr. Newbury—and how Mr. Perry gave it out. I am so *ashamed,* Miss Coryston, to be speaking of your private affairs!—I don't know how to excuse myself—"

She looked up humbly. She had large blue eyes in a round, fair-complexioned face, and the lids fluttered as though just keeping back the tears.

"Please go on," said Marcia, coldly, quivering with excitement and annoyance. But she had been bred to self-control, and she betrayed nothing.

"And then—well, then"—Mrs. Betts covered her face with her hands a moment, removing them with another long and miserable sigh—"my husband and I consulted—and we thought I might come to you—and beg you, Miss Coryston, to plead for us—with Mr. Newbury—and Lord William! You will be very happy, Miss Coryston—and we—we are so miserable!"

Mrs. Betts raised her eyes again, and this time the tears escaped, ran lightly over her cheek, and fell on her blue silk dress. Marcia, who had placed herself on a chair near, felt uncomfortably touched.

"I am sure nobody wishes to be unkind to you," she said, with embarrassment.

Mrs. Betts bent forward eagerly.

"Then you have heard? You know that John is to be turned out of his farm unless he will give me up?"

But a quieter manner would have served her better. The answer came stiffly: "I cannot discuss Lord William's affairs."

"Oh, dear—oh, dear—what am I to do!" cried Mrs. Betts under her breath, turning her eyes from side to side like a hunted thing, and twisting a rag of a handkerchief in her small right hand. Then, suddenly, she broke into vehemence:

"You ought to listen to me! It is cruel — heartless — if you don't listen! You are going to be happy—and rich—to have everything you can possibly wish for on this earth. How can you—how *can* you refuse — to help anybody as wretched as I am!"

The small, chubby face and slight figure had assumed a certain tragic force. The impression indeed was of some one absolutely at bay, at the bitter end of their resources and therefore reckless as to what might be thought of them. And yet there was still the slight theatrical touch; as though the speaker observed herself, even in violence.

Marcia—troubled, intimidated—watched her in silence a few moments and then said:

"How can I possibly help you, Mrs. Betts? You shouldn't have come to me—you shouldn't indeed. I don't know your story, and if I did I shouldn't understand it. Why didn't you ask to see my mother?"

"Lady Coryston would never look at the likes of me!" cried Mrs. Betts. "No, Miss Coryston!—I know it's selfish, perhaps—but it's just because you're so young—and so—so happy—that I came to you. You don't know my story—and I can't tell it you—" The speaker covered her face a moment. "I'm not a good woman, Miss Coryston. I never pretended to be. But I've had an awfully hard time—awfully hard! You see," she went on, hurriedly, as though afraid Marcia would stop her—"you see—I was married when I was only seventeen to an old husband. My mother made me—she was dying—and she wanted to be sure I had a home. And he turned against me after a few months—it was a horrible, horrible business—I couldn't tell you what I suffered—I wouldn't for the world. He shut me up—he half starved me—he struck me, and abused me. Then"—she turned her head away and spoke in a choked, rapid voice—"there was another man—he taught me music, and—I was only a child, Miss Coryston—just eighteen. He made me believe he loved me—and I had never had kind things said to me before. It seemed like heaven—and one day—I went off with him—down to a seaside place, and there we stayed. It was wicked—I suppose I ought to have borne up against my life—but I couldn't—there!—I couldn't. And so—then—my husband divorced me—and for ten years I lived with my old father. The other man—deserted me. I soon found him out. I don't think he meant to be cruel to me. But his people got hold of him. They wouldn't let him marry me. So there I was left, with—with my child." Mrs. Betts threw a shrinking look at Marcia.

The girl flushed suddenly and deeply, but said nothing. Mrs. Betts resumed:

"And I just lived on somehow—with my father—who was a hard man. He hated me for what I'd done; he was always nagging and reproving me. But I couldn't earn money and be independent—though I tried once or twice. I'm not strong—and I'm not clever—and there was the child. So he just had to keep me—and it was bitter—for him and for me. Well, then, last August he was dying, and we went to Colwyn Bay for him, and took a little lodging. And one day on the sands I saw—John Betts—after fifteen years. When I was twenty—he wanted to marry me—but we'd never met since. He came up to me—and, oh!—I was glad to see him! We walked along the shore, and I told him everything. Well—he was sorry for me—and father died—and I hadn't a penny. For what father left only just paid his debts. And I had no prospects in the world, and no one to help me—or my boy. So then—Mr. Betts offered to marry me. He knew all about my divorce—he had seen it in the newspapers years ago. I didn't deceive him—not one little bit. But he knew what Lord William would think. Only it didn't seem to matter—really—to any one but him and me. I was free—and I wasn't going to bring any more disgrace on anybody."

She paused forlornly. In the strong June light all the lost youth in the small face, its premature withering and coarsening, the traces of rouge and powder, the naturally straight hair tormented into ugly waves, came cruelly into sight. So too did the holes in the dirty white gloves—and some rents in the draggled but elaborate dress. Marcia could not help noticing and wondering. The wife of John Betts could not be so very poor!

Suddenly her unwelcome visitor looked up.

"Miss Coryston—if they take John's farm away—everything that he cares for—everything that he's built up all these years—because of me—I'll kill myself! You tell Mr. Newbury that!"

The little, shabby creature had in a moment dropped her shabbiness. Her slight frame stiffened as she sat; the passion in the blue eyes which sought Marcia's was sincere and threatening. Marcia, startled, could only say again in a vaguely troubled voice:

"I am sure nobody wants to harm Mr. Betts, and indeed, indeed, you oughtn't to talk to me like this, Mrs. Betts. I am very sorry for you—but I can't do anything. I would be most improper if I tried to interfere."

"Why?" cried Mrs. Betts, indignantly. "Aren't women in this world to help each other? I know that Lord Coryston has spoken to you—and that he means to speak to you. Surely, surely Mr. Newbury will listen to you—and Lord Will-

iam will listen to Mr. Edward. You know what they want? Oh, it's too cruel!" She wrung her hands in despair. "They say if we'll separate—if he promises—that I shall be no more his wife—but just a friend henceforward—if we meet a few times in the year, like ordinary friends—then John may keep his farm. And they want me to go and live near a Sisterhood and work for the Sisters—and send the boy to school. Just think what that looks like to me! John and I have found each other after all these years. I have got some one to help me at last—to make me a better woman"—sobs rose again in the speaker's throat—"some one to love me—and now I must part from him—or else his life will be ruined! You know, Miss Coryston, there's no other place in England like John's place. He's been trying experiments there for years and years with new seeds and made soils—and all sorts of ways of growing fruit—oh, I don't understand much about it—I'm not clever—but I know he could never do the same things anywhere else—not unless you gave him another life. He'll do it—he'll go—for my sake. But it 'll break his heart. And why *should* he go? What's the reason—the *justice* of it?"

Mrs. Betts rose, and with her hands on her sides and the tears on her cheeks she bent over Marcia, gasping in a kind of frenzy. There was no acting now.

The girl of twenty-two was deeply, painfully moved. She put out her hands gently and drew Mrs. Betts down again to the sofa beside her.

"I'm dreadfully sorry for you! I do wish I could help you. But you know what Lord and Lady William think—what Mr. Newbury thinks about divorced people marrying again. You know—how they've set a standard all their lives—for their people here. How can they go against all they've ever preached? You must see their point of view, too. You must think of their feelings. They hate—I'm sure they hate—making any one unhappy. But if one of the chief people on the estate does this—and they think it wicked—how—"

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Betts, eagerly interrupting. "But now please—*please*—Miss Coryston—listen! This is what I want—what I beg you to say to Mr. Newbury! I can't give John up—and he'll never give me up. But I'll go away—I'll go to a little cottage John has — it was his mother's, in Charnwood Forest—far away from everybody. Nobody here will ever know! And John will come to see me—whenever he can—whenever his work will let him. He will come over in the motor—he's always running about the country—nobody would ever notice. It might be said we'd separated—so we should have separated, as far as spending our lives together goes. But I should sometimes—sometimes — have my John! — for my own—my very own—and he would sometimes have me!"

Sobs came tearing through, and bowing her face upon the sofa, Mrs. Betts shook from head to foot.

Marcia sat silent, but strangely conscious of new horizons of feeling—of a deepening life. This was the first time she had ever come across such an experience, touched so nearly on passions and sins which had hitherto been to her as stage phantoms moving in a far distance. The girl of to-day, whatever class she belongs to, is no longer, indeed, reared in the conventional innocence of the mid-Victorian moment — a moment differing wholly from that immediately before it, no less than from those which have come after it. The manners, the plays, the talk of our generation attack such an innocence at every turn. But in place of an indirect and hearsay knowledge, here, in this humble, shabby instance, was, for the first time, the real stuff—the real, miserable thing—in flesh and blood. That was new to her.

And, in a flash of memory and association, there passed through her mind the vision of the Opera House blazing with lights—Iphigeneia on the stage, wailing at her father's knees in an agony of terror and despair—and Newbury's voice:

"*This* is the death she shrinks from—"

And again, as the beautiful form, erect and calm once more, swept stately to its doom:

"And this—is the death she *accepts!*"

Newbury's face, as he spoke, was before her, quietly smiling, its handsome features alive with an exaltation which had both chilled and fascinated the girl looking at him. As she remembered it the thought arose: "*He* would accept

any martyrdom for himself in defense of what he believes and loves—and *therefore* he will inflict it inexorably on others. But that's the point! For oneself, yes—but for others, who suffer, and don't believe—suffer horribly!"

A look of resolution came into the young face. She tried to rouse Mrs. Betts.

"Please don't cry so!" she said, in distress. "I see what you mean. I'll try and put it to Mr. Newbury. Nobody here—you think—need know anything about you? They'd suppose you'd separated. Mr. Betts would live here, and you would live somewhere else. That's what you mean—isn't it? That's all anybody need know?"

Mrs. Betts raised herself.

"That's it. Of course—you see—we might have pretended to accept Lord William's conditions, and then have deceived him. But my husband wouldn't do that. He simply doesn't admit that anybody else here has any right to interfere with our private affairs. But he won't tell lies to Lord William and Mr. Edward. If they won't, they won't!"

She sat up, drearily controlling herself; and began to smooth back her hair and put her hat straight. But in the middle of it she caught Marcia's hand.

"Miss Coryston — you're going to marry Mr. Newbury—because you love him. If I lose John—who will ever give me a kind word—a kind look again? I thought at last—I'd found—a little love. Even bad people" — her voice broke—"may rejoice in that — mayn't they? Christ didn't forbid them that."

Her piteous look hung on her companion. The tears sprang to Marcia's eyes. Yet her temperament did not tend to easy weeping; and at the root of her mind in this very moment were feelings of repulsion and of doubt, mingled with impressions of pity. But the hours at Hoddon Grey had been hours of deep and transforming emotion; they had left her a more sensitive and responsive human being.

"I'll do what I can," she said, with slow emphasis. "I promise you that I'll speak to Mr. Newbury."

Mrs. Betts gave her effusive thanks, which somehow jarred on Marcia; she was glad when they were over and Mrs. Betts rose to go. That her tearful and disheveled aspect might escape the servants, Marcia took her down a side staircase of the vast house, and piloted her through some garden paths. Then the girl herself, returning, opened a gate into a wood, where an undergrowth of wild roses was just breaking into flower, and was soon pacing a mossy path out of sight and sound of the house.

She found herself in a strange confusion of mind. She still saw the small, tear-stained face, the dingy finery, the tormented hair; the story she had just heard was still sounding in her ears. But what really held her was the question: "Can I move Edward?—what will he say to me?"

And, in the stillness of the wood, all the incidents of their Sunday together came back upon her, and she stood breathless and amazed at the change which had passed over her life. Was it really she, Marcia Coryston, who had been drawn into that atmosphere of happy and impassioned religion?—drawn with a hand so gentle yet so irresistible? She had been most tenderly treated by them all, even by that pious martinet Lord William. And yet—how was it that the general impression was that for the first time in her life she had been "dealt with" — disciplined — molded — by those who had a much clearer idea than she herself had of what she was to do and where she was to go? Out of her mother's company she had been hitherto accustomed to be the center of her own young world; to find her wishes, opinions, prejudices eagerly asked for, and deferentially received. And she knew herself naturally wilful, conceited, keen to have her own way.

But at Hoddon Grey, even in the most intimate and beautiful moments of the first love-scenes between herself and Newbury, she had seemed to be entering upon—moving in—a world where almost nothing was left free for her to judge; where what she thought mattered very little, because it was taken for granted that she would ultimately think as Hoddon Grey thought; would be cherished, indeed, as the latest and dearest captive of the Hoddon Grey system and the Hoddon Grey beliefs.

And she had begun already to know the

exquisite, the intoxicating joys of self-surrender. Every hour had revealed to her something more of Newbury's lofty and singular character. The books and occupations amid which his home life was passed, the letters of his Oxford friends to him, and his to them; one letter in particular, from his chiefest and dearest friend, congratulating him on his engagement, which had arrived that morning only: these things had been for Marcia so many steps in a new land, under new stars. The mixture in the man she was to marry, of gaiety, of an overflowing enjoyment of life, expressing itself often in an endless childish joking—with mystical sternness; eager love of beauty in art and literature, coupled with an unbending insistence on authority, on the Church's law, whether in doctrine or conduct, together with an absolute refusal to make any kind of terms with any sort of "Modernisms," so far at least as they affected the high Anglican ideal of faith and practice:—in relation to these facts of Newbury's temperament and life, she was still standing bewildered, half yielding and half combative. That she was loved, she knew—knew it through every vein and pulse. Newbury's delight in her, his tender worship of her, seemed to enwrap and encompass her. Now as she sat hidden amid the June trees, trembling under the stress of recollection, she felt herself enskied, exalted by such love. What could he see in her—what was there in her—to deserve it?

And yet—and yet! Some penetrating instinct to which in this moment of solitude, of unwilling reflection, she could not help but listen, told her that the very inmost soul of him was not hers; that the deepest foundation of his life was no human affection, but the rapture, the compelling vision of a mystical faith. And that rapture she could never share; she knew herself; it was not in her. One moment she could have cried out in despair over her own limitations and disabilities. The next she was jealous—on fire.

Jealous!—that was the real, sadly human truth; jealous, as women have always been, of the faith, or the art, or the friendship which threatens their hold upon the lover. And there stole upon her as she sat musing the old, old temptation—the temptation of Psyche—to test and try this man, who was to bring her into bondage, before the bonds were yet quite set. She was honestly touched by Mrs. Betts's story. To her, in her first softness of love, it seemed intolerably hard and odious that two people who clung to each other should be forcibly torn apart; two people whom no law, but only an ecclesiastical scruple, condemned. Surely Edward would accept, and persuade his father to accept, the compromise which the husband and wife suggested. If Mrs. Betts withdrew from the scene—from the estate—would not this satisfy everybody? What further scandal could there be? She went on arguing it with herself; but all the time the real, deepest motive at work was not so much sympathy as a kind of excited restlessness—curiosity. She saw herself pleading with Edward, breaking down his resistance, winning her cause; and then, instead of triumphing, flinging herself into his arms, to ask pardon for daring to fight him.

The happy tears blinded her, and fell unheeded. Until a mocking reaction dried them. "Oh, what a fool!—what a fool!"

And running through the wood she came out into the sunshine at its farther end—a blaze of sun upon the lake, its swans, its stone-rimmed islands, and statuary, on the gray-white front of the pillared and porticoed house, stretching interminably. The flowers shone in the stiff beds; a rain of blossom drifted through the air. Everything glittered and sparkled. It was Corinthian, pretentious, artificial; but as Marcia hurried up the broad middle walk between the queer gods and goddesses, whom some pupil of Bernini's had manufactured in Rome for a Coryston of the eighteenth century, she was in love with the scene, which in general she disliked; in love with the summer; in love above all with the quick life of her own mind and body. . . .

There were persons talking in her mother's sitting-room—Sir Wilfrid, Arthur, and Coryston—she perceived them through the open windows. The sight of Arthur suddenly sobered her and diverted her thoughts. For if Newbury now held the chief place in her mind, her

mother still reigned there. She—Marcia—must be on the spot to protect her mother—in case protection were wanted, and Coryston and Sir Wilfrid had not succeeded yet in bringing that mad fellow to his senses. Ah! but they had all a new helper and counselor now—in Edward. Let Coryston abuse him to her if he dared! She would know how to defend him.

She hurried on.

Simultaneously from the garden door of the library a figure emerged, a man with some books under his arm. She recognized Lester, and a rush of something which was partly shyness and partly a delicious pride came over her to delay her steps.

They met under the wide, open colonnade which carried the first story of the house. Lester came toward her smiling and flushed.

"I've just heard," he said; "I do congratulate you. It's splendid!"

She gave him her hand; and he thought as he looked at her how happiness had beautified and transformed her. All that was imperfect in the face seemed to have fallen into harmony; and her dark bloom had never been so lovely.

"Yes, I'm very happy. He'll keep me in order! At least he'll try." Her eyes danced.

"Everybody seems extremely pleased," he said, walking at her side, and not indeed knowing what to say.

"Except Coryston," replied Marcia, calmly. "I shall have a bad time with him."

"Stand up to him!" he laughed. "His bark is worse than his bite. Ah—"

A sudden sound of vehement voices overhead — Lady Coryston's voice and Arthur's clashing—startled them both.

"Oh, I must go!" cried Marcia, frowning and paling. "Thank you—thank you so much. Good-by."

And she ran into the house. Lester remained rooted in the shadows of the colonnade for a minute or two, looking after her, with a set, abstracted face. Then the sound of the altercation overhead smote him too with alarm. He moved quickly away, lest through the open windows he might catch what was said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Folk-Song

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

BACK she came through the flaming dusk,
And her mother spoke and said:
"What gives your eyes that dancing light,
What makes your lips so strangely bright,
And why are your cheeks so red?"
"Oh, mother, the berries I ate in the lane
Have left a stain."

Back she came through the faltering dusk,
And her mother spoke and said:
"You are weeping; your footstep is heavy with care—
What makes you totter and cling to the stair,
And why do you hang your head?"
"Oh, mother—oh, mother—you never can know—
I loved him so!"



The THIEF of FAME

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

IT was in Bruges, *Bruges la morte,* that the thought first flashed upon Francis Brill. He sat on a balcony of a café above the river, sipping his grenadine. He felt absolutely safe and secure. London and the law and Eulalia lay far behind. The damage he had sustained in the accident aboard the steamer which had brought him over a riotous Channel to Ostend now served to disguise him perfectly. A broad, white bandage ran entirely across his face. It held in place a small wooden splint, which in turn held his nose. The bandage even gave to him a feeling of dash and bravado. He was well aware that his blue eyes looked boldly over the edge of the snowy linen—like a robber's through a mask. To be sure, the fact that the injured organ was the nose detracted somewhat from the majesty of the bandage. But are not the most heroic soldiers sometimes wounded in the nose?—or the most gallant duelists? The Belgian ladies, he felt certain, would take him for a duelist.

It had been a straight and aristocratic nose, the particular pride of Francis Brill. During the stormy Channel passage there had been a catastrophe. Brill had been flung against the ship's rail and his nose broken. It would heal and be as straight as before, the ship's surgeon had assured him, as he set and swathed it in lint and linen.

This dapper little man, the dandified clerk of Webbe & Trelling, the solicitors, had fled from London three days before. In his wallet were notes to the value of five hundred pounds, which should at that moment have been lying to the credit of his employers at their bank. Far off, in a flat in Battersea, so far off that flat and occupant already seemed like dim ghosts of some other existence, there was a plain, stout, and elderly woman, with red-rimmed eyes, who hugged a fat dachshund against her heaving bosom and bemoaned the mysterious disappearance of her young, elegant husband. This was Mrs. Eulalia Brill.

Bruges, the dead city, now suddenly awoke. There were distant cries in the streets, cries that came clamorously nearer. An old man with newspapers burst into the peace of Brill's café balcony. So Brill, who was able to read French, bought a paper.

One glance at the head-line caused him to cry out with horror. Feverishly he read the account of the catastrophe at sea. The flies reveled about his forgotten glass of brilliant grenadine. As he read the list of the survivors and the drowned, icy thrills went through his blood. A name caught his eye; he started so violently that the iron café chair grated half a foot across the floor. There stood his own name in plain print—*Francis Brill!* He was among the drowned! And as he sat staring, it was as if he were sinking slowly out of the world of reality, as if the waters of his old life were closing over his head. The miserable luck which had followed him through life was at last releasing its clutch. He was escaping from all danger of pursuit, of shame, of imprisonment. Eulalia was a widow, and he—well, he could be born again. He felt an

enormous pity for himself—and then a flash of pride. Millions of people would read his name and pity his fate. Immediately there came to him the new name with which he would now carry on the business of life. Courtney Saville would succeed Francis Brill. It was a far more aristocratic name.

Francis Brill had stolen five hundred pounds from his employers; Francis Brill had run away from his shrewish, elderly wife; Francis Brill had come to Bruges, entered this little café, and sat down with bandaged face to enjoy his glass of gaudy grenadine. But it was Courtney Saville who arose, paid the waiter, and gave him a lordly tip. It was Courtney Saville who strutted for over a week through Bruges the dead. For Francis Brill was also dead, and with him the dangers and disasters of his past. And Brill had perished nobly. All the papers, French and English, flamed with his praise. He had saved dozens of women and children, then gone down like a hero, calmly, with a smile on his lips. His name was echoing through the world; he had become immortal. It was worth dying for—and there was no easier loophole for Francis Brill that was than the death of his namesake. Webbe & Trelling's dishonest clerk, Mrs. Eulalia Brill's renegade husband, lay two thousand fathoms deep in the Atlantic.

When Brill finally removed the splints and inner wrappings from his once beautiful nose, he shook with horror. The nose that had been straight and Greek was now hooked and aquiline. Its high, curved ridge sat like an eagle's beak upon his face. Yet, for that species of nose, it was not irregular. Soon Brill flattered himself that it had a distinguished and aristocratic look, that it was, in fact, Wellingtonian. During the time in which he had worn the bandages he had allowed his beard to grow. This sorrel-colored stubble he now trained with loving care. This helped to alter his appearance still further. In looks, as in



ONE GLANCE AT THE HEAD-LINE CAUSED HIM TO CRY OUT WITH HORROR



THE NOSE THAT HAD BEEN STRAIGHT AND GREEK WAS NOW HOOKED AND AQUILINE

name, Courtney Saville was now quite a different being from Francis Brill.

He returned to Ostend and made himself at home at the Casino. He gambled a little, lost fifty pounds, then ceased to play. In a few weeks an inexpressible boredom overcame him, then a fierce nostalgia for London. He began to long passionately for the old sights and sounds, the places, even the faces, he had known. Even Eulalia's face seemed sweeter and kinder than he had ever thought it—though he trembled to think of confronting the terrible mask of wrath, armed with a deadly tongue, it was sure to become at sight of him. He asked himself whether, having been Francis Brill, with his heroic death trumpeted throughout the world, and being now naturally disguised as Courtney Saville, it would not be safe for him to venture back to London? With the same impulsiveness with which he had married the elderly Eulalia, fancying her to be rich, with the same rashness which had caused him to embezzle the five hundred pounds, he took passage back to England.

In London the air was still full of the disaster. Saville was startled to find his own features confronting him from the front pages of the illustrated dailies and weeklies outspread at every book-stall. He was astounded to see even the round, smug face of his Eulalia staring at him beside his own—"Mrs. Eulalia Brill, the bereaved widow, whose agonized heart is consoled by the one thought that her gallant husband died like a hero."

Then, one day, the posters of the newsvenders flamed with the lines: "Brill a Defaulter! Dishonor Redeemed by Heroism." The whole story of his theft lay bare to the public! Plainly in this he perceived the vengeful hand of James Trelling, the junior partner, who had always disliked him. He now lived apart, in a world of newspapers—a false, phantom existence. Demoralizing fears that his identity might be discovered began to assail him. Yet, despite his fears, he could not leave his beloved Strand, nor Regent Street, nor Piccadilly. This inability he now looked upon as a proof of his courage. Yet he slunk furtively through the streets, hid in cafés, libraries, and hotels, and went abroad chiefly at night. Whenever a curious eye fell on him, a cold quiver went through his

heart. To add to his terrors, he was approaching the end of his money.

Then Fate, the veiled, ironic woman, dealt him a cruel, unfair blow. Wallowing in his newspapers one morning, he sat aghast to read that his uncle, the rich and eccentric cattleman, Hector Brill, had died in Australia, leaving him a legacy of fifty thousand pounds. This, the papers declared, was now to pass into the hands of his wife, as next of kin. The newspapers were full of pathetic comments—how the uncle's money had come too late to save the nephew from temptation, how the husband's heroism had, after all, been productive of good to the bereaved wife. The ghost of Francis Brill gnashed its teeth and groaned in wrath and impotence. Fifty thousand pounds! He fingered the last two solid sovereigns in his pocket and sighed. Eulalia, the despised, abandoned Eulalia, was to inherit all! Suppose she married again! Intolerable, beastly fluke of chance! He thought of the other Francis Brill, lying at peace in his immense sarcophagus at the bottom of the sea, and envied him.

Should he go to Eulalia, throw himself upon her mercy and secrecy, retire with her to the Continent, and live royally off the money of his uncle Hector? But when he thought of the seven years of wretchedness he had spent with Eulalia and the burning torment of her viperish tongue, he lost courage. As a constant appendage to her fat figure, there was always the equally fat carcass of the abominable Mops, who championed his mistress and usually presented a row of sharp teeth to him and assailed him with a fusillade of irritating barks. Eulalia now looked upon him as dead and had surely reconciled herself to his nonexistence. Her thoughts of him, which must have been kindly after reading the deeds of heroism reported of him, would now certainly once more be full of rancor, because of the disgrace he had brought upon himself and her. She would know that he had come back only because of the inheritance, and her fury would be unutterable. Or it would be sufficiently utterable to denounce him to the police. He paled at the thought. Yet there was in him something of homesickness for the little flat in Battersea and for Eulalia, and certain dainty dishes of her cooking.

Sometimes at night he wandered out to Battersea, into Palmyra Court, where the red-brick "mansions" stood bulkily against the heavens. There in a dense shadow beneath a tree he would stand and look up at the windows of the little dining-room and bedroom. He would see Eulalia's stout shadow thrown against the yellow holland shades as she moved about within. There were times when he could scarcely restrain himself from rushing up the cemented stairs and thudding furiously at the knocker. He had even prepared certain dramatic speeches and gestures. How staggered she would be! "Eulalia, my own dear wife!" he would exclaim. "I have returned—returned from the terrors of the deep, from exile. It was you, you alone, that drew me back—my love for you!" She would be unable to resist such a plea. True, she might not recognize him at first,



MOPS, THE DACHSHUND, AMBLED BEHIND HER



DESPITE HER BELIEF IN HIS DEATH, SHE RECOGNIZED HIM

but he would soon establish his identity. How absurd for her to go on living in that dingy mass of little flats—stuffy habitations, full of noisy children. *He* would long ago have removed to some fashionable hotel or apartment-house and surrounded himself with sybaritish luxury.

One evening he saw Eulalia come waddling out of the entrance with a basket on her arm. Mops, the dachshund, with his long, bolster-like body, crooked legs, and flapping ears, ambled behind her, yapping. The sight of Mops, a picture of fat and glistening comfort, nettled him, but the vision of Eulalia, dressed in the deepest and densest mourning, simply devastated his heart. "Eulalia!" he was about to cry. A wild impulse seized him to rush across Palmyra Court and embrace her. But just then a formidable policeman went looming by, and the eyes beneath the blue helmet were cast upon him with an unmistakable look of suspicion. Thus did the terror of the law triumph over the reviving love in the bosom of Courtney Saville. For a little while he remained rigid and motionless, braced against the brick wall, and then slunk back to his shabby little hotel in a side street near Charing Cross. No, to return was impossible. Eulalia must remain the widow of Francis Brill; and he himself must remain Courtney Saville. Let her go on living with the detested Mops; her delirious infatuation for that pampered brute was enough to console her.

It was Mops, however, who brought

them together once more. It chanced that one sunny afternoon, as Saville sat half dozing on a bench in Hyde Park, listening to the band, he suddenly heard a bark and felt tiny paws scratching at his trousers, and a soft, moist muzzle thrust against his hand. He awoke and stared into the round and shining eyes of Mops. There was a chain attached to his collar, and from the upper end of this chain a voice, a well-remembered voice, fell upon his ears, as the erected dachshund, with protruding tongue, popping eyes, and paws threshing the air, was drawn backward on his hinder legs.

"Mops, Mops, you naughty dog, come here!" cried the voice. "I beg your pardon, sir," it added, affably.

He looked up and met the eyes of Eulalia. Her full, red visage grew pale as tallow, her broad bosom heaved, her eyes blinked. Despite her belief in his death, despite his unusual shabbiness, despite his Wellingtonian nose and russet-colored beard, she recognized him. She flung back the heavy crape veil from her face and cried:

"Francis Brill!"

The next moment, swaying ponderously, she had collapsed on the seat beside him. The sudden impact caused the solid frame of the bench to groan and creak. The terrified Saville began fanning the face of his widow with the newspaper he carried. In a few moments the sharp eyes which had so often blazed with wrath opened and looked into his, mildly and tenderly.

"Francis, Francis — and alive!" murmured Eulalia. "But what a change! What has happened to your nose? And you with a beard! I'd never have known you if Mops hadn't carried on that way. And you're not drowned!"

"Not so loud, my dear!" whispered Courtney Saville; "you see, only my name was drowned—same name, different man."

"And it's not true—all that Webbe & Trelling said—?"

Courtney Saville made no reply, but stared at his discolored spats.

"Oh, Francis Brill, how could you, how could you!" cried his widow, mournfully.

Her voice began to irritate him as of old.

"Hush!" he replied, fiercely. "Don't call me by that name! My new name is Courtney Saville—do you hear?—Courtney Saville!"

He then made his position clear—and the state of his finances. Eulalia was shocked. She was shocked no less at the state of his clothes, which he had vainly endeavored to keep smart.

"There's a rent in your sleeve," said she. "Come home with me, Frank."

"Eulalia, please remember that my name isn't Frank," he exclaimed, hoarsely. "Remember *that,* if you don't wish to land me in jail."

She took him by the arm and led him from the park. She hailed a taxi-cab with a wild flourish of her parasol. He made a feeble pretense of astonishment at her extravagance. In the seclusion of the cab she clasped him to her billowy bosom and wept. Then and there she told him of the great windfall which had come so unexpectedly from Australia. He affected to be greatly surprised, patted her back with an amiable tolerance, and said that, after all, she was the greatest fortune any man could have. Mops, the jealous and peevish, began to growl. Then a panic seemed to seize Eulalia. She clutched the tube that communicated with the chauffeur and shouted, "Stop!"

The machine stopped.

"What does this mean?" asked Saville.

"Come, we must get out," she answered, in her old masterful way.

They got out, and Eulalia paid the driver from a purse which, as Saville observed, blazed with gold as it opened its leather jaws. This sight caused him to strangle the imprecations which he was preparing to hurl at her because of her incomprehensible action.

"May I ask, my dear," he said, blandly, "why you stopped the car in mid-career half-way to Battersea to dump me out on the curb?"

"I've just thought of it, Francis—what did you say you called yourself now? You can't come home with me! What would the neighbors say? They wouldn't recognize you, and that—that would ruin my reputation! And if they did recognize you, it would ruin—I mean it would be bad for you."



WHENEVER EULALIA SPOKE TENDERLY OF DISTANT NEPHEWS AND NIECES, HIS HEART SANK

Though Courtney Saville felt inclined to pish and bah at the words of his crape-laden widow, the logic of these words was unassailable. The difficulty was solved by once more opening Mrs. Brill's purse and extracting from it five sharp and glistening sovereigns.

"You may write me, Frank—I mean Courtney," said the dead hero's relict; "we must meet in the streets or parks until we can make other arrangements."

So they met in the streets and parks and made other arrangements. And each time, at the close of the interview, the worn leather purse disgorged of its golden contents. He showed how easy it would be for her to leave the mansions at Battersea for mansions elsewhere, where she might later be joined by him and be known as Mrs. Courtney Saville. He suggested Brighton as a cheerful place where they were both unknown. To Mrs. Brill this idea savored of something highly immoral. It affected her curiously to call her husband by another name; it made him appear almost a stranger. Saville did his best to point out to her that, once her husband, he was always her husband, no matter whether he bore this name or that name. Mrs. Brill, however, held the balance of power, and when negotiations between the widow and her lamented one came to a standstill, then the shabby purse refused to open and spoke more forcibly than words.

"Courtney," said Eulalia, firmly, "you know you have been pronounced legally dead. Let us be married again. Then we can go and live in Brighton, as you wish.

So they were married again, and Mrs. Francis Brill, widow, became the wife of Courtney Saville, bachelor, and they went to live in an old square house at Brighton, a festive and sunny place that appealed mightily to Saville.

For several months Saville was the kindest and most devoted of husbands. Only a flash of his old self showed through him now and then. Eulalia glowed with new hope and happiness. She considered it a sort of revived honeymoon, and grew fatter through sheer contentment. Mops, too, appeared to thrive on Brighton air, for he, too, grew

heavier and rounder. Then, very gently and softly, Courtney Saville began to hint that it would be only wise and just and proper to transfer Uncle Hector's legacy to his own name. Was he not, after all, the rightful heir—before his legal death? Eulalia, with a peculiar grim firmness in her jaws, and showing half a dozen double chins, answered, also very gently and softly, that she being the rightful heir to Francis Brill, it was just, wise, and proper that she should retain control of the money. That had been the advice of her solicitors.

"Your solicitors!" asked Saville, "and who are they?"

"Webbe & Trelling," answered his wife, watching the effect of her shot.

A chill crept over Saville's heart. He broke out into passionate reproaches against her folly, her undutifulness toward himself. He begged and cajoled and threatened her, but Eulalia met every new attack with the same unshakable determination. She would neither make over the legacy to him nor change her firm of solicitors. When he cried out that she was endangering his liberty and happiness by retaining Webbe & Trelling, she replied that his new name, his new nose and beard were sufficient safeguards for him. Besides, she remarked, it was not likely that he would have any dealings with the firm until after her death. And that, she added, considering how much older she was than he, might occur sooner than he might think — or hope. Despite the irony of her words, there was something benevolent and mournful in her tone, which implied that all would then be well with him.

From that day on the fifty thousand pounds hung ever before him, a dazzling prize that would some day fall into his hands. Again he chafed and swore and wasted his eloquence. He was now reduced to the position of a mere pensioner upon his wife. At times there were tempestuous quarrels between them, as in the old miserable cat-and-dog days at Battersea. And very frequently there were days when Francis Brill, that was, wished himself lying in the place of his namesake at the bottom of the sea.

Nevertheless, Saville's demeanor toward his Eulalia was now marked by greater restraint. Whenever he felt moved to fierce denunciation or rebellion, he thought of Uncle Hector's money, now safe in the name of his wife and doubly safe in the trusteeship of Webbe & Trelling. But whenever Eulalia spoke tenderly of her distant nephews and nieces, then Saville's heart sank within him. Whenever Eulalia sat with that passionately adored animal, the almost



"On the Death of the Dog Mops, both House and Money are to revert to my Brother"

immovable Mops, on her lap, regarding her young husband calmly, as with the eyes of a judge, Saville writhed. He spent much of his time parading up and down the Esplanade, swinging his cane and sporting his elegant clothes. Finding his threats in vain, he strove to be as pleasant to Eulalia as possible. And this life went on for five years. Eulalia was fatter than ever, Saville was growing stout and gray, and Mops had developed into a swollen, lethargic sausage, who basked continually in the lap of his mistress, where Saville surveyed him with a furtive but glowering hate.

One day Eulalia did not come down to breakfast. Mops began to howl dismally from within her room. When Saville went up to see what was amiss, he found Eulalia with a placid expression on her face, but quite cold. Mops had mounted guard at the foot of the bed, and when the husband approached he bared his teeth. Then something overcame Saville's shrunken little heart. He knelt down by the bed, close to the howling Mops, and wept aloud. The feeling of relief which, as he had once imagined, would fill his heart when Eulalia had given up the ghost, was not there, but in its place bitter regret and self-reproach.

After the stately funeral came the greatest ordeal of all. And this was to face the firm of solicitors who had once been his employers. Which member would come to Brighton to attend to the matter of the will—the easy, benevolent Webbe, or the sharp-eyed Trelling, the implacable Trelling who had revealed his theft to the public?

When the hour came for the reading of the will, he ordered the drawing-room to be discreetly darkened. He put on a pair of smoked *pince-nez,* which he had often worn on the beach when the sea-dazzle was too bright for his blue eyes. He practised speaking in the subdued, monotonous tone of a grief-stricken man. Anxiously he paced up and down the thick carpet. Now and again he peered out between the slits in the Venetians. At last there came a knock.

"Mr. Trelling," announced old Gattle, the butler.

It was indeed the junior partner. But how changed! The years that had elapsed had used him harshly. Saville no longer recognized him. The hair that had been black had disappeared, revealing a shining pate; the once straight back was bent; the sharp, black eyes were faded and stared owlishly through thick magnifying-lenses. Even the voice, once loud and resolute, was broken. The redoubtable Trelling was not only the gaunt shadow and feeble echo of himself, he was evidently racked by some sinister disease.

"Mr. Saville," he said, advancing with outstretched hands, "permit me to offer my sincere condolences."

"Thank you," said his former clerk, standing with his back to the light.

He shook the hand which had branded him publicly as a thief and robbed him of his posthumous glory.

"It is a sad duty I have come to perform—the last duty for our worthy client, Mrs. Saville."

The solicitor drew a folded paper from his pocket, a stiff and crackling paper that bore seals and stamps. Then he sat down in an arm-chair and began to read. The lonely and disconsolate Mops, whimpering softly, crept into the room. He crouched down near the solicitor's feet and looked at Saville with melancholy eyes. Slowly, one by one, the fatal and devastating details fell from Trelling's lips.

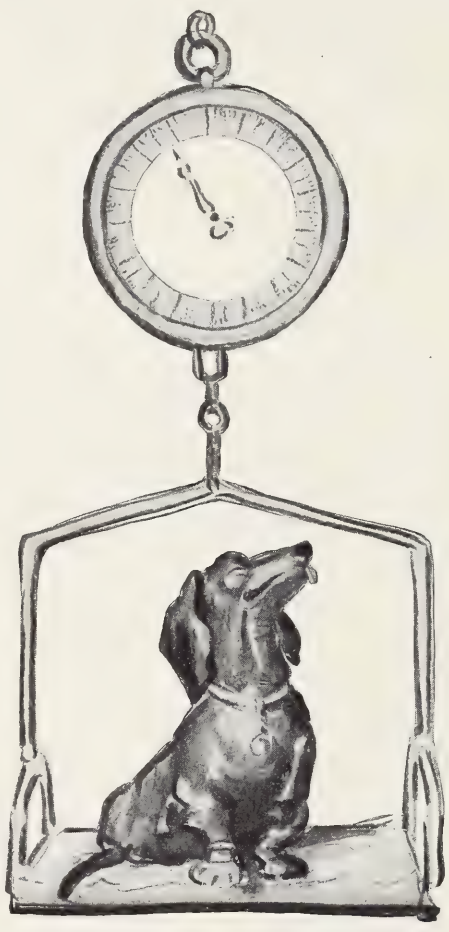
The provisions of the will literally scattered the fortune of Uncle Hector to the four quarters of the globe — to nephews who were farmers in Canada, to nieces who were governesses in France, to a cousin who had married a merchant in South Africa, to a brother, a missionary in Shantung. There were several bequests to charity, the size of which caused a cold sweat to break out on the widower's brow. There was a stiff sum set aside for a drinking-fountain at Hove; another for a memorial window in the parish church. A liberal amount was left to old Gattle, and there was something for Mrs. Dawes, the cook. As these items fell in cold and colorless tones from the attorney's lips, the hopes of Courtney Saville sank lower and lower, and his heart writhed and rebelled within him. Suddenly Trelling paused, peered closely at the paper with his weakened eyes, murmured, "Most remarkable!" then read on:

"To the firm of Webbe & Trelling I bequeath the sum of five hundred pounds in restitution of that amount purloined by my former husband, Francis Brill, while in the employ of the firm."

"How commendable!" remarked the solicitor.

Saville's knees were trembling — the words were like a judgment out of the past. Eulalia was avenging herself. Perhaps she would even betray him to his enemy! Relentlessly Trelling read on in his flat, brittle voice:

"To my husband, Courtney Saville, I bequeath the use of this house, and my beloved friend and inseparable companion, Mops. It is my wish that my husband cherish and tenderly provide for him during the course of his, Mops's, natural life. For this purpose my husband is to receive the sum of three hundred pounds per annum and the use of the house. On the death of the dog Mops, both house and money are to revert to my brother Fergus, of Shantung."



MOPS

There came a groan from Saville. Crumpled in soul and body, he sank into a chair. Then Mops—Mops the master, Mops the heir, Mops the madly and passionately adored — hearing his name spoken, began to yap. To Saville's ears it was a yapping of triumph and not of grief. Almost it seemed as if the voice of Eulalia was piercing through the voice of her "beloved friend and inseparable companion." It was as if he had again lost his identity.

He knew that he shook hands mechanically with that evil phantom of his past, solicitor Trelling, who vanished, after divers fresh condolences. Now he sat alone in the darkened room of the empty house, full of strange wonder rather than resentment at Eulalia's ironic jest. And once more deep envy of the other Francis Brill stole over him, Brill the hero, who had gone down, the unknown, friendless man whose glory he had first stolen and then blackened with his own living shame. Then suddenly it was revealed to him how he himself, the insignificant Courtney Saville, might have acted the hero had there been heroic stuff in his dry and selfish heart.

He was alone now and friendless. As he sat there in his dejection, his arms hanging at his sides, he became conscious of a warm, moist tongue that licked his hand. There at his feet was Mops, looking up beseechingly into his eyes and wagging his tail. And Mops was now his master; on the welfare and longevity of Mops depended his very existence, house and home, food and fire. A burst of fury shot through his heart and a murderous impulse to hurl the bloated beast through the window. But Mops continued to make his friendly advances. He seemed to have forgotten the ancient feud between them. Saville surveyed him critically, and then his unusual wrath gave way to his usual state of fear. Was not Mops too fat? Would it be better to feed him well or starve him a little? What, in Heaven's name, was he to do to insure a long life for the animal? There was but one answer. It came to him in the words of Eulalia, words that still echoed to him from out the pages of the will. He must "cherish and tenderly provide for him during the term of his, Mops's, natural life."

On the Banks of the Jordan

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM

THE modern Protestant says, "Live well; use your wealth with a sense of responsibility to God; be sober, be just to your neighbor, be temperate in your passions." The Russian says, "All that is minor matter; it is chiefly necessary to die well." Breaking the commandments means for the Protestant breaking with God until repentance; but for the Russian peasant there is no such feeling of breaking with God. The drunkard, the thief, and the murderer are as intimate with God as the just man, and perhaps even more intimate. Life doesn't matter very much; what matters is the every-day ties between man and God, that for which the ikon stands and the great rites by which man enters into communion with his higher destiny. All the rites of the Russian Church are very solemn, and they are invested with great importance. Certainly the funeral, the laying-out of the dead body for its long rest, and the hymns and prayers sung over it, are felt to be not only impressive to the living, but good for the one who is dead.

It was amazing to me to see the extent to which the pilgrims sought in Jerusalem tokens for the clothing of their dead bodies, and how much their thoughts were centered on death and the final resurrection morning. They sanctified crosses at the Grave; little ones to wear round their necks, and larger ones to lie on their breasts; they brought their death-shrouds and cross-embroidered caps to dip them in Jordan; they took Jerusalem earth to put in their coffins, and even had their arms tattooed with the word Jerusalem and with pictures of the Virgin, so that they might lie so marked in the grave, and, indeed, that they might rise again so marked and show it in heaven. By these things they felt they obtained a sort of sanctity.

The going to Jordan was essentially something done against the Last Day. It was very touching that on the day before the caravan set out, the peasants cut linen to the shape of the Stone of the Anointing which stands outside the Sepulcher, and placed that linen with their death-shrouds on that stone for blessing, feeling that they were doing for their dead bodies just what Mary and St. Joseph of Arimathea did for the body of Jesus, and upon the same stone. They felt it would be particularly good to rise from death in shrouds thus sanctified.

I suppose several hundreds of pilgrims took their shrouds to the grave on the day before the caravan set out; in the hostelry there was an unrolling of an amount of clean linen most amazing as the possession of such dirty people. What a bustle of preparation there was on the night before; the mending of lapti, the filling of the sacks with things to be dipped in the stream, the procuring of bottles and cans for bringing back the water of the river. For most of us it was an extraordinary occasion, a pilgrimage within a pilgrimage; for those who were in Palestine for the first time it was a first occasion of tramping a distance in such a crowd. The caravan, of course, is not traveling, like gipsies, in houses on wheels, but the journeying together of a great concourse of people on foot, or, in the East, with camels and mules.

There were more than a thousand of us that set out next morning at dawn, even before it was light. Lúbomudrof was there, dear old Dyadya, the boy from the Urals. Yevgeny was in a cart; Abraham was there among many *babas,* the old man from Tobolsk to whom I gave sixpence, and a host of others with whom I was acquainted. It was a long, straggling crowd. In front rode a Turkish policeman and one of the Palestine Society's gorgeously dressed Montenegrins, and a similar escort formed our protection at the very rear; there were a great number of panniered asses carrying pilgrims or pilgrims' sacks, and Arab

boys with poles running at their sides, and a number of vans carrying those who cared to be carried. Most of the pilgrims were on foot, and most carried their own packs; some were in overcoats, some carried umbrellas to guard against the sun. There were about equal numbers of men and women, and the women almost without exception walked, the broad-backed mules offering them no temptation. We started out at a smart pace, as we wished to make progress while the weather was cool: we knew that when the sun rose it would be arduous to keep up on the dusty, shadeless road.

We passed the brook Kedron, the Mount of Olives, Bethany, and were well across the Judean Wilderness before the weather became unpleasantly hot. At Bethany we were joined by a fresh party who had gone out to the monastery by Lazarus's tomb the night before in order to make the day's journey to Jericho less tiring—the road to Jordan is a very difficult one even for the strong pilgrim.

My companion was a strange old fellow from Voronezh government; he was evidently very poor. He wore old slit and ragged cotton trousers and no coat, but only a thick homespun linen shirt which showed his sun-burned bosom. Over his back he held the tattered remains of a red rug. Round his neck was a piece of ordinary string, from which an old wooden cross hung on his breast, and he wore an ancient, miter-shaped sheepskin hat. He was very clean, and in his way fine-looking and simple; he held himself erect, and marched rather than walked at a funeral pace. When I saw him first from behind he was all by himself, and the look of him reminded me of the picture of the victim of an *auto da fé*. I must say he was a strange figure, a strange person. He didn't encourage me to walk with him, and though he was quite polite and answered my questions sweetly and simply, he never entered into any conversation on his own account. He walked slowly, but he never stopped to take rest. I believe that at Jericho he simply passed on and did not stay, as we did, at the hostelry there. Most of the pilgrims rested at the Apostles' Well, where it is said the Apostles used to drink water and refresh themselves; but my companion went on without notice. Even at the Khan Khasura, the inn to which the good Samaritan is supposed to have taken the man whom the thieves had beset, my new acquaintance only looked in, saw the pilgrims drinking water and munching crusts, and went on.

Clouds of dust pursued us over the mountains. The road rising from the grandeur of Bethany wound in long curves round the breast of the hills. We were all alone in the world. Only occasionally there came a line of mules or camels with dark Bedouin Arabs passing us or overtaking us. I stood at a corner and looked back on the long, laboring train of black figures on the baked, white road, bundles on their backs, staves in their hands, and hemp or bark boots on their feet. The bend of their backs as they toiled upward seemed a sight that must be very acceptable in the eyes of God.

The pilgrims did reverence at the brook Cherith, where God sent the ravens to Elijah, and deep down in the ravine saw the Monastery of St. George, built on the place where the birth of the Virgin Mary is supposed to have been announced to her father Joachim. The pilgrim from Voronezh crossed himself very devoutly at this point, and when we resumed our tramp upward I ventured to offer him some white bread and raisins, which to my surprise he accepted very gladly, crossing himself and calling upon God to save me. An hour and a half later we reached the pass over the mountains, and saw lying before us the Dead Sea and the whole valley of the Jordan, almost the same picture as was visible from the summit of the Mount of Olives at Jerusalem. Far away in dark shadow stood the steep Moabite Mountains, and to the right of them the Ammonite Mountains, among whose summits the pilgrims marked out what they took to be Mount Nebo, where Moses died and from whence the prophet saw the Promised Land, though he might not enter it.

We were high up on the right bank of a great ravine, and more than one thousand feet below ran a white, foaming mountain stream. The rocks led down majestically to the little river; they sat about it in extraordinary grandeur, the silent powers of nature in the presence of life.



BUYING HIS SHROUD

Here we passed the first representative of western Europe, a young Frenchman, who suddenly pointed out the galleries of the rocks to his wife — "*Regardez comme c'est beau là.*" The pilgrims stared at the couple and said, "Nice people; just what you see in Moscow."

An hour's descent brought us to the poplar-trees and palms of what was once Jericho, and what is now the little Arab hamlet of Erikha.

Nothing remains now of what was once a famous city. Erikha is a miserable hamlet of two hundred people and no more. It has two grand hotels, which stand out in startling contrast to the huts of the Arabs. There is not even a large church in the village, and the Russian shelter is an insignificant building scarcely fit to accommodate fifty people, far less the fifteen hundred who came there this day.

We were all led to tables in the open air under pleasant, shady trees, and there regaled with soup and tea. The soup, if it could be said to have any color, was green, and large leaves, which I took to be dock, floated in it. It was served in dishes the size of wash-basins; there were wooden spoons all round, and ten or twelve peasants sat about each dish. The tea was hot and clear, and just a tinge of yellow color in it told that it was tea, and not simply boiling water. After the meal there was a service in the hostelry yard, and then rest.

Father Yevgeny, who made himself very conspicuous in all the arrangements, found a room set apart for clean pilgrims. I had settled down to a pallet on the floor of the general dormitory, and was wondering whether I would not go out and find some fresh and open place among the mountains, when Yevgeny came across me and kindly brought me to his room. "There's just one bedstead left," said he. "I've been looking for a likely sort of person to give it to." This was very fortunate for me, as the general room was soon so crowded with sleepers that it was impossible to get across without treading on arms and legs.

I felt we were rather selfish, however—"the clean public"—and I fetched old Lúbomudrof in, for he was dead beat. The veins stood out on his brow, and I counseled him to get a ride in a cart on the morrow, but he said he would go all the way to Jordan on foot, and coming home perhaps he'd get on a mule; it didn't matter so much going home; and if it were to save him dying or going mad he would do it.

Next day early we were all hurrying along the Jordan valley road. The mountains were grand before us; pale stars shone down upon us as we kicked through the deep, white, stifling dust. We were stealing a march on the heat of the day and with good cause. Before we reached St. John the Baptist Monastery the sun rose blindingly across the horizon of the perfectly clear sky, and its rays rushed mercilessly to us as against the only things left living in the desert. We were glad to call a halt at the monastery and rest in the shade of its high, whitewashed walls. It was about seven miles from Jericho, I suppose, and we were already quite near the Jordan stream. Some of the pilgrims went straight ahead to find the river and bathe in it, but the great majority waited for the priests and monks of the monastery to take us down and consecrate the water.

There was a tremendous clamor while we stood about this great, white, gleaming monastery. A score or so of Arab hawkers were waiting for us with soap stamped with the portraits of Jesus or John the Baptist, with bottles for the water, with crosses and rosaries, and all manner of religious keepsakes. A novice of the monastery was distributing brown loaves, another sugar, a third wandered about with a gigantic iron kettle full of boiling water. Somewhere in the background were tables on trestles and an abundance of mugs for our breakfast. A great number of Christian Arabs had also come up from beyond Jordan in order to participate in the great service on the banks; and splendid figures they looked, with their swarthy faces and white cloaks and turbans. We waited about an hour, and during that time many of the peasants obtained the honor of holding the ikons and the crosses that were to be taken in procession. Out came a great gilt cross swathed with bath-towels, and the pilgrims all crowded round to kiss it. One by one the peasant



ARRIVAL OF THE PILGRIMS AT THE MONASTERY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST



The Procession starting for the Banks of the Jordan

men and women came up and reverently kissed it. After the cross came two ikons similarly swathed, a picture of St. John the Baptist, and a representation of the descending of the Spirit on Jesus as He was coming up out of the river at baptism. Suddenly the clergy appeared, and with them a number of shaggy-haired monks; the ikon-bearers and the cross-bearer formed in a line, and at a word from the officiating priest marched forward, the thousand pilgrims trooping after them. We went down a steep road between clay banks, and it seemed as if we were descending into the bowels of the earth. There was not the gleam of a blade of grass about, and high above us blazed the tyrant of the desert in unapproachable magnificence. But we were quickly delivered from this ugly stretch of what is really the ancient shore of the Dead Sea, and at a turn found ourselves in the running oasis of the river-banks, a little paradise of green fields and hedges of oleander and tamarisk.

We crossed one field and passed into another, there to be met by a crowd of half-dressed people who had come down before us. Here all the bushes were hung with drying linen; there were great piles of clothes on the grass; in one corner was a tent church, and in another a Turkish araka-shop. We arrived singing a hymn in chorus, and as we stood in sight of the little turbid river racing underneath its weeping-willows, all the pilgrims raised their hats and crossed themselves. We had arrived at that point in the river's course where, according to one tradition, Jesus came to be baptized, and where, according to another, the Jews had forded the river when they came to Canaan after their servitude in Egypt.

In a great miscellaneous crowd the peasants began to undress and to step into their white shrouds; the women into long robes like night-dresses, the men into full white shirts and trousers. Those who came unprovided stood quite naked on the banks. Then the priest, when he had given the pilgrims time to prepare, began taking the service for the sanctification of the water. The ikons and the cross were ranged around a wooden platform over the water. Calling out in a loud voice, "Come, ye thirsty, and take water gladly from the wells of salvation," the priest bent down and in a silver basin scooped up water from the running stream. Then, standing in front of the basin, he read the prayers of the sanctification of the water. Candles were dealt

out and lighted, and then to the music of the hymn, "They baptize Thee in Jordan, O Lord," he dipped the towel-swathed cross first in the basin and then in the river three times. At the dipping of the cross as many of the pilgrims as could get near plunged into the water, crossing themselves and shivering.



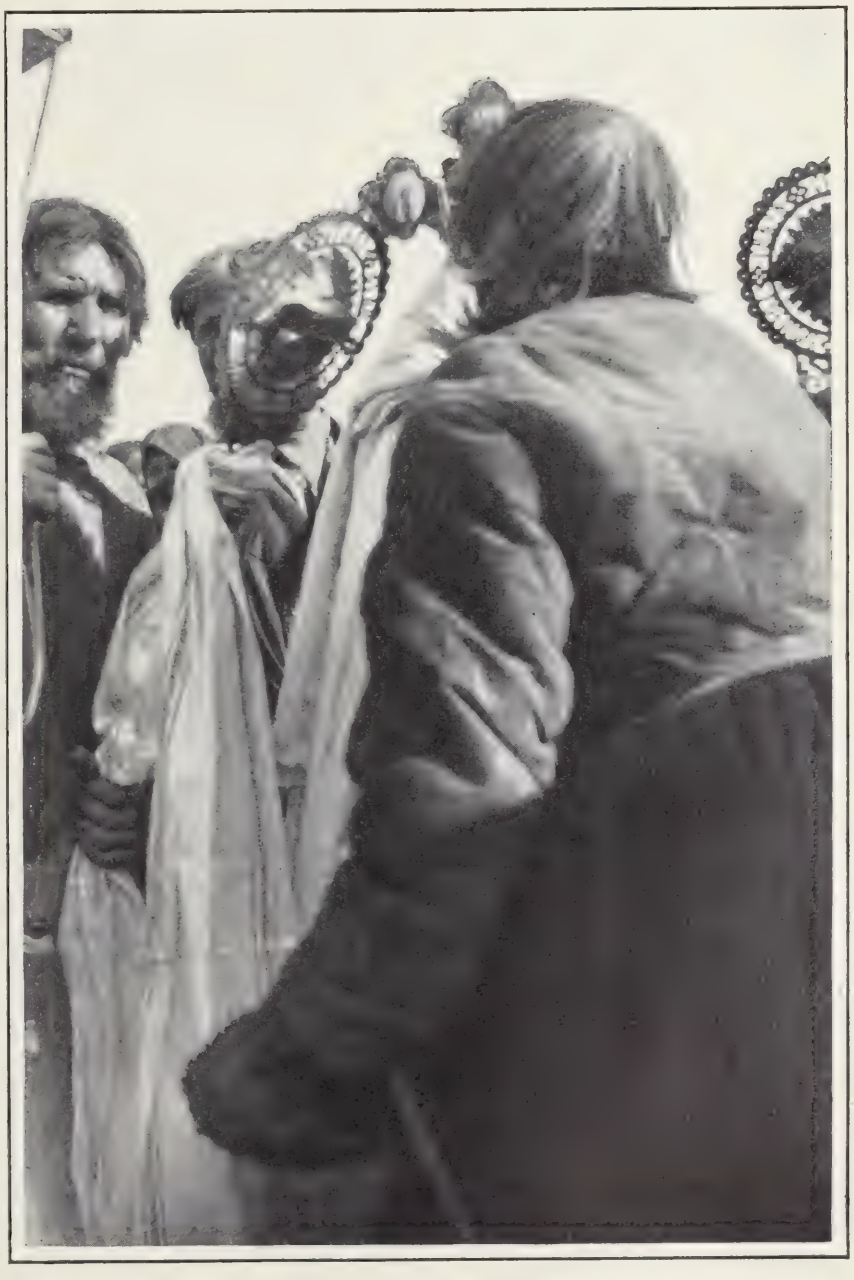
On the Edge of the life-giving Stream

It was a wonderful sight, that plunge into the life-giving stream, that rush from the bank of glistering, sunlit figures, into the strange little yellow-green river. But though so many went in at the dipping of the holy cross, their elimination from the numbers on the banks only served to show how many more were waiting behind. For a whole hour there was a scene that baffles description, the most extraordinary mingling of men and women, all in white, dry and gleaming or wet and dripping. Then no one seemed to have brought towels, and the naked stood or sat in the sun drying themselves. Many pilgrims, who had been in the water once, took off their clinging shrouds and, strolling across the field in Adamite simplicity, hung them on the bushes to dry; having done this, they went in again in another suit of funeral garb, or they sat and dried themselves, or put their old clothes over their damp limbs just as they were. The Christian Arabs stood on the shore in their shrouds and made hysterical chants and speeches. For the whole of the hour the water was full of bathers; some took the opportunity to have a good swim; some poor old women stood with their toes in the river mud and couldn't get out, though they wished to. I remember especially four ancient dames, all over sixty, unprovided with shrouds, standing in the water holding onto one another, brown-bodied and ruined-looking, with crosses round their necks just showing, and their lean, naked shoulders sticking up out of the water. They were crossing themselves and kissing one another, promising to meet in heaven, shivering and gurgling all the while, and obviously waiting for some one who had forgotten to come and take them out. Some others crawled up the steep, clayey bank, and looking round them, wondered where they had left their clothes: everything was in such a muddle that it was difficult to find anything.

I suppose some pilgrims went into the water with their money tied to their bodies, others left it in charge of some other pilgrim on the shore, though most must have simply left it in the heaps with their shed clothing. There were many Arab muleteers wandering about among the things, yet I heard of no robberies. There were also many hawkers of brandy, and, despite the fact that it was in the great fast, some of the pilgrims took a glass lest they should be ill after going into the cold water. The river was, I may say in parenthesis, quite warm.

All my acquaintances bathed in the stream; the young man from the Urals went across several times—no mean feat, for the current is swift. Dear old Dyadya let himself down gingerly by a branch of weeping-willow, but, slipping, went right over his head in the stream. Yevgeny, being a monk, went far away from the sight of the female form divine and let himself in privately, solemnly anathematizing any devils that might be about before he went down into the water. Lúbomudrof went through a little private ceremony of putting himself into his shroud, crossing the neck-opening before he put it over his head, and he also trusted himself to a willow branch, but without accident, however. When he was dried and dressed he said to me: "Let's go and get some tea somewhere. I fear the effects of the water; for the hale and strong, cold water is a blessing, but for the weak, even with God's blessing, it is almost necessary perhaps to follow it with a drink of vodka. I don't feel ill. No, I don't feel any different. I should like some araka, but I haven't tasted alcohol since I promised to God. Come, let us go to the Dead Sea shore and the Monastery of St. Guerassim. There, as they say, the monks have always tea ready for those come up from Jordan."

So, with a farewell glance at the field now covered with drying linen, I prepared to set out with him. The Comic had dipped the shroud he bought in Dmitri's shop and also the death-caps, and had wrung them dry and put all in his pack. Many pilgrims cut canes from



KISSING THE TOWEL-SWATHED CROSS

the bushes, and, putting their shrouds on them, hung them over their backs to dry, and walked to St. Guerassim, as it were, with white flags. About a dozen of us assembled, and then a whole crowd of dripping pilgrims in white came about us to ask us where we were going and by what road. We pointed the way to them, and they promised to follow.

St. Guerassim, when he was a hermit in the wilderness, met a lion crying out with pain and holding up its paw to have a thorn pulled out. The lions seem to have made many appeals of this kind to the early Christians, and Guerassim was not less backward than Androcles and the other heroes. He bound up the poor beast's paw and led it to the monastery, where for five years it gratefully served the old man, even doing domestic labor for him. The other brothers of the monastery also made use of the lion's services, and even set him to watch the monastery ass while it was grazing. One day the lion returned to the monastery without the ass, and Guerassim, thinking that the natural leonine appetite had accounted for the beast of labor, said to the lion, "Henceforth *you* shall be the monastery ass"; panniers were put on the king of beasts, and he carried their grain and their pitchers, and he brought water from Jordan. The lion, who seems to have been more saintly even than Guerassim himself, served meekly, and in those days when the pilgrims came down to Jordan he not only brought up water, but chased the peasants from the sacred river to the monastery, where they paid the brothers good money to pray for the health of their bodies and the peace of soul of their fathers and grandfathers. At last, coming back one day, the lion found that Guerassim was dead. From that hour he had no more joy in life. When the saint was buried, the monks showed the lion the tomb, and there he stretched himself out and expired. Poor old lion! On him rests the name and fame of the Monastery of St. Guerassim in the desert, and now, though the lion is dead, yet his repute still brings the pilgrims along from Jordan, and for the same purpose. I told dear old Dyadya the story, and he seemed highly edified. He knew of the lion, of course, but had never heard the details. "It only shows to what sainthood the people attained long ago," said he. "We've outlived all that." I was fain to agree.

It was a terribly hot walk along that Jordan gully to St. Guerassim. Those who had thought to bring umbrellas to keep off the sun were lucky. The very mountains round about us glared with reflected sunshine. We were again on the old Dead Sea shore, three thousand feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea, the lowest place on earth. The air was oppressive; we had the sense of the vicinity of Sodom and Gomorrah. Poor Lúbomudrof! I thought he would collapse, and made him untwist one of his wet shrouds and wear it under his hat and down his back. I for my part wore a rough bath-towel that I had taken with me. I am sure it was only a short way, not more than four miles, but we felt we had never walked so far in a day before. How joyfully we rested at the flower-crowned oasis of Guerassim's Well and sipped the warm salt water! At last we stood at the gates of the monastery, with its high, blue-white walls of white-washed bricks. Lúbomudrof had his wish; there was tea for all comers in a long, dark, shady cellar; tea, I may say, of a saltish taste, made with something not unlike Dead Sea water; there were basins of black olives to eat with it, but, alas! no sugar and no bread.

Hardly had we taken our seats when the other pilgrims began to arrive; they came in scores and hundreds and swarmed over the monastery. Soon our cellar was full, and not another person could get a seat at the tables. Indeed, there was such a crush opposite us that the seat, a swaying plank placed across two empty casks, suddenly gave way with a crash and let the pilgrims to the floor. It was a scene of much merriment.

For all of us it was a great relief to rest in the shade. Lúbomudrof was next to me, and we liberally helped each other to tea and olives. He had saved a great lump of bread from Jerusalem, and as I had none he shared with me. We all drank an enormous quantity of that salt tea, and all the time we sat drinking we heard the grind of the monastery pump which less fortunate pilgrims outside were glad to use to get a drink even

of diluted Dead Sea brine. It seems that after the lion's decease the monks had a well sunk in their monastery, and so dispensed with that arduous water-carrying journey to and fro from Jordan.

What a clamor had invaded this stilly monastery! But half an hour before it had not a witness of life, but stood still and gleaming on the desert under the noonday sun; now a thousand men and women in black clothes and long hair had suddenly swarmed over it—from the far-away villages of Russia.

What a scene it was may be understood from the fact that the monastery was built four-square round a little courtyard. On the other side of the yard and facing the entrance passage were two twin stairways of stone, leading up to the belfry, in which hung the great black bell; just under the bell and right round the square ran a stone gallery, half in brightest sunlight, half in darkest shadow, and all up and down these stairways and along the corridor surged a crowd of Russian men and women, looking at another crowd below surging about the monastery pump. All were shouting, laughing, and calling, and above all sounded the ancient harsh-toned monastery bell.

When we had had enough tea we went up the stone steps to the gallery and sat down in the shady part. Some went down to the Dead Sea to look at the waters which covered the cities of sin. Others crowded into the office of the monastery to subscribe for prayers. I went to the room where the names of the people for whom prayers were to be said were being taken down. There were three monks busy writing in ancient, over-scrawled registers as fast as the pilgrims could call out the names. The room was packed. Along one side was an immense picture of St. Guerassim and the lion, and on the table was a whole stack of little oleograph miniatures of the same. Each pilgrim on giving in the names of the "to-be-prayed-for" received an oleograph with a blessing from St. Guerassim in the desert. I noticed that Lúbomudrof paid out two rubles to the monks. But then, he had brought thirty or forty rubles which had been given him by the villagers at home, and had doled out money and mentioned such names as he thought fit, not only here at St. Guerassim, but at St. John the Baptist Monastery and in Jerusalem. He purposed going to Mount Sinai on a camel after Easter, and no doubt would ask for prayers and give an alms all the way. Asked whether he purposed taking a bottle of Dead Sea water back to Russia, he grinned in a peculiar way and called out in his hollow, oracular voice: "No; although it has been done by pilgrims



DRYING HIS SHROUD ON A STICK

before now for the evil purposes of others in Russia. A witch I knew asked for a bottle of the water to be brought to her, and on the night she received it all her cattle fell dead. Some of the more educated go to bathe in the sea to improve their health, cure rheumatism, king's evil, influenza, and the evil eye. I also was advised to take a dip. But can Satan cast out Satan? No. And would it be true to God to bathe in holy Jordan and then to wash in the sins of Sodom? No." This seemed conclusive, and if that had not sufficed, a monk came and warned us that if we bathed there we should feel such an itch in all our limbs after it as might drive us out of our minds. So we did not test the statement that it is impossible to sink in the Dead Sea, and we did not take any water back in our bottles.

We spent much time round about St. Guerassim, for we were in the wilderness where Jesus was tempted, and not half an hour's walk westward brought us to "Forty-day Mountain," a mountain of innumerable caves, which have been occupied by hermits and world-forsakers since the earliest days of Christianity. Here, at the half-way point, was a little monastery over the cave where Christ is supposed to have often lain. The pilgrims went in and prostrated themselves at the little church in the cave where in the darkness candles are ever burning. The view from the mountain was a trifle uninspiring, considering that the devil was supposed to have shown therefrom all the kingdoms of the world. I am afraid it only convinced me that it was a much higher crag on which the devil and Jesus stood — the summit of imagination. However, there was a grand view, and the idea gratified the pilgrims immensely.

The day wore on to evening, and half the pilgrims found their way back to Jericho to sleep, while the other half sought out the monastery of St. George by the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens.

For my part, though the way was reputed to be dangerous, I set off slowly and easily along the highroad for Jerusalem all by myself. I had tramped the Caucasus, which is three times more dangerous than Palestine, so I had plenty of nerve for the walk. If I were tired I resolved to sleep in a cave at Bethany.

It was a delightful journey. One realized one's real strength and fitness once the sun had gone down behind the mountains, and one awakened to the beauty of the country. For Palestine is beautiful—or, rather, it is picturesque. The gray stone of rock or ruin harmonizes everything—the red-faced, bright-eyed Syrian women, the coal-black Bedouin Arabs, the camel flocks, the cow-camels and their lively little calves browsing on the mountain-side, the dainty sheep and goats, the wild shepherds with guns slung across their backs.

The earth was grateful for the shadow of night. I caught up with a long train of tall camels going to Jerusalem. On three of them were richly clad Arabs, and on the others were heavily laden panniers. I walked by the side of them, and as it grew darker they seemed to grow taller. But they moved gracefully on the road, undulating their bodies and balancing their burdens like living cradles. One saw why they are called the ships of the desert.

It was eleven o'clock at night by the time I reached Bethany, and it was, after all, too dark to find a pleasant cave, so I went on to Jerusalem. Leaving the camels behind, I went more briskly up the winding road that takes one up the crags beside the Mount of Olives, and I saw the train of camels down below like a procession of shadows.

At last Jerusalem, and I was glad to be there, though the city at night seemed more fearsome than the road from Jericho. The booths were all shuttered, the shops shut. The streets were veritably dark tunnels. Prowling, nervous dogs slunk along searching for refuse, and seemed terribly frightened at the approach of a human being. At an upper window near the Church of the Grave were lights and music. Some one was playing an Armenian viol and another a great, thrumming tambourine, while a third was yelling and chanting trans-Caucasian strains. While I listened, the town watch came round and eyed me suspiciously. I came to no harm, however, and reached the postern of the Russian settlement, where I waked the sleeping porter and made him open the gates to me.

Big Sister Solly

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

IT did seem strange that Molly Westminster, who, according to her own self-estimation, was the least adapted of any woman in the village, should have been the one chosen by a theoretically selective providence to deal with a psychological problem.

It was conceded that little Content Adams was a psychological problem. She was the orphan child of very distant relatives of the rector. When her parents died she had been cared for by a widowed aunt on her mother's side, and this aunt had also borne the reputation of being a creature apart. When the aunt died, in a small village in the indefinite "Out West," the presiding clergyman had notified Edward Westminster of little Content's lonely and helpless estate. The aunt had subsisted upon an annuity which had died with her. The child had inherited nothing except personal property. The aunt's house had been bequeathed to the church over which the clergyman presided, and after her aunt's death he took her to his own home until she could be sent to her relatives, and he and his wife were exceedingly punctilious about every jot and tittle of the aunt's personal belongings. They even purchased two extra trunks for them, which they charged to the rector.

Little Content, traveling in the care of a lady who had known her aunt and happened to be coming East, had six large trunks, besides a hat-box and two suit-cases and a nailed-up wooden box containing odds and ends. Content made quite a sensation when she arrived and her baggage was piled on the station platform.

Poor Molly Westminster unpacked little Content's trunks. She had sent the little girl to school within a few days after her arrival. Lily Jennings and Amelia Wheeler called for her, and aided her down the street between them, arms interlocked. Content, although Molly had done her best with a pretty, ready-made dress and a new hat, was undeniably a peculiar-looking child. In the first place, she had an expression so old that it was fairly uncanny.

"That child has downward curves beside her mouth already, and lines between her eyes, and what she will look like a few years hence is beyond me," Molly told her husband after she had seen the little girl go out of sight between Lily's curls and ruffles and ribbons, and Amelia's smooth skirts.

"She doesn't look like a happy child," agreed the rector. "Poor little thing! Her aunt Eudora must have been a queer woman to train a child."

"She is certainly trained," said Molly, ruefully; "too much so. Content acts as if she were afraid to move or speak or even breathe unless somebody signals permission. I pity her."

She was in the storeroom, in the midst of Content's baggage. The rector sat on an old chair, smoking. He had a conviction that it behooved him as a man to stand by his wife during what might prove an ordeal. He had known Content's deceased aunt years before. He had also known the clergyman who had taken charge of her personal property and sent it on with Content.

"Be prepared for finding almost anything, Molly," he observed. "Mr. Zenock Shanksbury, as I remember him, was so conscientious that it amounted to mania. I am sure he has sent simply unspeakable things rather than incur the reproach of that conscience of his with regard to defrauding Content of one jot or tittle of that personal property."

Molly shook out a long, black silk dress, with jet dangling here and there. "Now here is this dress," said she. "I suppose I really must keep this, but when that child is grown up the silk will probably be cracked and entirely worthless."

"You had better take the two trunks and pack them with such things, and take your chances."

"Oh, I suppose so. I suppose I must take chances with everything except furs and wools, which will collect moths. Oh, goodness!" Molly held up an old-fashioned fitch fur tippet. Little vague winged things came from it like dust. "Moths!" said she, tragically. "Moths now! It is full of them. Edward, you need not tell me that clergyman's wife was conscientious. No conscientious woman would have sent an old fur tippet all eaten with moths into another woman's house. She could not."

Molly took flying leaps across the storeroom. She flung open the window and tossed out the mangy tippet. "This is simply awful," she declared, as she returned. "Edward, don't you think we are justified in having Thomas take all these things out in the back yard and making a bonfire of the whole lot?"

"No, my dear."

"But, Edward, nobody can tell what will come next. If Content's aunt had died of a contagious disease, nothing could induce me to touch another thing."

"Well, dear, you know that she died from the shock of a carriage accident, because she had a weak heart."

"I know it, and of course there is nothing contagious about that." Molly took up an ancient bandbox and opened it. She displayed its contents: a very frivolous bonnet dating back in style a half-century, gay with roses and lace and green strings, and another with a heavy crape veil dependent. "You certainly do not advise me to keep these?" asked Molly, despondently.

Edward Westminster looked puzzled. "Use your own judgment," he said, finally.

Molly summarily marched across the room and flung the gay bonnet and the mournful one out of the window. Then she took out a bundle of very old underwear which had turned a saffron yellow with age. "People are always coming to me for old linen in case of burns," she said, succinctly. "After these are washed I can supply an *auto da fe*.

Poor Molly worked all that day and several days afterward. The rector deserted her, and she relied upon her own good sense in the disposition of little Content's legacy. When all was over she told her husband.

"Well, Edward," said she, "there is exactly one trunk half full of things which the child may live to use, but it is highly improbable. We have had six bonfires, and I have given away three suits of old clothes to Thomas's father. The clothes were very large."

"Must have belonged to Eudora's first husband. He was a stout man," said Edward.

"And I have given two small suits of men's clothes to the Aid Society for the next out-West barrel."

"Eudora's second husband's."

"And I gave the washwoman enough old baking-dishes to last her lifetime, and some cracked dishes. Most of the dishes were broken, but a few were only cracked; and I have given Silas Thomas's wife ten old wool dresses and a shawl and three old cloaks. All the other things which did not go into the bonfires went to the Aid Society. They will go back out West." Molly laughed, a girlish peal, and her husband joined. But suddenly her smooth forehead contracted. "Edward," said she.

"Well, dear?"

"I am terribly puzzled about one thing." The two were sitting in the study. Content had gone to bed. Nobody could hear easily, but Molly Westminster lowered her voice, and her honest, clear blue eyes had a frightened expression.

"What is it, dear?"

"You will think me very silly and cowardly, and I think I have never been cowardly, but this is really very strange. Come with me. I am such a goose, I don't dare go alone to that storeroom."

The rector rose. Molly switched on the lights as they went up-stairs to the storeroom. "Tread very softly," she whispered. "Content is probably asleep."

The two tiptoed up the stairs and entered the storeroom. Molly approached one of the two new trunks which had come with Content from out West. She opened it. She took out a parcel nicely folded in a large towel.

"See here, Edward Westminster."

The rector stared as Molly shook out a dress—a gay, up-to-date dress, a young girl's dress, a very tall young girl's, for the skirts trailed on the floor as Molly held it as high as she could. It was made of a fine white muslin. There was white



"Be prepared for finding almost Anything," he observed

lace on the bodice, and there were knots of blue ribbon scattered over the whole, knots of blue ribbon confining tiny bunches of rosebuds and daisies. These knots of blue ribbon and the little flowers made it undeniably a young girl's costume. Even in the days of all ages wearing the costumes of all ages, an older woman would have been abashed before those exceedingly youthful knots of blue ribbon and flowers.

The rector looked approvingly at it. "That is very pretty, it seems to me," he said. "That must be worth keeping, Molly."

"Worth keeping! Well, Edward Westminster, just wait. You are a man, and of course you cannot understand how very strange it is about the dress."

The rector looked inquiringly.

"I want to know," said Molly, "if Content's Aunt Eudora had any young relative besides Content. I mean had she a grown-up young girl relative who would wear a dress like this?"

"I don't know of anybody. There might have been some relative of Eudora's first husband. No, he was an only child. I don't think it possible that Eudora had any young-girl relative."

"If she had," said Molly, firmly, "she would have kept this dress. You are sure there was nobody else living with Content's aunt at the time she died?"

"Nobody except the servants, and they were an old man and his wife."

"Then whose dress was this?"

"I don't know, Molly."

"You don't know, and I don't. It is very strange."

"I suppose," said Edward Westminster, helpless before the feminine problem, "that—Eudora got it in some way."

"In some way," repeated Molly. "That is always a man's way out of a mystery when there is a mystery. There is a mystery. There is a mystery which worries me. I have not told you all yet, Edward."

"What more is there, dear?"

"I—asked Content whose dress this was, and she said— Oh, Edward, I do so despise mysteries."

"What did she say, Molly?"

"She said it was her big sister Solly's dress."

"Her what?"

"Her big sister Solly's dress. Edward, has Content ever had a sister? Has she a sister now?"

"No, she never had a sister, and she has none now," declared the rector, emphatically. "I knew all her family. What in the world ails the child?"

"She said her big sister Solly, Edward, and the very name is so inane. If she hasn't any big sister Solly, what are we going to do?"

"Why, the child must simply lie," said the rector.

"But, Edward, I don't think she knows she lies. You may laugh, but I think she is quite sure that she has a big sister Solly, and that this is her dress. I have not told you the whole. After she came home from school to-day she went up to her room, and she left the door open, and pretty soon I heard her talking. At first I thought perhaps Lily or Amelia was up there, although I had not seen either of them come in with Content. Then after a while, when I had occasion to go up-stairs, I looked in her room, and she was quite alone, although I had heard her talking as I went up-stairs. Then I said: 'Content, I thought somebody was in your room. I heard you talking.'

"And she said, looking right into my eyes:

"'Yes, ma'am, I was talking.'

"'But there is nobody here,' I said.

"'Yes, ma'am,' she said. 'There isn't anybody here now, but my big sister Solly was here, and she is gone. You heard me talking to my big sister Solly.' I felt faint, Edward, and you know it takes a good deal to overcome me. I just sat down in Content's wicker rocking-chair. I looked at her, and she looked at me. Her eyes were just as clear and blue, and her forehead looked like truth itself. She is not exactly a pretty child, and she has a peculiar appearance, but she does certainly look truthful and good, and she looked so then. She had tried to fluff her hair over her forehead a little as I had told her, and not pull it back so tight, and she wore her new dress, and her face and hands were as clean, and she stood straight. You know she is a little inclined to stoop, and I have talked to her about it. She stood straight, and looked at me with those blue eyes, and I did feel fairly dizzy."

"What did you say?"

"Well, after a bit I pulled myself together and I said: 'My dear little girl, what is this? What do you mean about your big sister Sarah?' Edward, I could not bring myself to say that idiotic Solly. In fact, I did think I must be mistaken and had not heard correctly. But Content just looked at me as if she thought me very stupid. 'Solly,' said she. 'My sister's name is Solly.'

"'But, my dear,' I said, 'I understand that you had no sister.'

"'Yes,' said she, 'I have my big sister Solly.'

"'But where has she been all the time?' said I.

"Then Content looked at me and smiled, and it was quite a wonderful smile, Edward. She smiled as if she knew so much more than I could ever know, and quite pitied me."

"She did not answer your question?"

"No, only by that smile which seemed to tell whole volumes about that awful Solly's whereabouts, only I was too ignorant to read them.

"'Where is she now, dear?' I said, after a little.

"'She is gone now,' said Content.

"'Gone where?' said I.

"And then the child smiled at me again. Edward, what are we going to do? Is she untruthful, or has she too much

imagination? I have heard of such a thing as too much imagination, and children telling lies which were not really lies."

"So have I," agreed the rector, dryly, "but I never believed in it." The rector started to leave the room.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Molly.

"I am going to endeavor to discriminate between lies and imagination," replied the rector.

Molly plucked at his coat-sleeve as they went down-stairs. "My dear," she whispered, "I think she is asleep."

"She will have to wake up."

"But, my dear, she may be nervous. Would it not be better to wait until to-morrow?"

"I think not," said Edward Westminster. Usually an easy-going man, when he was aroused he was determined to extremes. Into Content's room he marched, Molly following. Neither of them saw their small son Jim peeking around his door. He had heard—he could not help it—the conversation earlier in the day between Content and his mother. He had also heard other things. He now felt entirely justified in listening, although he had a good code of honor. He considered himself in a way responsible, knowing what he knew, for the peace of mind of his parents. Therefore he listened, peeking around the doorway of his dark room.

The electric light flashed out from Content's room, and the little interior was revealed. It was charmingly pretty. Molly had done her best to make this not altogether welcome little stranger's room attractive. There were garlands of rosebuds swung from the top of the white satin-papered walls. There were dainty toilet things, a little dressing-table decked with ivory, a case of books, chairs cushioned with rosebud chintz, windows curtained with the same.

In the little white bed, with a rose-sprinkled coverlid over her, lay Content. She was not asleep. Directly, when the light flashed out, she looked at the rector and his wife with her clear blue eyes. Her fair hair, braided neatly and tied with pink ribbons, lay in two tails on either side of her small, certainly very good face. Her forehead was beautiful, very white and full, giving her an expression of candor which was even noble. Content, little lonely girl among strangers in a strange place, mutely beseeching love and pity, from her whole attitude toward life and the world, looked up at Edward Westminster and Molly, and the rector realized that his determination was giving way. He began to believe in imagination, even to the extent of a sister Solly. He had never had a daughter, and sometimes the thought of one had made his heart tender. His voice was very kind when he spoke.

"Well, little girl," he said, "what is this I hear?"

Molly stared at her husband and stifled a chuckle.

As for Content, she looked at the rector and said nothing. It was obvious that she did not know what he had heard. The rector explained.

"My dear little girl," he said, "your aunt Molly"—they had agreed upon the relationship of uncle and aunt to Content—"tells me that you have been telling her about your—big sister Solly." The rector half gasped as he said Solly. He seemed to himself to be on the driveling verge of idiocy before the pronunciation of that absurdly inane name.

Content's responding voice came from the pink-and-white nest in which she was snuggled, like the fluting pipe of a canary.

"Yes, sir," said she.

"My dear child," said the rector, "you know perfectly well that you have no big sister—Solly." Every time the rector said Solly he swallowed hard.

Content smiled as Molly had described her smiling. She said nothing. The rector felt reproved and looked down upon from enormous heights of innocence and childhood and the wisdom thereof. However, he persisted.

"Content," he said, "what did you mean by telling your aunt Molly what you did?"

"I was talking with my big sister Solly," replied Content, with the calmness of one stating a fundamental truth of nature.

The rector's face grew stern. "Content," he said, "look at me."

Content looked. Looking seemed to be the instinctive action which distinguished her as an individual.

"Have you a big sister—Solly?" asked the rector. His face was stern, but his voice faltered.

"Yes, sir."

"Then—tell me so."

"I have a big sister Solly," said Content. Now she spoke rather wearily, although still sweetly, as if puzzled why she had been disturbed in sleep to be asked such an obvious question.

"Where has she been all the time, that we have known nothing about her?" demanded the rector.

Content smiled. However, she spoke. "Home," said she.

"When did she come here?"

"This morning."

"Where is she now?"

Content smiled and was silent. The rector cast a helpless look at his wife. He now did not care if Molly did see that he was completely at a loss. How could a great, robust man and a clergyman be harsh to a tender little girl child in a pink-and-white nest of innocent dreams?

Molly pitied him. She spoke more harshly than her husband. "Content Adams," said she, "you know perfectly well that you have no big sister Solly. Now tell me the truth. Tell me you have no big sister Solly."

"I have a big sister Solly," said Content.

"Come, Edward," said Molly. "There is no use in staying and talking to this obstinate little girl any longer." Then she spoke to Content. "Before you go to sleep," said she, "you must say your prayers, if you have not already done so."

"I have said my prayers," replied Content, and her blue eyes were full of horrified astonishment at the suspicion.

"Then," said Molly, "you had better say them over and add something. Pray that you may always tell the truth."

"Yes, ma'am," said Content, in her little canary pipe.

The rector and his wife went out. Molly switched off the light with a snap as she passed. Out in the hall she stopped and held her husband's arms hard. "Hush!" she whispered. They both listened. They heard this, in the faintest plaint of a voice:

"They don't believe you are here, Sister Solly, but I do."

Molly dashed back into the rosebud room and switched on the light. She stared around. She opened a closet door. Then she turned off the light and joined her husband.

"There was nobody there?" he whispered.

"Of course not."

When they were back in the study the rector and his wife looked at each other.

"We will do the best we can," said Molly. "Don't worry, Edward, for you have to write your sermon to-morrow. We will manage some way. I will admit that I rather wish Content had had some other distant relative besides you who could have taken charge of her."

"You poor child!" said the rector. "It is hard on you, Molly, for she is no kith nor kin of yours."

"Indeed I don't mind," said Molly Westminster, "if only I can succeed in bringing her up."

Meantime Jim Westminster, up-stairs, sitting over his next day's algebra lesson, was even more perplexed than were his parents in the study. He paid little attention to his book. "I can manage little Lucy," he reflected, "but if the others have got hold of it, I don't know."

Presently he rose and stole very softly through the hall to Content's door. She was timid, and always left it open so she could see the hall light until she fell asleep. "Content," whispered Jim.

There came the faintest "What?" in response.

"Don't you," said Jim, in a theatrical whisper, "say another word at school to anybody about your big sister Solly. If you do, I'll whop you, if you are a girl."

"Don't care!" was sighed forth from the room.

"And I'll whop your old big sister Solly, too."

There was a tiny sob.

"I will," declared Jim. "Now you mind!"

The next day Jim cornered little Lucy Rose under a cedar-tree before school began. He paid no attention to Bubby Harvey and Tom Simmons, who were openly sniggering at him. Little Lucy gazed up at Jim, and the blue-green shade of the cedar seemed to bring out only more clearly the white-rose softness of her dear little face. Jim bent over her.



"WHY DO YOU TELL SUCH WHOPPERS? OUT WITH IT!"

"Want you to do something for me," he whispered.

Little Lucy nodded gravely.

"If my new cousin Content ever says anything to you again—I heard her yesterday—about her big sister Solly, don't you ever say a word about it to anybody else. You will promise me, won't you, little Lucy?"

A troubled expression came into little Lucy's kind eyes. "But she told Lily, and Lily told Amelia, and Amelia told her grandmother Wheeler, and her grandmother Wheeler told Miss Parmalee when she met her on the street after school, and Miss Parmalee called on my aunt Martha and told her," said little Lucy.

"Oh, shucks!" said Jim.

"And my aunt Martha told my father that she thought perhaps she ought to ask for her when she called on your mother. She said Arnold Carruth's aunt Flora was going to call, and his aunt Dorothy. I heard Miss Acton tell Miss

Parmalee that she thought they ought to ask for her when they called on your mother, too."

"Little Lucy," he said, and lowered his voice, "you must promise me never, as long as you live, to tell what I am going to tell you."

Little Lucy looked frightened.

"Promise!" insisted Jim.

"I promise," said little Lucy, in a weak voice.

"Never, as long as you live, to tell anybody. Promise!"

"I promise."

"Now, you know if you break your promise and tell, you will be guilty of a dreadful lie and be very wicked."

Little Lucy shivered. "I never will."

"Well, my new cousin Content Adams —tells lies."

Little Lucy gasped.

"Yes, she does. She says she has a big sister Solly, and she hasn't got any big sister Solly. She never did have, and she never will have. She makes believe."

"Makes believe?" said little Lucy, in a hopeful voice.

"Making believe is just a real mean way of lying. Now I made Content promise last night never to say one word in school about her big sister Solly, and I am going to tell you this, so you can tell Lily and the others, and not lie. Of course, I don't want to lie myself, because my father is rector, and besides, mother doesn't approve of it; but if anybody is going to lie, I am the one. Now, you mind, little Lucy. Content's big sister Solly has gone away, and she is never coming back. If you tell Lily and the others I said so, I can't see how you will be lying."

Little Lucy gazed at the boy. She looked like truth incarnate. "But," said she, in her adorable stupidity of innocence, "I don't see how she could go away if she was never here, Jim."

"Oh, of course she couldn't. But all you have to do is to say that you heard me say she had gone. Don't you understand?"

"I don't understand how Content's big sister Solly could possibly go away if she was never here."

"Little Lucy, I wouldn't ask you to tell a lie for the world, but if you were just to say that you heard me say—"

"I think it would be a lie," said little Lucy, "because how can I help knowing if she was never here she couldn't—"

"Oh, well, little Lucy," cried Jim, in despair, still with tenderness—how could he be anything but tender with little Lucy?—"all I ask is never to say anything about it."

"If they ask me?"

"Anyway, you can hold your tongue. You know it isn't wicked to hold your tongue."

Little Lucy absurdly stuck out the pointed tip of her little red tongue. Then she shook her head slowly.

"Well," she said, "I will hold my tongue."

This encounter with innocence and logic had left him worsted. Jim could see no way out of the fact that his father, the rector, his mother, the rector's wife, and he, the rector's son, were disgraced by their relationship to such an unsanctified little soul as this queer Content Adams.

And yet he looked at the poor lonely little girl, who was trying very hard to learn her lessons, who suggested in her very pose and movement a little, scared rabbit ready to leap the road for some bush of hiding, and while he was angry with her he pitied her. He had no doubts concerning Content's keeping her promise. He was quite sure that she would now say nothing whatever about that big sister Solly to the others, but he was not prepared for what happened that very afternoon.

When he went home from school his heart stood still to see Miss Martha Rose, and Arnold Carruth's aunt Flora, and his aunt, who was not his aunt, Miss Dorothy Vernon, who was visiting her, all walking along in state with their lace-trimmed parasols, their white gloves, and their nice card-cases. Jim jumped a fence and raced across lots home, and gained on them. He burst in on his mother, sitting on the porch, which was inclosed by wire netting overgrown with a budding vine. It was the first warm day of the season.

"Mother," cried Jim Westminster— "mother, they are coming."

"Who, for goodness' sake, Jim?"

"Why, Arnold's aunt Flora and his aunt Dorothy and little Lucy's aunt Martha. They are coming to call."

Involuntarily Molly's hand went up to smooth her pretty hair. "Well, what of it, Jim?" said she.

"Mother, they will ask for—big sister Solly!"

Molly Westminster turned pale. "How do you know?"

"Mother, Content has been talking at school. A lot know. You will see they will ask for—"

"Run right in and tell Content to stay in her room," whispered Molly, hastily, for the callers, their white-kidded hands holding their card-cases genteelly, were coming up the walk.

Molly advanced, smiling. She put a brave face on the matter, but she realized that she, Molly Westminster, who had never been a coward, was positively afraid before this absurdity. The callers sat with her on the pleasant porch, with the young vine-shadows making networks over their best gowns. Tea was served presently by the maid, and much to Molly's relief, before the maid appeared came the inquiry. Miss Martha Rose made it.

"We would be pleased to see Miss Solly Adams also," said Miss Martha.

Flora Carruth echoed her. "I was so glad to hear another nice girl had come to the village," said she, with enthusiasm. Miss Dorothy Vernon said something indefinite to the same effect.

"I am sorry," replied Molly, with an effort, "but there is no Miss Solly Adams here now." She spoke the truth as nearly as she could manage, without unraveling the whole ridiculous affair. The callers sighed with regret, tea was served with little cakes, and they fluttered down the walk, holding their card-cases, and that ordeal was over.

But Molly sought the rector in his study, and she was trembling. "Edward," she cried out, regardless of her husband's sermon, "something must be done now."

"Why, what is the matter, Molly?"

"People are—calling on her."

"Calling on whom?"

"Big sister—Solly!" Molly explained.

"Well, don't worry, dear," said the rector. "Of course, we will do something, but we must think it over. Where is the child now?"

"She and Jim are out in the garden. I saw them pass the window just now. Jim is such a dear boy, he tries hard to be nice to her. Edward Westminster, we ought not to wait."

"My dear, we must."

Meantime Jim and Content Adams were out in the garden. Jim had gone to Content's door and tapped and called out, rather rudely: "Content, I say, put on your hat and come along out in the garden. I've got something to tell you."

"Don't want to," protested Content's little voice, faintly.

"You come right along."

And Content came along. She was an obedient child, and she liked Jim, although she stood much in awe of him. She followed him into the garden back of the rectory, and they sat down on the bench beneath the weeping willow. The minute they were seated Jim began to talk.

"Now," said he, "I want to know."

Content glanced up at him, then looked down and turned pale.

"I want to know, honest Injun," said Jim, "what you are telling such awful whoppers about your old big sister Solly for?"

Content was silent. This time she did not smile, a tear trickled out of her right eye and ran over the pale cheek.

"Because you know," said Jim, observant of the tear, but ruthless, "that you haven't any big sister Solly, and never did have. You are getting us all in an awful mess over it, and father is rector here, and mother is his wife, and I am his son, and you are his niece, and it is downright mean. Why do you tell such whoppers? Out with it!"

Content was trembling violently. "I lived with Aunt Eudora," she whispered.

"Well, what of that? Other folks have lived with their aunts and not told whoppers."

"They haven't lived with Aunt Eudora."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Content Adams, and you the rector's niece, talking that way about dead folks."

"I don't mean to talk about poor Aunt Eudora," fairly sobbed Content. "Aunt Eudora was a real good aunt, but she was grown up. She was a good deal more grown up than your mother; she really was, and when I first went to live with

her, I was 'most a little baby; I couldn't speak—plain, and I had to go to bed real early, and slept 'way off from everybody, and I used to be afraid—all alone, and so—"

"Well, go on," said Jim, but his voice was softer. It *was* hard lines for a little kid, especially if she was a girl.

"And so," went on the little, plaintive voice, "I got to thinking how nice it would be if I only had a big sister, and I used to cry and say to myself — I couldn't speak plain, you know, I was so little: 'Big sister would be real solly.' And then first thing I knew—she came."

"Who came?"

"Big sister Solly."

"What rot! She didn't come. Content Adams, you know she didn't come."

"She must have come," persisted the little girl, in a frightened whisper. "She must have. Oh, Jim, you don't know. Big sister Solly must have come, or I would have died like my father and mother."

Jim's arm, which was near her, twitched convulsively, but he did not put it around her.

"She did — co-me," sobbed Content. "Big sister Solly did come."

"Well, have it so," said Jim, suddenly. "No use going over that any longer. Have it she came, but she ain't here now, anyway. Content Adams, you can't look me in the face and tell me that."

Content looked at Jim, and her little face was almost terrible, so full of bewilderment and fear it was. "Jim," whispered Content, "I can't have big sister Solly not be here. I can't send her away. What would she think?"

Jim stared. "Think? Why, she isn't alive to think, anyhow!"

"I can't make her—dead," sobbed Content. "She came when I wanted her, and now when I don't so much, when I've got Uncle Edward and Aunt Molly and you, and don't feel so dreadful lonesome, I can't be so bad as to make her dead."

Jim whistled. Then his face brightened up. He looked at Content with a shrewd and cheerful grin. "See here, kid, you say your sister Solly is big, grown up, don't you?" he inquired.

Content nodded pitifully.

"Then why, if she is grown up and pretty, don't she have a beau?"

Content stopped sobbing and gave him a quick glance.

"Then—why doesn't she get married, and go out West to live?"

Jim chuckled. Instead of a sob, a faint echo of his chuckle came from Content.

Jim laughed merrily. "I say, Content," he cried, "let's have it she's married now, and gone?"

"Well," said Content.

Jim put his arm around her very nicely and protectingly. "It's all right, then," said he, "as all right as it can be for a girl. Say, Content, ain't it a shame you aren't a boy?"

"I can't help it," said Content, meekly.

"You see," said Jim, thoughtfully, "I don't as a rule care much about girls, but if you could coast down-hill and skate, and do a few things like that, you would be almost as good as a boy."

Content surveyed him, and her pessimistic little face assumed upward curves. "I will," said she. "I will do anything, Jim. I will fight if you want me to, just like a boy."

"I don't believe you could lick any of us fellers unless you get a good deal harder in the muscles," said Jim, eying her thoughtfully; "but we'll play ball, and maybe by and by you can begin with Arnold Carruth."

"Could lick him now," said Content.

But Jim's face sobered before her readiness. "Oh no, you mustn't go to fighting right away," said he. "It wouldn't do. You really are a girl, you know, and father is rector."

"Then I won't," said Content; "but I *could* knock down that little boy with curls; I know I could."

"Well, you needn't. I'll like you just as well. You see, Content"—Jim's voice faltered, for he was a boy, and on the verge of sentiment before which he was shamed—"you see, Content, now your big sister Solly is married and gone out West, why, you can have me for your brother, and of course a brother is a good deal better than a sister."

"Yes," said Content, eagerly.

"I am going," said Jim, "to marry Lucy Rose when I grow up, but I haven't got any sister, and I'd like you first rate for one. So I'll be your big brother instead of your cousin."



Drawn by Worth Brehm

A LITTLE PEAL OF LAUGHTER CAME FROM THE SOFT MUSLIN FOLDS

"Big brother Solly?"

"Say, Content, that is an awful name, but I don't care. You're only a girl. You can call me anything you want to, but you mustn't call me Solly when there is anybody within hearing."

"I won't."

"Because it wouldn't do," said Jim, with weight.

"I never will, honest," said Content.

Presently they went into the house. Dr. Trumbull was there; he had been talking seriously to the rector and his wife. He had come over on purpose.

"It is a perfect absurdity," he said, "but I made ten calls this morning, and everywhere I was asked about that little Adams girl's big sister—why you keep her hidden. They have a theory that she is either an idiot or dreadfully disfigured. I had to tell them I know nothing about it."

"There isn't any girl," said the rector, wearily. "Molly, do explain."

Dr. Trumbull listened. "I have known such cases," he said, when Molly had finished.

"What did you do for them?" Molly asked, anxiously.

"Nothing. Such cases have to be cured by time. Children get over these fancies when they grow up."

"Do you mean to say that we have to put up with big sister Solly until Content is grown up?" asked Molly, in a desperate tone. And then Jim came in. Content had run up-stairs.

"It is all right, mother," said Jim.

Molly caught him by the shoulders. "Oh, Jim, has she told you?"

Jim gave briefly, and with many omissions, an account of his conversation with Content.

"Did she say anything about that dress, Jim?" asked Molly.

"She said her aunt had meant it for that out-West rector's daughter Alice to graduate in, but Content wanted it for her big sister Solly, and told the rector's wife it was hers. Content says she knows she was a naughty girl, but after she had said it she was afraid to say it wasn't so. Mother, I think that poor little thing is scared 'most to death."

"Nobody is going to hurt her," said Molly. "Goodness, that rector's wife was so conscientious that she even let that dress go. Well, I can send it right back, and the girl will have it in time for her graduation, after all. Jim, dear, call the poor child down. Tell her nobody is going to scold her." Molly's voice was very tender.

Jim returned with Content. She had on a little, ruffled pink gown which seemed to reflect color on her cheeks. She wore an inscrutable expression, at once child-like and charming. She looked shy, furtively amused, yet happy. Molly realized that the pessimistic, downward lines had disappeared, that Content was really a pretty little girl.

Molly put an arm around the small, pink figure. "So you and Jim have been talking, dear?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am," replied little Content. "Jim is my big brother—" She just caught herself before she said Solly.

"And your sister Solly is married and living out West?" said Molly.

"Yes," said Content, with a long breath. "My sister Solly is married." Smiles broke all over her little face. She hid it in Molly's skirts, and a little peal of laughter like a bird-trill came from the soft muslin folds.

The Critical Bookstore

BY W. D. HOWELLS

IT had long been the notion of Frederick Erlcort, who held it playfully, held it seriously, according to the company he was in, that there might be a censorship of taste and conscience in literary matters strictly affiliated with the retail commerce in books. When he first began to propose it, playfully, seriously, as his listener chose, he said that he had noticed how in the great department stores where nearly everything to supply human need was sold, the shopmen and shopwomen seemed instructed by the ownership or the management to deal in absolute good faith with the customers, and not to misrepresent the quality, the make, or the material of any article in the slightest degree. A thing was not to be called silk or wool when it was partly cotton; it was not to be said that it would wash when it would not wash, or that the color would not come off when it would come off, or that the stuff was English or French when it was American.

When Erlcort once noted his interest in the fact to a floor-walker whom he happened to find at leisure, the floor-walker said, Yes, that was so; and the house did it because it was business, good business, the only good business. He was instantly enthusiastic, and he said that just in the same way, as an extension of its good faith with the public, the house had established the rule of taking back any article which a customer did not like, or did not find what she had supposed when she got it home, and refunding the money. This was the best sort of business; it held custom; the woman became a customer for life. The floor-walker laughed, and after he had told an anxious applicant, "Second aisle to the left, lady; three counters back," he concluded to Erlcort, "I say *she* because a man never brings a thing back when he's made a mistake; but a woman can always blame it on the house. That so?"

Erlcort laughed with him, and in going out he stopped at the book-counter. Rather it was a bookstore, and no small one, with ranks of new books covering the large tables and mounting to their level from the floor, neatly piled, and with shelves of complete editions and soberer-looking volumes stretching along the wall as high as the ceiling. "Do you happen to have a good book—a book that would read good, I mean—in your stock here?" he asked the neat blonde behind the literary barricade.

"Well, here's a book that a good many are reading," she answered, with prompt interest and a smile that told in the book's favor; it was a protectingly filial and guardedly ladylike smile.

"Yes, but is it a book worth reading—worth the money?"

"Well, I don't know as I'm a judge," the kind little blonde replied. She added, daringly, "All I can say is, I set up till two last night to finish it."

"And you advise me to buy it?"

"Well, we're not allowed to do that, exactly. I can only tell you what I know."

"But if I take it, and it isn't what I expected, I can return it and get my money back?"

"That's something I never was asked before. Mr. Jeffers! Mr. Jeffers!" she called to a floor-walker passing near; and when he stopped and came up to the counter, she put the case to him.

He took the book from Erlcort's hand and examined the outside of it curiously if not critically. Then he looked from it at Erlcort, and said, "Oh, how do you do again! Well, no, sir; I don't know as we could do that. You see, you would have to read it to find out that you didn't want it, and that would be like using or wearing an article, wouldn't it? We couldn't take back a thing that had been used or worn—Heigh?"

"But you might have some means of knowing whether a book is good or not?"

"Well, yes, we might. That's a point we have never had raised before. Miss Prittiman, haven't we any means of knowing whether a book's something we can guarantee or not?"

"Well, Mr. Jeffers, there's the publisher's advertisement."

"Why, yes, so there is! And a respectable publisher wouldn't indorse a book that wasn't the genuine article, would he now, sir?"

"He mightn't," Erlcort said, as if he felt the force of the argument.

"And there are the notices in the newspapers. They ought to tell," Miss Prittiman added, more convincingly. "I don't know," she said, as from a sensitive conscience, "whether there have been any about this book yet, but I should think there would be."

"And in the mean time, as you won't guarantee the book so that I can bring it back and get my money if I find it worthless, I must accept the publisher's word?" Erlcort pressed further.

"I should think you could do that," the floor-walker suggested, with the appearance of being tired.

"Well, I think I will, for once," Erlcort relented. "But wait! What does the publisher say?"

"It's all printed on this slip inside," the blonde said, and she showed it as she took the book from him. "Shall I send it? Or will you—"

"No, no, thank you, I'll take it with me. Let me—"

He kept the printed slip and began to read it. The blonde wrapped the book up and laid it with a half-dollar in change on the counter before Erlcort. The floor-walker went away; Erlcort heard him saying, "No, madam; toys on the fifth floor, at the extreme rear, left," while he lost himself in the glowing promises of the publisher. It appeared that the book he had just bought was by a perfectly new author, an old lady of seventy who had never written a novel before, and might therefore be trusted for an entire freshness of thought and feeling. The plot was of a gripping intensity; the characters were painted with large, bold strokes, and were of an unexampled virility; the story was packed with passion from cover to cover; and the reader would be held breathless by the author's skill in working from the tragic conditions to an all-round happy conclusion.

From time to time Erlcort heard the gentle blonde saying such things as, "Oh yes; it's the best-seller, all right," and, "All I can say is I set up till two o'clock in the morning to finish it," and, "Yes, ma'am; it's by a new writer; a very old lady of seventy who is just beginning to write; well, that's what I *heard*."

On his way up-town in the Subway he clung to the wonted strap, unsupported by anything in the romance which he had bought; and yet he could not take the book back and get his money, or even exchange it for some article of neck-wear or foot-wear. In his extremity he thought he would try giving it to the doorman just before he reached his stop.

"You want to *give* it to me? Well, that's something that never happened to me on *this* line before. I guess my wife will like it. I—*1009th Street! Change for East Brooklyn and the Bronx!*" the guard shouted, and he let Erlcort out of the car, the very first of the tide that spilled itself forth at the station. He called after him, "Do as much for you some time."

The incident first amused Erlcort, and then it began to trouble him; but he appeased his remorse by toying with his old notion of a critical bookstore. His mind was still at play with it when he stopped at the bell-pull of an elderly girl of his acquaintance who had a studio ten stories above, and the habit of giving him afternoon tea in it if he called there about five o'clock. She had her ugly painting-apron still on, and her thumb through the hole in her palette, when she opened her door to him.

"Too soon?" he asked.

She answered as well as she could with the brush held horizontally in her mouth while she glared inhospitably at him, "Well, not much," and then she let him in, and went and lighted her spirit-lamp.

He began at once to tell her of his strange experience, and went on till she said: "Well, there's your tea. *I* don't know what you've been driving at, but I suppose you do. Is it the old thing?"

"It's my critical bookstore, if that's what you call the old thing."

"Oh! *That!* I thought it had failed 'way back in the dark ages."

"The dark ages are not *back,* please; they're all 'round, and you know very well that my critical bookstore has never been tried yet. But tell me one thing: should you wish to live with a picture, even for a few hours, which had been painted by an old lady of seventy who had never tried to paint before?"

"If I intended to go crazy, yes. What has all that got to do with it?"

"That's the joint commendation of the publisher and the kind little blonde who united to sell me the book I just gave to that poor Subway trainman. Do you ever buy a new book?"

"No; I always borrow an old one."

"But if you *had* to buy a new one, wouldn't you like to know of a place where you could be sure of getting a good one?"

"I shouldn't mind. Or, yes, I should, rather. Where's it to be?"

"Oh, I know. I've had my eye on the place for a good while. It's a funny old place in Sixth Avenue—"

"Sixth *Avenue!*"

"Don't interrupt — where the dearest old codger in the world is just going out of the house-furnishing business in a small way. It's kept getting smaller and smaller—I've watched it shrink—till now it can't stand up against the big shops, and the old codger told me the other day that it was no use."

"Poor fellow!"

"No. He's not badly off, and he's going back up-state where he came from about forty years ago, and he can live—or die—very well on what he's put by. I've known him rather a good while, and we've been friends ever since we've been acquainted."

"Go on," the elderly girl said.

Erlcort was not stopping, but she spoke so as to close her mouth, which she was apt to let hang open in a way that she did not like; she had her intimates pledged to tell her when she was doing it, but she could not make a man promise, and she had to look after her mouth herself with Erlcort. It was not a bad mouth; her eyes were large, and it was merely large to match them.

"When shall you begin—open shop?" she asked.

"My old codger's lease expires in the fall," he answered, "but he would be glad to have me take it off his hands this spring. I could give the summer to changing and decorating, and begin my campaign in the fall—the first of October, say. Wouldn't you like to come some day and see the old place?"

"I should love it. But you're not supposing I shall be of the least use, I hope? I'm not decorational, you know. Easel pictures, and small ones at that."

"Of course. But you are a woman, and have ideas of the cozy. I mean that the place shall be made attractive."

"Do you think the situation will be —on Sixth Avenue?"

"It will be quaint. It's in a retarded region of low buildings, with a carpenter's shop two doors off. The L roars overhead and the surface cars squeal before, but that is New York, you know, and it's very central. Besides, at the back of the shop, with the front door shut, it is very quiet."

The next day the friends lunched together at an Italian restaurant very near the place, and rather hurried themselves away to the old codger's store.

"He *is* a dear," Margaret whispered to Erlcort in following him about to see the advantages of the place.

"Oh, mine's setting-hen's time," he justified his hospitality in finally asking them to take seats on a nail-keg apiece. "You mustn't think you're interruptin'. Look round all ye want to, or set down and rest ye."

"That would be a good motto for your bookstore," she screamed to Erlcort, when they got out into the roar of the avenue. "'Look round all ye want to, or set down and rest ye.' Wasn't he sweet? And I don't wonder you're taken with the place: it *has* such capabilities. You might as well begin imagining how you will arrange it."

They were walking involuntarily up the avenue, and when they came to the Park they went into it, and in the excitement of their planning they went as far as the Ramble, where they sat down on a bench and disappointed some squirrels who supposed they had brought peanuts with them.

They decided that the front of the shop should be elaborately simple; per-

haps the door should be painted black, with a small-paned sash and a heavy brass latch. On each side should be a small-paned show-window, with books laid inside on an inclined shelving; on the door should be a modest bronze plate, reading, "The Critical Bookstore." They rejected *shop* as an affectation, and they hooted the notion of "Ye Critical Bookstore" as altogether loathsome. The door and window would be in a rather belated taste, but the beautiful is never out of date, and black paint and small panes might be found rococo in their old-fashionedness now. There should be a fireplace, or perhaps a Franklin stove, at the rear of the room, with a high-shouldered, small-paned sash on each side letting in the light from the yard of the carpenter-shop. On the chimneypiece should be lettered, "Look round all ye want to, or set down and rest ye."

The genius of the place should be a refined hospitality, such as the gentle old codger had practised with them, and to facilitate this there should be a pair of high-backed settles, one under each window. The book-counter should stretch the whole length of the store-room, and at intervals beside it, against the bookshelving, should be set old-fashioned chairs, but not too old-fashioned. Against the lower bookshelves on a deeper shelf might be stood against the books a few sketches in water-color, or even oil.

This was Margaret Green's idea.

"And would you guarantee the quality?" Erlcort asked.

"Perhaps they wouldn't be for sale, though if any one insisted—"

"I see. Well, pass the sketches. What else?"

"Well, a few little figures in plaster, or even marble or bronze, very Greek, or very American; things in low relief."

"Pass the little figures and low reliefs. But don't forget it's a *book*store."

"Oh, I won't. The sketches of all kinds would be strictly subordinated to the books. If I had a tea-room handy here, with a table and the backs of some menus to draw on, I could show you just how it would look."

"What's the matter with the Casino?"

"Nothing; only it's rather early for tea yet."

"It isn't for soda-lemonade."

She set him the example of instantly rising, and led the way back along the lake to the Casino, resting at that afternoon hour among its spring flowers and blossoms innocent of its lurid after-dark frequentation. He got some paper from the waiter who came to take their order. She began to draw rapidly, and by the time the waiter came again she was giving Erlcort the last scrap of paper.

"Well," he said, "I had no idea that I had imagined anything so charming! If this critical bookstore doesn't succeed, it 'll be because there are no critics. But what—what are these little things hung against the partitions of the shelves?"

"Oh—mirrors. Little round ones."

"But why mirrors of any shape?"

"Nothing: only people like to see themselves in a glass of any shape. And when," Margaret added, in a burst of candor, "a woman looks up and sees herself with a book in her hand, she will feel so intellectual she will never put it down. She will buy it."

"Margaret Green, this is immoral. Strike out those mirrors, or I will smash them every one!"

"Oh, very well!" she said, and she rubbed them out with the top of her pencil. "If you want your place a howling wilderness."

He looked at the ruin her rubber had wrought. "They *were* rather nice. Could—could you rub them in again?"

"Not if I tried a hundred years. Besides, they *were* rather impudent. What time is it?"

"No time at all. It's half-past three."

"Dear me! I must be going. And if you're really going to start that precious critical bookstore in the fall, you must begin work on it right away."

"Work?"

"Reading up for it. If you're going to guarantee the books, you must know what's in them, mustn't you?"

He realized that he must do what she said; he must know from his own knowledge what was in the books he offered for sale, and he began reading, or reading *at*, the new books immediately. He was a good deal occupied by day with the arrangement of his store, though he left it mainly with the lively young decorator who undertook, for a lump sum, to realize Margaret Green's ideas.

It was at night that he did most of his reading in the spring books which the publishers were willing to send him gratis, when they understood he was going to open a bookstore, and only wanted sample copies. As long as she remained in town Margaret Green helped him read, and they talked the books over, and mostly rejected them. By the time she went to Europe in August with another elderly girl they had not chosen more than eight or ten books; but they hoped for better things in the fall.

Word of what he was doing had gone out from Margaret, and a great many women of their rather esthetic circle began writing to him about the books they were reading, and commending them to him or warning him against them. The circle of his volunteer associates enlarged itself in the nature of an endless chain, and before society quite broke up for the summer a Sympathetic Tea was offered to Erlcort by a Leading Society Woman at the Intellectual Club, where he was invited to address the Intellectuals in explanation of his project. This was before Margaret sailed, and he hurried to her in horror.

"Why, of course you must accept. You're not going to hide your Critical Bookstore under a bushel; you can't have too much publicity."

The Leading Society Woman flowed in fulsome gratitude at his acceptance, and promised no one but the club should be there; he had hinted his reluctance. She kept her promise, but among the Intellectuals there was a girl who was a just beginning journalist, and who pumped Erlcort's whole scheme out of him, unsuspicious of what she was doing, till he saw it all, with his picture, in the Sunday Supplement. She rightly judged that the intimacy of an interview would be more popular with her readers than the cold and distant report of his formal address, which she must give, though she received it so ardently with all the other Intellectuals. They flocked flatteringly, almost suffocatingly, round him at the end. His scheme was just what every one had vaguely thought of; something must be done to stem the tide of worthless fiction, which was so often shocking as well as silly, and they would only be too glad to help read for him. They were nearly all just going to sail, but they would each take a spring book on the ship, and write him about it from the other side; they would each get a fall book coming home, and report as soon as they got back.

His scheme was discussed seriously and satirically by the press; it became a joke with many papers, and a byword quickly worn out, so that people thought that it had been dropped. But Erlcort gave his days and nights to preparation for his autumnal campaign. He studied in careful comparison the reviews of the different literary authorities, and was a little surprised to find, when he came to read the books they reviewed, how honest and adequate they often were. He was obliged to own to himself that if people were guided by them, few worthless books would be sold, and he decided that the immense majority of the book-buyers were not guided by the critics. The publishers themselves seemed not so much to blame when he went to see them and explained his wish to deal with them on the basis of a critical bookseller. They said they wished all the booksellers were like him, for they would ask nothing better than to publish only good books. The trouble, they said, lay with the authors; they wrote such worthless books. Or if now and then one of them did write a good book and they were overtempted to publish it, the public united in refusing to buy it. So he saw? But if the booksellers persisted in selling none but good books, perhaps something might be done. At any rate they would like to see the experiment tried.

Erlcort felt obliged to read the books suggested to him by the endless chain of readers who volunteered to read for him, on both sides of the ocean, or going and coming on the ocean. Mostly the books they praised were abject rubbish, but it took time to find this out, and he formed the habit of reading far into the night, and if he was very much vexed at discovering that the book recommended to him was trash, he could not sleep unless he took veronal, and then he had a ghastly next day.

He did not go out of town except for a few brief sojourns at places where he knew cultivated people were staying, and could give him their opinions of the

books he was reading. When the publishers began, as they had agreed, to send him their advance sheets, the stitched but unbound volumes roused so much interest by the novelty of their form that his readers could not give an undivided attention to their contents. He foresaw that in the end he should have to rely upon the taste of mercenaries in his warfare against rubbish, and more and more he found it necessary to expend himself in it, to read at second hand as well as at first. His greatest relief was in returning to town and watching the magical changes which the decorator was working in his store. This was consolation, this was inspiration, but he longed for the return of Margaret Green, that she might help him enjoy the realization of her ideas in the equipment of the place; and he held the decorator to the most slavish obedience through the carpenters and painters who created at his bidding a miraculous interior, all white, or just off-white, such as had never been imagined of a bookstore in New York before. It was actually ready by the end of August, though smelling a little of turpentine still, and Erlcort, letting himself in at the small-paned black door, and ranging up and down the long, beautiful room, and round and round the central book-table, and in and out between the side tables, under the soft, bright shelving of the walls, could hardly wait the arrival of the *Minnedingdong* in which the elderly girl had taken her passage back. One day, ten days ahead of time, she blew in at the front door in a paroxysm of explanation; she had swapped passages home with another girl who wanted to come back later, while she herself wanted to come back earlier. She had no very convincing reason for this as she gave it, but Erlcort did not listen to her reason, whatever it was. He said, between the raptures with the place that she fell in and out of, that now she was just in time for the furnishing, which he never could have dared to undertake alone.

In the gay September weather they visited all the antiquity shops in Fourth Avenue, and then threw themselves frankly upon reproductions, which they bought in the native wood and ordered painted, the settles and the spindle-backed chairs, in the cool gray which she decided was the thing. In the same spirit they bought new brass fire-irons and new shovel and tongs, but all very tall and antique-looking, and then they got those little immoral mirrors, which Margaret Green attached with her own hands to the partitions of the shelving. She also got soft green silk curtains for the chimney windows and for the sash of the front door; even the front windows she curtained, but very low, so that a salesman or a saleswoman could easily reach over from the interior and get a book that any customer had seen from the outside.

One day when all this was done, and Erlcort had begun ordering in a stock of such books as he had selected to start with, she said: "You're looking rather peaked, aren't you?"

"Well, I've been *feeling* rather peaked, until lately, keeping awake to read and read *after* the volunteer readers."

"You mean you've lost sleep?"

"Something like that."

"Well, you mustn't. How many books do you start with?"

"About twenty-five."

"Good ones? It's a lot, isn't it? I didn't suppose there were so many."

"Well, to fill our shelves I shall have to order about a thousand of each."

"You'll never sell them in the world! You'll be ruined."

"Oh no; the publishers will take them back."

"How nice of them! But that's only what painters have to do when the dealers can't sell their pictures."

A month off, the prospect was brilliant, and when the shelves and tables were filled and the sketches and bas-reliefs were stuck about and the little immoral mirrors were hung, the place was charming. The chairs and settles were all that could be asked; Margaret Green helped put them about; and he let her light the low fire on the hearth of the Franklin stove; he said he should not always burn hickory, but he had got twenty-four sticks for two dollars from an Italian in a cellar near by, and he meant to burn that much. She upbraided him for his extravagance while touching the match to the paper under the kindling; but October opened cold, and he needed the fire.

The enterprise seemed rather to mystify the neighborhood, and some old customers of the old codger's came in upon one fictitious errand and another to see about it, and went away without quite making it out. It was a bookstore, all right, they owned in conference, but what did he mean by "critical"?

The first *bona fide* buyer appeared in a little girl who could just get her chin on the counter, and who asked for an egg-beater. Erlcort had begun with only one assistant, the young lady who typed his letters and who said she guessed she could help him when she was not working. She leaned over and tried to understand the little girl, and then she called to Erlcort where he stood with his back to the fire and the morning paper open before his face.

"Mr. Erlcort, have we got a book called *The Egg-beater?*"

"*The Egg-beater?*" he echoed, letting his paper drop below his face.

"No, no!" the little girl shouted, angrily. "It *ain't* a book. It's a thing to beat eggs with. Mother said to come here and get it."

"Well, she's sent you to the wrong place, little girl. You want to go to a hardware store," the young lady argued.

"Ain't this No. 1232?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is the *right* place. Mother said to go to 1232. I guess she knows. She's an old customer."

"*The Egg-beater! The Egg-beater!*" the blithe young novelist to whom Erlcort told the story repeated. He was still happy in his original success as a best-seller, and he had come to the Critical Bookstore to spy out the stock and see whether his last novel was in it; but though it was not, he joyously extended an acquaintance with Erlcort which had begun elsewhere. "*The Egg-beater?* What a splendid title for a story of adventure! Keep the secret of its applicability to the last word, or perhaps never reveal it at all, and leave the reader worrying. That's one way; makes him go and talk about the book to all the girls he knows and get them guessing. Best ad. in the world. *The Egg-beater!* Doesn't it suggest desert islands and penguins' nests in the rocks? Fellow and girl shipwrecked, and girl wants to make an omelette after they've got sick of plain eggs, and can't for want of an egg-beater. Heigh? He invents one—makes it out of some wire that floats off from the wreck. See? When they are rescued, she brings it away, and doesn't let him know it till their Iron Wedding Day. They keep it over his study fireplace always."

This author was the first to stretch his legs before Erlcort's fire from his seat on one of the reproductions. He could not say enough of the beauty of the place, and he asked if he might sit there and watch for the old codger's old customers coming to buy hardware. There might be copy in it.

But the old customers did not come so often as he hoped and Erlcort feared. Instead there came *bona fide* book-buyers, who asked some for a book and some for a particular book. The first were not satisfied with the books that Erlcort or his acting saleslady recommended, and went away without buying. The last were indignant at not finding what they wanted in Erlcort's selection.

"Why don't you stock it?" they demanded.

"Because I don't think it's worth reading."

"Oh, indeed!" The sarcastic customers were commonly ladies. "I thought you let the public judge of that!"

"There are bookstores where they do. This is a critical bookstore. I sell only the books that *I* think worth reading. If you had noticed my sign—"

"Oh!" the customer would say, and she, too, would go away without buying.

There were other ladies who came, links of the endless chain of volunteer readers who had tried to help Erlcort in making his selection, and he could see them slyly looking his stock over for the books they had praised to him. Mostly they went away without comment, but with heads held high in the offense which he felt even more than saw. One, indeed, did ask him why he had not stocked her chosen book, and he had to say, "Well, when I came to go through it carefully, I didn't think it quite—"

"But here is *The Green Bay Tree,* and *The Biggest Toad in the Puddle,* and—"

"I know. For one reason and another I thought them worth stocking."

Then another head went away high in the air, with its plumes quivering. One afternoon late a lady came flying in with all the marks, whatever they are, of transatlantic travel upon her.

"I'm just through the customs, and I've motored up here the first thing, even before I went home, to stop you from selling that book I recommended. It's dreadful; and, horrors! horrors! here it is by the hundreds! Oh, Mr. Erlcort! You mustn't sell that dreadful book! You see, I had skipped through it in my berth going out, and posted my letter the first thing; and just now, coming home, I found it in the ship's library and came on that frightful episode. You know! Where— How *could* you order it without reading it, on a mere say-so? It's utterly immoral!"

"I don't agree with you," Erlcort answered, dryly. "I consider that passage one of the finest in modern fiction—one of the most ennobling and illumining—"

"Ennobling!" The lady made a gesture of horror. "Very well! If *that* is your idea of a critical bookstore, all I've got to say is—"

But she had apparently no words to say it in, and she went out banging but failing to latch the door which let through the indignant snort of her car as it whirled her away. She left Erlcort and his assistant to a common silence, but he imagined somehow a resolution in the stenographer not to let the book go unsearched till she had grasped the full iniquity of that episode and felt all its ennobling force. He was not consoled when another lady came in and, after drifting unmolestedly about (it was the primary rule of the place not to follow people up), stopped before the side shelf where the book was ranged in dozens and scores. She took a copy from the neat ranks, and opened it; then she lifted her head by chance and caught sight of her plume in one of the little mirrors. She stealthily lifted herself on tiptoe till she could see her face, and then she turned to the assistant and said, gently, "I believe I should like *this* book, please," and paid for it and went out.

It was now almost on the stroke of six, and Erlcort said to his assistant: "I'll close the store, Miss Pearsall. You needn't stay any longer."

"All right, sir," the girl said, and went into the little closet at the rear for her hat and coat. Did she contrive to get a copy of that book under her coat as she passed the shelf where it lay?

When she was gone, he turned the key in the door and went back and sat down before the fire dying on the hearth of the Franklin stove. It was not a very cheerful moment with him, but he could not have said that the day had been unprofitable, either spiritually or pecuniarily. In its experiences it had been a varied day, and he had really sold a good many books. More people than he could have expected had taken him seriously and even intelligently. It is true that he had been somewhat vexed by the sort of authority the president of the Intellectual Club had shown in the way she swelled into the store and patronized him and it, as if she had invented them both, and blamed him in a high, sweet voice for having so many *old* books. "My idea was that it would be a place where one could come for the best of the *new* books. But here! Why, half of them I saw in June before I sailed!" She chided him merrily, and she acted as if it were quite part of the joke when he said that he did not think a good book could age much in four months. She laughed patronizingly at his conceit of getting in the fall books by Thanksgiving; but even for the humor of it she could not let him say he should not do anything in holiday books. "I had expected to get *all* my Christmas books of you, Mr. Erlcort," she crowed, but for the present she bought nothing. In compensation he recalled the gratitude, almost humble gratitude, of a lady (she *was* a lady!) who had come that day, bringing her daughter to get a book, any book in his stock, and to thank him for his enterprise, which she had found worked perfectly in the case of the book she had got the week before; the book had been an unalloyed delight, and had left a sense of heightened self-respect with her: that book of the dreadful episode.

He wished Margaret Green had been there; but she had been there only once since his opening; he could not think

why. He heard a rattling at the door-latch, and he said before he turned to look, "What if it should be she *now?*" But when he went to peer through the door-curtain it was only an old fellow who had spent the better part of the afternoon in the best chair, reading a book. Erlcort went back to the fire, and let him rattle, which he did rather a long time, and then went away, Erlcort hoped, in dudgeon. He was one of a number of customers who had acted on the half of his motto asking them to sit down and rest them, after acting on the other half to look round all they wanted. Most of them did not read, even; they seemed to know one another, and they talked comfortably together. Erlcort recognized a companionship of four whom he had noticed in the Park formerly; they were clean-enough-looking elderly men, but occupied nearly all the chairs and settles, so that lady customers did not like to bring books and look over them in the few places left, and Erlcort foresaw the time when he should be obliged to ask them to look round more and rest them less. In resuming his own place before the fire he felt the fleeting ache of a desire to ask Margaret Green whether it would not be a good plan to remove the motto from the chimneypiece. He would not have liked to do it without asking her; it had been her notion to put it there, and her other notion of the immoral mirrors had certainly worked well. The thoughtful expression they had reflected on the faces of lady customers had sold a good many books; not that Erlcort wished to sell books that way, though he argued with himself that his responsibility ought strictly to end with the provision of books which he had critically approved before offering them for sale.

His conscience was not wholly at peace as to his stock, not only the books which he had included, but also those he had excluded. Some of these tacitly pleaded against his severity; in one case an author came and personally protested. This was the case of a book by the ex-best-seller, who held that his last book was so much better than his first that it ought certainly to be found in any critical bookstore. The proceeds of his best-seller had enabled him to buy an electric runabout, and he purred up to Erlcort's door in it to argue the matter with him. He sat down in a reproduction and proved, gaily, that Erlcort was quite wrong about it. He had the book with him, and read passages from it; then he read passages from some of the books on sale and defied Erlcort to say that his passages were not just as good, or, as he put it merrily, the same as. He held that his marked improvement entitled him to the favor of a critical bookstore; without this, what motive had he in keeping from a reversion to the errors which had won him the vicious prosperity of his first venture? Hadn't Erlcort a duty to perform in preventing his going back to the bad? Refuse this markedly improved fiction, and you drove him to writing nothing but best-sellers from now on. He urged Erlcort to reflect.

They had a jolly time, and the ex-best-seller went away in high spirits, prophesying that Erlcort would come to his fiction yet.

There were authors who did not leave Erlcort so cheerful when they failed to see their books on his shelves or tables. Some of them were young authors who had written their worthless books with a devout faith in their worth, and they went away more in sorrow than in anger, and yet more in bewilderment. Some were old authors who had been all their lives acceptably writing second-rate books and trying to make them unacceptably first-rate. If he knew them he kept out of their way, but the dejection of their looks was not less a pang to him if he saw them searching his stock for their books in vain.

He had his own moments of dejection. The interest of the press in his enterprise had flashed through the Sunday issues of a single week, and then flashed out in lasting darkness. He wondered vaguely if he had counted without the counting-house in hoping for their continued favor; he could not realize that nothing is so stale as old news, and that no excess of advertising would have relumed those fitful fires.

He would have liked to talk the case over with Margaret Green. After his first revolt from the easy publicity the reporters had first given him, he was aware of having enjoyed it — perhaps

vulgarly enjoyed it. But he hoped not quite that; he hoped that in his fleeting celebrity he had cared for his scheme rather than himself. He had really believed in it, and he liked having it recognized as a feature of modern civilization, an innovation which did his city and his country credit. Now and then an essayist of those who wrote thoughtful articles in the Sunday or Saturday-evening editions had dropped in, and he had opened his heart to them in a way he would not have minded their taking advantage of. Secretly he hoped they would see a topic in his enterprise and his philosophy of it. But they never did, and he was left to the shame of hopes which had held nothing to support defeat. He would have liked to confess his shame and own the justice of his punishment to Margaret Green, but she seemed the only friend who never came near. Other friends came, and many strangers, the friends to look and the strangers to buy. He had no reason to complain of his sales; the fame of his critical bookstore might have ceased in New York because it had gone abroad to Chicago and St. Louis and Pittsburg; people who were clearly from these commercial capitals and others came and bought copiously of his criticized stock, and they praised the notion of it in telling him that he ought to open branches in their several cities.

They were all women, and it was nearly all women who frequented the Critical Bookstore, but in their multitude Margaret Green was not. He thought it the greater pity because she would have enjoyed many of them with him, and would have divined such as hoped the culture implicated by a critical bookstore would come off on them without great effort of their own; she would have known the sincere spirits, too, and could have helped direct their choice of the best where all was so good. He smiled to find that he was invoking her help, which he had no right to.

His longing had no effect upon her till deep in January, when the weather was engaged late one afternoon in keeping the promise of a January thaw in the form of the worst snow-storm of the winter. Then she came thumping with her umbrella-handle at his door as if, he divined, she were too stiff-handed or too package-laden to press the latch and let herself in, and she almost fell in, but saved herself by spilling on the floor some canvases and other things which she had been getting at the artist's-materials store near by. "Don't bother about them," she said, "but take me to the fire as fast as you can," and when she had turned from snow to rain and had dripped partially dry before the Franklin stove, she asked, "Where have you been all the time?"

"Waiting here for you," he answered.

"Well, you needn't. I wasn't going to come—or at least not till you sent for me, or said you wanted my advice."

"I don't want your advice now."

"I didn't come to give it. I just dropped in because if I hadn't I should have just dropped outside. How have you been getting along with your ridiculous critical bookstore?"

"Well, things are rather quiet with us just now, as the publishers say to the authors when they don't want to publish their books."

"Yes, I know that saying. Why didn't you go in for the holiday books?"

"How did you know I didn't?"

"Lots of people told me."

"Well, then, I'll tell you why. I would have had to read them first, and no human being could do that—not even a volunteer link in an endless chain."

"I see. But since Christmas?"

"You know very well that after Christmas the book market drops dead."

"Yes, so I've been told." She had flung her wet veil back over her shoulder, and he thought she had never looked so adorably plain before; if she could have seen herself in a glass she would have found her whole face out of drawing. It seemed as if his thinking had put her in mind of them, and she said, "Those immoral mirrors are shameful."

"They've sold more of the best books than anything else."

"No matter. As soon as I get a little drier I shall take them down."

"Very well. *I* didn't put them up." He laid a log of hickory on the fire. "I'm not doing it to dry you quicker."

"Oh, I know. I'll tell you one thing. You ought to keep the magazines, or at least the Big Four. You could keep

them with a good conscience, and you could sell them without reading; they're always good."

"There's an idea in that. I believe I'll try it."

Margaret Green was now dry enough, and she rose and removed the mirrors. In doing this she noticed that Erlcort had apparently sold a good many of his best books, and she said: "Well! I don't see why *you* should be discouraged."

"Who said I was? I'm exultant."

"Then you were exulting with the corners of your mouth down just now. Well, I must be going. Will you get a taxi to flounder over to the Subway with me?" While Erlcort was telephoning she was talking to him. "I believe the magazines will revive public interest in your scheme. Put them in your window. Try to get advance copies for it."

"You have a commercial genius, Margaret Green."

"When it comes to selling literature, I have. Selling art is where I fall down."

"That's because you always try to sell your own art. I should fall down, too, if I tried to sell my own literature."

They got quite back to their old friendliness; the coming of the taxi gave them plenty of time. The electric lights were turned brilliantly on, but there, at the far end of the store, before the Franklin stove, they had a cozy privacy. At the moment of parting she said:

"If I were you I should take out these settles. They simply invite loafing."

"I've noticed that they seem to do that."

"And better paint out that motto."

"I've sometimes fancied I'd better. *That* invites loafing, too; though some nice people like it."

"Nice people? Why haven't some of them bought a picture?" He perceived that she had taken in the persistent presence of the sketches when removing the mirrors, and he shared the indignation she expressed: "Shabby things!"

She stood with the mirrors under her arm, and he asked what she was going to do with them, as he followed her to the door with her other things.

"Put them around the studio. But you needn't come to see the effect."

"No. I shall come to see you."

But when he came in a lull of February, and he could walk part of the way up through the Park on the sunny Saturday afternoon, she said:

"I suppose you've come to pour out some more of your griefs. Well, pour away! Has the magazine project failed?"

"On the contrary, it has been a *succès fou.* But I don't feel altogether easy in my mind about it. The fact is, they seem to print much more rubbish than I supposed."

"Of course they do; they must; rubbish is the breath in their nostrils."

She painted away, screwing her eyes almost shut and getting very close to her picture. He had never thought her so plain; she was letting her mouth hang open. He wondered why she was so charming; but when she stepped back rhythmically, tilting her pretty head this way and that, he saw why: it was her unfailing grace. She suddenly remembered her mouth and shut it to say, "Well?"

"Well, some people have come back at me. They've said, What a rotten number this or that was! They were right; and yet there were things in all those magazines better than anything they had ever printed. What's to be done about it? I can't ask people to buy truck or read truck because it comes bound up with essays and stories and poems of the first quality."

"No. You can't. "Why," she asked, drifting up to her picture again, "don't you tear the bad out, and sell the good?"

Erlcort gave a disdainful sound, such as cannot be spelled in English. "Do you know how defiantly the bad is bound up with the good in the magazines? They're wired together, and you could no more tear out the bad and leave the good than you could part vice from virtue in human nature."

"I see," Margaret Green said, but she saw no further, and she had to let him go disconsolate. After waiting a decent time she went to find him in his critical bookstore. It was late in an afternoon of the days that were getting longer, and only one electric was lighted in the rear of the room, where Erlcort sat before the fireless Franklin stove, so busy at something that he scarcely seemed aware of her.

"What in the world are you doing?" she demanded.

He looked up. "Who? I? Oh, it's you! Why, I'm merely censoring the truck in the May number of this magazine." He held up a little roller, as long as the magazine was wide, blacked with printer's ink, which he had been applying to the open periodical. "I've taken a hint from the way the Russian censorship blots out seditious literature before it lets it go to the public."

"And *what* a mess you're making!"

"Of course it will have to dry before it's put on sale."

"I should think so. Listen to me, Frederick Erlcort: you're going crazy."

"I've sometimes thought so: crazy with conceit and vanity and arrogance. Who am I that I should set up for a critical bookstore-keeper? What is the Republic of Letters, anyway? A vast, benevolent, generous democracy, where one may have what one likes, or a cold oligarchy where he is compelled to take what is good for him? Is it a restricted citizenship, with a minority representation, or is it universal suffrage?"

"Now," Margaret Green said, "you are talking sense. Why didn't you think of this in the beginning?"

"Is it a world, a whole earth," he went on, "where the weeds mostly outflourish the flowers, or is it a wretched little florist's conservatory where the watering-pot assumes to better the instruction of the rain which falls upon the just and the unjust? What is all the worthy family of asses to do if there are no thistles to feed them? Because the succulent fruits and nourishing cereals are better for the finer organisms, are the coarser not to have fodder? No; I have made a mistake. Literature is the whole world; it is the expression of the gross, the fatuous, and the foolish, and it is the pleasure of the gross, the fatuous, and the foolish, as well as the expression and the pleasure of the wise, the fine, the elect. Let the multitude have their truck, their rubbish, their rot; it may not be the truck, the rubbish, the rot that it would be to us, or may slowly and by natural selection become to certain of them. But let there be no artificial selection, no survival of the fittest by main force—the force of the spectator, who thinks he knows better than the creator of the ugly and the beautiful, the fair and foul, the evil and good."

"Oh, *now* if the Intellectual Club could hear you!" Margaret Green said, with a long, deep, admiring suspiration. "And what are you going to do with your critical bookstore?"

"I'm going to sell it. I've had an offer from the author of that best-seller—I've told you about him. I was just trying to censor that magazine while I was thinking it over. He's got an idea. He's going to keep it a critical bookstore, but the criticism is to be made by universal suffrage and the will of the majority. The latest books will be put to a vote; and the one getting the greatest number of votes will be the first offered for sale, and the author will receive a free passage to Europe by the southern route."

"The southern route!" Margaret mused. "I've never been that way. It must be delightful."

"Then come with *me! I'm* going."

"But how can I?"

"By marrying me!"

"I never thought of that," she said. Then, with the conscientious resolution of an elderly girl who puts her fate to the touch of any risk the truth compels, she added: "Or, yes! I *have*. But I never supposed you would ask me." She stared at him, and she was aware she was letting her mouth hang open. While she was trying for some word to close it with he closed it for her.

What Makes a Story Great

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WHAT constitutes the vital in the literature of imagination? What is the indescribable power that makes one book great and another commonplace? Not style, not plot, not analysis. Neither Thackeray nor Dickens is master of style; neither is strikingly original in plot; but both live. The answer to the question that has so often perplexed writer and reader who attempt to find the source of the mysterious power that eludes discovery but reveals itself in a great book is to be found in one word—creation.

The vital in literature—the literature of imagination—is originality. Not the meretricious originality of trick or dialect or forced contrast; not the sordid parade of vice or the refinement of virtue; not the flaunting of passion or the subjecting of emotion — these do not constitute originality as the test is applied to literature. Originality — creation—means something more than a mere catalogue of motives; it means the power to create a reproductive type; to visualize life; to project on the screen of existence a figure that is immediately recognized.

The writer of fiction appeals to the imagination and emotions first, the intellect afterward. There is no person so dull or so unimaginative who has not at some time been vaguely conscious that some other person with whom he was brought in contact typified the primitive emotions of which he had understanding. The more limited the power of imagination, the more stunted the power of expression, the more powerful that type becomes. The servant who believes he has been unjustly treated by a master will forever afterward measure all meanness and injustice by the standard his imagination has created. The child's teacher who has shown partiality or vindictiveness is for many years to that child the antitype of all objectionable teachers.

Human nature is controlled by symbolism; unconsciously, it is true, but the unconscious emotions, like the mechanical functions, are the most powerful. Deep-seated in every human understanding is an immanent and instinctive desire to find a symbol for expression. The power of expression is limited; expression is genius. But although the average person is denied the gift of expression, its desire is never absent; ceaselessly it beats on the back of the brain like a prisoner pounding with naked hands on the stone walls of his cell. To every human being, at least once in a lifetime, there comes the illumination of symbolic understanding; not, of course, the same understanding to all men, but graduated according to their intellect and power of imagination. To some it is a flash so fleeting that, like the ripple of a moonbeam on a lake, it comes but to disappear, and is as intangible as the color it reflects; to other persons it is like the setting sun of tropical seas, when sky gives to wave its burnished gold, and ocean, molten in its riot of color, slowly fades into the blackness of night.

We recognize only that which we know. The mind is a sheet of white paper, written on by the finger of experience, to use Locke's simile. The great writer —the writer who creates — crystallizes symbolism, and out of the clay of human emotions fashions a character of fiction —which is not the work of imagination, but life in the concrete—and, lo, all the world at once sees that is the man or woman with whom it has rubbed elbows for years, but whom it has passed with unseeing eyes, because men and women are blind until the thing is revealed to them.

There is one, and only one, test that can be applied to imaginative literature, and that is the test of time. That which endures must be great; that which moves us to laughter or tears, and which moved our fathers and grandfathers and shall arouse the emotions of our children and

grandchildren, must be true to life; not a mere phase of life, but life yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. Men change, morals change, fashions change, but life is immutable. Its tragedy and its comedy, its passions and its unfilled desires, its yearnings and its renunciations—these are the same to-day as they were in the beginning, as they always will be, no matter how much they may be glossed over by the sham veneer of convention and civilization.

Now if we apply this test to the literature of imagination, we shall see that every writer whose brain is a living, sentient thing, although his body has long turned to dust, and his personality, in some cases, means nothing, has created a character; he has breathed the breath of life into that which before was nameless; he has fashioned a Becky Sharp or a Lear in the image of woman or man; he has held the mirror up to nature which for all ages shall reflect across the path of life the woman who could be virtuous if she had two thousand pounds a year, and because she hasn't is an adventuress, and the man who in his agony cried,

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child!"

Take the whole literature of imagination from the Arthurian and Carlovingian romances to the novel of the day, and every title unconsciously recalls a creation. The mythology of Greece and Rome; the Norse Sagas; Lancelot, Tristan, and Galahad in England, and their compeers in France, where Charlemagne was the great creation as Arthur was in England and the Cid in Spain; Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck; Robinson Crusoe, Don Quixote, Daphnis and Chloe, and its modern version of Paul et Virginie; Clarissa Harlowe, Romola, Père Goriot, Faust; Alice in Wonderland, to turn from tragedy to comedy; Francis Villon in Stevenson's wonderful short story—the list need not be prolonged—are creations, character-drawing first, and plot and incident afterward. And the marvelous thing is that every one of the all too few really great works of fiction stands for character creation. Let any reader recall his favorite novel, and he will remember that novel not because of the excellence of its style, or the ingenuity of its plot, or its description of scenery or life in a bygone age, but because it brought him face to face with a new and striking personality; he remembers it as vividly and with as much gratitude as he remembers the first time he saw Mont Blanc or the castles of the Rhine. "It is Shakespeare's peculiar excellence," Coleridge wrote, "that throughout the whole of his splendid picture-gallery we find individuality everywhere, mere portrait nowhere." It is that, the divine fire of creation, which reveals better than anything else the instinctive insight of genius as compared with the groping after the unknown by mediocre ability. Genius is the vision of the prophet, the intuition of the seer, the imagination of the poet tempered by the reason of the philosopher; originality. Less than that, it is, at its best, good workmanship; and at its worst, the commonplace. The individuality of which Coleridge speaks as opposed to "mere portrait" is the difference between a photograph and an original painting. The one may portray that which is new, the other a thing as ordinary as a little child or an old peasant; but the photograph is as harsh and mechanical as the wood and brass and glass of the camera; into the painting there has entered a part at least of its creator, his sympathy, all that is best in him.

Literature, the literature of imagination, when it rises to its supreme height and is really literature, is not merely the reflection of life. It is more than that, something higher, nobler, more elevating. It is the baring of the soul, the swiftly illuminating flash by which man sees what he is or may become; it is prophecy as well as hope. It is this — character creation—that makes literature, that has left its vital impress upon morals and conduct. Real literature is Ymir's well in which wisdom and wit lie hidden, and from its unfathomed depths is drawn creation. Man is less influenced by sermons than by experience. He hears and heeds not, but he sees the created vision of the novelist, and wonders if there has not been revealed to himself his soul in all its nakedness.

To repeat, the fictional creation is the visualization of life, the presentation in

concrete form of emotion and human nature. In a measure it is misleading to call this creation; the term connotes bringing into existence that which before did not exist. Properly, it is reproduction, although creation is a more convenient word. But it is creation in this sense. The mystic light of the sun bathing the earth,

"Its golden lilies mingled with the rose";

or that supreme moment when darkness beats on the wings of night and

"O'er night's brim, day boils at last:
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim";

sunrise and sunset, their mystery and message, have always been; and men have seen them with unseeing eyes and their ears have been deaf to their meaning, until poet and painter called them into life and made them see and know. And so at last, with eyes opened, men understand the beauties of nature and the sensuous delight of color. Poet and painter, the hierophants of nature, have created nothing, but reproduced everything.

That which is of least importance in the literature of imagination is style, and of scarcely more importance is plot; for few of the great novelists have been stylists, and there are no longer any plots; the whole gamut of passion and emotion has been touched by the master-hand, and ingenuity has wrecked itself in the hopeless attempt to find a new motive for human action, so old and so invariably its own replica that it was old when the world was young. But creation is ever new; character-building is never finished; a new type, unlike a new motive, is always in the process of making. For while men and women are elementally the same now as ever, while fundamentally Jeanne d'Arc is simply the fifteenth-century survival of Iphigeneia, every age produces its own type; it has its own habiliments as it has its own bodily garments, and the artist who reproduces the fashion of his time has created. In dismissing style and plot as of secondary importance, it must be remembered that we are considering solely the literature of imagination; whereas in some other forms of literature style is everything and originality of construction equally as vital.

"Critics, like other people, see what they look for, not what is actually before them," says Bernard Shaw, critic and author. This may be set down as a Shavian whimsicality. The critic sits up aloft with an academic yard-stick and a supply of literary reagents. Conscientiously he measures the action, dialogue, and characters of a work; with laborious analysis he seeks the basic fact in the tale. Is it identity, love, or death? His chief amusement is the philosophic diversion of making categories. Yet the writer of fiction is poet first and philosopher afterward, which means that the dramatic—the human interest—is foremost. "We require of the novelist," says a reviewer of Fielding, "that he shall have red blood in his veins, that he shall possess the knowledge and skill to paint all sorts and conditions of men in their natural colors, that he shall have the courage to present them as they are, the humor to laugh at their shortcomings, the philosophy to make us see the good in them."

A writer of fiction may have set forth dramatic incident and picturesque description, may develop plot with due regard to the established rules of literary technique, yet if there has been no creation of character, this admirable material for the construction of a work of art is like a block of marble or the elements of a landscape in the hands of an unskilled artisan. Until the author blends himself with his created personages, until the vital glow of certain elementary human traits has been breathed into them, making the characters so lively, true, and individual that we carry away with us an indelible memory of them just as if we had met them in the paths of daily life, he has not substantially enriched the literature of imagination. On the other hand, he may have no gift of what Lamb calls "bare narrative"; he may be verbose, as Thackeray often is, with no perception of the thunder-cloud-and-fiery-splendor possibilities of style, or, as in the later works of George Eliot, the style made artificial by an attempt to avoid commonplace, and stiff by dint of condensation of thought; yet if he combines, as these masters did,

a child's quick apprehension of the sensuous aspect of things with the natural power of seeing into hearts, he is able to draw with intimate and living force certain basic passions and motives in human form, and achieves creation.

The critic constantly cries there is no longer any art, and there is no one whom he may honor, and it is the critic who is largely responsible for the decadence of the literature of imagination, and who has raised a false standard. The critic has made a fetish of "style"; to the critic, "style" is the life-blood of fiction, and in his microscopic searching for "style," which he weighs and measures with pedantic exactness, he misses the vital. His gaze is fixed afar, and in sweeping the literary firmament for the star in Perseus he crushes underfoot a living thing.

The great novelists have always subordinated plot to creation, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that their characters are so overwhelming that the plot appears of minor importance as compared with the development of character, to which the plot is merely the stage, the setting, the background, the very costumes which envelop the actors and make them real. No author need fear the charge of plagiarism in plot, for he may go to Shakespeare for his twentieth-century incident of the bond of Shylock, as Shakespeare went to the Italian novelist Florentino of the fifteenth century; as Florentino went to the eighth century, and from the Greek monk Damascenus borrowed from the romance of *Barlaam and Josaphat* the idea of the three caskets; as Sheridan found in Smollett's Tabitha Bramble the model for Mrs. Malaprop; as the bards took the contest between David and Goliath as the foundation for many fierce encounters between knights and giants. The modern novelist can hope to find no undiscovered mine of human motive; the world is too old for that, and motives follow too closely well-defined laws for a literary Newton to discover a new principle in human conduct; he cannot hope even to create an absolutely new character, but he can look at things old and things new from the combined standpoint which things old and new together give.

Summer in the City

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

O DAYS that crush the city's iron heart
With heavy heat and burdening gifts of fire,
When will ye cease, and when will ye depart,
Relentless now with torturing desire?

Night follows night in dull monotony,
And the red moon, a lonely lantern, swings
High in the heavens, an awful mockery
Of her pale sister of the vanished Springs.

O days of death, O pitiless nights of pain,
O long battalions with the gleaming sword,
Ye shall be vanquished when the ranks of rain
Rush from the mighty ramparts of the Lord!

Alma Does for Herself

BY ANNE UELAND TAYLOR

IT was a strange gift to bring to a woman of twenty-seven: a lump of moist, gray clay, brought home to her by her husband. Yet to Alma Barrett it turned out to be a sort of philosopher's stone, which, by its alchemy, was to reawaken her to the glory of the earth.

"See if you like this," said Barrett, taking the wrappings off the big package he had placed upon the sitting-room table. Alma hurried in from the dining-room, where she had lingered to blow out the candles.

"Geoffry!" she breathed, locking her hands and bending over it. "You've brought me the clay!"

Barrett stood, watching her amazement and pleasure grow, a quizzical smile on his pleasant, tanned face. She patted the clay with tender pressure of her whole palm, dug her fingers into it, hung brooding over it without a word. Then she turned to him quickly, lifting her hands to his shoulders, showing him a face quite visibly moved — pale, with black brows drawn together, narrowed eyes, and mouth a little tremulous. "Oh, you are the *understandingest* dear!" she said, huskily.

He slipped an arm around her, and held her eyes with his. "You think you can use it?" he demanded.

She returned his challenging look bravely. "I know I can; I know I have it in me," she said.

"You think it will really keep you busy?"

"It will keep me alive!" She turned away from him to contemplate her gift again.

"They said to wrap it up and put it to soak overnight," observed Barrett, looking over her shoulder.

"I'll take care of it. You build a little fire." Alma took the clay away with her.

Barrett had the fire blazing in the grate and a pipe comfortably lit by the time she came back. She threw herself down on the shabby lounge, her elbows on a cushion and her chin in her hands. She stared brightly at the fire. Barrett, standing at one side of the hearth, looked down at her.

"This has got to do the business," he said, shortly, after a silence.

"What business? Oh, *me,* you mean. Yes, I know. I'm sure it will."

"I mean it's time something came along to keep you busy—desperately busy. I feel as if you were somehow—hungry—ravening—for something to fill your time and your hands. I know I'm not enough. Nothing, so far, has been enough for you. What you want is something to fill your hands. That's the way I dope it out." He puffed away vigorously, still frowning.

"You are quite right," Alma said, and considered it for a moment. Then she went on: "It's what's been giving me such a vixenish temper. You're sweet not to speak of that—but I do think that's been the trouble. Just discontent at not amounting to anything. Just ambition turned in, and then turned out—on you—in horrid ways. What's strange is that you should understand. You have the intuition women are supposed to have. 'Ravening' is just it. I go about ravening for something to devour. This clay you've brought me—"

"And why the deuce haven't you got hold of some before!" he broke in. "Why haven't you?"

"Oh, Geoff—don't ask me that! Don't make me remember my terrible weakness —or how much of a failure I've been, and always would be except for your prodding me. I've always felt sure I could model. I've felt it in my fingers. And if I had ever had the clay at hand—but you can't understand that. When you want to do something well, you do it. You get the materials together and you do it. I have to have everything brought to me. That's dreadful, but it's the way I am! Let me tell you how I am. . . . Fearfully ambitious—for fame

and admiration and riches. Yes, all that. So I've dabbled at ever so many things, driven on by that thirst. I had a story taken once by a cheap little magazine, so of course I thought I could write. And then somehow — I never had the right paper, or the right pencils, or a typewriter, or a big, empty desk. I never got down to it."

"Oh, *Alma!*"

"Pretty bad, isn't it? It was the same way with the piano. I used to love it. I got just so far—about as far as the "Moonlight Sonata." And then my teacher went away, and I never got another one. Nobody made me. And I never seemed to get around to buying any music, and I got tired of the old things. And now, of course—no piano. So *that's* all done with!" There was a short silence, in which Barrett dropped into a chair beside his wife and took her hand comfortingly.

"Queer how I can see what is the matter with me, without changing it, isn't it?" she said. Then her voice lost its dreamy quality. "But this modeling —I *know* I can do that." She clenched her fists tightly and shook them a little.

"*How* do you know?"

"I've always known! When I see things, I know how they would *feel*— I have them in my fingers. When I close my eyes, I can see—half with my fingers. I can *touch* so many faces and bodies— women—children—horses—things I have never really seen." She closed her eyes and ran her fingers over his face.

"I know you this way, Geoffry," she murmured. "I know this little hollow in your cheek, this bump back of your eyebrows, and how your lips are modeled —the cut of your eyelids, the way your chin is flattened in the middle. . . . Dear!" She kissed him.

"Besides," she continued, brightly, after a moment, "I've made things. Out of putty and soap. My aunt has a putty man I made when I was six, in her curio cabinet. He's very jolly. They all thought I was a born sculptor at that time. That was before I wrote such wonderful poems! My poor family has had to change its mind so many times about my particular form of genius!"

"You must go to the art school and learn how it's done," said Geoffry.

"Of course, I have to study. But I feel that I must do something myself to-morrow—right away! I burn to get at it."

"Do it, then," said Barrett, tersely.

When Geoffry Barrett opened his door at a little past six on the following evening, he found the sitting-room and dining-room of their small apartment unlit and untenanted. He took off his things and went whistling down the narrow hall to the bedroom door.

"No, Geoff — wait a minute!" called Alma, in agitated tones. Then she sang out, "All right now!" and he opened the door. His wife, wound in a pale-green dressing-gown, came toward him. She was flushed, starry-eyed, disheveled. She gave him her hand and offered her lips. Barrett took them, then held her off at arm's-length.

"How queer you look!" he said. "You're not dressed. You're not ill?"

"No, but I'd forgotten you were in the world! I've made the prettiest lady—a clay one."

"Good! You've been sculping. Show her to me."

"I dread to. You may laugh at her."

"Nonsense! Where is it?" He looked around the room.

Alma slipped away from him and over to the big mahogany dresser. She pulled out the top drawer and stood looking in for a second. Then she threw a distressed look over her shoulder at Barrett. "Don't come," she begged; "I'm terribly afraid to show you. . . . But I will!" She turned to him, holding out a little clay figure molded on a bread-board. "She—she's supposed to be asleep," she faltered, nervously.

Barrett took the thing out of her hands and looked at it.

"But, good heavens!" he began, and then stood staring at the little thing without a word. It was about ten inches long, a nude woman lying asleep on her side, with knees drawn up a little, and arms crossed under her cheek. The clay was dark and damp, and there were rough, unfinished places in the modeling — but the thing had life. It seemed somehow the body of a real woman, flung down to heavy slumber after great weariness. And there was a certain beauty of line, flowing even through its imperfection.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"SHE—SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE ASLEEP," SHE FALTERED, NERVOUSLY

"It's a wonderful thing," said Barrett, simply. He was a man of few words and no superlatives, and this quiet speech carried with it tremendous conviction. He set the figure on the dresser-top and studied it a moment.

"Well, you certainly have hit it!" he said, and turned to her, smiling warmly. To his amazement he saw her eyes were filling with tears, though she was smiling back at him. He seized her roughly in his arms.

"Foolish girl!" he cried. "What is it?"

She murmured something from the depths of his coat. He heard: "Because you like it—because you really like it so much. I was afraid it might be just another failure."

"You've been working yourself into a frenzy," he accused her. Then she lifted her head and smiled quiveringly, dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief she had pulled from his pocket.

"I thought she was very beautiful, too. I always do this—great silly—when I'm appreciated!"

"If you did you'd be drowned in tears. Tell you right now I don't care for a 'Sweet Alice' sort of wife. Funny woman. Perhaps this is temperament."

"That must be it," she laughed. "I always wanted to have one. A temperament and a studio."

"I'll never dare say another kind word to you. You've nothing on but this silk thing?"

"No. I was just about to dress. You see, I've been posing on the rug in front of the mirror all day. Geoff dear, do you know it was like doing something I had always done? As if I knew how perfectly but was just a little out of practice? I wonder if I couldn't have been a sculptor in some earlier life? . . . Go away now, Geoff."

Whether or not Alma Barrett had learned to model in some distant age, she did, in her twenty-seventh year of this life, show a gift for it that seemed miraculous. In the very beginning of her study she seemed to grasp, with a sort of instinct, the first principle of the science of modeling: she never considered a surface except as the boundary of volume; she did not see the different parts of the body as surfaces that were flat, but as projectures of interior volumes that lay beneath the skin. Almost immediately her sketches showed vigor and suppleness.

Her lump of clay went through many incarnations of existence, fleeting incarnations that lasted only until they could be seen and judged by Barrett. Most of her studies were of her own body, since she had no other model. Then she made countless studies of Geoffry's head and shoulders, but felt herself baffled by that subject. She had a vision of his essential beauty which she longed to give expression to in clay, but which eluded her fingers. She knew she had the form, but felt she had missed the substance of him.

"There's a certain something about you, Geoff," she would say, working away at him as he sat reading by the evening lamp, "a certain frank directness about the eyes—and a quizzicalness about the corners of your mouth—that I can't get. Those long dents in your cheek when you are just thinking about smiling but haven't begun to — very illusive! Not that you're good-looking in the ordinary sense. But you have a clear and trusty face. I can't get it." And Geoffry would be immensely flattered.

She went to a modeling class three mornings a week, and spent many hours a day working at home. Barrett would come home at night to find her streaked and daubed with clay, but with glowing eyes and radiant smile showing through it all. Often she would forget to make lunch for herself, but would work until the middle of the afternoon without food, stopping then only for a cup of strong tea and a ravenous bite of bread and butter to fortify her for further modeling.

She was happy. For the first time in her life she felt a glow from creative work, a sense of dawning power, of reservoirs of energy just rising to the flood-gates of her life. She gained the faculty of songfulness and ringing laughter. She became intoxicatingly sweet and generous to Geoffry. To work in clay acted upon her like wine, or a heady autumn day, or conversion — filling her veins, suffusing her mind, quickening her soul.

Alma was intimate enough with her husband to confess to him certain entire-

ly worldly ambitions which had nothing to do with her art (with the capital A). She confessed—with some humor, it is true—that she often saw herself and him, by prevision, occupying places the most distinguished in the world, moving with affluence and ease through the capitals of Europe, adventuring over the surface of the globe. Cabinet ministers, rising dramatists, painters, and sculptors, and even duchesses of the quieter sort figured in these visions. It was always Geoffry who was to play the more brilliant part in those esoteric drawing-rooms and salons. She said—and he could not deny it—that her success as a sculptor would be the open sesame to the remotest circles, that it would confer the chance of mixing with the highest and best.

Such fantasies were no more than games. They had nothing to do with the essential waking of the woman to labor, to creation.

"It's like this," she told Barrett, who groped to understand her in her moments of self-revelation. "It's as if all my life I had been aching, burning, to make something new—something that was not *there* before,—and haven't known what it was,—hadn't been able to do it quite alone. Something was lacking in me—the thing that *you* have given to me—the vital spark to touch me into flame."

The whole creature bloomed.

Then, very suddenly it seemed, it all went to pieces. By some strange metabolism of temperament, ardor gave way to disillusionment. The inexplicable thing came on the very heels of the most glorious achievement in Alma's incipient career. She had made a little study in clay—modeled in the base of a copper bowl—of a mother, kneeling, holding a baby high on her breast, her face buried in its neck. The figure—for the mother and baby were swept so passionately close that they were one figure—was instinct with a sort of heart-breaking tenderness. When Geoffry saw it he realized, with a new poignance, that he was childless. Alma brought it to the art school, where it created a sensation. Her master, indeed, became quite incoherent with enthusiasm and tributes (which she had learned to accept without tears), and the sketch had been placed in an exhibit. It had been described and photographed for the Sunday art page of a newspaper, and Alma flavored the wine of public praise and curiosity.

But then she perversely ceased to bloom. She let her clay dry up in a neglected heap, reduced all her sketches, except her last triumphal one, to the original protoplasm. The zest for modeling, which had flamed so vividly, died out palely. She became listless and unhappy, and helpless against her lassitude.

Barrett was desperate, watching her lose hold of herself. In response to his urgings she would yield half-hearted agreement, make promises to herself and him to take up her work—to drive herself through the *impasse*. But the wine had gone out of her blood. She was in a state of dreamfulness that could not be touched by words. Barrett was driven to be brutal.

"See here," he began, sternly, frowning at her across the breakfast-table one morning, "what has happened to you? You have done nothing for weeks and weeks but moon around. I wouldn't mind so much if it weren't making you miserable. What in the world has got into you, Alma?"

"Something's gone out of me," she answered, unexpectedly meek. "I've just lost the impulse. I—oh, don't scold me!" She broke her toast up into small bits and left them untouched on her plate. He regarded her relentlessly a moment, taking in the unwonted softness about her, the flushed cheeks and sleepy eyes, the frilled breakfast-cap, the rose-silk morning-robe she was wearing in place of the dark linens of her working days.

"You have relapsed into softness," he said, harshly, but with a kind purpose. "It's just that you have it in you to be *anything,* Alma—or nothing. You have it in your own hands."

But presently Barrett no longer reproached his wife for her idleness. He set about to find a house for her, and then to make it habitable and beautiful. Then he cast about to find other means for making her more comfortably idle still. Her friends—those of them who had been thrilled by her work in clay—all said that Alma Barrett had done for herself.

Alma's modeling in the clay of the

flesh came to its term at the end of the summer which had followed her winter of triumph. And with its completion, that enraptured winter became as dead to her consciousness as her girl-child was wonderfuly alive.

Alma was mother incarnate. She was obsessed by maternity. It became her passion, at once a joy and a torture, so that she could not be away from her baby for an hour without having hallucinations, visions of her little Janey in danger, or of her lying so sweetly in her bed that it was pain to be away from her. She had to school herself to restraint or she would have hurt the little body with her embracing. Janey was the most irresistible, rosy, wide-eyed, cuddly, fragrant morsel that ever tempted a mother's arms.

Alma Barrett was happy once more, perhaps happier than she had been with her new-found gift; but her gaiety, her irrepressible youthfulness and buoyancy, were gone. She experienced no more of those swift changes of mood from grave to gay that had affected Barrett like the sight of glowing coals bursting into flame. She achieved steadiness and patience. She lost the outer layer of her beauty. Her high color left her, and the roundness of her cheeks gave place to faint hollows under her finely modeled cheekbones. She no longer had hands for work in clay. What with holding Janey in her arms till she slept (she could not and would not be sane and modern about this), and bathing her, pinning and unpinning her little clothes, sewing for her, preparing her food—how could she find time, or impulse, either, to work in inanimate gray clay?

Queerly enough, Barrett was still ambitious for her, and could not get reconciled to the prospect of her giving her whole life to mothering Janey. From time to time he would ask her if she weren't ready to begin work again; if she would not let him bring her home some clay and tools.

"What's the use," she would say, "when I am satisfied as it is? Janey is enough. She takes all of me. She fills my mind—and my hands. I would have nothing left to put into clay."

"She takes all of you now," Barrett would say, "and it's a bad thing for her that she does. You don't even feel the need for me, except as I'm Janey's father. But I know the other part of you will wake up again some day and demand things. I think you ought to keep your hand in. Know what I mean?—be ready for it."

"*Do* you think it will ever wake up again?" Alma would ask, a little wistfully, as people speak of themselves when they were young. "The silly old me that loved to make clay dolls, and cried when you liked them? Oh no!"

"That same you, Alma. You are going to make more clay dolls, and I'm going to make you cry again, by the help of God!"

Surely enough, it did come back. Alma found herself one day carving away at a piece of ivory-colored soap with which she had been washing out Janey's miniature flannels. From that time she grew increasingly uneasy and restless without realizing why, until the memorable visit of the sculptor, David Brune.

He was a dinner acquaintance, and Alma had had the temerity to invite him to call. And he had been pleased and had come.

It was late one Sunday afternoon in October. Earlier guests had left, and she and Barrett and Brune were alone in the pretty drawing-room. Alma, inwardly fluttered at having, as she put it to Geoffry, an immortal in her parlor, was outwardly at her most suave and charming. Brune was a smallish, gray-haired man with a pointed French beard and tortoise-shell-rimmed eye-glasses which could not dim his quick, eager eyes. They sat in a little circle around the fire, Alma dispensing tea and toast from a low tea-wagon.

"With cream," she repeated after her guest, and bent her dark eyes over the teacups. "Geoff, light the candles, will you? I can't tell whether I'm putting cream in Mr. Brune's tea or tea in his cream. How early it gets dark!"

Brune jumped to his feet just as Alma was handing him his cup. Barrett, in lighting the candles on the chimney-shelf, had reclaimed the drawing-room from dim firelight, and Alma's little clay mother and child, which had been in shadow on the shelf, was brought into yellow radiance. Brune stood before it, head forward, eyes screwed almost shut.

Alma put down the cup with an unsteady hand.

Brune pressed his lips tight together. "Mm-mm!" he murmured to himself. Then he said, quietly: "What is this? Something I should know—"

Alma laughed a little nervously. "Just a little—something I just played with."

"You did it?" he demanded. "No!"

"Bet she did!" said Barrett, arrogantly, proudly, sticking his chin up.

"Hm! . . . Well, it's nearly a little masterpiece, Mrs. Barrett," said Brune, standing with bent head before the sketch. "Have you ever modeled *big?* Six times life size on a head, for instance? Your little figure looks as if you had."

Alma told him she had not, that she had never studied for more than three months, that she had done nothing in clay for a long time. They talked a little, Brune questioning, Alma telling him diffidently about her beginnings. And then Brune came out with his amazing offer.

"Would you come and work every day in my studio, Mrs. Barrett? I could keep an eye on you—give you some pointers, perhaps. You see, you're naturally a bit untrained. I could tell you something about color — and motion — things you can't very well get by yourself. The *science* of it."

Alma, her face flushed, murmured thanks. "I'm sure it's much too good—"

"No, not at all. I have some ideas. I could work them out on you. I would want you to come to my shop every day, and put in most of the day. I could do things with you."

"There's your chance!" cried Barrett, his face kindling with eagerness.

"It is my chance, isn't it?" said Alma, staring ahead of her with clairvoyant eyes, her hand on the amethyst at her throat. Once more she was seeing wonderful vistas. "I wonder if I could."

Brune went on to lay down conditions: "I wouldn't allow you to dabble. It would have to be your modeling first—and precious little else afterward. No half-measures! You might have to give up other things. Neglect your friends and your husband!"

"Oh, I shouldn't mind," said Barrett, studying her face.

"It isn't my husband," she said, with a little, careless laugh. "It's my *baby!*" She poured a fresh cup of tea for Brune. Then she leaned back in her chair and watched the fire under half-closed lids. "It would be wonderful," she said, slowly, almost under her breath. Then she flashed a look at Brune. "All day?" she asked.

He nodded. "Yes. All day. You'll find there's no other way."

And in the end Alma yielded to all the conditions, and said she would go to his studio ready to work the next morning.

Barrett went to the door with his guest. When he re-entered the drawing-room he caught Alma up with some violence, which brought a still brighter flush to her face.

"Isn't it as I told you?" he demanded. "Isn't it what I've always said?"

"It doesn't seem true. I can't believe it! I've got so used to the idea that I had done for myself, as they all said. I'd almost forgotten the things we used to plan. Remember about those Paris salons and the studio in the Quarter? You see, I've suddenly gone stark raving. (Stop it, Geoff; I want to think.) What was it he said?"

"It wasn't so much what he said. But asking you to work with him!"

After a little silence Alma said: "But little Janey, my poor little Janey! Every day from nine to four, Geoff!"

"Shucks! She'll be well taken care of."

"That isn't it — not what I mean. She'll be all right. But I won't *have* her! I want her now, Geoff. Would you tell Emma to bring her down? I'll give her her milk here myself."

Barrett took the stairs two at a time, and came down again more sedately, bearing with him Janey, an overflowing armful of soft, white lawn, delicate, shell-pink, knitted wool, and fragrant baby.

"My lamb!" Alma swooped upon her hungrily. "Tell Emma to warm her bottle and bring it, will you, Geoff? Poor little lamb! . . . little neglected lamb . . . shall have mother."

Still, Emma did not come with the bottle. Janey showed evidences of anxiety, and so they began to play their favorite game. Alma got up, with Janey in her arms, and walked around the room, pausing in front of all interesting objects, exclaiming about their beauties,



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

HE FOUND HIS WIFE SITTING WITH HER FACE BURIED IN JANEY'S NECK

calling attention to their fine points in language chosen for the understanding of Janey.

"Pretty flowers! Janey, see *pretty* flowers!" crooned Alma, as they stood before a vase of asters on the desk. Two little arms thrashed wildly over the flowers. Suddenly they were out of vision, and a monstrous, gleaming candlestick with a light on top loomed into view.

"Beautiful light!" cried Alma, with enthusiasm. When that became perilously attractive, they moved down to the next object on the mantel.

"Janey, see the beautiful lady. See the pretty doll." Alma held her baby in front of the clay mother and baby. Janey smiled a heavenly smile and stretched out a rose-leaf hand. Alma took a quick step down the room. But Janey was not to be diverted by the gleam of cloisonné. She flung herself across her mother's shoulder and waved despairing arms after the gray doll. The corners of her pink mouth were down, and the round little chin was drawn up and quivering. Gentian-colored eyes filled and overflowed.

"There! there!" said Alma, brightly, with the false sprightliness of mothers in such moments. "What's this, Janey!"

The wet eyes closed tight, and the smooth little face suddenly crumpled into weeping — heart-broken, desperate. Alma walked the length of the room and back. "Poor pet! poor lamb!" she murmured, looking at Janey with a wincing face. She felt that she could not bear it. Nothing mattered but to have Janey happy.

"Oh, Janey!" she murmured, reproachfully. "Want the doll?" Then she walked back to the chimney-shelf and stood before the clay figure. The little, wet, shaking creature in her arms was suddenly quiet except for a gratified sigh. She flung out both arms with a gesture of abandonment and turned to Alma with an ineffable smile.

Alma took the figure in her left hand and brought it close to Janey. She patted it violently, laughing, then took hold of it.

"Daw!" she cried, happily.

"Nice doll," said Alma, smiling too.

Then Janey put both little hands round the clay mother's head and broke it off her body.

Alma turned a little pale. "Poor doll!" she said, compassionately.

"Poo' daw!" mocked Janey, and flung the head to the floor.

When Barrett came into the room he found his wife sitting in the fireside chair with her face buried in Janey's neck, kissing her. Janey was leaning over the arm of the chair, gazing with pleased wonder at the pieces of clay on the floor. One piece was still in her little, round hand.

He battled against a sort of blind rage, but said no word. He felt that there was nothing he could say. He knew at last that Alma had completely, irrevocably, joyously, done for herself.

A Naval Victory One Hundred Years Ago

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE, SEPT. 10, 1813

BY BENSON J. LOSSING

The one-hundredth anniversary of Perry's famous victory of the Battle of Lake Erie will be celebrated on the tenth of this September. It seems pertinent, therefore, at this time to present in these pages what is probably the most notable account of this great naval action that has ever been written.

When Benson J. Lossing prepared for publication (1867) his "Field-Book of the War of 1812," he was dealing with events which had occurred almost within his own time. He had visited the scenes of the fight and had gleaned from every source the most minute details. He knew personally several of Perry's officers. With their aid and co-operation this account was written and embodied in his great book. It is not to be wondered at that his narrative is told in a manner somewhat more resonant and dramatic than that of latter-day historians. Mr. Aylward's drawings make possible now a far more striking presentation of the story than was mechanically possible at the time of its writing.

"September the tenth, full well I ween
In eighteen hundred and thirteen,
The weather mild, the sky serene,
Commanded by bold Perry,
Our saucy fleet at anchor lay
In safety, moor'd at Put-in Bay;
'Twixt sunrise and the break of day,
The British fleet
We chanced to meet;
Our admiral thought he would them greet
With a welcome on Lake Erie."
—OLD SONG.

"SAIL ho!" were the stirring words that rang out loud and clear from the masthead of the *Lawrence* on the warm and pleasant morning of the 10th of September, 1813. That herald's proclamation was not unexpected to Perry. Five days before, he had received direct and positive information that Proctor's army were so short of provisions that Barclay was preparing to go upon the lake, at all hazards, to open a communication with Long Point, the chief deposit of supplies for the enemy on the banks of the Detroit River. Perry had made preparations accordingly; and, day after day, from the rocky heights of Gibraltar Island, now known as "Perry's Lookout," he had pointed his glass anxiously in the direction of Fort Malden. On the evening of the 9th he called around him the officers of his squadron, and gave instructions to each in writing, for he was determined to attack the enemy at his anchorage the next day if he did not come out. His plan was to bring on a close action at once, so as not to lose the advantage of his short carronades. To each vessel its antagonist on the British side was assigned, the size and character of them having been communicated to him by Captain Brevoort, whose family lived in Detroit. The *Lawrence* was assigned to the *Detroit;* the *Niagara* to the *Queen Charlotte,* and so on; and to each officer he said, in substance, Engage your antagonist in close action, keeping on the line at half-cable length from the vessel of our squadron ahead of you.

It was about ten o'clock when the conference ended. The moon was at its full, and it was a splendid autumn night. Just before they parted, Perry brought out a large, square battle-flag, which, at his request, Mr. Hambleton, the purser, had caused to be privately prepared at Erie. It was blue, and bore, in large letters, the dying words of the gallant commander of the *Chesapeake,* "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!" "When this flag shall be hoisted to the main-royal masthead," said the commodore, "it shall be your signal for going into action." As the officers were leaving, he said, "Gentlemen, remember your instructions. Nelson has expressed my idea in the words, 'If you lay your enemy close alongside, you cannot be out of your place.' Good night."



How Perry Built His Ships in the Wilderness

The cry of "Sail ho!" was soon followed by signals to the fleet of "Enemy in sight." "Get under way," and the voices of the boatswains sounding through the squadron and echoing from the shores the command, "All hands up anchor, ahoy!" At sunrise the British vessels were all seen upon the northwestern horizon—

> "Six barques trained for battle, the red flag displaying,
> By Barclay commanded, their wings wide outspread,
> Forsake their stronghold, on broad Erie essaying
> To meet with that foe they so lately did dread."—Old Ballad.

A light wind was blowing from the southwest. Clouds came upon it from over the Ohio wilderness, and in passing dropped a light shower of rain. Soon the sky became serene, and before ten o'clock, when by the aid of the gentle breeze in beating and strong arms with oars the squadron had passed out from the labyrinth of islands into the open lake, within five or six miles of the enemy, not a cloud was hanging in the firmament, nor a fleck of mist was upon the waters. It was a splendid September day.

Perry was yet weak from a recent illness when the cry of "Sail ho!" was repeated to him by Lieutenant Dulaney Forrest. That announcement gave him strength, and the excitement of the hour was a tonic of rare virtue. The wind was variable, and he tried in vain to gain the weather-gage of the enemy by beating around to the windward of some of the islands. He was too impatient to fight to long brook the waste of precious time in securing an advantage so small with a wind so light. "Run to the leeward of the islands," he said to Taylor, his sailing-master. "Then you will have to engage the enemy to leeward," said that officer, in a slightly remonstrant manner. "I don't care," quickly responded Perry; "to windward or to leeward, they shall fight to-day." The signal to wear ship followed immediately, when the wind shifted suddenly to the southeast, and enabled the squadron to clear the islands and to keep the weather-gage. Perceiving this, Barclay hove to, in close order, and awaited Perry's attack. His vessels, newly painted and with colors flying, made an imposing appearance. They were six in number, and bore sixty-three carriage-guns, one on a pivot, two swivels, and four howitzers. Perry's squadron



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

FIRING THE LAST GUN ON THE "LAWRENCE"



PERRY'S FLEET IN PUT-IN BAY

numbered nine vessels, and bore fifty-four carriage-guns and two swivels. Barclay had *thirty-five* long guns to Perry's *fifteen,* and possessed greatly the advantage in action at a distance. In close action, the weight of metal was with the Americans, and for that reason Perry had resolved to close upon the enemy at once. The British commander had one hundred and fifty men from the royal navy, eighty Canadian sailors, two hundred and forty soldiers, mostly regulars, and some Indians. His whole force, officers and men, was a little more than five hundred. The American commander had upon his muster-roll four hundred and ninety names. Of these the bearers of one hundred and sixteen were sick, and most of them too weak to go upon deck. About one-fourth of Perry's crew were from Rhode Island; one-fourth were regular seamen, American and foreign; about one-fourth were raw volunteers, chiefly from Kentucky; and about another fourth were negroes.

At a little past ten o'clock Perry's line was formed according to the plan arranged the previous evening, the *Niagara* in the van. The *Lawrence* was cleared for action, and the battle-flag, bearing the words "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP," in letters large enough, as we have observed, to be seen by the whole squadron, was brought out and displayed. The commodore then addressed his officers and crew a few stirring words, and concluded by saying, "My brave lads! this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?" "Aye, aye, sir!" they all shouted as with one voice, and in a moment it was run up to the main-royal masthead of the flag-ship, amid cheer after cheer, not only from the *Lawrence,* but the whole squadron.

As the dinner-hour would occur at the probable time of action, the thoughtful Perry ordered refreshments to be distributed. The decks were then wetted and sprinkled with sand so that feet should not slip when blood should begin to flow. Then every man was placed in proper position. As the squadron moved slowly and silently toward the enemy, with a gentle breeze, at the rate of less than three knots, the *Niagara,* Captain Elliott, leading the van, it was discovered that Barclay had made a disposition of his force that required a change in Perry's prescribed order of battle. It was instantly made, and the American squadron moved to the attack in the order best calculated to cope with the enemy.



Painting by W. J. Aylward

THE "NIAGARA" RAKING THE "DETROIT" AND THE "QUEEN CHARLOTTE"

The sun was within fifteen minutes of meridian when a bugle sounded on board the *Detroit* as a signal for action, and the bands of the British squadron struck up "Rule Britannia." A shout went up from that little squadron, and a 24-pound shot from the enemy's flag-ship was sent booming over the water toward the *Lawrence,* then a mile and a half distant. It was evident that Barclay appreciated the advantage of his long guns, and wished to fight at a distance, while Perry resolved to press to close quarters before opening his fire.

That first shot from the enemy fell short. Another, five minutes later, went crashing through the bulwarks of the *Lawrence.* It stirred the blood of her gallant men, but, at the command of Perry, she remained silent. "Steady, boys! steady!" he said, while his dark eye flashed with the excitement of the moment—an excitement which was half smothered by his judgment. Slowly the American line, with the light wind abeam, moved toward that of the enemy, the two forming an acute angle of about fifteen degrees. Signals were given for each vessel to engage its prescribed antagonist. At five minutes before twelve the *Lawrence* had reached only the third one in the enemy's line, and was almost as near the *Queen Charlotte* as the *Detroit,* with the *Caledonia* a half-cable length behind, and the *Niagara* abaft the beam of the *Charlotte* and opposite the *Lady Prevost.*

The battle now began on the part of the Americans. The gallant young Champlin, then less than twenty-four years of age, who still (1867) lives to enjoy a well-earned reputation, had already fired the first (as he did the last) shot of the battle from the guns of the *Scorpion.*

"But see that silver wreath of curling smoke—
'Tis Barclay's gun! The silence now is broke.
Champlin, with rapid move and steady eye,
Sends back in thunder-tones a bold reply."

This was followed by a cannonade from Packet, of the *Ariel;* and then the *Lawrence,* which had begun to suffer considerably from the enemy's missiles, opened fire upon the *Detroit* with her long bow-gun, a twelve-pounder. The action soon became general. The smaller, slow-sailing vessels had fallen in the rear, and when the battle began the *Trippe* was more than two miles from the enemy.

The *Scorpion* and *Ariel,* both without bulwarks, fought bravely, and kept their places with the *Lawrence* throughout the entire action. They did not suffer much, for the enemy concentrated his destructive energies upon the *Lawrence* and neglected the others. From the *Detroit,* the *Hunter,* the *Queen Charlotte,* and even from the *Lady Prevost,* shots were hurled upon the American flag-ship, with the determination to destroy her and her gallant commander, and then to cut up the squadron in detail. No less than thirty-four heavy guns were brought to bear upon her. The *Caledonia,* with her long guns, was enabled to do good execution from the beginning, but the shot of the carronades from the *Niagara* fell short of her antagonist. Of her twenty guns, only a long 12 was serviceable for a while. Shifting another, Elliott brought two to bear with effect, and these were served so vigorously that nearly all of the shot of that caliber were exhausted. The smaller vessels meanwhile were too far astern to be of much service.

Perry soon perceived that he was yet too far distant to damage the enemy materially, so he ordered word to be sent from vessel to vessel by trumpet for all to make sail, bear down upon Barclay, and engage in close combat. The order was transmitted by Captain Elliott, who was the second in command, but he failed to obey it himself. His vessel was a fast sailer, and his men were the best in the squadron, but he kept at a distance from the enemy, and continued firing his long guns. Perry meanwhile pressed on with the *Lawrence,* accompanied by the *Scorpion, Ariel,* and *Caledonia,* and at meridian exactly, when he supposed he was near enough for execution with his carronades, he opened the first division of his battery on the starboard side on the *Detroit.* His balls fell short, while his antagonist and her consorts poured upon the *Lawrence* a heavy storm of round shot from their long guns, still leaving the *Scorpion* and *Ariel* almost unnoticed. The *Caledonia* meanwhile engaged with the *Hunter,* but the *Niagara* kept a respectful distance from the *Queen Char-*

lotte, and gave that vessel an opportunity to go to the assistance of the *Detroit.* She passed the *Hunter,* and, placing herself astern of the *Detroit,* opened heavily upon the *Lawrence,* now, at a quarter past twelve, only musket-shot distance from her chief antagonist. For two hours the gallant Perry and his devoted ship bore the brunt of the battle with twice his force, aided only by the schooners on his weather-bow and some feeble shots from the distant *Caledonia* when she could spare them from her adversary the *Hunter.* During that tempest of war his vessel was terribly shattered. Her rigging was nearly all shot away; her sails were torn into shreds; her spars were battered into splinters; her guns were dismounted; and, like the *Guerrière* when disabled by the *Constitution,* she lay upon the waters almost a helpless wreck. The carnage on her deck had been terrible. Out of one hundred and three sound men that composed her officers and crew when she went into action, twenty-two were slain and sixty-one were wounded. Perry's little brother had been struck down by a splinter at his side, but soon recovered. Yarnall, his first lieutenant, had come to him bleeding, his nose swelled to an enormous size, it having been perforated by a splinter, and his whole appearance the impersonation of carnage and ill luck, and said, "All the officers in my division are cut down; can I have others?" They were sent; but Yarnall soon returned, again wounded and bleeding profusely, with the same sad story. "I have no more officers to furnish you," replied Perry; "you must endeavor to make out by yourself." The brave lieutenant did so. Thrice wounded, he kept the deck and directed every shot from his battery in person. Forrest, the second lieutenant, fell stunned at Perry's feet; and the gallant Brooks, so remarkable for his personal beauty, a son of an honored soldier of the old war for independence, and once Governor of Massachusetts, was carried in a dying state to the cockpit, where balls were crashing through, his mind more exercised about his beloved commander and the fortunes of the day than himself.



THE LOOKOUT

While the *Lawrence* was being thus terribly smitten, the officers and crew were



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

PERRY RECEIVING THE SURRENDER OF THE BRITISH COMMANDERS

anxiously wondering why the *Niagara*—the swift, stanch, well-manned *Niagara*—kept aloof, not only from her prescribed antagonist the *Queen Charlotte,* now battling the *Lawrence,* but the other assailants of the flag-ship. Her commander himself had passed the order for close conflict, yet he kept far away; and when afterward censured, he pleaded in justification of his course his perfect obedience to the original order to keep at "half-cable length behind the *Caledonia* on the line." It may be said that his orders to fight the *Queen Charlotte,* who had left *her* line and gone into the thickest of the fight with the *Lawrence* and her supporting schooners, were quite as imperative, and that it was his duty to follow. This he did not do until the guns of the *Lawrence* became silent and no signals were displayed by nor special orders came from Perry. These significant tokens of dissolution doubtless made Elliott believe that the commodore was slain, and himself had become the chief commander of the squadron. He then hailed the *Caledonia,* and ordered Lieutenant Turner to leave the line and bear down upon the *Hunter* for close conflict, giving the *Niagara* a chance to pass for the relief of the *Lawrence.* The gallant Turner instantly obeyed, and the *Caledonia* fought her adversary nobly. The *Niagara* spread her canvas before a freshening breeze that had just sprung up, but, instead of going to the relief of the *Lawrence,* thus silently pleading for protection, she bore away toward the head of the enemy's squadron, passing the American flag-ship to the windward, and leaving her exposed to the still galling fire of the enemy, because, as was alleged in extenuation of this apparent violation of the rules of naval warfare and the claims of humanity, both squadrons had caught the breeze and moved forward, and left the crippled vessel floating astern. Elliott seemed to notice her only by sending a boat to bring round shot from her to replenish his own scanty store.

As the *Niagara* bore down she was assailed by shots from the *Queen Charlotte, Lady Prevost,* and *Hunter,* and returned them with spirit. It was while she was abreast of the *Lawrence's* larboard beam, and nearly half a mile distant, that Perry performed the gallant feat of transferring his broad pennant from one vessel to the other. He had fought as long as possible. More than two hours had worn away in the conflict. His vessel lay helpless and silent upon the almost unruffled bosom of the lake, utterly incapable of further defense. His last effective heavy gun had been fired by himself, assisted by his purser and chaplain. Only fourteen unhurt persons remained on his deck, and only nine of these were seamen. A less hopeful man would have pulled down his flag in despair; but Perry's spirit was too lofty to be touched by common misfortunes. From his masthead floated the admonition, as if audibly spoken by the gallant Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship." In the dash of the *Caledonia* and the approach of the long-lagging *Niagara* he felt the inspiration of hope; and when he saw the latter, like the priest or the Levite, about to "pass by on the other side," unmindful of his wounds, resolutions like swift intuitions filled his mind, and were as quickly acted upon. The *Niagara* was stanch, swift, and apparently unhurt, for she had kept far away from great danger. He determined to fly to her deck, spread all needful sail to catch the stiffening breeze, bear down swiftly upon the crippled enemy, break his line, and make a bold stroke for victory.

"Yarnall," he said, "I leave the *Lawrence* in your charge, with discretionary powers. You may hold out or surrender, as your judgment and the circumstances shall dictate." He had already ordered his boat to be lowered, his broad pennant and the banner with its glorious words to be taken down, but leaving the Stars and Stripes floating defiantly over the battered hulk. With these, his little brother, and four stout seamen for the oars, he started upon his perilous voyage, anxiously watched by Yarnall and his companions.

He stood upright in his boat, the pennant and the banner half folded around him, a mark for the anxious eyes of his own men and for the guns of the enemy. The latter discovered the movement. Barclay, who was badly wounded, and whose flag-ship was almost dismantled, well knew that if Perry, who had fought the *Lawrence* so gallantly, should tread the quarter-deck of the fresh *Niagara* as

commander, his squadron would be in great danger of defeat. He therefore ordered great and little guns to be brought to bear upon the frail but richly laden vessel—laden with a hero of purest mold. Cannon-balls, grape, canister, and musket-shot were hurled in showers toward the little boat during the fifteen minutes that it was making its way from the *Lawrence* to the *Niagara.* The oars were splintered, bullets traversed the boat, and the crew were covered with spray caused by the falling of heavy round and grape shot in the water near. Perry stood erect, unmindful of danger. His men entreated him to be seated, for his life at that critical moment seemed too precious to be needlessly exposed to peril. It was not foolhardiness nor thoughtlessness, but the innately brave spirit of the man, that kept him on his feet. At length, when his oarsmen threatened to cease labor if he did not sit down, he consented to do so. A few minutes later they were all climbing to the deck of the *Niagara,* entirely unharmed, and greeted with the loud cheers of the Americans, who had watched the movement with breathless anxiety. Perry was met at the gangway by the astonished Elliott. There stood the hero of the fight, blackened with the smoke of battle, but unharmed in person and unflinching in his determination to win victory — he whom the commander of the *Niagara* thought to be dead. There were hurried questions and answers. "How goes the day?" asked Elliott. "Bad enough," responded Perry; "why are the gunboats so far astern?" "I'll bring them up," said Elliott. "Do so," responded Perry. Such is the reported substance of the brief conversation of the two commanders, at the close of which Elliott pushed off in a small boat to hurry up the lagging vessels. Having given his orders to each to use sails and oars with the greatest vigor, he went on board the *Somers,* and behaved gallantly until the close of the action.

At a glance Perry comprehended the condition and capabilities of the *Niagara.* There had been few casualties on board of her, and she was in perfect order for conflict. He immediately ran up his pennant, displayed the blue banner, hoisted the signal for close action, and received quick responses and cheers from the whole squadron; hove to, altered the course of the vessel, set the proper sails, and bore down upon the British line, which lay half a mile distant. Meanwhile the gallant Yarnall, after consulting Lieutenant Forrest and Sailing-master Taylor, had struck the flag of the *Lawrence,* for she was utterly helpless, and humanity required that firing upon her should cease. As the starry flag trailed to the deck a triumphant shout went up from the British. It was heard by the wounded on the *Lawrence.* When informed of the cause, their hearts grew almost still, and in the anguish of chagrin they refused to be attended by the surgeon, and cried out, "Sink the ship! sink the ship! Let us all sink together!" Noble fellows! they were worthy of their commander. In less than thirty minutes after they had offered themselves a willing sacrifice for the honor of their country's flag, they were made joyful by hearing the step and voice of their beloved commander again upon the deck of the *Lawrence.*

Eight minutes after Perry dashed through the British line the colors of the *Detroit* were struck, and her example was speedily followed by all the other vessels of Barclay's squadron, excepting the *Little Belt* and *Chippewa,* which attempted to escape to leeward. Champlin with the *Scorpion,* and Holdup with the *Trippe,* made chase after the fugitives, and both were overtaken and brought back to grace the triumph of the victor, the *Little Belt* by the former, and the *Chippewa* by the latter. It was in this chase that Champlin fired the last gun in that memorable battle. "So near were they to making their escape," says Champlin in a letter to the author, "that it was ten o'clock in the evening before I came to anchor under the stern of the *Lawrence* with the *Little Belt* in tow."

When Perry's eye perceived at a glance that victory was secure, he wrote, in pencil, on the back of an old letter, that remarkable despatch to General Harrison whose first clause has been so often quoted:

"We have met the enemy, and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.

"Yours, with great respect and esteem,

"O. H. Perry."

Youth's Cross-roads

BY AVERY ABBOTT

AS to a magnet the youth came, blundering with elaborate casualness, between the shoulders and elbows of intervening shoppers. His regard was as direct as that of the girl was subtle.

In the gaudy chaos of the Ten Cent Store basement Marie Myers stood all day long beside a glassily veneered piano, where she demonstrated vocally a complete line of the latest songs and catches. Her eyes, long-lidded, soft, and dark, might have betrayed intelligence, sympathy, even a certain fineness, if her parted black hair had not been combed down so close above them, and puffed at each side so hugely as quite to overshadow any natural expression.

She was now rendering, for the sixth time since 9 A.M., that saccharine soprano solo, "If Lovey Should Die, What Would Ducky Do?" In the midst of the chorus she raised her black eyebrows, uncovered her white teeth in a carmine-tinted smile, swayed her head this way and that, and altogether came as near as she was able to reaching the only standard she knew—that of the vaudeville beauty.

Just what occasioned this transformation it would be hard for the surface observer to decide. But from out the upper strata of the crowd which moved interminably past the piano had emerged a face which was different: features large, skin browned by the free breath of country winds and reddened by healthy blood. It was a man—young, impressionable, inexperienced.

Reaching the counter, he stopped, and, with hands in overcoat pockets, gave the singer his undivided attention. Elaborately she warbled through another song before she became aware that a customer was waiting. Then she turned with apologetic surprise but perfect self-possession.



SHE DEMONSTRATED VOCALLY THE LATEST SONGS AND CATCHES

"Anything I can show you this mawning?" she sweetly drawled, and as the youth crimsoned at the shock of her regard, she dropped her lids and continued: "Here's the same that's on the piano, the one I just gave. We've got all the best songs from the 'Buxom Belles.'"

Observing that her captive was struggling for utterance, she queried, easily, "Were you wanting something for a gent or a lady?"

The young fellow managed to articulate: "I ain't no singer myself, an' I dunno—"

Inspiration gripped him. He brought forth, new created, a suitable relative:

"I guess maybe my sister—"

"Oh, shuah," agreed Marie Myers. "If your sister's fond of music she'd be just crazy about this. It's the classiest thing! Want I should sing it for you?"

She spread the sheets upon the piano, and, quite impervious to the teasing smile of Birdie Malone, accompanist, she put into this selection even more vivacity and archness than had lit up her foregoing performance. Her listener's mouth widened slowly in a delighted grin, and with his exaltation came speech.

"I want that one," he said, decisively, as she turned from the piano. "Do you think you could stand it to try out two or three more, till I see what else my sister'd like?" Already he was on familiar terms with his fictional relative.

"Shuah!" acquiesced the divinity, turning the pendant of her rolled-gold lavallière so that the mock emerald might be right side out to the public. "Shuah! I got to sing 'em, anyhow."

"W'y, you don't mean you have to sing all the time?"

"Well, I eat an' sleep," was the facetious rejoinder.

The humor was wasted. "Jiminee, Christmas! I should think you'd go plumb dumb!" the young man ejaculated, in pity and amazement.
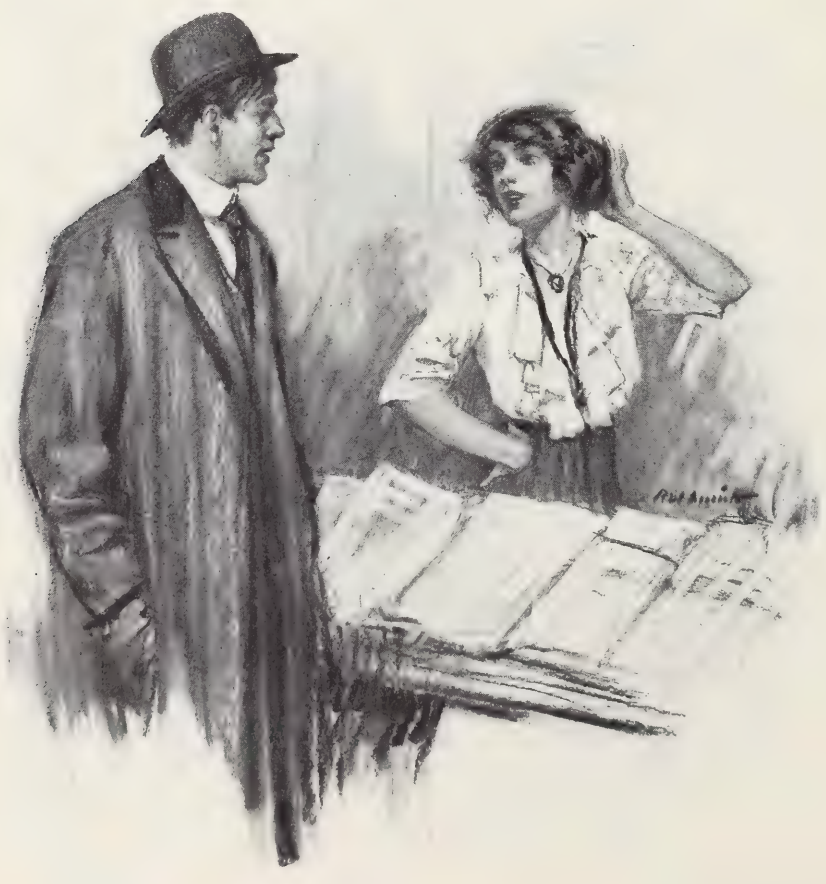
The girl laughed; then with professional pride: "Of course, when you've got a voice you learn how to take care of it."

She opened a second selection upon the music-rack and, for the punishment of Birdie Malone, remarked, amiably: "Do you think you can stagger through this accompaniment, girlie?"

Miss Malone not only staggered; she whirled with malevolent fingers. Breathless, the singer finished a full measure in the rear, but the audience was delighted.

As each song ended it was purchased, until, remembering that if he bought too many he would have no excuse for returning, the young man reluctantly took himself away.

Climbing the stairs which led up from the basement, he paused upon the first landing to look down into the angle where stood the piano. Birdie Malone was following his departure with a prankish eye. As his gaze met hers she drew her mouth up at one corner



"WANT I SHOULD SING IT FOR YOU"

and down at the other in a smile which was not sympathetic. With large-footed dignity he tramped up the remaining steps, and so out into the street.

Even the dread of Miss Malone's mischievous regard could not prevent his reappearance in the vicinity of the music-counter at an early hour of the afternoon. He announced, quite boldly, that he had immediate need of still more music for his sister; and he even began a general conversation.

"Been here long?"

"Since last July. I was saleslady at Emmett's before that." She laid his package before him, but he did not take it up.

"I meant here in town."

"Oh, I been in the city four years. You live here?"

"No," he answered, "and I dunno as I'd care to. I live out near Freiberg. Have to come to the city once in a while for a little fun. Last fall a year ago me an' some of the boys was here six days."

Beyond a friendly smile, Marie seemed to have no observations to make upon such an adventure. So he went on: "This fall I come by myself. Makes it kind of slow. Say!" He brought out the exclamation as though seized with a quite new idea. "They don't keep this place open nights, do they? Well, why can't you go with me to a show? Why can't you go to-night? There's one over to the American, that I hear is first rate. I'd be pleased to take you."

For an instant Marie Myers regarded the young man searchingly; and noting that she waited, he hastened to add: "Or maybe you seen that show."

It appeared that Marie had made up her mind about something. "No, I haven't seen it," she assured him. "I'd be pleased to go."

After she had given him the street address where he might call for her, and after he had moved away radiating flattered satisfaction; even after he had set foot upon the stairs, he turned and came back to lean his hands upon the counter.



ENTER A VISION!

"My name's John Armstrong," he announced.

The girl laughed, showing a spontaneity which had not before come to the surface. "Well," she observed, "I don't expect to advertise for you, but it might be handy to know. Mine's Marie Myers."

When he had really departed, Birdie Malone threw a remark over her shoulder without interrupting the tireless action of her fingers upon the keys. "You sure *have* got that Reub a-goin'," was her comment.

Deliberately Marie went around to the end of the instrument, rested her chin upon the top of it, and gazed at her companion a moment through narrowed lids. Then she requested, in an edged but even tone: "Girlie, would you just as lieves not butt in?"

"Just as you say," returned the other, with careless good nature. "What ye goin' to wear?"

"I haven't decided," was the answer.

"Well, don't let the choosin' give ye nervous prosteration," came back the retort. Birdie Malone was difficult to impress.

Not so John Armstrong. Standing under an anemic gas flame that evening, in the front room of the lodging-house where abode Marie Myers, he was in a mood solemnly nervous. But he had not yet had time to peer through the obscurity and note the dinginess, when—enter to him a vision!

At the first breath he did not recognize her. The lavender cloak, though of cheap material, fell sweepingly. The purple willow plume, still astir from her swift incoming, seemed to alight all tremulous upon the great white hat which fairly engulfed her to the shoulders.

They were early at the play, and when Marie threw back her cloak her companion drew a deep breath and looked away before daring to gaze on this splendor so disconcertingly close to him. But John Armstrong was quite too normal and healthy-minded not to forget very soon his constraint and begin thoroughly to enjoy himself. Before the first tuning violin in the orchestra had sent its ear-shivering scrape through the rapidly filling auditorium the two were giggling as contentedly over youthful banalities as though they had gone to school together.

John now had a sense of being a part of the gorgeous life of the city, and at once he made up his mind to extend his stay. Why not? No farm work was pressing, and he had money enough with him, or could send to the bank at Freiberg for more. He was to have the east eighty from his father's land when he married. His father and mother spoke of this often and inducingly, for they had a cheerful and thrifty desire to see their only son settled in life. Meta Kranz, on the next farm, was a nice girl, they both declared, and Ellen Davis was all right, too. She would have a good bit of property, this Ellen. Even some of the girls in Freiberg might do. These affectionate suggestions did not interest John. The girls thus openly commended and recommended, at once lost all attractiveness. But he was filled with an insatiate desire never to relinquish the delightful presence of this marvelous being beside him.

By the time the two emerged from the warm glow of the theater into the frosty tang of the November night, John was wondering how he could ever have imagined before that he was enjoying the city. They talked little on the car, though they settled down into the narrow seat with the feeling of good friends. When they had nearly reached Marie's street it seemed the easiest thing in the world for John to say:

"If you ain't got anything particular to do to-morrow night, we might see another show. I want to take in all I can while I'm here."

"Yes, you ought to," Marie agreed with him.

"What do you say to the Alamo?"

"I'd love to go!" she said at once, and John felt sure she meant it.

At the store next morning Marie appeared in a red-silk waist which drew an astute smile from Birdie Malone. But the one for whom this display was intended failed to come within the radius of its splendor, at least so far as Marie knew.

By afternoon John really did descend that monotonous staircase, but half-way down he saw that Marie was occupied. He stepped back to where a friendly projection shielded him from the possible regard of Miss Malone, and watched the young man who was absorbing Marie's attention. The fellow laughed a great deal, in a foolish, sniggering way, John thought, but he had the jaunty assurance of the urban-bred. To be sure, his hat was green, his tie purple, and his shoes a resounding tan, but to the eyes

watching from above he was distinctly "dressy."

John Armstrong determinedly went forth and was very busy all the rest of the day. The result of his activities struck Marie Myers into delight when she entered the decrepit parlor to meet her escort. The barber and the clothier had done their best for John. As a result of his own good sense and the kindliness of a humanely disposed salesman, his suit was dark, his overcoat and soft hat gray, and his tie a blue which accentuated the wholesome freshness of his skin.

But all this could do nothing for big, red, work-roughened hands. Seated in the theater, under the merciless electrics, John surveyed those hands, resting lumpily upon his knees, until they seemed fairly to swell before his gaze. Circumscribed in his opera-chair, he could not get them into his pockets. Furtively he slid one under the edge of Marie's hat as it overlay his knee, but when his fingers touched another hand, soft and warm in the same refuge, he withdrew them as precipitately as though he had happened on a hot coal.

"Stick yourself?" questioned Marie, in all sincerity, mindful of her rapier hatpins.

"Yes," said John, almost gruffly.



WONDERING HOW HE COULD EVER HAVE IMAGINED BEFORE THAT HE WAS ENJOYING THE CITY

"I didn't see you all day," pursued Marie. "I thought maybe you'd drop into the store."

"I did," declared John. "But you seemed so much taken up I thought I needn't hang around."

"Why, I wasn't very busy to-day. I wasn't really busy at all. It was awful slow for a Saturday."

"That must have been why you had so much time for that guy with the green hat."

Marie laughed. "Oh, you mean Johnnie Bradley. Johnnie's just a bell-hop, over at the Athens. Works nights, an' don't sleep daytimes," observed the girl, in a casual tone, which seemed to dispose of Johnnie for all time to come.

"Well—" was the answer, slightly placated, as though on that condition John might allow Johnnie to live. To the mind of Marie events were lagging grievously. John's pleasure in her society was as much in evidence as his hands and feet, but not one syllable did he speak that could be construed into love-making. She found herself looking forward with longing and a vague fear.

The day to come was Sunday, one of those blest pauses which marked off Marie's weeks, like white mile-stones set along a dusty road.

"Let's not plan anything for to-morrow," said John, when, after the play, they walked the two blocks from the car line. "Let's have our dinner up-town somewhere. Afterward we can see what we want to do the rest of the day. What do you think of that?"

"It would be lots of fun," agreed Marie; and then, feeling that such readiness might cheapen her in his eyes, she added: "Johnnie Bradley was wantin' me to make a date with him for Sunday afternoon, but I didn't do it."

"I should say not!" grunted John, contemptuously.

At once Marie's self-esteem shriveled miserably. Why had she said that? It made perfectly evident the fact that she had counted beforehand upon a Sunday invitation from John.

When she closed the front door after his frank and friendly farewell, she was abjectly miserable, but when she had climbed to her room she pulled out from under the bed a box of crumpled finery. With a collar and girdle of this cerise



SHE PULLED OUT A BOX OF CRUMPLED FINERY



What he wanted was a Girl just like Marie

velvet she could metamorphose her gray frock; bows at the elbows, too! After all, she was only twenty, and when she crawled into bed, with the foot of the lumpy comforter strewn all across with faded crimson roses, she went to sleep quite happily.

She was happier far than John Armstrong. The attempt to persuade oneself that perfumed furbelows, elaborately fluffed hair, little high-heeled shoes, and soft hands with pink and shiny nails are prime requisites for a farmer's wife is not conducive to lucid reasoning nor to serenity of mind. He thought of Marie, in summer flummeries, rising from a hammock swung across the front porch and coming to meet him as he drove the team in from work. But he would have been plowing corn, in all likelihood; his shirt would be wet with sweat and grimed with the dust of the sun-freed soil. Would she like coming to meet such a man? And what would she make of washing and churning and baking?

Well, at least no one should pick out a wife for him! What he wanted was a girl with some style, a girl who would be a pleasure to look at, a girl just like Marie. But when he got this far he choked on a cold lump which refused to be swallowed. What possible chance, after all, did *he* stand with such a girl?

This unaccustomed mental stress carried its reaction. John Armstrong, at his cheap hotel, slept long and late the next morning. Not so Marie. Two hours before daylight her fingers were busy with the intricacies of a festival toilet. And even at that she had to keep John waiting twenty minutes past the appointed time while, with nervous jabs, she stuck pins into all manner of places where hooks and stitches should have been.

She went down with her coat over her arm, that her full splendor might burst upon him at once, and she was disappointed when she detected a tinge of constraint in his pleasure at beholding her in what he called her "swell new rig."

Taken altogether, the day was not a success. It began very well, with a dinner at a first-class restaurant. They lingered over the meal, talking, in the pleasant isolation of their table for two. John got so far as to speak of the east eighty and the house his father intended building on the hill nearest the road. That appeared rather definite to Marie. She sounded him.

"What do you do out there to put in the time?" she questioned, carelessly. "Any girls out there?"

"Girls enough," said John. "Meta Kranz lives right on the next farm."

"Pretty?" Marie asked, quickly.



"SOMETIMES I GET SICK OF THE WHOLE THING"

"Pretty?" John considered. "Well, I don't know as you'd think so; not the way city girls are." Then arose loyalty to the playmate of his childhood. "Meta's a mighty nice-lookin' girl, an' a clipper to work."

For a time Marie applied herself to raspberry ice, then she said: "I never told you, did I, that I used to live in the country?"

Interest possessed John. "No; did you—honest? Did you like it?"

His eagerness might have told the girl all she wanted to know, but Meta Kranz still rankled. Instinctively Marie retaliated. "I liked it so much I left," she said, pertly. "I'd rather work where I can draw pay."

To cover his hurt John laughed. "You don't look much like a farmer," he agreed.

Another retort tipped Marie's tongue, but she shut her lips sulkily over it. They had said very little, but they were as consciously unhappy as though they had quarreled.

In this mood the question of where they should spend the afternoon had lost all zest. They settled indifferently on vaudeville. The ensuing supper was dull, for the girl was really tired; but later in the evening, at the theater, they chanced upon a wholesome comedy, and much laughter cleared their spirits.

Gaily they fared toward home, but Marie's vivacity took a different edge when John announced that he must go back to Freiberg Tuesday morning. What would she like best to go to on Monday, the only evening left?

Shows? Marie was sick of shows! . . . Tuesday morning! Tuesday morning, and Freiberg for John Armstrong! And probably, also, Meta Kranz! For her, Marie, the Ten Cent Store, the piano, and Birdie Malone forever!

Forever is a black actuality at twenty. Before Tuesday morning she would do something,- and of what she would do she was beginning to have an idea.

A definite plan had also formed in John's mind. Somehow he had to get away from this crowding humanity which was beginning to suffocate him. To spend an evening with Marie in that rooming-house parlor never came into

his head. Perforce they must go to a theater. Afterward he meant to ask her to walk home, instead of taking the car. He was not a very hopeful suitor, but he was going to have it over with.

When the landlady let him in at the front door on the momentous evening, he fancied there lurked on her fagged and frigid countenance a reflection of Birdie Malone's smile. He entered the chill and vacant parlor with decision.

Watching the entrance, he heard steps descending the stairs, and drew a deep breath. But as the door opened to admit an ordinary-looking girl, he was irritated at the intrusion. It was not Marie. He did not know her until she came quite close to him and looked up with Marie's wide, dark eyes.

"I had a headache," she began, lamely, and blushed, "and I didn't feel like going to a show. I'm awfully sorry, but I thought we might stay here. Won't you take a chair?"

John had heard only the first part of her speech. He continued to stand. "A headache!" he exclaimed. "You look bad. Hadn't I better get a doctor?"

"Doctor! I should say not!" Then she spoke the truth. "If I look as bad as that I might have saved myself the trouble. I thought I'd like to have you see me, just once before you went home, the way I used to look when I lived in the country. I—I thought you'd like it!" she finished, stormily, and the tears shone on her lashes.

"I do! Oh yes, I do!" blurted John, and they both knew he lied. Gradually he backed to a chair and, after stumbling over it, sat down, still not removing his eyes from this changeling who had taken the place of butterfly Marie. Her face was guiltless of beautifiers, but it did not look, as she herself realized, quite as it used to look when she, too, lived in the country. Cosmetics and the fetid air of the Ten Cent Store basement had faded and muddied the once clear skin. Determined to meet his genuineness with sincerity of her own, she began again:

"I guess you didn't hardly know me when I wasn't fixed up. I took on all that since I came here, 'cause all the other girls do. My name ain't even Marie. It's Mary. What do you know about that? Sometimes I get sick of the whole thing. When I first come I liked it, an' after I got this place to sing I thought I was just made. There was a new song out then, called 'A Little Cottage Down a Shady Lane.' It tells about how the trees bend down lovin' over that cottage, 'and whisper in the sunshine all day long.' The next verse it's evenin', an' 'the moon comes swelling o'er the orchard bloom.'"

She paused, and in her face was far more than that song's cheap rhyming had ever been able to tell.

"I didn't s'pose you liked the country," said John, wondering.

"I didn't like the kind *I* had," Marie hotly replied. "Livin' with my sister an' her husband, work always waitin' for me, never a penny of my own. But there was good things about it, too. I guess that's why I could sing that song. Folks used to stand around to hear it all through. But I don't sing that kind any more if I can help it. I can't make 'em sound the same. There was one thing they forgot to put in that song—they forgot to put in how the birds wake up an' twitter when the moon is so bright. I was always makin' bird-houses— Ever see a bird-house made out of an old hat?" John shook his head with solemnity.

Marie smiled, a wistful shadow of a smile. "You poke a hole through the crown—just a little hole—an' then you tack the brim flat against the siding. I put one close to my window, an' the wrens built in it every summer for four years. There was baby birds in it when I come away."

"Maybe you'll go back some day," suggested John.

"Back where?" the girl questioned.

"To your sister's," he brought out, shamefacedly. The big fellow felt himself vaguely at fault, and yet . . . well, this tired-faced girl who kept talking and talking was all right enough, but she was not Marie.

In reply to his suggestion the girl's lips drew tight. "Never!" she said, with a harsh quiver in her voice. Then as he got to his feet she paled.

"I better be going," he stammered. "I don't want to make your head worse."

"My head's all right now," she insisted. "What's your hurry?" She clasped and unclasped her fingers in her

lap, waiting for him to answer; but as he did not, she moistened her lips to say, "This is the last time I'll see you."

"Yes," assented John. "I s'pose it is." He held out his hand with stiff formality. "You've made it real pleasant for me. I'm much obliged. I sha'n't forget it." He was already at the door.

Suddenly Marie laughed, and her voice was strident. "No, I guess you won't," she said. "I guess you won't. You can tell your girl in the country. She'll think it's a joke. Well, good-by, then. Give my love to the folks."

She laid her hand in his, and the chill of it startled him. At the same moment he was thinking once more how soft and small it was. For the first time that evening he looked into her eyes, and as he did so something tightened in his chest. The lines around her lips were hard lines, but deep down in those dark eyes he saw—Marie.

His instant's hesitation was imperceptible. He shook her hand loosely, ludicrously, and then he was on the steps. The door had shut him out.

Marie Myers went up-stairs very quietly; very quietly she entered her room. Not until she had locked the door did the tension snap. With one swirl she threw herself on the bed and buried her face in the soggy pillow, while her shoulders shook.

It was a long time after when she slid her feet to the floor and slowly sat up. By and by she took off her dress and put on a slimsy and faded kimono, then she twisted up her disheveled hair and fastened it with a single pin. There came a tap upon her door, and instinctively she turned her face to the looking-glass. It was swollen, and red in streaks.

"What is it?" she called, without rising.

Her landlady's voice came through the door. "Were you going to be in this evening, Miss Myers?"

"Yes," said Marie.

"Well, I was looking for my suit from the pantorium. They promised to send it yet this evening. I wanted to go out awhile, and there ain't nobody else in the house. I wonder if you'd mind taking it in?"

"I'll take it," Marie answered.

The woman spoke again: "You'll have to have the money, then." Marie opened the door a crack and put out her hand for the coins, then she locked it once more.

She was lying on her bed in the dark when the front-door bell rang. Half dazed, she started down without her slippers, returned and thrust her feet into them, then hurried to admit the delivery-boy. As she pulled back the door the cold air rushed in, and with it another elemental force, *not* the delivery boy.

"Why, John! John Armstrong!" she was saying a few minutes later in the parlor, where the elemental force seemed to have transported her. "Why, John Armstrong!" she repeated.

"That's me!" proclaimed John. "I couldn't, Marie — couldn't go back to Freiberg; not without seeing you again. I've been walking around. I've walked miles! Look up here," he commanded, jubilantly. For she kept her face hidden on the shoulder of his overcoat.

"Oh, I wouldn't have you see me for worlds! I look awful!"

"I don't care *how* you look!" John fairly shouted.

After a while, when even the girl had forgotten anything so trivial as personal appearance, she picked up his hat where it had been dropped upon the floor.

"An' can I make a bird-house of this hat when it's worn out?" she asked.

"But there ain't any birds now," said John.

"There will be!" her voice sang as she answered him. "In the spring there will be birds!"

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

NOT very long ago one of our contemporaries, by no means the least esteemed, indulged the fancy of inviting its readers to vote upon a very interesting, if not a very important, question. The question was, Which ten Americans living were the most useful to their fellow-men, or which could their fellow-citizens afford to insure for the largest sum because they were of the greatest value to the community; or, in other terms (but still the terms of the same conundrum), If Congress should decide to award ten prizes to the most deserving men and women in the country, and leave the choice to a popular referendum, who should get the largest number of votes?

Something more than a thousand of our contemporary's readers voted in response, and in large part gave their reasons for electing Mr. Edison, Miss Jane Addams, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Roosevelt, Mrs. Helen Gould Shepard, Dr. Alexis Carrel, Colonel Goethals, Mr. Bryan, President Wilson, and Mr. Luther Burbank, here named in the order of their priority. Many other distinguished and beneficent citizens were chosen by respectable minorities, from Dr. Booker T. Washington, for spreading light among his people, to Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, for putting by means of his philanthropic monopoly another kind of light "into millions of homes, even the humblest"; Mr. Orville Wright, "for his improvements of the aeroplane"; Dr. Wiley, "because of his services in behalf of pure food"; ex-President Taft, for his endeavors to establish international arbitration; Mr. John Mitchell, for his devotion to the cause of labor; Miss Helen Keller, "as an inspiration to handicapped lives"; Miss Ida Tarbell, "as an exposer of social and financial rottenness." Captain Peary was gratefully remembered for the discovery of the North Pole, although that pole has not yet been found of great practical benefit to the nation. In the absence of actual hostilities, Admiral Dewey and General Wood may have been sufficiently chosen in the third or fourth ten of our benefactors, but in spite of the prodigious prevalence of the letters and arts among us in these piping times of peace, not one "poet, novelist, dramatist, actor, musician, artist, architect," as our contemporary notes with apparent surprise, "received votes enough to bring him anywhere near the topmost ten." Ministers of the gospel fared no better; with our authors and artists, they were evidently "not regarded as useful or indispensable members of society."

We cannot share the feeling of our contemporary at this unavoidable conclusion, and we do not refuse to accept the average thousand voting on this referendum as fairly representative of our whole hundred millions. Each of the ten men and women chosen as our best unquestionably stands pre-eminent among living Americans for some definite, absolute, tangible benefaction in his or her way. As our latest and shrewdest observer has noted, we Americans have a dominant passion for "getting results," as those ten have got; results that we can lay our hands on and feel advantageous in our daily lives. Yet it is in no poverty of imagination that a great and good woman is popularly ranked next to the tireless inventor who works his wonders continually for the advantage and convenience of the community. The voters recognize that she has "got results," as unquestionably as he, and it is not incredible that if the matter were left to Mr. Edison himself he might vote Miss Addams into the first place.

Such an effect of magnanimity in him would not be alien to the nature of the representative Americans voting him most indispensable among living Americans. These are none the less generous in their admiration because they seem so aridly practical in their preferences.

As a people, however, we prize and honor those who utilize principles more than those who discover them. Not the genius which divined the steam-power, but the ingenuity which put it to work on land and sea is the greater in our eyes. Not Franklin who rent the lightning from the sky, but Mr. Edison who lights, heats, moves, and amuses modern civilization with it, and makes it talk, sing, and do everything but think, is supreme in our regard. Not to Langley, who surprised the secret of the aeroplane, but to the brothers Wright, who applied it, do we render our highest praise and warmest thanks. Yet when it comes to asking which among us is greatest and best, our dry utilitarians cannot forget a woman who is greater and better than anything she has done. In their way they feel the beauty and nobility of her nature; they revere these next to the molecular activity of the unrivaled inventor's life.

The Americans who have so frankly put themselves on record by their votes, and their reasons, have apparently no misgivings as to their judgments or their qualifications for judging. Not only Miss Addams in her dealing with the saddest sin of every age is in a practical way "getting results," but also Mr. Roosevelt, "by an ability to achieve results," is held "pre-eminent in the realm of national affairs"; and for kindred virtues the eight others of the ten are confidently ranked above their fellow-citizens. We are not, or not yet, finding fault with the test employed; it is a very direct and a very specific test. What has a man done that he should be called great? What has he tangibly accomplished for the general use? "By their fruits ye shall know them" was said long ago by One who spoke as having authority; and surely this is the same as trying men by the results they have got? Perhaps it is, and perhaps it is not; perhaps those fruits were the fruits of character rather than the fruits of action; for there seems to be a difference, though it is not palpable to the hand of the greater employment.

It is not from our passion for "getting results" that we can best and most value the woman who has so surpassingly applied Christianity at Hull House. There are other passions of the heart which must have their share in our veneration of her. There is such a thing as *being* good, which is as real and as conceivable as *doing* good, and which was before that and beyond it. The benefactions of Mr. Carnegie are many, but there are those who will feel that he was worthy to be elected third of our first ten because he has owned that the means of this came from the work of others, rather than because he had founded libraries and served the cause of peace and scientific research. We should not deny that the great surgeon who among his other wonderful achievements has learned how to "keep the heart alive one hundred and twenty days apart from the body to which it belonged" is worthy of the highest honor and fame; but why ignore the painter who can put soul into a picture?

Is it perhaps the Great American Mistake to do so? Does not it show a certain crudity of nature in us that we ignore even the existence of the arts and letters as national glories and blessings? Has it always been as it is now, and if it has not, have not we been advancing in the wrong direction? Is not our present practicality a recrudescence which we have sunk to through our passion for getting results, for material advantages such as we can see, feel, hear, touch, and taste, rather than such as appeal for appreciation to the heart and soul? Would not it be possible to prove that artists had as high claim to popular gratitude as our inventors, our charitable millionaires, even our reformers? At the door of the Luxembourg Gallery are certain figures and groups in bronze, rendering so vividly the fact of the poverty which exists in Paris that they wring the heart with pity and remorse. If there were a plebiscite in France, would the artists who created these be quite ignored in a vote which should choose the greatest inventors in aviation and automobiling chief of the French nation? Is not something like such a gross insensibility to what is essentially the highest result to be got in any civilization, manifest in the American vote which does not register a single ballot for any sculptor of ours? Or has no sculptor of ours got such a result?

In these conjectures we are asking the reader to follow us in a region where we do not blame the voters of our con-

temporary for not being able to penetrate. As far as they could go, we do not think they have gone astray; we even think they have chosen very well on their chosen ground. No living author has been considerably mentioned in their referendum as having contributed to the greatest good of the greatest number, as having "got results" of the sort that materially benefit the masses of men and women eager for light, heat, housing, and health. But perhaps even on that higher ground where the esthetic fames pine forgotten the finest results have not been achieved in the divine or heroic measure demanded by the tests employed. If we were bidden to think which of our best sellers deserved a place beside Mr. Edison, or Mr. Burbank, or Dr. Carrel, we should have some hesitation. No living author whom we recall among our hosts of novelists has "got results" in any such sort as our inventors and investigators have got them; and Mrs. Stowe alone among the immortals who are dead has surpassed those successful favorites in "getting results," if her great novel superlatively promoted the emancipation of the slaves.

The time was, easily within the recollection of any man who has survived his generation, when the American ideal was higher living instead of the higher-cost living which comes of greed for the cheapening of the creature comforts, the grossly appreciable advantages, material, mental, and moral. Yet our present recrudescence is not wholly ungenerous, if our lower ideal is that not a few but all shall share these advantages; that none shall be left behind or aside in the race for them. But undeniably we had once a fineness of ideal from which the present ideal has coarsened. In that former time our literature expressed a longing for the beauty which is truth; neither Longfellow, nor Lowell, nor Whittier could be content with the lovely line alone; its curve must lead to the strait and narrow path which few find but none need miss; it was sometimes even forced to this office. The clear, cold voice of Emerson called from the crystal air of Concord in the duteous accents which we seem to fail of in the voices of Indianapolis and our other literary centers. The greatest novel of that day, the best seller of almost any day, flamed from a passionate ardor for humanity. The incomparable romances of Hawthorne bore a message to the conscience of every reader. If a vote upon the question put by our contemporary had been taken in that day, would none of these authors have been elected among the ten whom their countrymen could least spare? Or would not Channing, Beecher, Parker, Hale, have been remembered as our benefactors along with the first electricians, reformers, philanthropists, and scientists of their different epochs?

There is really no saying. If we had a writer like Tolstoy living among us and of us, would he be counted as one of those Americans whom we should award the prizes of the highest desert as an unrivaled benefactor of his countrymen? If he would, it must be by a criterion altogether different from the criterions which the public school and the Sunday edition and the specialized magazine have taught us to use. Our good men and true, our good women and true, are known to such as have chosen among them by this referendum through the paragrapher and the interviewer, and we are not saying that they are known amiss, any more than we are saying that the choice among them is an error. Very likely the chosen are what they have been voted; their excellence is a visible and palpable thing, and the excellence of other kinds of Americans who in their different sort may have meant as well by their fellow-citizens is simply not evident to the general apprehension. For that reason the arts and letters have been passed over, and the applied sciences, economics, politics, which get results for knowledge, comfort, health, and even humanity, have their reward.

If once it seemed different, will it ever be different again, and shall the great actor, author, painter, sculptor, preacher be counted a supreme friend and helper of a grateful generation? That depends a great deal upon how the coming generation is taught; a great deal more, possibly, upon whether those who entertain and even edify the passing generation can come somehow to its ground and dwell there neighbors and friends with it, as those heroes and heroines of the average choice seem somehow to have done.

EDITOR'S STUDY

WHEN a generally accepted maxim is inverted, we have what we call a paradox. The epoch-making discoveries of science, like the Copernican theory, and the equally eminent disclosures of philosophy have been such inversions. Formal ethics are not subject to this revolution, remaining the same for ages, because applicable to relations that may be multiplied but never change; they suffer a kind of eclipse when we pass from the relative field to that of creative spiritual vision—to such a field of illumination as is laid open in the Gospel parables.

This translation to another field has the effect of paradox. The same payment to those who entered the vineyard at the eleventh hour as to those who had borne the burden and heat of the day would have been a travesty of justice if it had been at all concerned with justice. It was another kind of vineyard, in which righteousness displaced formal justice.

All such visions, or intuitions, illuminations from the life of the soul in us, are real knowledge as distinguished from generally entertained opinion. It seems to come to us, not as the result of our search, not as acquired information, and because of its immediacy we call it intuition. But we must be in the way of it, passionate watchers and seekers. It is not the fruit of experience, but it falls only within the field of living experience.

We are busily engaged most of the time, and have to be, in doing things that have definite results, clearly seen as consequences, and in this way, if we are acting rightly, we are improving conditions of earthly existence for ourselves and others, so that, as we say, the world may be better for our having lived in it. Even if we haven't this laudable object in view, in order that we and those dependent upon us may live at all, we spend most of our existence in occupations visibly useful and beneficial to the world. Therefore we are inclined to regard life itself, physical and psychical, as proceeding in the same sort of sequence, and we put a kind of arbitrary causation in the place of spontaneous creation.

But a little reflection is sufficient to convince us that while we seem to be so busy doing things, yet nothing we do is directly and essentially a living process of body or soul. Can one by thinking add to his stature? And as to thinking itself, can one will a thought? And the will — what are its hidden springs, deeply beyond our arbitrary choices? The work we think we are doing in the world—how much of it are we really doing ourselves? Can we raise corn or wheat, as we say we do? What are our machines worth but for the forces that move them and the material that feeds them? or our ships but for wind and steam?

In putting these questions, we do not reach the heart of the matter, and we seem indeed to be making much of man's dependence and impotence, which is far from our intention. We wish rather to magnify the wonder of the life that is in him, which is so great that even to himself it cannot seem to be of him. Whatever conceit he may have as to his inventions and his mastery of the world, he has looked upon every manifestation of creative life in him as something happening to him, as if it were something not himself. Individuality cannot compass it.

The world in its estimate of the works of genius does not credit the individual with the real magic. This magic does not escape the interpretative critic's sense or even the common sense, but it escapes definition. The commentator easily enough finds matter for notice in technical composition and handling, and in traits that are strictly individual — as in Byron or Poe or Whitman—but the creative miracle in the sculpture, the painting, the poem, or the story, baffles his description, and he can only give

a reproduction of it. It is qualitative. You may say that it is original, meaning that it is creative, but it does not strike you as individual.

Hence the comments on Shakespeare are chiefly concerned with textual questions. There is no apparent technique, and there are no individual traits, excepting those of the men and women he created. All the attempts that have been made to connect the man Shakespeare with his work are, to say the least, unconvincing. It was easy, therefore, and evidently a temptation to disconnect the man altogether from the authorship of his works. An artistic creation loses rather than gains from the artist's putting himself into it—it in so far lacks the creative quality. The self which he really and always must put into his work, or rather which will always find its way into it, is not his easily detected individuality, but that larger individualism by which, through his sensibility and sympathy, he has become one with the world and his kind. Thus he escapes the narrowness of invention. Shakespeare still further escaped that limitation by adopting the schemes of his plays. The creation has some mysterious connection with the alchemy of the artist's brain, but it is the creative activity which determines the alchemy. It is the old mystery of the union of soul and body.

Thus creative activity, whether of Faith or of Imagination, not only seeks concrete embodiment, but actual human incarnation, or its semblance. Divinities and human graces take human form in sculpture and painting, and we are pleased to think that this incarnation is the fulfilment of the cosmic dream.

The conflict between the spirit and the flesh, as first explicitly indicated by St. Paul, so prominent in medieval religious thought, and so large an element in the theme of Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," has a profound meaning in connection with the perversity of the human will. But there is no such radical conflict in the nature of things. On the contrary, there is naturally the most perfect union between the spirit and the senses, where the immediacy of the soul's creative activity blends with the immediacy of sense-perception.

Such integral union, which supposes man to have been originally under the complete guidance of instinct, could not have existed for any considerable period, for the simple reason that, unlike other animals, man was from the first thrown upon his own resources for protection against wild beasts; and as artifice was necessary for such defense, he was in this way soon launched upon his career as an artificer. This was a mere incident in the development of his mentality, followed by others that were prompted by necessity or choice, for his sustenance and comfort and for the rude beginnings of social order, whereby he grew away from all other animals and from the close precincts of instinct. It is impossible for us to regard so great a departure as wholly incidental; it was a destiny.

But so long as the union remained intact, so long as man was under the guidance of instinct, he was as unmoral as Nature. There was no note of revolt. Self-preservation was ignorant of justice because it had no injurious intent. Within the lines of kinship instinct was tensely altruistic, without ethical motive. It was so closely sheathed, so immediate in its activities and contacts, that it could not conceive of exploitation. Man's nature—we could hardly call it human—was consistent within itself and in no way discordant with universal Nature.

The detachment of man from this instinctive régime, through his conscious rational development, did not mean a breach with Nature, nor any real schism between soul and sense. It was a slow development, and for a long period thought, which was feeling as well, was only less inextricably than instinct linked with Nature and the senses. Civilization was preceded by barbarism, in which there was not enough exercise of intellect to promote the conquest of natural forces or a moral social order. The guidance of instinct, save within its narrow bounds, had been surrendered for a faltering intelligence the demands upon which were greatly increased and in a larger field. Tribal organization had displaced the primitive communality, and there was only a tribal conscience, which was inverted toward all outside humanity, so that the stranger was an enemy, whom every member of the tribe was in duty bound to fight. War, which is a

disgrace to a perfected civilization, began, and for ages was continued, not only with no sense of its criminality, but as a religious sacrament.

Certainly no one could charge human intellect in this stage of its development with any subtle diabolism. What one deplores is the lack of a clearer intelligence and of a finer ethical discrimination. In the building up of human experience there are three factors:

1. The elementary dispositions, passions, and appetites—the animal nature, connected with the sensorimotor system. This is what is ordinarily called human nature, and it may be truly said of it that it remains in all ages essentially the same. Nativity is its recrudescence from generation to generation.

2. The conscious will or mind, with freedom of choice through mediate processes in a relative field; and

3. The life of the soul in man, creative and immediate in procedure; not an annex to man's biological and mental constitution, but the root and flower of his distinctive humanity.

Now, from first to last in human experience the soul is more intimate to the senses than to the mind; stealing into the heart of man and speaking its inarticulate language; possessing and renewing the society which springs directly from the ground of elemental kinship, until it shall create a society bound together by a sympathy embracing the whole human family; and then the terms expressing that sympathy shall be derived from the elemental prototype. So too the soul dwells in our vision and hearing, which give us our largest perception of Nature, finding in their real content, apart from our mental concepts, the quality of truth and of beauty. Our souls are happy in our senses, and share our heritage of the pathos in mortal things.

But the life of the soul in human experience, though in its nature so independent of mental processes, waits especially upon the enlightenment and expansion of consciousness. Reason as creative and intuitional, the light of all our seeing, is directly of the soul, its intuitions inseparable from those of Faith and Imagination. Our arbitrary volitions and the mediate processes of our understandings, in the field of consciousness, are, in the mysterious union of the soul and body, themselves as mysterious a blending of psychical and physiological phenomena. There is in this union neither confusion nor schism, since both the soul and Nature have one eternal ground. In the competitive civilization which succeeds barbarism, where as representing the advanced social organization, as the result of intellectual development, we have the Roman Empire instead of scattered and conflicting tribes or groups of tribes, we note the existence of vices so unnatural and so foreign to instinct and utterly unknown to a state of barbarism—vices due to greed and ambition: class tyrannies and ruthless exploitation not merely of strangers but of compatriots. It is in the face of all this that we exclaim against the mind of man which has built up this artificial fabric, and pronounce it refractory to God and Nature.

To say that it was all necessary would be to commit ourselves to the theory of determinism, whereas it is owing to the freedom of the human will that the extreme of perversity is possible, that there are so many tares with the wheat. But the wheat is there. That very Roman Empire, honeycombed, if you will, with vice, was, in its social order, security, and peace, in the amenities of its public and private life, a preparation for Christianity such as no Eastern society offered. Nor are we to forget the permissive conditions offered for a new spiritual awakening by the Hellenic intellectual culture pervading the empire.

And so in the centuries which followed, while the elemental basis of man's nature remains forever the same, but ever more and more subject to mental and moral discipline with the advance of intellectual culture, even though the progress may outwardly seem to be mainly mechanical and materialistic, with all the evils of materialism, and beset with all the vices of system, yet every expansion of intellectual consciousness has given larger room for the creative activities of the soul, and we see the evidences of their transforming power in renewal of spiritual growth. The larger consciousness, with its deeper sensibility, invites the greater love and light and the intimacy of an art which loves to dwell therein.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Quest of the Ribband

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

LORD RONALD was lord of a high domain
(He dwelt on the eighteenth floor).
His bride was the Beauteous Lady Jane,
A rose-colored robe she wore.

A boudoir-cap o' the velvet fine
Lay soft on her tresses' gold.
She read the Advertisements line for line
To know what the Papers told:

Of laces at Macy's, of thimbles at Gimbel's, of urns at Stern's and churns at Hearn's, of axes at Saks's, gold eagles at Siegel's, rubber heels at O'Neill's, fur mittens like Peary's at Mr. McCreery's, and silver salt-shakers at John Wanamaker's.



"OF YARDS FULL THREE ITS LENGTH SHALL BE"

"Now busk thee and boun thee, Lord Ronald!" she cried;
"Away to the Bargain Sale
And fetch me a Band o' the Silk o' Pride
O' the hue o' the lilac pale!

"A Silken Band o' the width o' my hand
And rilled as the water clear;
Of yards full three its length shall be,
And its shade—like the Sample, here!"

The Sample he took from her fingers white,
He kissed her with kisses four,
And hied him away—oh, the Hardy Knight!
To the Gate o' the Mammoth Store.

To him in the rush o' that Awesome Place
Where gaping and dumb he stood,
A Floor-Walker ambled with dainty grace
And questioned him what he would.

Quoth Ronald, "Thou Floor-Walker great and grand,
A Word in thy Pearly Ear:
Now where shall I get me a Silken Band
O' the shade o' the Sample here?"

He patted himself on the nut-brown hair,
That Floor-Walker bright and brave;
He pointed his Thumb to the marble stair
And said, with a Gracious Wave:

"Third aisle, right; down one flight; elevator; escalator; eighth floor, west; trousers pressed; second turning; wood-burning; shipping-clerk; fancy-work; straight ahead; cake and bread; past rest-room; near guest-room; photo-mounter; Ribbon-counter!"

"Gramércy!" him answered Lord Ronald then,
And turned on his heel full swift,
And battled his way to that iron pen
Which Englishmen call "The Lift."

While up through the glimmering shaft they sped
As fast as a Shooting Star,
He spake to the Youth o' the Auburn Head
That governed the Iron Car:

"Say thou o' the Cap that is brightly bound
Wi' Braid o' the Golden Fleece,
Oh, where may a Ribband o' Silk be found
That's like to my Sample Piece?"

The Galliard that governed the speeding Car
From out of his dream awoke.
He halted the Cage wi' a grinding jar,
He opened his lips and spoke:



"He scattered them fro and to"

"Mind the door! Eighth floor!—Iron-heaters, carpet-beaters; negligées, lacquer trays; princesse slips, ostrich tips; curtain-poles, bolster-rolls; Brussels nets, shaving sets; ticket punches, boxed lunches; office dials, graded vials; pillow-shams, smoked hams; silver gauze, rabbit paws; riding-crops, kitchen mops; opera scores, cedar oars; menu-holders, bill-folders; wax matches, window-catches; music chimes, pickled limes; paper pencils, pattern stencils; powder jars, fine cigars; printing-presses, party dresses; p'rambulators, overgaiters, nutmeg-graters, indicators; champagne-nippers, copper dippers, wire-clippers, carpet slippers; couches, pouches; broilers, oilers; puzzles, muzzles; biggins, piggins; pins, tins; nibs, bibs; chains, canes; balls, shawls; dotted veils, percales, wooden pails, Special Sales: New books, view books; sets of Gibbons', SILK RIBBONS!"

Now halted Lord Ronald and wavered long,
  But thought on his Dame's behest;
And forth through the whirl of the jostling throng
  He fared on his knightly Quest.

He sought for that Ribband of lilac hue
  Desired of his queenly Bride.
Unswerving he held to his Purpose true,
  For nothing he turned aside,

Though sirens expanded their Golden Smiles
  To dazzle the Daring Man
Where hither and yon in the tangled aisles
  Were Magical Scrolls which ran:

"Rices, spices—lowest prices!" "Lamps, guimpes—trading-stamps!" "Braids, brocades—highest grades!" "Waists—assorted—just imported!" "Fancy collars—seven dollars!" "Caps for nurses—suit all purses!" "Pure confections—choice selections!" "Water-wings, garden-swings; baby-wagons, crystal flagons; herbariums, aquariums; thermometers, barometers; zoetropes, microscopes, braided ropes, envelopes; stocks, blocks, frocks, clocks; mixing-bowls, casseroles!"

Right onward he pressed to a Counter, dressed
Wi' Ribbands of every shade;
And he was aware of a Maiden there
Which spake to another Maid.

But still as she chattered, that Maiden young,
And settled her combs aright,
"Now hearken, O Maid o' the Lively Tongue,"
Cried Ronald, the Hardy Knight!

"For fain would I buy wi' the silver due,
Or else wi' the gude red Gold,
A Ribband o' Silk o' the lilac hue
That's like to the Shred I hold."

She daunted the Knight wi' a Vacant Glare
As though he were far away.
She palsied his lips wi' a Stony Stare
While ever she said her say:

"Sez I, sez you, sez they, sez he; sez I to her, sez she to me. Sez I to him, 'We got to part!' 'Oh, Girlie, ain't you got no heart?' sez he, so sad, I nearly cried. He'd took her for a auto-ride—that Sadie! Ain't she got a nerve! Sez I to him, 'You don't deserve—' Sez he, 'Jest give a man a chance!' Sez I, 'You goin' to the dance?' Sez I to him, sez he to me; sez you, sez they, sez I, sez she."

Lord Ronald was stout, Lord Ronald was hale,
Lord Ronald was bold, forby;
His gauntlet he set on the counter-rail;
He vaulted that Counter high!

The Ribbands, he rummaged them To and Fro,
He scattered them Fro and To,
Till he found in its wrapping as white as snow
The Ribband of lilac hue.

Then yards full three wi' his Snickersnee
He cut of that Ribband gay;
On the Counter he told its Weight in Gold
And carried the Prize away;—

Away from the Damsel of Cold Disdain,
Away from the Mammoth Store.
And he and the Beauteous Lady Jane
Lived happily ever more.

When the Pot Calls the Kettle Black

THE Western Indians, though not fond of work, do not approve of indolent white men. The "heap white man" is the white man who works hard, and to sit by and watch him while he toils seems to afford them never-failing pleasure.

Some young "warriors" of the Blackfoot tribe sat in the shade one day watching a group of laborers who were constructing a grade for a railroad branch in Montana. Suddenly a bicyclist, the first they had ever seen, hove in sight. He had got off the train at the last station and was going to the fort, a little farther on.

The Indians watched the wheelman without a word until he passed from view, then they expressed their sentiments.

"No good white man," one remarked.

"No," declared another, with great scorn. "Heap lazy white man—sits down to walk!"

A Practical Soul

NOT long ago a country parson went to preach in an old remote parish in the southern part of Maine. The aged sexton, in taking him to the place, insinuatingly said:

"I jest do hope you won't mind preachin' from the chancel. Ye see, this is a quiet place, no children about, an' I've got a duck a-settin' on fourteen eggs in the pulpit."

Being Loyal to the Organization

THE new school-teacher in a rural town gave a boy a question in compound proportion for home work one evening. It included the circumstance of "men working ten hours a day to complete a certain work."

The next morning the teacher, in looking over the little pack of exercises, found this boy's sum wholly unattempted. Calling him to her, she asked why he had not tried to do the sum.

The boy, after considerable fumbling around in his pockets, brought forth a note from his father and handed it to her. Unfolding it, the teacher read:

"Miss,—I refuse to let my boy do his sum you give him as it looks to me to be a slur at 8-hour sistum enny sum not more than 8 hours he is welcum to do but not more."

At Home

BESSIE and Bertie were at a loss for a game to play.

"Oh, let's play being 'at home' and have 'a day,'" suggested Bessie.

"'A day?'" queried Bertie. "What does that mean?"

"Why, don't you know?" said Bessie, wisely. "All the fashionable people have 'days.' God's day is Sunday, and mother's is Tuesday."



"I must have changed a lot since I was here last summer, Grandmother. The chickens don't seem to recognize me."

The Valor of Ignorance

MR. SNIBBLES got out of bed and slipped on his shoes.

"This must stop," he muttered, irritably, to his wife. "I'm going down-stairs to teach that young man to keep away from my house in the future."

"John," cried his wife, "stop! Don't go—"

But before she could say more he had slipped out of the door. She heard him steal down-stairs to the drawing-room; she heard sounds of a struggle and of the breaking of glass; she heard him drag his adversary to the hall and kick him down the front steps. Then when he returned she flung herself upon him and clung to him admiringly.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Don't you know?" she answered. "That was a burglar!"

"Great Scott!" he gasped, turning pale. "Why didn't you tell me before? I thought it was Ethel's sweetheart."

From the Inside Out

LITTLE Mildred, going to Sunday-school, had been spoken to by her mother for being careless about her wearing apparel. Her mother tried to impress upon the child that she must always dress with scrupulous neatness.

The following Sunday the teacher, in hearing the lesson, had occasion to mention that the "hearts of little children should always be the purest and cleanest."

Mildred had not been paying attention. The teacher suddenly said:

"Mildred, what should be the purest and cleanest about a little child?"

To the great astonishment of the teacher, Mildred replied quickly:

"Your underclothes."

Excusable

AN evangelist was once conducting joint revival meetings in the two churches, Methodist and Presbyterian, of a small town.

Children's meetings were held every day at the close of school, first in one church and then in the other.

One day two girls who attended the Presbyterian church were discussing the meeting which was to be held in the Methodist church that afternoon, when Mary asked:

"What would you do if they should ask you to pray?"

"I wouldn't do it," answered Martha. "I'd just tell them I'm a Presbyterian."

It Never Failed Yet

A NUMBER of offenders had been disposed of by the magistrate, when there was brought before him a son of the old sod.

"Phwat name?" snapped the magistrate, as he glared at the prisoner.

"Patrick Casey, sorr."

"Hov ye ever been befure me befure?"

"No, your Honor-r. Oi've seen but wan face that looked like yourn, an' thot was the picture of an Irish king."

"Discharged!" announced his Honor. "Call the next case!"

Scarcely Kind to Uncle

"YOUR uncle is a religious man, isn't he, Miss Merriam?" inquired the hostess.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" returned the other. "He positively hates everybody who belongs to any other church."

The Reward of Industry

THE teacher was entertaining the school commissioners one afternoon.

"That is one of my brightest pupils," she said, indicating a boy who was seated at one of the desks, intent upon writing; "he is always busy studying while his companions are wasting their time out at play. "Morris," she said to the boy, "let me see what you are writing, please."

"No'm," replied the boy, "I don't want to."

"He is a modest boy," explained the teacher. "Come, Morris, I want to read it."

Morris reluctantly handed her the paper, and she read:

"Please excuse Morris from school to-day as he is needed at home."



EFFIE: "*Haven't you gone into long dresses yet, Miss Evelyn?*"



"Is the Biscuit Tortoni good to-day, waiter?"
"I don't know about the Tortoni, sir, but the meringue glacé that I got on my thumb was delicious."

Wishes

BY EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

I WISH my eyes were big and blue,
And I had golden curls;
I wish my legs were fatter, too,
Like other little girls'.

I'd love a dimple in my chin;
I wish my mouth were small—
And oh, the way my teeth fit in
I do not like at all!

But Daddy says he really thinks
That when I get my growth,
I'll look like Mother. "Cheer up, Jinks!"
He says, and hugs us both.

How very splendid that would be!
I wonder if it's true—
For Mother says that she can see
I'm *Daddy*—through and through!

And they don't look alike one bit;
It's queer as queer can be
That I *can* look like both, and it
Just makes me look like me!

And when I wish my hair would curl,
And that my eyes were blue,
My Mother says, "No, little girl—
For then you'd not be you!"



"What do you mean by bringing a friend home to dinner when there isn't a worm in the house?"

Curable, Fortunately

TOMMY'S AUNT: "Won't you have another piece of pie, Tommy?"

TOMMY: *(sighing)*: "No'm, thank you."

TOMMY'S AUNT: "You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite, young man. Are you ill?"

TOMMY *(sighing again)*: "No'm. What I'm sufferin' from is politeness."

Insubordination

SOME years ago the Secretary of the Navy issued an order that officers should not permit their wives to live at the foreign stations to which their husbands were attached.

The order was once set at naught by a Commodore who wrote to the Secretary:

"It becomes my painful duty to report that my wife, Eleanor Franklin, has, in disobedience to my orders, and in the face of regulations of the department, taken up her residence at the station, and persistently refuses to leave."

The Time for Prayer

ETHEL, aged five, was allowed for the first time to accompany her mother to an afternoon missionary meeting. As usual, the meeting was opened with prayer in which several participated. Ethel gazed in wide-eyed astonishment, and at the completion said in a stage whisper, "Mother, what are all those ladies afraid of in the daytime?"

A Promising Child Indeed

FOR politeness this little girl should take first prize.

A school director was calling on a prominent New York woman one morning not long ago on school business, and as the interview was at an end he encountered her little girl playing in the hall. She rose politely and opened the door for him.

"Thank you," said he. "I am sorry to give you so much trouble."

"Oh," she answered, with a bright smile, "I am only sorry I am not letting you in."

As It Was in the Beginning

NOT long ago the second son of a very distinguished English statesman was elected to Parliament for a division in Cambridgeshire. It appears that during the contest reference was constantly made to the father's opposition to the Budget, which his son supported. At one of the London clubs the candidate was asked whether this action on the part of the father did not amount to "hitting below the belt."

"Oh," said the son, "when one's father does hit one, it generally is below the belt."

Truly Graphic

THERE was a change of curates in the parish, and shortly after one of the prominent men of the congregation asked his chauffeur:

"How do you like the new curate, Barney?"

"Middlin'," replied Barney, "but he can't come up to the old one. 'Twas himself could tell ye all about hell. Shure, to hear him describin' it, you'd think he was bred, born, and reared there."



Find the man who prophesied fair weather and a good sailing breeze.



Painting by William Hurd Lawrence Illustration for "Cartagena the Ancient"

A MEDLEY OF LIFE FILLS THE NARROW STREETS

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By Caravan through the Libyan Desert

BY DANIEL TREMBLY MACDOUGAL, Ph.D., LL.D.

Director of the Desert Laboratory, Carnegie Institution of Washington

"*TSHUG? Tshug?*" said Abou Salem, our Bedouin leader, moving his swinging arms up and down piston fashion to imitate the stride of a camel, then swept the sky from east to west in the course of the sun to ask if we wished to travel from sunrise to sunset without halting the caravan. A dozen camels were drinking against a five days' thirsty march to Dahkla, from the tepid, sluggish stream that issued from the flowing well, Ain Mansura, near the date orchards of Nadura in the oasis of Kharga. Tanks of iron, water-bags of canvas, and gazelle-skins were being filled, and packs were being adjusted to the saddles of the bubbling, roaring, and snarling camels, while our Bedouin and Sudanese drivers chattered in an explosive dialect, unwritten, unwritable, and unknown to civilized man, probably of the hazards and hardships to be encountered in the round of the western oases of Egypt upon which we were about to start. Much of this was conjecture on our part, as the conversation might have been carried on in the purest Arabic without enlightenment to us. Friends and officials from San Francisco to Khartoum had been insistent in their advice that a caravan journey without a dragoman or interpreter would be uncomfortable or impossible, but some experience with aboriginals of North America had furnished basis for the presumption that the principal daily needs of intercourse on a rough march might be met with a few gestures and fewer words.

Our purpose was to make a sketchy analysis of the physical conditions which conjoin to make the Libyan Desert one of the most intensely arid regions of the globe, and to note the manner in which living things, plants and animals, had adjusted themselves to the climate. The improvised fiction usually delivered by interpreters did not promise any serious contribution on this subject. Furthermore, the advantage of seeing the Bedouin and his ways in the desert unhampered by a dragoman, whose presence conduces to annoying servility and well-meaning misrepresentation, far outweighed any consideration of comfort or safety.

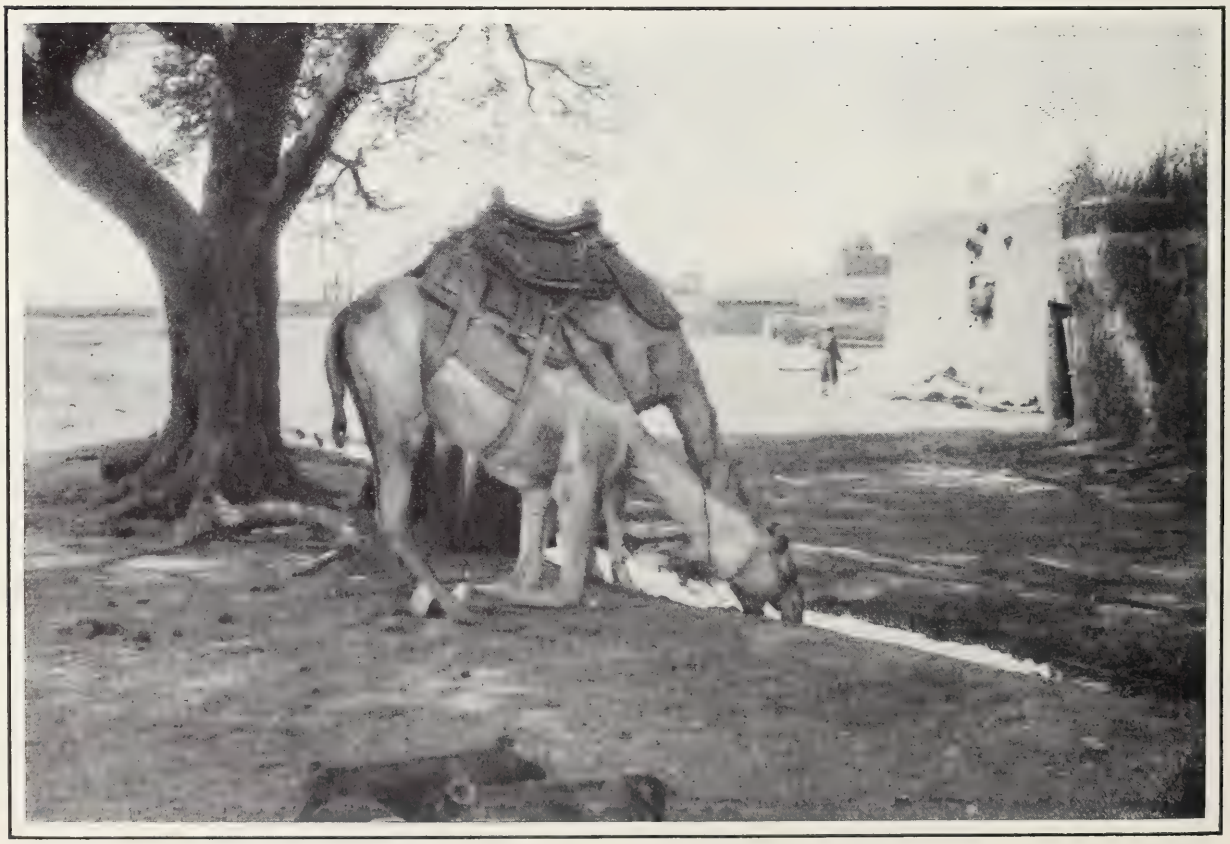
A gesture of assent and an emphatic "*aiwa,*" in reply to the sheik's inquiry, expended one-twentieth of our available Arabic, and started the caravan on a journey of nearly five hundred miles early in February of the present year. Every effort was made to avoid interference with the detail of daily action, and we committed ourselves as self-effacing passengers to the cara-

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van, after a plain agreement as to the route to be followed. We declined to be annoyed by mention of bakshish on the part of our cameleers or of strangers, such requests and other importunities being steadfastly not understood on our part. Insistence on promptness in the morning start and in the observance of certain hygienic precautions in taking a supply of water made the only disturbances in the daily routine. Our reward was rich and immediate. While we discussed the things about us, making records with unobtrusive note-books and deceptive-angle camera, our own appearance, actions, and mishaps were observed and commented upon, respectfully, but doubtless in the minutest detail, which often resulted in our wants being anticipated.

We had left the Nile one cool morning early in the month in the state compartment of the train which runs twice weekly from Owasla-el-Wahat, on the main line, over the narrow-gage road which climbs over the Libyan plateau west of Luxor and old Thebes, by ancient belief the abode of the dead. But one green thing was seen before reaching the oasis of Kharga, and that was a willow-tree of a man's height, surrounded by a low, dried mud wall at a lone station midway of the journey. All of the water used here came in tank-cars from the river sixty miles away, and the total effort spent upon this slender shrub probably represented the value of several choice orchids. The small cars were double-roofed, with overhanging eaves coming down partly in front of the windows, in which the glass was of the tint of spectacles sold to tourists on four continents. The third-class wagons were also provided with double roof, but the sides were cut away to within a yard of the floor, thus giving the native passengers ventilation and an outlet for chewed sugar-cane, which was seen to issue in a shower from the sides of the train.

Near the end of the day we arrived at the Merkez of the Western Egypt Development Company in Kharga, where final arrangements for the caravan were perfected. The baggage-camels provided were well matched for endurance and carrying capacity, and the riding-animals, though not of racing stock, were capable of a steady three miles per hour around the clock. Abou Salem, the



DRINKING AGAINST A FIVE DAYS' THIRSTY MARCH



MOUNTING OUR STEEDS

sheik in charge, was a wiry, alert, hawk-faced Bedouin, with a wide range of desert experience, and had in his younger days tracked up and down the Darb-el-Arbain, or road of forty days, which ran past our starting-place up into Kordofan and down a thousand miles to Assiût on the Nile, bringing ivory and feathers to Lower Egypt. Under him were Nimr (the tiger), factotum and cook, and seven camel-boys, whose total disreputable belongings and clothing could have been easily carried in a single handkerchief. The cameleers supposedly furnished their own commissary, but during the entire trip we saw no supplies among them except the sheep which were bought for them at three of the principal stops, and of these everything except a few splashes of blood and the skins appeared to be consumed.

The daily programme began at five-thirty in the morning, with a laborious awakening of the semi-torpid Arabs, who huddled in the lee of the baggage, with their scanty clothing mostly bound round their heads. Bits of wood and dried camel dung might be collected during the day's march to furnish a tiny fire in the evening, over which some cooking would be done, but the luxury of a fire for warmth in the morning, the grateful solace of the American desert, was not available for any of us. The clumsy packing on the expostulating camels would be done in a ragged and haphazard fashion in the chill air, and a hasty breakfast would be eaten, standing, from the boxes. Plates and cups were taken from our hands and stowed in the cook's kit, which a minute later rose precariously aloft on the last load. Then we struck out afoot with ten minutes' start, as the sun came over the horizon, mounting an hour or two later as our led animals came up. Late in the day we dismounted to walk the last four or five miles into camp. The unhalting caravan moved at a fairly uniform speed of two and a half miles an hour during the eleven-hour day. All of the scientific work outside of the oases was done in the time allowed by the superior speed of the riding-animals. A long lead would be secured by an hour or two of brisk pacing, then instruments would be set up for photography, sketching, or range-finding; but the remorseless movement of the caravan soon brought them abreast, and if we lingered afterward, the stern chase was generally found to be a long one.

The camel is the one characteristically desert animal that has been domesticated,

though it is probable that not much change in its habits has been made in the process. The nature and behavior of these animals were as strange to us as at our boyhood's first circus, and many vivid descriptions of their soul-racking gait had become real to us, as we had made a trial mount at Port Sudan, on the Red Sea, a month before. The start on the long journey was made after a total experience of less than fifteen miles of riding, but whatever misgivings we may have had were dispelled when it became apparent that the horseman who has gained his experience in the roomy seat and with the long stirrup-leather of the Texas or cowboy saddle is in the way of finding himself quickly at home in the *mahklufa,* or camel-saddle, of Egypt. Cover a sawbuck with carpet, fasten a rocking-chair seat to the top, place a sheepskin on this, through which project the short knobs or pommels fore and aft, and some notion of the camel-saddle will be gained.

Climbing aboard a loaded baggage-camel as practised by the cameleers was much like scrambling into a moving wagon, but mounting a kneeling camel might develop the unexpected, and it was noted that even our veteran sheik frequently called a boy to steady his animal while he got in place. The camel is kneeling, with the calloused projection of its breast-bone resting heavily on the ground, and you approach the padded seat, which lies at the level of your belt, and looks as accessible as an arm-chair in a quiet room. To get in place you must throw the right knee over the forward pommel, then grab both pommels as anchorage against the coming upheaval. This may follow with such lightning-like rapidity that you are incontinently dumped to one side, while even the most athletic sometimes go up clinging to the side of the saddle and scramble into the seat later. Proper assistance to the dignified rider who does not care for such display consists in holding down the head of the animal, while a loop of the riding-line around the bent fore-leg prevents the camel from rising until the rider is up. When both restraints are removed, the animal instantly gets into position for the rise, tilting the saddle backward, then comes up on its hind-legs, finishing with a swift jerk in front and a shaking toss, the separate movements being disconcerting to the novice. Once aloft, the rider may sit in a variety of positions, which eases the long day and is far less fatiguing than a similar length of time on horseback. The height is such that the head is held nine or ten feet above the ground, producing much the same feeling of elation as that remembered from riding the old high-wheel bicycle, and at the same time giving rise to speculations as to the result of a header. My own desire for knowledge was soon to be satisfied. A fortnight after the start, the caravan emerged from the sand-dunes north of Dahkla, through which we had been plodding for four days, and as it was important to reach water before nightfall, the three riders scouted ahead to find a sealed well reputed to lie near the margin of the sand. Crossing a small ridge of limestone about noon-time, the pacing camel stumbled on a stone no larger than a golf-ball and turned a somersault which catapulted me to a distance of several yards, where I landed unhurt. However, before I could run back the animal was up and away, and I was compelled to trail it to Bir Dikkar, carrying instruments and other articles dropped from the torn saddle-bags.

The main requirement of a model of the country traversed would be a number of huge, irregular, knobby slabs of coarse, yellowish sandstone a hundred miles or so across, and containing beds and pockets of clay and marl. These should be laid down with the northern margins at the level of the Mediterranean, with the southern edges tilted up to expose a scarp or edge several hundred feet in thickness. Other slabs should be put down to the southward, with the southern edges tilted to a height of fifteen hundred or two thousand feet. Now imagine this series of slopes exposed to a subtropical sun, to the *khamsin,* or fifty-day wind of March and April, and to the northerly winds of winter, with uncertain rain-storms occurring in any one locality twice a year or perhaps twice in a century, and you have a working idea of the Libyan Desert with its oases.

Primitive man in his earlier wanderings, driven out into the stress of the

dry places by what desire or necessity we know not, found seeps and flowing springs immediately under the great scarps or cliffs, which were the center of all of the wild life of the region. In addition to the flow coming up through distinct openings and crevices, the water in other places diffused upward through the loose crust, giving sufficient moisture for a characteristic vegetation, but not in such volume as to bring the liquid to the surface. This may not be accomplished by the most expert engineering in most places of this kind. The sand, loosened from the surface by heat and cold and the action of the wind, was driven as a cutting blast which carved deeply into the exposed cliffs, planing and polishing the surfaces of exposed limestone into scroll-like mirrors of *karafesh,* leaving knobs and mounds of clay and marl here and there in the depressions and on the higher slopes.

If a section of sandstone moistened by water was encountered, this was held together by the moisture, and was not cut down, remaining as a hill. In other cases the water flowing from a spring caught and held moving sand, which was in time cemented and built up into little hills as much as a hundred feet in height, and it is on these elevations that the most interesting historical records may be found. Man on the Libyan Desert has always built his dwellings of mud and stone on the moist hills, and some of these yield at a glance the sequence of paleolithic man, Berber, Egyptian, Roman, Persian, and modern pagan, Copt, and Moslem, in records from the rudest pottery of baked mud to the products of the finer arts of the present.

The golden sands of the Egyptian desert cover great areas on the long slopes, in the shape of ridges which run fifteen degrees west of north and east of south for a distance as great as three hundred miles in some places. Under a westerly wind the crests of the dunes take on a knife-edge sharpness. The northerly winds of winter, however, blowing the length of the dunes, break down the sharp crests and build crescents which give the summits of the ridges a toothed effect like a saw. In addition minor ridges may connect two parallel dunes, but it is possible to ride for many miles along a clean-swept lane of *sogag* a quarter to a half mile wide, between the dunes which rise on either hand to a height of a hundred feet or more.

The first section of the journey lay along the sandstone escarpment from the village of Nadura in Kharga to the little villages of Tenida, Smint, Mut, Rashida, and Dahkla, in the oasis of Dahkla,



ROUNDED HILLS OF THE LIBYAN DESERT WORN BY THE WIND

about one hundred miles to the westward. Both oases are in the same general depression not many feet above sea-level, and it was on the track between them that the first opportunity for close examination of the desert was afforded. First of all, the reader is asked to join in relegating to the scrap-heap travelers' tales of dry places utterly devoid of life. The intricate pattern of living things which characterizes the moister regions becomes simplified in the desert and many threads disappear, but the areas of land surface not used or occupied by plants or animals are limited in extent and remote, indeed, from sources of water.

Regions in southwestern America that convey the impression of extreme aridity are, in fact, rich in life, and that part of Arizona contiguous to the domain of the Desert Laboratory bears as many species of plants per square mile as the densest tropical jungle: the number of individuals representing each form is, of course, very small. The same is probably true of the eastern desert of Egypt between the Nile and the Red Sea. Conditions conspire against the traveler who looks casually for evidence of living things in the Libyan Desert. The caravan track consists of a network of trails which spread out in a band from a few yards to a mile in width. The camel plodding along these trails ravages everything but rock and sand, and the traveler will be carried along the bared strip. If he should attempt to lean upon information gathered from the Bedouins, he will find that they know but little of the country on either side of the caravan track, and remember only those plants affording camel food. The widest interval between clumps of vegetation on our journey was crossed on the first and second days, when a distance of forty miles of gravel, sand, and broken rock was traversed, in which no vestige of any kind of a plant dead or alive was found between the bunches of grass near Nadura, and the crop of dead stems of an annual plant which had grown up after some vagrant rain-storm two or three years before in a depression near some sandstone knobs. The branches crumbled in the dry air, but a profusion of shiny, lens-shaped seeds were falling to the ground; and these, capable of withstanding desiccation for many years, would spring quickly into life with the first supply of moisture.

We were not allowed to think that the bare area was circular in outline, because the scarp rose a short distance to the northward, and the sand-dunes not far away promised vegetation at their bases. In the middle of this stretch a rodent-like mouse crept into the circle of the camp-light in search of food, and probably scores of its kind found sustenance near the track. Lizards were seen near the carcasses of camels, and these also must have some general distribution in the region or they could not take advantage so quickly of this and other windfalls. Gazelles ranged several days' journey from water, and might be seen fifty miles away from any available supply. Fragments of ostrich egg-shells with rounded and smooth edges were found on the sand-dunes south and east of Farafra, far to the northward of the present range of the species, and in places where they have not been known to exist for a long time. Foxes and jack-rabbits also ranged widely in the desert, and no day passed that opportunities were not afforded for seeing the adaptations of form and habit displayed by plants and animals which occupy these driest of all dry places. Plants have steadily developed structures more suitable for existence in arid regions ever since the first simple forms found a footing above the reach of the tides, so that one has the consciousness of seeing this particular evolutionary tendency at its very highest expression in the indurated species of the desert.

The adaptations made by man to conditions of aridity are none the less interesting, and when one attempts to visualize the way in which these deserts have been used in the past, the principal points in the current discussions as to possible changes of climate in this and other parts of the world are brought forcibly to mind. The oases visited did not in our brief examination give evidence of greater fertility in the past, although skilful engineering may have made the water-supply of greater efficiency. The water from the wells comes from sea-level and lower, and probably has no direct connection with the rain-



Our Caravan climbing the Slopes of a sand-filled Ravine

fall of any part of the country within a thousand miles. Fluctuations of climate which would double the present precipitation would have but little temporary effect and leave no lasting signs, and it is doubtful whether tenfold the amount of rain would result in appreciably greater fertility, since the present amount is very slight. Sections of caravan tracks leading toward the westward and interior of Africa, now unused, suggest changes in trade routes or extinguished oases of which there are indeed traditions. Legends of villages buried in the sand, of unknown swamps and wadies, are rife, and the reputed loss of the army of King Cambyses in the desert sands must have had some fatality for its foundation. Whatever may have been the climatic conditions, the weapons and mementoes to be picked up show that paleolithic man plodded along the wearisome trails from one watering-place to another, and that later people who carried water and food in clay vessels followed some of the same routes, as evinced by the thickly strewn fragments of pottery illustrative of the art of several thousands of years. Their presence midway of the long-dry tangents indicates accidents to water stores and consequent suffering. The camel skeletons and oblong mounds which dot the track at frequent intervals suggest that while some riders may have walked to safety, not all who leave one oasis may reach the cooling shade of the next one.

A man afoot in the American deserts uses from twelve to twenty pints of water daily; and a horse, one of the most unadaptive of all animals taken out into the dry places, consumes ten times as much. In such places the water-bottle and tank is the most carefully looked-after part of the traveler's outfit, while but little attention is paid to the sun or to temperatures. Much less water appears to be needed in the Libyan Desert, while here and all through the hot countries of the East extraordinary precautions are taken to shield the head and neck from the sun and wind. One may walk for hours in the hottest part of



Unsealing a Well, Bir Dikkar

America without special regard to the direct effects of the sun, and a member of the staff of the Desert Laboratory spends as much as a month in the field with no head covering. Whether real differences are to be found between the physiological effects of light in Eastern and in American deserts is not established. It is apparent, however, that the yellowish, glittering sand of the Egyptian desert and the effect of the almost continuous winds result in marked "sunburning" effects.

Sand as a feature of desert landscapes is not so prominent as ordinarily supposed. Dunes of size are to be found in but few places in America away from the sea-shore, but in northern Africa more extensive areas are occupied by huge ridges. One may travel for days without seeing either a mound or the unbroken stretches of sand which figure so largely in literature. Despite these facts, there is enough of fine particles of dust and broken rock present everywhere to become unpleasantly noticeable in a wind. One soon becomes accustomed to grit in the pockets, made aware of its presence by the roughened pages of the note-book, and may even come to enjoy the titillation of having it sift down inside collar and belt, but when it finds a resting-place in footgear it becomes really obtrusive. The least motion of the air disturbs the finer dust on the surface of the ground, and with increasing force of the wind larger particles are lifted and moved along, pelting and abrading everything in their path. The downward action of rain and streams carves mountains and hills into ridges and gullies, which afford shelters from the direct action of storms in moister regions. The wearing action of the horizontally moving sand-blast results in rounded contours much like half an egg, behind which there is no real shelter. When looking for a camping-place at the close of the day, Abou Salem would manœuver to leeward of a small hill, seeking the spot in which the least sand was falling, for no place would be entirely free from it if there was any wind motion. When he came to a quieter place, which might be directly against the base of a cliff or out some distance from it, a few moments' pause would be made, and if the occasional eddy which reached the place did not carry too much grit, the baggage would be arranged for

the night. One might begin dinner or unfold a camera in fancied security, when a disconcerting blast would deluge everything with a shower of sand which penetrated into the mechanism of shutters and plate-holders of cameras as well as into the recesses of "waterproof" baggage. The experience of only a day or two was needed to learn that the least discomfort would be met by facing the wind with a fold of cloth before the face, an expedient readily used when riding, but making difficulties for the man afoot.

Our own experience left nothing to be desired in the way of opportunities for seeing the action of a Saharan sandstorm. A leisurely journey from Mut in the oasis of Dahkla took us northward, one day in February, to Qasr Dahkl, which lies under a scarp rising fifteen hundred feet above it. A breeze rose steadily during the day and night, and when the morning call to prayers sounded from a near-by house-top in the chill dawn, the roar of the wind passing high overhead was distinct and ominous. A steep ravine piled deep with sand gave passage up the slope, and when we had toiled up this, reaching the rim at noon, the full violence of a gale of thirty-five or forty miles an hour came directly in our faces. Pebbles as large as peas were being moved along near the ground, while finer particles were carried so high as to strike a camel-rider in the face. A halt was soon necessary. A second essay was made; but the track was almost obliterated, and it was prudent to keep the animals and men in close order. Presently the characteristic smell of wet sand came to the nostrils, followed by scattering rain-drops, which added to the cooling effect of the wind. It was necessary to make camp, and this was done directly, in the open, with no shelter except the lee of the baggage and two sleeping-bags. The wind abated somewhat by morning, but our muslin-clad cameleers must have found the temperature of several degrees below freezing-point quite uncomfortable, since we suffered, though clothed as if for an arctic climate. The breeze continued during the day, but with diminished force, much to our good fortune, as we entered high dunes through which we were to travel for three days. The sand was disposed in ridges as much as a hundred feet in height, with stretches of *sogag* between.

Once you had entered one of these lanes, you followed it for fifty miles before a convenient crossing to another



THE COMMON WELL AT FARAFRA

passage would be found. It was here that the qualities of our desert-wise Bedouin leader were seen at their best. Trotting far ahead, he would dismount, and soon his figure would be seen on the sky-line of a ridge from whence sand signals and semaphoric movements of his arms or fluttering display of robes would send information as to the route for the moving caravan. A handful of sand thrown or allowed to dribble from the upraised hand would show a yellowish, hazy flash in the sunlight that could be seen a mile. This signal made at the head of a caravan called in flanking scouts; seen ahead, it directed us toward it, but halted the caravan if the scout ran toward or across the track after making it. The flashing sand is eloquent of danger or needed assistance in hostile times and places, and its interpretation varies with the circumstances under which it is given. A halt could also be signaled by waving a garment of any kind at arm's-length over the head, and when the correct route was being sought, the finder would stand with outspread arms distending his robes to a pillar of white toward which the caravan moved.

Equally striking were the practices attendant upon chance meetings in the desert. Horsemen seemed to be always viewed with suspicion when met away from the oases. In such a meeting, as we approached the oasis of Baharia, our sheik suddenly drew his double-barreled gun from its sheath on the rear of his saddle and placed it in readiness in front of him, until identities were established on both sides. Our caravan far to the rear carried an armament more showy than formidable, including three muzzle-loading guns and a rusty cavalry officer's saber devoid of hilt and handle. None of the parties concerned suspected that within reach of our finger-tips in the saddle-bags reposed two modern revolvers of effective caliber and a range much longer than that of the black-powder guns about us, and no occasion arose for disclosing their presence until we, unexpectedly to our escort, joined in the powder play at the first sight of the Nile, near Minia, at the close of the journey.

The people of the more isolated oases of western Egypt form close communities, in which the Berber stock is still dominant, dwelling in pueblos and living by an agriculture of the most intensive kind. The mud-walled houses are usually built around or near a well or spring on a small hill or ridge. These buildings may rise to a height of two or three stories, and are grouped together in a huge warren penetrated by tortuous passages which may lead underground, or bring the intruder into an open court into which look a dozen port-holes. Inclosing walls are carried up around the entire village when trouble threatens, but such defenses are allowed to crumble in times of peace. The chief supply of water will generally be taken from a well outside the village. Thus Farafra, one of the most slowly changing of the oases, comprises a single solid cluster of mud houses, a separate structure serving as a monastery for a group of Senoussi converts, a date orchard divided into several private holdings, with minute gardens, and a small wheat-field, the total area under cultivation being about half a square mile. The population numbers less than four hundred, and the ratio of one inhabitant per acre may be taken as a safe basis for estimating the number of inhabitants in such places. The small supply of rough forage supports a definitely limited number of sheep, turkeys, and donkeys. Surplus men or animals must of necessity be led to the shambles, or to the distant Nile for sustenance.

Upon our arrival at this oasis in midforenoon, the ceremonial call was made on the *omdeh,* who designated the open stretch of sand midway between the village and the palms as a camping-place. The entire male population, assembled in a squatting semicircle, viewed our operations at respectful distance. A dignified sheik conducted us to the "Ain Roman" in the edge of the palms for a bath, and the bath-house proved to be a low mud inclosure over the sluggish outlet of the well which made a pool about forty feet in diameter. Other sections of the circumference served as a place for washing clothes, for morning and evening ablution of hands and feet, or for filling water-jars. Laundry products and the mud stirred by water-



THE CEREMONIAL CALL ON THE OMDEH

carriers and by the bathers made an unattractive combination, and when our half-clad cameleers heightened the effect by jumping in to fill our water-tanks, we were constrained to rectify their contents by ample proportions of permanganate; and this wine-colored mixture of most abominable flavor was our sole supply during the four days' march to Baharia, the next oasis.

The chief town of Baharia consists of two communities which join as one town, reminiscent of Minneapolis and St. Paul. The water-supply includes some splendid flowing wells, which have been developed to their utmost capacity since the earliest known times. Some of them have been buried in the sand along with sections of prosperous-looking date orchards, while various efforts have been made to augment the water-supply by meandering tunnels driven through the rock. These communicate with the surface at short intervals by shafts, the walls of which in later times have been recessed for tombs. The camp at this place was pitched between the village and the vast necropolis which stretches away to the westward and southward, covering an area many times larger than that of the village itself. The population of Bawitti-Baharia numbers less than two thousand, while the tombs hold the remains of over a hundred times as many—the dead of four or five thousand years. The demand for relics has led the inhabitants to excavate among the older tombs, and remains are thrown carelessly about on the surface of the ground. Skulls, bones, and fragments of mummies were seen in great abundance along the tracks or in the small gardens fringing the village. Coins, carnelian beads, and scarabs were being retrieved from ancient graves on one side of the camp, while on the other a funeral moved out from the village at sunset, the ululating hired mourners sounding a conventional cry of grief, perhaps as old in its use as anything with which we came in contact.

The antipathies of the town-dweller and the Bedouin were perceptible to one with only a casual knowledge of local conditions, and whenever one of the camel-boys was called upon to carry apparatus through the narrow lanes in the orchards, or through the involved passageways, his manner was timid and fearful in the extreme, and not an unnecessary moment was willingly spent in

such narrow and hostile quarters. At sunset a caftaned guard sent by the *omdeh* reported to our sheik for duty, and spent the night with his rifle wrapped in his robes among the cameleers. His presence warned away prowlers from the village, and also served as a check on any pilfering propensities on the part of our escort. The grave and respectful salute which he rendered on our morning start was a refreshing relief to the servile hand-kissing which must be endured in so many of these remote localities.

A third rim of sand and limestone was climbed out of the basin of Baharia as the caravan started for the Nile, five days distant. The wind-worn hills encountered on the high plateau at this place, in addition to the rounded forms, included many in which the sides sloped in straight lines meeting at the sharp summit, with an aspect strikingly similar to that of the great pyramids. Ancient tracks lead from near here to the Fayoum, and to the vicinity of the great monuments of Gizeh, and the region was fairly accessible by any method of travel. These and other pointed hills, offering splendid models of form and size, must have been known to the designers and builders of these greatest of all human monuments. Position and the courses of the passageways and other features of the pyramids may well be left for the astronomer to interpret, but it is difficult to avoid the suggestion that the similarity of form between them and the hills is more than accidental.

The caravan track leading most directly to the Nile was marked by rough blocks of basaltic rock, and it kept an eastward course across a seemingly endless succession of wide, shallow depressions shimmering with formless mirages and perpetually scoured by the north winds. Areas of loose ground dotted with grave-like cavities were seen, from which salt had been taken and carried to distant markets. A series of dunes a few miles in width was crossed, which is known to extend in a north-and-south direction for nearly three hundred miles, and in another place a narrowed band had cut across the track, interposing ridges of moving sand which were carefully avoided by long detours. Miles apart masses of vegetation would bulk large and distorted, but when ridden down they dwindled to small clumps of an indurated succulent which had started with the moisture of a vagrant rain-storm a few years before, and survived inactive and leathery. Among these and at short intervals were the burrows of rodents, the trails of lizards, and the footprints of gazelles, which derive their sole supply of moisture from the scanty proportion in their desiccated food. These, with the traveling and migrating birds, extend the thin web of life across the driest area the world's surface affords.

The Voice

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

THERE is only one law and only one God
For all things under the sun—
The sea, and the sand, and the wind-blown soul,
And the God and the law are one.

And whatever the law and the God be named
By beings like you and me,
They speak supreme in that cosmic voice
Which men call *Harmony.*

Gifts of Oblivion

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

HIS was not one of the usual cases of failure of memory, written up picturesquely in the newspapers. After his sojourn in chaos he did not return to life as an unrecognized bit of wreckage, to be sent finally from the hospital without a label. Every one knew all the details of the accident, and knew him to be Matthew Warren. And yet when the doctor, the well-known James Farquhar, M.D., who was the closest friend of the injured man and his wife, pronounced the acute danger past and said that he might be allowed to see his family for a moment, Matthew Warren looked dully at the handsome woman and the two blooming children who, showing a frightened tendency to tears, came to the private room at the hospital to stand by his bedside. "Who are those people?" he asked his nurse, with the weak curiosity of a sick man, losing interest as he spoke. His wife drew back quickly. Dr. Farquhar motioned the visitors away. He did not seem surprised. From that time he was constantly in the sick man's room.

It was not until several days later that the slowly rising tide of Matthew Warren's vitality reached the point where he felt the significance of his condition. He woke from sleep with a scream which brought the watchful doctor to him in a bound. "Who am I? Who am I?" he called, wildly; and then, controlling himself with an effort, clutching at the doctor's arm, his teeth chattering loudly, he added, "I'm very s-s-sorry to trouble you, b-b-but I seem to have h-h-had a nightmare of some s-s-sort, and I can't—I can't remember who I am."

Two months later, when he seemed quite himself again physically, the doctor, having exhausted all other devices, resolved to try taking the sick man home. Perhaps, he argued dubiously, the utter familiarity of his surroundings might speak to his clouded brain. The experiment was tried. Matthew Warren, to all appearances restored to perfect health, went along docilely with his old friend, whom he continued to treat as a new acquaintance. He stepped into the train with no surprise, looked about him quietly, opened a window *en route* with a practised commuter's knowledge of the catch, and talked, as he had ever since his recovery, calmly and simply of the every-day objects before him. He was especially interested in the first signs of spring in the early April landscape, pointing out to his companion with great pleasure the gray sheen of pussy willows and, as the train approached the prosperous suburban region, stretches of brilliantly green lawns.

As he walked up the well-raked gravel of the driveway toward his own expensive house he might have been the old Matthew Warren returning, as usual, after his day in the city; and coming to meet him, as usual, was Mrs. Matthew Warren, looking very picturesque in a dress he had always especially admired.

She advanced slowly, shrinking a little, very pale. She had never recovered from the shock of meeting those blankly unresponsive eyes at the hospital. It had wounded and withered something deep in her. Dr. Farquhar looked at her keenly, noting with disapproval the signs of suppressed agitation. He regretted having undertaken the risk of the experiment.

Matthew Warren lifted his hat as she drew near. "I hope you will pardon our trespassing upon your beautiful grounds," he said. She winced at the distant courtesy of the gesture and his accent. He went on, "My friend has, I believe, some errand bringing him here." He put on his hat, stepped a little to one side, to allow his wife and the doctor to walk together, and in an instant was absorbed in the green spears of the daffodils thrusting their vigorous, glistening shafts through the earth.

The woman questioned the doctor with a mute gaze in which was offended pride, as well as grief and bewilderment. She had been the handsomest girl in her set and unreservedly indulged by her husband throughout her married life. Until now

she had been always a perfectly satisfied woman, and something in her heart had grown great and exacting, which now revolted angrily against this grotesque trial put upon her by fate.

"Let us try the house," said the specialist.

She walked beside him in silence. Matthew Warren followed them slowly, gazing about him at the newly green lustrous grass and at the trees swinging swollen buds in the warm, damp air. He looked curiously young, not so old, by ten years at least, as the man who, three months before, throwing a reckless wager over his shoulders to those in the tonneau, had clamped down the brake which did not work.

"Jim, I thought best not to have the children here," whispered his wife to the doctor.

He nodded assent. "One can never tell how it will affect him. It has been an especially hard case, because the mere mention of his lost identity throws him into a fever. Otherwise he has been quite reasonable. You must remember that it is absolutely essential to keep perfectly calm yourself. He is a very, very sick man."

Mrs. Warren glanced at her husband and shivered throughout all her big, handsome, healthy body. She seemed to herself to be in a nightmare. It was all incredible. That she, of all people, should be in such a situation!

The owner of the house stepped up on the broad piazza and looked admiringly at the view of the Hudson, the view which he had discovered, and for the sake of which the house had been located where it stood.

"What a splendid stretch of the river your piazza commands!" he said, pleasantly, to his hostess, as the three stood expectantly before the door. She looked at the doctor and opened the door without speaking, motioning her guests into the big living-room, all in leather shades of brown and tan, with coals shimmering in the fireplace Matthew Warren had designed. Again he broke their silence with a pleasant comment:

"How superb those tulips are! They are more like fire than the fire itself." He glanced casually, indifferently, into his wife's face, then at the doctor, evidently with a moment's wonder that he did not introduce the object of their call, and then away, absently, out of the window. A lilac bush grew near it, and with an exclamation of delight he sprang up to examine it more closely. "Some of those buds are opening!" he announced joyfully to the two who watched him so narrowly. "I see a real little leaf—oh, and another!"

He was answered by an hysteric scream from his wife, and whirled about in astonishment to see the doctor motioning her sternly to silence. She clapped her shaking hand over her mouth, but she could not repress another scream as she met her husband's politely concerned, questioning eyes. And then suddenly she took matters in her own hands. She flung aside the doctor's detaining arm and rushed toward the sick man, crying out:

"Matt! Matt! come to yourself! Look at me! Why, I'm Molly! I'm Molly!" She threw her arms around his neck, sobbing furiously.

Almost instantly she recoiled from his rigid, unresponsive body as violently as she had flung herself upon it. Matthew Warren did not seem aware of her at all. He stood quite still, his eyes turning with a sick slowness upon the doctor.

"*Who am I?*" he asked, solemnly. His face and neck were of a dull, congested red, and the veins stood out visibly.

Dr. Farquhar, making the best of a bad turn of events, decided to risk all on a bold stroke. He advanced and said, clearly and masterfully, "You are my dear old friend Matthew Warren, and I am Jim Farquhar, and this is your home and your wife."

The other stood motionless. His eyes were fixed on a point in space incalculably distant. After a moment he turned stiffly and walked toward the door.

"There is some mistake," he said, fumbling at the latch. "I cannot for the moment remember who I am, but I have never been in this house before, and this is the first time I ever saw that lady." His trembling hands failed to open the door at once, and the trifling delay seemed the match touched to the tinder of his disordered fancies, for he began to beat on the lock and to scream: "I don't know who I am! Why doesn't somebody tell me who I am! I can't remember who—" Before the doctor could



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

SHE CLAPPED HER HAND OVER HER MOUTH AS SHE MET HIS QUESTIONING EYES

reach him he had gone down in so horridly dislocated and inhuman a heap that his wife ran shrieking from the room and from the house.

His prostration after this second shock was so great that he could not be moved back to the hospital, and he spent the slow month of collapse and utter weakness which followed in his own bed in his own room under the care of two men nurses. His wife had insisted upon men, having a panic fear of a return of his violence. The doctor advised her to keep out of the sick-room, counsel which she seemed not eager to disregard. The children she sent quite away, out of town. In her lonely and frightened days and nights she frequently asked herself with passion what wicked thing she could have done to be so unhappy now! She had a horror of her husband's presence, although she made a gallant effort to conceal this from the doctor, whom she suspected of watching her jealously for a sign of it; and as the master of the house grew stronger, so that he was reported to her up and dressed, she looked forward to the future with unspeakable dread.

And yet, on the day when, evading his nurses with an insane man's cunning, he crept from the house and disappeared, she led the search for him with unwearied faithfulness, following out every clue suggested to her, setting every possible agency in action, and going unflinchingly with the doctor to look at a corpse recovered from the river. After ten days of this sort of bad dream, Matthew Warren was discovered, not a mile from his own house. He was spading up a bed in the garden of old Timothy O'Donovan, the truck-farmer who supplied the prosperous suburb with green vegetables. As the lost man spaded, he whistled loudly, like a plowboy. The truck-farmer had not dreamed that the battered, muddy, half-witted wayfarer who had asked for work a week before, and who had set himself so vigorously and cheerfully at the tasks given him, could be the wealthy, influential Mr. Warren who owned the fine house at the other end of town.

There was a consultation of brain specialists, Dr. Farquhar, and Mrs. Warren herself. She was questioned minutely as to her husband's mental habits and tendencies, and finally succeeded in unearthing from her memory, never very vivid about other people's preferences, the fact (perhaps significant, the doctors thought) that after she and Matthew were first married, when they were quite poor, Matthew had seemed to enjoy working the bit of land about their first small home.

"But of course," she explained, "as his business grew so rapidly and took more of his time he did less and less of it. We have had a gardener ever since we lived in this house."

It was agreed that in the break-up of his higher faculties he might have returned with a blind instinct to a youthful latent inclination, and that for a while it was best to leave him where he was and trust to the slow healing influence of time and improved physical health, since all other curative means had failed. If Mrs. Warren felt an involuntary relief at this decision, she hid it deep in her heart, and throughout the discussion she showed herself loyally willing to do whatever seemed best for the man who had been her husband. And so began the anomalous situation which was to last so long that even village tongues stopped gossiping of it.

Mrs. Warren's first distracted impulse had been to take the children and go away—abroad, perhaps. That had seemed to her the only endurable future. But she gave up this plan when the doctor showed a disappointed and sternly disapproving surprise that she "abandon" a man who might be in desperate need at almost any time.

"I see, Jim—yes, of course, I see," she had submissively assented. She cared intensely that those who knew of this crisis in her life should approve her action.

As a matter of fact, her acquiescence to his opinion cost her far less than she feared. The miraculous capacity of life to renew itself under any and all circumstances came brilliantly to the rescue of a nature normal above everything else. It was not long before she and the children had reorganized an existence which was tolerable at first, and then, as time slid smoothly by without change, not without its great compensations. There was plenty of money, since Matthew's business had been disposed of at a good profit, and there was very little care. The children, ten and twelve respectively, enjoyed perfect health, grew fast, were not troublesome to their vigorous mother, and had absorbing youthful interests of their own. They adapted them-

selves with great tact and good sense to their peculiar situation. Like their mother, they were large and comely, with a healthfully ready ability to be satisfied with life. It was hard to connect the well-groomed, trimly attired, prepossessing trio, riding and driving about the "residential portion" of the suburb, with the shabby, half-daft hired man in overalls who rarely left the truck-farm at the other end of town. In a surprisingly short time even those who knew of the unprecedented circumstances came almost involuntarily to regard Mrs. Warren as a highly ornamental widow, and the children as half-orphans.

Not that they themselves had the bad taste to make a mystery of the affair. The sad story was told with a frank sadness to their intimates, and roused among the young friends of the children a sort of romantic admiration for their extraordinary situation. From the first they had all three followed to the letter the doctor's recommendation to keep away from the region of the truck-farm. They depended for news of the sick man upon the doctor himself, who took care to go past the O'Donovan place at not infrequent intervals to inquire particulars of the new "help."

There, too, as frequently happens with busy people absorbed in their own difficult affairs, O'Donovan and his wife adjusted themselves to the singular state of things with a rapidity which astonished them. The half-fearful curiosity they had felt toward the new laborer when they first learned his identity gave way little by little to an unsurprised acquiescence in his kindly, simple presence and his peculiarities. For the second shock, which had come to him during his wife's wild appeal, had, it seemed, been even more violent than the first. He had seemed only to forget his identity before. Now he had lost it. He could not now have opened automatically the window in the commuter's train. That second month of oblivion had left him with practically no memory of any kind. He not only did not know who he was, but he could not remember from one day to the next. From morning till night he was like other men; but at every dawn he rose up singing, with a mind as blank of past experiences as a little child's.



AS THE LOST MAN SPADED, HE WHISTLED LIKE A PLOW-BOY

This was, of course, until a way had been invented to obviate it, the cause of the greatest practical inconvenience, since he could not remember instructions given him the day before, nor even to continue a task half completed. The trucker and his wife had several highly irritating experiences with him, as on the occasion when, having been set to plow a patch in the garden, he went on plowing because nobody told him to stop and he had forgotten orders given him the day before, until he had turned under all the sod of the O'Donovans' only meadow. Finally, applying their Celtic wits to the problem, they took advantage of the capacity of their new servant for fluent reading and writing. They gave

him a standing order to carry about with him a pad of paper and a pencil, to set down in black and white every instruction given him, and to consult it at every step. He obeyed this command with a smiling, absent docility, giving, as always at this period of his life, the strange impression of one wrought upon by sweet and secret thoughts. The O'Donovans said that to see him walk across the barnyard you would know he was fey.

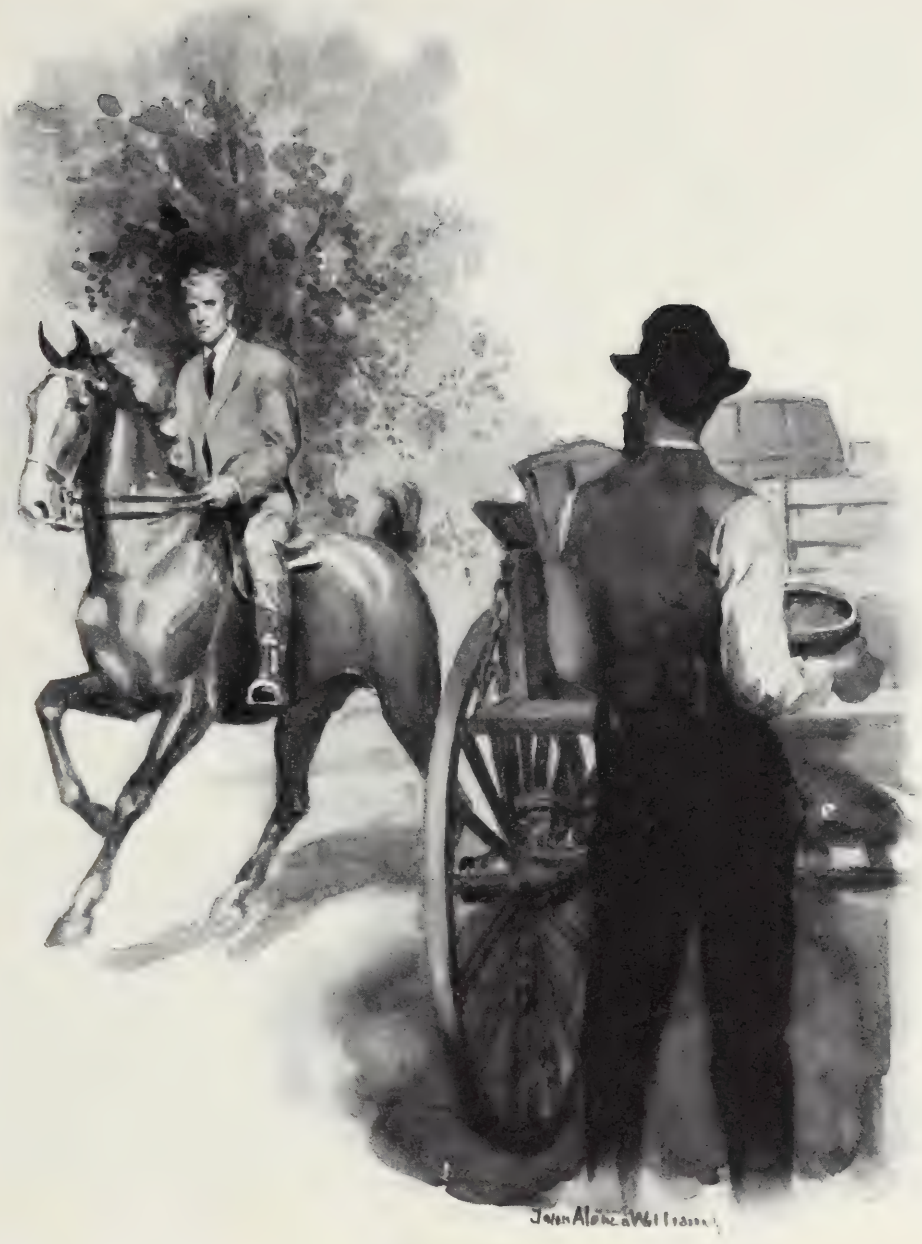
After this device was in working order, O'Donovan boasted that no man could wish for better help than this stalwart, cheerful, deft-handed laborer, who loved every plant in the long rows of the truck-farm, worked, whistling and singing, all day long, and never asked for a holiday. For a long time his only excursions away from the farm were on Sundays, when he went with his employer and Mrs. O'Donovan to the little Roman Catholic church set in the midst of the poorer quarter of the suburb. He could not follow the mass, but it gave him obvious pleasure to listen to the music and to look at the priest's robes and the red and white of the acolytes' garb.

Two years after his arrival at the farm he could scarcely have been recognized by his wife and children if they had seen him. Like his employer, he had allowed his beard to grow, a thick mass of brown, without a gray hair in it, although Dr. Farquhar knew him to be nearly fifty. Above this, his tanned, ruddy face and quiet eyes gave no hint of the keen animation and the piercingly satirical look which had been Matthew Warren's.

Timothy O'Donovan and his wife, childless, solitary old people, came to love the kindly "innocent," whom they regarded as a child, almost as though he had been of their own blood. Old Mrs. O'Donovan especially petted him and cherished him, and lavished on him the affection which she had been so ready to give the son Heaven had never granted her. As she and her husband grew older, and as this adopted member of their family began to seem more "like other people," read books, studied farming and trucking seriously, and recovered something of his shattered memory for every-day events, he was trusted with more and more of the farming and the business. The slow clearing of his mind brought out traces of his superior education, and this, together with a considerable native aptitude for the business, was a great asset to the primitive older farmer. They started tentatively some hot-beds for early vegetables which later grew by degrees to a greenhouse. The younger man, after several years of experimenting, developed a new variety of tomato, especially suited to their conditions. He called it, after Mrs. O'Donovan, the "Aileen," a tribute which pleased her greatly. Not having a name of his own, the assistant took that of his employer, and the newer people of the town thought them father and son. Sometimes he drove the delivery wagon into town to the market, early in the morning, and later, so little vivid did his past seem to the O'Donovans, was sent once in a while to the Warren house to deliver at the tradesman's door their daily supply of fresh salads.

When Mrs. O'Donovan died he mourned her with sorrow so sincere that her bereaved old husband felt him to be the one link which still bound him to life, and seven years later, when old Timothy himself passed away in the arms of his faithful servitor, it was found that he had left the farm and house to the wanderer who, twelve years before, haggard and nameless, had stumbled desperately up his garden path.

The new farmer was not long to lead a solitary life. A great-nephew of O'Donovan's, a boy of fourteen, left orphaned in Ireland before his uncle's death, had already started out to the States, and four or five days after the funeral he arrived at the house, horribly frightened at everything so strange and different, horribly homesick, horribly alone, and more than willing to accept the instantly offered home thrown open to him by his uncle's successor, whom he thought his own blood relative. When he had recovered from his first panic he proved himself very useful to the solitary man. He was of the shrinking, shy, fawn-eyed type of Irish boy, very handy about the house, "as good as a girl," his dead mother had often said of him, and he took over the domestic end of the new partnership. He proved to have a taste for music, and his guardian arranged for a weekly lesson from a violinist in town. He himself sat in the evenings on the porch, smoking, reading, and listening with a pleased smile to the singing of the fiddle in the room



He galloped past his Father's vegetable Cart

behind him. They were both always in bed by nine o'clock.

Sometimes, for an outing, he took the lad with him on his trips to town, pointing out, among other objects of interest, the fine houses of the wealthy residents and, on the rare occasions when they were detained so long as to witness the awakening of the suburb, the miraculously well-tailored people who inhabited them. His daughter, after a very successful young-ladyhood competently managed by her mother, was married now to a prosperous, hard-working, commuting banker, considerably older than herself, and lived in a house a little more expensive and very much more in accord with the latest fashions in domestic architecture than her mother's, which was now, in the swiftly advancing American town, one of the "older residences." His son still lived at home, a famous tennis-player and athlete, who occasionally, flanneled to perfection, walked past on his way to the tennis-courts, or, his smooth yellow hair tossed back from his healthy, unexcited face, galloped on his well-groomed hunter past his father's vegetable cart. Mrs. Warren too was to be seen not infrequently, as handsome, though not as slender, as formerly, the image of good comfort and good fortune, hurrying from one engagement to another, consulting her watch and tapping a well-dressed foot in impatience at the slowness of her car, as in years gone by.

She had never thought, apparently, of seeking a divorce from her husband. Among her numerous friends this constancy was much admired.

These swept by the burly, elderly gardener without a look, quite sincerely unaware of his identity. They relied on the doctor to let them know if the now quite unlooked-for "change" should ever take place, and they all of them led absorbing lives of the greatest interest to themselves.

Dr. Farquhar, whom the gardener had come to know again in his new existence through his visits to the two O'Donovans, always nodded as he passed, and received in return a respectful tradesman's salute.

Of all those concerned he alone continued to be desperately unreconciled to the state of things. His physician's pride had been stung by his professional defeat, which had, moreover, involved the ruin of his dearest friend. In spite of the friendly cordiality of Mrs. Warren, he could never rid himself of an unworthy and unfair tendency to blame her for her own untroubled good fortune. He was frequently called to the Warren house professionally and could not enter that dignified home of ease without thinking bitterly of the man exiled from it and from all his natural birthright, to poverty and obscurity, and grinding daily manual labor. He compared Mrs. Warren's smooth, aristocratic, significant hands with the work-worn claws of the ignorant old Irishwoman who had furnished so long poor Warren's only contact with the refinements of the world of women. He thought of Warren's own hands, which he had known so sensitive and nervously active, now thickened and calloused, lying half open on his knees, in the dull passivity of the laboring-man. Once or twice the doctor had been compelled to take a meal *en famille* with the Warrens, and the delicately served food had choked him. He remembered that Warren usually nowadays sat down to a single coarse dish of stew, prepared by the little Irish lout whom he had adopted. He looked about him at the tasteful elegance of the spacious interior and thought of the bare four-roomed cabin which now sheltered the master of this house. The faithful friend, feeling Warren's grotesque and tragic fate as though it were his own, had never been able to stay all through one of Mrs. Warren's evening entertainments. The well-to-do atmosphere of expansive ease and affluence in those handsome rooms formed too embittering a contrast in his loyal mind with the imprisoning round of toil of his friend and the rustic companionship which was the only break in the solitude of his life.

Once, as the doctor fled desperately away from a cotillion, and came out shivering into the cold dawn, shrugging on his overcoat and frowning, he caught sight of the O'Donovan vegetable cart making its early start for the market. He stood still in front of the Warren house, the chilly morning air whipping streaks of red up into his pale reveler's face. The horses jogged by, Warren holding the reins loosely, his powerful body lounging on the seat, his coarse shirt open at the throat. Dr. Farquhar gazed at his weather-beaten face and raged inwardly. As the cart passed the entrance to the driveway the driver glanced up at the Warren house, saw the lighted windows yellow in the clear, blue dawn, and then caught sight of the doctor hugging his Inverness about him. He nodded cheerfully.

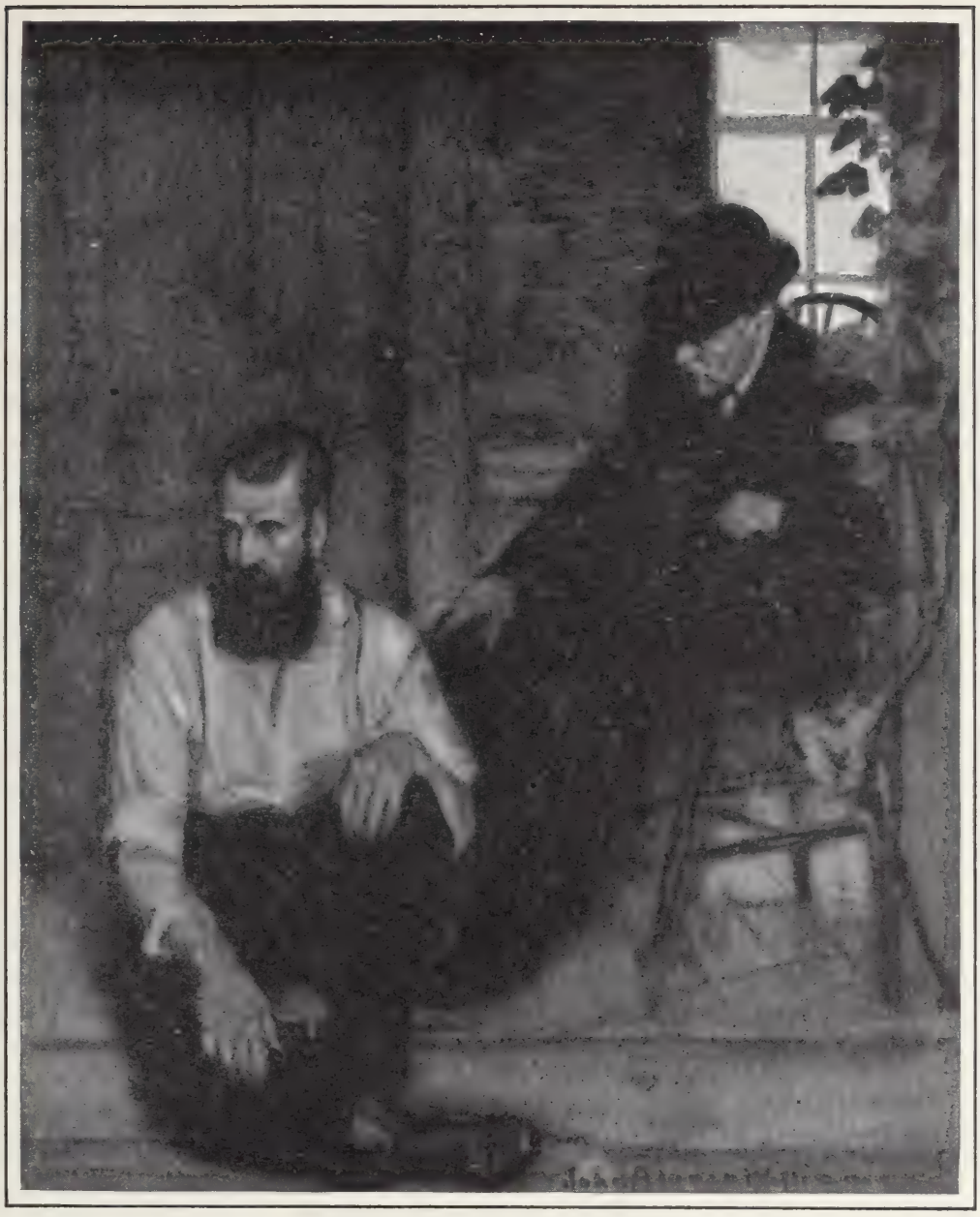
"It's a fine morning, Doctor," he called, and passed on.

The doctor heard him begin a moment later to whistle loudly, the sweet, shrill treble piercing the air like a bird's note.

Dr. Farquhar clenched his fists angrily. He thought of the brilliant future which had lain open before his friend, he remembered his absorbing, crowded life of varied intellectual interests, his first promising success in politics, the beginning of his reputation as an after-dinner speaker, his growing influence in financial circles, his notable social gifts, and then his beautiful, faithful wife, his creditable, highly successful children—and then—ah, what a professional triumph to effect such a cure after so long! The doctor said aloud:

"I *will* go to see that man in Vienna. There's no harm in watching him operate."

Four months later he was back again, and went straight from the station, where he landed at dusk, to the O'Donovan farmhouse. It was early autumn and, although not yet eight o'clock, the first stars were already emerging from a pure, quiet sky. He heard the singing of the violin as he went up the walk, and in answer to his knock young Tim came to the door, the



He did not again interrupt the Doctor's vehement Talk

echo of the music on his still dreaming face.

"He's in the garden, sir, the master is, but if you'll kindly take a seat I'll step an' call him. He likes to take one look around before we go to bed. They say around here that he can't sleep unless he's tucked the plants up and given them a pat like."

Dr. Farquhar sat down and crossed his legs. The hanging foot jerked nervously. It was extremely quiet there on the side road. He could hear the distant murmur of the boy's voice and the man's answer. He could count every step of their return as though they were the beats of his own heart—across the soft ground of the field, the dusty road, the hard-beaten path. The big, roughly dressed man stood there before him, looking up at him with a quiet smile.

"Were you wanting to see me, Doctor?" said the gardener.

The doctor rose, breathing quickly, facing the other's kindly, patient eyes with some nervous irritation.

"Yes, yes—I have a great deal to say to you, Mr.—" He hesitated, balked over the name, used his hesitation as a desperately seized opening, and said, impatiently, "Of course you know that your name is not really O'Donovan."

The gardener turned to the slim figure loitering at the gate and called, "Tim, 'tis time you were in bed." The lad moved obediently up the path, humming under

his breath the slow melody he had been playing on his violin.

"All right, Uncle," he said, good-humoredly, and disappeared.

The gardener sat down on the edge of the tiny porch. "I take it it is something very particular you have to say, Doctor?" he asked, not without a touch of apprehension in his voice.

The doctor nodded and began to speak rapidly, violently. He had not gone far before the gardener stood up in evident agitation. He shook his head, frowning, and motioned the other to silence.

"I'm all right as I am," he said, curtly. "What is the good of prying into what's long past and nobody knows about, anyhow. Such things oughtn't to be stirred up—they only—" The doctor beginning to talk again, he raised his voice to cry angrily: "I don't want to hear any more such talk! 'Tis better to take things as they are. Nobody is the better for prying into secrets that—"

Dr. Farquhar flew at him in a passion of intensity which beat down his opposition. "Will you listen to me!" he commanded in a voice of fury. "Just listen to what I have to say! Almost your life and death are at stake. You *shall* listen!"

The gardener gave a gesture of impatience, but he sat down and did not again interrupt the doctor's vehement monologue. Occasionally he rubbed his big palms on his knees stiffly. The crickets sang loudly. From up-stairs Tim's window threw a square of yellow light on the flower-beds in the front yard. His clear alto dropped down to them in snatches of his slowly moving adagio. The stars came out, one by one, and then in clusters, until an innumerable radiant company shone down on the two figures on the porch. The doctor's harangue drew to a close.

"I have followed your case from the beginning; and although one can never be absolutely sure of the results of so grave an operation, I am *so* certain that I cannot but insist that you place yourself in my hands. When you have come to yourself and realize your lost identity, you will fully understand and share the intensity of my feeling on this point—" He stopped to draw breath, leaning forward toward the man he was addressing, his brows drawn together as he tried to read the other man's expression. The faint light of the stars allowed him to see that the other's face showed emotion. It seemed a good moment for a pause.

The light went out in the room above them. The crickets had stopped chirping. It was in an intense silence that the man in the rough clothes turned his head and looked strangely at the doctor. He drew a long breath and said, gravely, "Why, Jim, my memory came back more than eight years ago."

September Rain

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THE ghostly fingers of the rain
Are tapping at my pane.
I hear them at my door at night,
I hear them in the lane.

They tap, tap, tap; and then they pass
In silence through the grass;
I think it is the dead that stir
At holy Michaelmas.

Cartagena the Ancient

BY WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE

I CANNOT say that my first impressions of South America filled me with enthusiasm. I had expected to see a land of brilliant, living green, the lush foliage pushing down to the water's edge, and gay with beautiful flowers. Instead, for this was the dry season, there were grim hills of dull purple and bronze, their sides rent with livid scars, blistering in the heat. I had been told wondrous tales, by people who hadn't been there, of water of a marvelous pale blue. Now the harbor of Savanilla is on the western edge of the Magdalena delta, and that river discharges a mighty volume of muddy water whose yellow course can be traced miles and miles from the shore. The ship was moored to the extreme seaward end of a very long, very ugly, spindling iron pier that stretches for a full mile into the shallow bay; at the other end, scattered here and there amid a chaos of low sand-hills, were the native huts of mud and thatch which compose the town. The northeast "trades" were blowing half a gale and piling up a choppy sea that rushed sullenly beneath the pier, and on which a lot of overfed pelicans were bobbing heavily.

No one ever thinks of stopping in Savanilla—not if it can be helped—so I purchased a ticket, for eighty dollars, to Barranquilla, seventeen miles away, resigned my soul to its Maker, and climbed aboard the train to await the pleasure of the wheezy little engine. Native women (and by that term I mean the Coast Indians and the various cross-breeds), all more or less bedraggled, squatted on the ground in the little market close by the train, and offered villainous-looking edibles and evil drinks to such as were hungry and thirsty and courageous; a long train of donkeys, driven by piratical-looking half-breeds and laden with wool, passed by, the huge bales protruding, pannier-wise, on each side, so that all that could be seen of the donkey was his head and the slender little legs that looked quite inadequate for the burden; a black-and-white billy-goat wagged his beard meditatively in the shadow cast by the cars; in a filthy pool not five feet away two particularly sinister-looking hogs wallowed, grunting in sheer joy of dirt, and I thought of the wisdom of the old Hebraic law; on the ragged thatch of a near-by hut a huge vulture preened himself in the sun —I mention him because he seemed to be careful of his personal appearance.

The road ran along the edge of the bay, where the whitecaps were tossing furiously, and then, turning sharply inland, kept to the valley of the Magdalena, through a rich grazing country, past a few picturesque little villages with tall cocoanut palms casting cool shadows on the low, flat roofs. The pastures were brown and parched for lack of rain, the donkey paths knee-deep with dust, and in the bare untraveled spots the earth was cracked wide open with the heat. Having accomplished the seventeen miles in a little more than an hour's time, we drew proudly into the station at Barranquilla, and I was cast forth into a dense crowd of negroes, Indians, and half-breeds, each with some sort of conveyance and each determined to carry some portion of me away with him.

Not many years back Barranquilla was a native village of mud and thatch, naked children and semi-naked adults, pigs and filth and evil smells. To-day, through the influence of foreign capital and a slowly reviving commerce, it has grown to a position of some importance. It is also regarded as the healthiest spot on the Spanish Main. Its streets are for the most part narrow and crooked, and, except for a few in the center of the town, either choked with sand or so deeply rutted by the rains as to be almost impassable. I walked through some of the back streets, where the washouts left by last season's rains were so deep that the narrow shelf they call a sidewalk was nearly on a level with my shoulder, and I have more inches than most. The houses in the business district are generally two stories in height,

with the barred, overhanging balconies so characteristic of this country. Back in the residential parts they shrink modestly to one story, with the tall windows either barred like a prison or built out in a sort of picturesque cage, the wooden framework and intersecting spindles and grills painted green and red, usually, but sometimes a blue that for sheer violence surpasses anything I have ever seen.

There is one good hotel, among a lot of very bad ones. One enters through a massive door into a cool, roomy, flag-paved court, and, passing up a flight of wide stairs, comes out upon a gallery or balcony which runs around the four sides of the patio and leads to the various rooms. Along this gallery there were many flowering plants, through the leaves of which there are glimpses of a charming patio, of strange little latticed windows and sun-splashed walls.

In the evening there is practically no street life, but Barranquilla boasts of one very good café, which I found picturesque and interesting. The tables are scattered about a very large arcaded patio, among palms and orange-trees and giant ferns; there were swarthy card-players, very much in earnest, seated about the tables under the arches; the soft lights glinted among the leaves; there was the lilt of a woman's laughter and the soft babel of voices speaking a foreign tongue; overhead the stars, and somewhere the distant strumming of a guitar.

Returning to the hotel at ten o'clock, I found the great door closed and bolted and not a light to be seen. My knocking awoke thunderous echoes both without and within, and presently the door swung ponderously just far enough to admit me, and closed again on groaning hinges. By the dim candle-light in a far corner I saw the yawning half-breed porter roll himself in a strip of blanket and curl up on the stone flagging of the court, and with nothing to light me but the rays of the moon I climbed the resounding stairways through patches of silver light and inky gloom.

It may be just as well to mention here that when I paid eighty dollars to ride the seventeen miles from Savanilla to Barranquilla I was not guilty of such reckless extravagance as may at first glance appear; also, that when the agent at the latter place charged me forty dollars for riding back the same way and in the same car, he merely suffered from an astonishing lapse of memory, forgetting for the moment that he needed the money.

The fact is that the Colombian dollar, or peso, has depreciated until it is worth just exactly one cent in United States currency, and there being no room left for the centavo of old, it has vanished utterly from the reckoning of man. There are no silver coins whatever, and after a little bargaining one is apt to accumulate an astonishing number of yellow bills—tens, twenties, fifties, and hundreds. Then there steals insidiously over one the peculiar exaltation of the wealthy, and it causes not a single pang to pay five dollars for a shine or to toss away ten dollars for a bottle of ginger-pop.

I arrived back in Savanilla and then came a journey by sea of one more starlit night, and in the half-light of early morning we passed through waters of wonderful translucent blue, between the grim old fortresses that guard the entrance to the harbor of Cartagena. This is one of the noteworthy harbors of the world, and one cannot help speculating on the advantages which would accrue to commerce if it were situated on the coast of a real live country. It extends northeast by southwest, it is over eight miles long, and is completely landlocked. It is estimated that all the navies of the world might safely ride at anchor there, and a most beautiful anchorage it is. In former days there were two entrances, the Bocca Chica (Small Mouth), which is still used, and the Bocca Grande, or Big Mouth, which lies much nearer the city. Because of this fact it was decided to fill it up, for experience had taught the ancient dons that it gave too easy access to the treasure-chests of Spain, as the buccaneers of the Indies and the English privateers had more than once demonstrated. Accordingly, a few worthless old galleons were loaded with stone and scrap iron, steered out to the channel, and sunk, while the chinks were filled with anything that would stay put. This added somewhat to the always doubtful security of the treasures awaiting shipment in the city, and it also rendered that portion of the harbor a safer anchorage, serving as a sort of breakwater to catch the surges that roll in under the lash of a northerly gale and break in line upon line of angry white.



NATIVE HUTS OF MUD AND THATCH—SAVANILLA

Through this great, beautiful, empty harbor we slowly sailed, passing an occasional native canoa, yawl-rigged and very picturesque, the bow and stern high and pointed and covered with rudely painted stars and moons and all the odds and ends of primitive fancy, past two tiny native villages huddled close down to the water's edge, the new thatch on some of the huts showing a dull bronze against the dark green of the forest. Behind one of these villages and just over a densely wooded ridge a tiny column of smoke marks the location of Cartagena's leper colony.

There is one promontory covered with a dense jungle growth that virtually marks the line of separation between the outer and the inner harbor, and the steady onward march of the jungle is shown here and there where detached groups of mangroves thrust their heads above the water, some of them many yards from shore.

As we swung slowly around this point there, suddenly right before us, lay the ancient battle-scarred old city, girt about with yellow walls, its domes and spires and crumbling watch-towers bathed in the morning light. Beyond the overhanging purple mists lay the one-time fabled land of El Dorado, wrapped in a golden atmosphere of mystery. Somewhere beyond those tropic forests and that faint line of hills, somewhere beyond those still lagoons steaming in the morning light, their wreaths of mist waving like ghostly banners, lay that shining lure on which for almost two centuries had been centered the hopes and lusts of that vast army of adventurous souls who sailed blithely away from the shores of Spain, of France, and of England, all obsessed with the single idea of speedy and fabulous wealth, and many, nay, most of them, destined to be swallowed utterly by the insatiable jungle or to disappear forever behind the sphinx-like precipices of the Andes. "Those who make haste to be rich pierce themselves through with many sorrows." That dream city of porphyry and alabaster, of ebony and cedar, of silver and gold and ivory, cost Spain alone more lives than all her other conquests in the Western Hemisphere.

However, there were compensations, and those of no mean order, for before long the accumulated wealth of the Incas, the vast riches of the Andean mines, the treasures of Los Teques and Barota and Potosi came pouring in a golden flood down to the Caribbean shore, and Caracas and La Guayra, Porto Bello, and Cartagena sprang suddenly into being, the latter destined to outstrip all of the others in wealth and romance. Founded in 1533, Cartagena began almost at once to contribute to the romantic history of the world. In a short time her storehouses were bursting with chests of treasure destined for the insatiable coffers of the king, and the galleons arriving from Spain heaped upon her quays bales of the richest fabrics and everything demanded by necessity or luxury. In those fat times the eyes of every greedy adventurer with a sail above him and a plank beneath began to turn thitherward, and what the Spaniard secured by treachery and inhuman atrocities from the poorly armed Indians was in turn wrested from him in no gentle manner. Thus the narrow streets of Cartagena were not infrequently converted into a shambles, while from the balconies and the barred windows the women, fascinated, in huddled groups watched with fear-struck eyes the bloody work, and the king's coffers sometimes waited a weary while.

Eleven years after the establishment of the city the French were there with fire and sword. In 1585 Sir Francis Drake added to his already long list of victories over the Spanish by capturing and sacking the city, carrying away an immense treasure. Again in 1697 the French were there, this time with a horde of buccaneer allies. The treachery of De Pointis, the French commander, and the subsequent resacking of the place by his disappointed dupes, the buccaneers, has been often told. The amount of loot taken was so vast as to almost pass belief, and gives an inkling of the wealth and luxury that were crowded, along with all their attendant vices, within those heavy walls. In 1741 Evelyn Vernon, Esq., Vice-Admiral of the Blue and commander-in-chief of his Majesty's vessels in the West Indies, laid siege on the water, together with a force under Major-General Wentworth and Sir Chaloner Ogle on land, for a space of two months, battering away with bomb and solid shot and frequent assault; unable to penetrate the walls, but leaving enduring marks everywhere, and contributing largely to make the great fort of San Philipe the crumbled ruin that it is to-day.

During the hundred years that intervened between the assaults of Drake and De Pointis the buccaneers grew to be a terrible and constant menace to Spanish commerce, and they are credited with having made several raids upon Cartagena and the shipping in the harbor. There are stories to the effect that Morgan entered the town and sailed away with his ships deep laden with loot. But while his success in turning Porto Bello and Panama inside out is common enough history, I can find no authentic mention of any similar exploit at Cartagena. It had trouble enough without that.

Cartagena is built on a low, sandy island, and at one time was separated by only a narrow strip of water from the adjoining island. This narrow water served admirably as a moat in the ancient times and was spanned by a number of drawbridges. Of course these disappeared along with the gate-houses and barbicans; the moat has been filled in except for a narrow ditch here and there, and nothing remains to tell of those things except the long, narrow slits in the walls and the great bronze wheels (now covered with a beautiful patina) through and over which ran the drawbridge chains. The adjoining island, on which is situated the Barrio, or suburb of Jetsemani, is also walled around its outer edge, thus forming an additional defense; this is separated from the mainland by a wider channel, spanned by bridges that were once heavily fortified, although nothing remains now but some massive parapets and a guard-house or two. On the mainland, and a scant mile away, are the grim ruins of San Philipe, crowning a low hill; while still beyond is a long, precipitous ridge that ends in an almost sheer drop of nearly six hundred feet. On the very end and edge of this is the ancient monastery of La Popa, now unused and falling into ruin. One of the bare old cells is occupied by a religious recluse who has tired of the vice and evil ways of mankind and lives there in solitary communion with his God. Close by, a huge black cross rears itself against the sky, a warning to the wicked in the valley below, a symbol to the devout.

The walls and fortifications were built

during the reign of Philip II. at a cost of fifty-nine million dollars. They vary from twenty to forty feet in height and are many feet in thickness. Behind the parapet, with its ancient embrasures, or crenelles, and widely splayed loopholes, the banquette (or platform on which the soldier stood to deliver his shot) varies from four to fifteen feet in width, except in one part over the great arched gun-casements and magazines; here it is wide enough for fifty soldiers to march abreast. Here also are the entrances to long, echoing galleries that slope down into the interior and give access to the other parts of the fortifications. It is said that all the outlying forts and defenses are connected by subterranean tunnels, even to far-away La Popa. The churches and the Inquisition building were also included in that system of secret communication, and the entrances to these gloomy passageways may still be seen and even penetrated for quite a distance; owing to pitfalls, debris and poisonous reptiles, it is not a safe or pleasant thing to do. The banquette is reached from the ground level, sometimes by wide, sloping planes of solid masonry, and sometimes by narrow and steep flights of steps much worn and rounded; and at every angle of the wall are the picturesque watch-towers, some fairly well preserved and others either crumbling or quite demolished. Within these walls the city has lain with but few changes since its beginning. The narrow streets and ancient buildings all speak of times far remote.

The first days of my stay in Cartagena were the closing ones of Holy Week, and business was entirely suspended. From Thursday noon till Saturday morning not even a carriage or a panniered donkey was permitted upon the streets, which were filled with people upon whom the solemn significance of the time seemed to weigh heavily. There were long files of pretty señoritas marching soberly to church, clad all in white, and attended by black-gowned, sharp-eyed duennas; there were many groups of young gallants, their pride of gorgeous raiment struggling with the traditions of the day, trying to look properly impressed in spite of that bewildering line of glancing black eyes passing on the other side of the way; there were processions of students of the various holy orders, black-robed priests, and sad-faced nuns. Religious pageants filled the narrow streets from house to house, the wailing notes of dirge and Miséréré rising and falling and dying away on the breeze. Headed by priests and censer-bearers, they wound slowly along, the votaries all in funereal black and bearing aloft on straining shoulders, in clouds of fine dust and in blistering heat, the great images of the Church, immense carven crucifixes and sculptured illustrations of the Tragedy of the Cross. Unpleasantly realistic as some of these were upon close inspection, when seen from a distance they looked like great jewels of many colors, borne forward on a black stream of humanity, swaying slowly from side to side, the gold with which



One of the ancient city Gates



PLAZA DE LOS COCHES

they were richly ornamented glittering and flashing in the tropic sunlight.

One of these crucifixes is of more than ordinary interest, not only because of its miraculous powers, but on account of the strange manifestations attending its production. The legend, as it is told by people of various ranks and habits, naturally varies considerably in detail, but I will give, as nearly as I can, the version of the common people, to whom it is as one of the articles of faith:

Years and years ago there fell upon the city a period of great trial, for the pestilence walked abroad and many were sick and more were dead, and it seemed as if God had forgotten; the faith of the people wavered and hope was almost gone. One black day the good bishop, wearied with his labors among sick and dying, faint at heart with the fearful sights and noisome odors of the city, sought relief upon the strip of yellow beach beyond the walls, where the breezes blew clean and sweet from the broad bosom of the sea.

As he walked in sore perplexity, there came to him along the yellow sands a stranger, who seemed to move in a mist of light and upon whose face there rested the calm of perfect understanding. Because of the majesty of this stranger's presence the good bishop forebore to question, and they two drew together in communion, and the good bishop told of the terror of the afflicted city and of the doubt and the ebbing faith. Whereupon the stranger turned, and pointing to a huge piece of driftwood rolling in the surge at their feet, asked that it be carried to the ancient monastery, and thither directed his own footsteps. And the wood was brought by order of the good bishop, who never questioned, on the shoulders of many slaves who staggered under its weight. Then this self-invited guest, this stranger of majestic mien, asked that it be placed in one of the many cells, the which being done he entered in himself, and all the place was glorified as he passed along. Now he asked that no one disturb him and that the door be closed and locked from without, which was done before the eyes of many, for the presence of the calm stranger who moved in a mist of light quickly became known on the streets and in the vast old monastery, and the good monks gathered, expecting a miracle, and there was a silent throng at the great street door.

In the quiet of the little cell the stranger wrought for three days and nights, for he could be heard from without, and for three days and nights he fasted, for neither

bread nor wine nor water passed the portals of the little door, which remained fast shut and locked. On the fourth day there was a death-like stillness within, and on the fifth likewise, so that the good bishop, in fear for the strange guest, ordered the door flung open; and behold, the cell was empty, save for a great crucifix, whereon hung the Saviour, around whose head was a faint radiance of light. Whereupon they knew that a miracle had been wrought, and the great crucifix, carven out of one solid timber, was carried with chanting and prayer through the streets of the stricken city, and the pestilence straightway abated and was gone. And the people were thus rebuked for their so little faith. Quickly they hollowed a niche in the beautiful little church of San Toribia, and there was placed the blessed crucifix, and to this thrice-hallowed niche the people come, bringing the burden of their souls, or whispering the secret wishes of their hearts. It is called Christ of the Expiation. When God is displeased because of the wickedness of the city or when any great trouble is approaching, it is said that the crucifix so grows in height that it fills the niche tightly from top to bottom and it cannot be removed and carried in the pageants.

Everywhere and always in Cartagena the balconies reach out to one another in friendly wise across the narrow streets, their heavy beams, carved supports, and overhanging roofs of red tile adding materially to the attractiveness of the place. Here the pretty, dark-haired señoritas sit for hours at their books and embroidery, and in days of awful heat hither come the little vagrant breezes that stray in from the Caribbean and lose themselves in the maze of buildings. It is pleasant to draw a chair to the edge of your balcony when the shadows are lengthening in the streets and watch the indolent life go on below. There is a pleasant sense of aloofness, of being part of the life and yet away from it.

My hotel was near the end of a narrow street, and not far from the wall and from the balcony in front of my window I had a beautiful view of the coast-line stretching away to the north in a faint purple haze and losing itself over the rim of the blue Caribbean; I could see the white-crested waves dancing in the brilliant light, while the little native boats went merrily by, their sails slanting to the heavy "trades." All through the day and night I could hear the surges thundering at the base of the old fortifications; steadily, insistently, blow on blow, as if demanding admittance past those grim barriers.



CHURCH OF SAN DOMINGO

It also occurs to me, in view of other things that I have heard and seen from my balcony, that balconies in general are great incentives to love-making. Apropos of which I am moved to tell tales out of school. The day that I first noticed them, he was standing on the very edge of the narrow sidewalk just down the street from my window, and she, a pretty, dark-haired slip of a girl, leaned gracefully on the rail of a balcony opposite, high above him. They were talking softly and earnestly, and it needed only a glance to tell that they had passed together, hand in hand, so to speak, into a rose-tinted world of illusions. Suddenly, from the rude world of material things there entered through a tall window at the girl's back a stout, hook-nosed elderly woman, mother or duenna, I know not which. She seemed not to have noticed the little play and sat heavily down, as if for all time. The young gallant stepped swiftly back into a great arched doorway and stood there quietly in the shadows, his eyes fixed on the object of his devotion. She gave no sign of nervousness or annoyance at the interruption, and, without changing her position or taking her eyes from the shadowy archway, continued flirting her fan languidly back and forth, but with what appeared to me to be a peculiarly significant movement.

At last I began to be mystified by that fixed, intent look of these two gazing motionless upon each other, as if wholly fascinated. What weird love-making is this? thought I. Have they hypnotized each other and then forgotten how to break the spell? Just then the young man, partly turning, brought one of his hands into view, and the mystery was one no longer. The supple fingers were flying like mad, forming letters and words with such incredible swiftness that I could only stand and marvel. Day after day this same little comedy was enacted with trifling variations, and goodness only knows what burning messages passed thus silently between those two. Later I discovered this to be a general custom, both men and women being adepts in that language of the hands.

On the western side of the Plaza Bolivar stands what was to me the most interesting building in Cartagena, the headquarters of the Spanish Inquisition in South America during the awful years when that institution flourished. Here in this building the judges of the Holy Office issued their ruthless decrees, and before them, it is said, from first to last, there passed no less than four hundred thousand heretics, to receive their sentences. The main part of the building is now used as a warehouse and residence by one of Cartagena's wealthy citizens, but the long, vaulted, sinister torture-room is shown, divested of its instruments, which are preserved in a museum in Madrid. All but one, for in a window of the cathedral just across the Plaza, and even with the sidewalk, may be seen the ancient bed of torture, the close-set bars and the cruel, twisted prongs with which it is thickly studded still showing signs of the awful heat to which it was submitted when it was being prepared for its victims. One corner of this torture-room is walled up in a very curious fashion, obviously in no relation to the construction of the building. Neither the present owner nor any of his predecessors has had the temerity or the curiosity to break down that mysterious wall, so that no one knows what horror of those dark days lies there concealed. The judgment-room is also shown, and the rail or bar before which the victims were brought for sentence stands in its place, crumbling and worn by Heaven knows what tortured hands. The narrow stairway down which the black-robed judges came from the chamber above is unaltered, and so is the narrow, heavily studded oak door that led to the dungeons.

They are below the street, and the little, round, barred windows are to-day just as they were in that dark past, and must have been pitifully inadequate to let in light and air to those unfortunate souls. The damp stone floors are littered now with bales of goods and the bats fly squeaking along the vaulted roof. Kingsley mentions this grim pile in his *Westward Ho!* and here Frank Leigh and the beautiful Rose of Torridge were tortured and sentenced to death.

The Bastile of the Inquisition was under the glacis of the ancient fort of San Lazare, at the entrance of the Bocca Chica, and the little, barred door that gives access to corridors and cells may be seen from the deck of the steamer. It is just inside the entrance to the moat, and is slightly above the water level. It can only be entered from a boat. The galleries are dark, damp, and evil-smelling, and from a little way in they slope down to a considerable depth



The Market-place across the Lagoon

beneath the water. The foul blackness seems alive with bats; the cells are almost wholly unlighted and unventilated, and in some of them the water stands inches deep upon the floors. Even to-day an occasional political prisoner finds his way thither.

All about the Plaza Bolivar are picturesque old buildings, and in its center is a good equestrian statue of Simon Bolivar. At the base of this statue, surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, the military band plays on pleasant Sunday evenings, and the youths and maidens and the sober elders parade slowly around and around the tesselated walks beneath the palms.

The city is most fascinating at night, for then all its acquired modernity falls away from it and its ancient self is more nearly revealed. One wanders through the crooked, ill-lighted streets and sees the moonlight drenching roof and wall, or stealing between the lattices and bars of balcony and window; one notes the indolent grace of a group of chattering native women moving slowly along, the naked feet or the pliant sandals making only a soft lisping on the pavement; now they are in the full flood of the moonlight, their dresses making brilliant patches of light and color against the dark beyond; now they partly disappear in a square of shadow or are utterly engulfed in the gloom of a cavernous archway. One catches glimpses of strange interiors, their dusky arches faintly illumined by the yellow beams of a tiny lamp or by a candle burning before some crucifix, and the figure of a woman crouched over a little charcoal brazier, the fire, through its perforated sides, pricking the gloom with tiny points of crimson light, the while she performs some belated household task. One hears the bells tinkling from the lofty cathedral tower and answered in many keys from monastery and chapel and church—not the deep booming bells that we of the North know, but minor bells, strange, high-pitched, as if their ancient throats were parched by the heat and cracked and husky with tolling the notes of war and pestilence and death through the long centuries; and to pass among such sights and sounds, hearing back of them all the deep humming undertone, the steady pulsing of the sea, forever beating at the ancient walls—is to receive a curious impression of medievalism brought down to the very threshold of the present.

From the Plaza de los Coches one can look through the main gateway of the city across a long, unshaded walk to Jetsemani and to lofty La Popa. On each side of this walk and extending for a thousand feet, is a row of marble busts on short granite pedestals. These are the sculptured por-

traits of the patriot martyrs who were shot to death in front of this gate by a file of Royalist soldiers during the war for independence, and from them the walk takes its name, the Camellon de los Martires. Here on the seaward side is situated the market-place, which in the early morning is well worth visiting.

The bay comes close in along the side of the market, and the shore is lined with the long native *canoas* and *botes* (or small "dug-outs"), gaily decorated at the prow and stern, and piled with brightly colored fruits and vegetables and with every conceivable marketable thing.

Pigs tethered by the legs to mast or thwart grunt contentedly in the shadow cast by a ragged bit of sail stretched as an awning; melancholy groups of turkeys are tethered in like manner, their heads cast down in utter dejection; great wicker crates are packed tightly with clucking fowl, rough cages of native make filled with wise-looking parrots; and tied here and there and everywhere are monkeys of every brand and description. Squatted on the ground near their boats, the women smoke long, thin, black cigars and gossip volubly, or over a tiny fire and a little heap of stones cook their simple meals. Standing patiently in the broiling sun, among piles of earthen jars and native baskets, are donkeys without number, who every once in a while add their infernal "hee-haws" to the chattering, squawking, grunting babel.

Not far from the main gate, inside the walls and close under them, is the cocking-main, while a quarter of a mile beyond, near a smaller gate, is the Plaza de los Toros, or bull-ring, and by these dubious means do the people of this warlike old town amuse themselves.

In these slack and unromantic times of peace there is little but the husk to remind one of the days of Cartagena's glory. Only the women come here for water now, balancing upon their heads huge earthen jars. On these battle-scarred walls, where the grim steel-clad warriors fought their bloody fights, the little black children play all day in the tropic sunlight. In the quiet corners by the crumbling watch-towers the great, green lizards bask undisturbed, and on the rounded edges of the merlons, by the wide embrasures, where the great cannon thundered their defiances, the vultures sit brooding, their black shoulders humped above their ugly heads.

Heart's Tide

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT

I THOUGHT I had forgotten you,
So far apart our lives were thrust!
'Twas only as the earth forgets
The seed the sower left in trust.

'Twas only as the creeks forget
The tides that left their hollows dry;
Or as the home-bound ship forgets
Streamers of seaweed drifting by.

My heart is earth that keeps untold
The secret of the seeds that sleep.
My thoughts are chalices of sand;
Your memory floods them and I weep.

Impasse

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

MY only interest, ever, in the affair that I am about to discuss came from my old affection for Billy Atheling; and for many years Billy Atheling has seemed to me more dead than most dead people. Before I get through, it will be seen why. I was never interested in Mrs. Atheling, though I tended to like her because she was not beautiful. A beautiful woman may have an interesting history in spite of herself. But if any man fell in love with Lois Atheling, it would have to be on the score of something besides looks. She hadn't even a good figure. Now the worst is out. Even Bertrand Rivers wouldn't accuse me of a sentimental attitude to a woman with no particular figure. Mrs. Atheling had charm, however, and, to some extent, wit. She wouldn't have produced the slightest effect on a jury, and, fortunately, she never had to appear before one.

Billy Atheling was an exceedingly good fellow—such a good fellow that when he married, one more or less took his wife on trust. I had never called much during their brief married life—there isn't much point in calling on the happily married—but after Billy died we all more or less rallied to Mrs. Atheling. It was pretty bad to have lost Billy; and she hadn't any immediate family. I don't know how much the life insurance was, but it couldn't have given her a very long rope. She would have to "do" something—and obviously she didn't know what. Her graces and gifts were of the unclassifiable, unmarketable kind. She was a charming Jack-at-all-trades, but, save in special cases, that doesn't constitute a career.

I wasn't sorry—except for her—to hear her say one day when I dropped in at tea-time, "I'm leaving this." "This" was their little cage of a flat in which, high above our heads, they had perched and swung so happily during their years of marriage. I knew she oughtn't to be affording it; and though one hated to see her dislodged, one still more hated the notion of her being unable to pay her bills. "I can't afford it any longer. And now Maude wants me to go there. It's dear of Maude; for it isn't as if there were anything I could *do* for her, you know."

She smiled her sweet, crooked smile, that came out so well in life and so badly in photographs.

"Maude" I knew to be Mrs. Edgell, a cousin, on the mother's side, of Mrs. Atheling's. Mrs. Edgell I had often met, and I shouldn't have picked her out for philanthropy even in its more personal forms. She had all the looks Lois Atheling hadn't—all the looks and all the money. I don't know how to classify her beauty, except to say that her face, quite unlike Mrs. Atheling's, was precisely the kind to convince a jury. She had often, rather vaguely, asked me to come and see her, and I had sometimes rather vaguely gone. She wasn't clever, but it was always good to lean back and look at her across the footlights. Sidney Edgell, her husband, I didn't like. He was good-looking and successful and spoiled; and I had just a suspicion that he was probably a bounder. I had never cared to know him well enough to find out.

"That's very nice for both of you," I ventured. I thought Mrs. Edgell likely to value the companionship of Mrs. Atheling at a high rate: a rate she might pay in cold cash, and all the better. A clever, plain, and loyal woman can be of great value to an indiscreet and pretty friend. That is axiomatic. And Mrs. Edgell was as indiscreet as she was pretty; and her indiscretion took the edge off her ambition. I didn't know just what form her ambition took; but I knew that there was but one fuel for any ambition in New York—money. I've always wondered whether Mrs. Edgell's ambition accounted for Sidney Edgell's striking facades and boggled interiors. He knew

so much better than he builded! Perhaps it wasn't esthetic inadequacy; it may be that he couldn't afford to put too much time on any one building. They line our avenues—Sidney Edgell's beautiful unkept promises. He was a great fad for a time, as every one knows; and though sooner or later all his clients complained of him, there was a decade when every multimillionaire and not a few public institutions wanted to show an Edgell front to the world. He ought to have been employed by all doubtful dynasties to begin their royal domiciles. The thing he could have done to perfection was an unfinished palace—something with splendid serried windows and cornices in front, but very informal and easy to abdicate from at the back. I told Mrs. Atheling that once, and she had for it a pained murmur: "Poor Sidney, he never has time. There's always some big new thing he doesn't dare let slip."

"Why doesn't his wife insist on his doing his best?"

Mrs. Atheling smiled her crooked smile. "I don't think Maude ever goes in," she said. "She gets an infinite pleasure out of just driving by."

"No wonder. We all like to drive by," I said, bitterly. "Make her go in. The Tullibardine Society, for example."

Lois Atheling shook her head. "Poor Sidney! He has a spark of genius—but what will New York do for genius? Talent is all it can stand."

"What will a frivolous wife do for genius?" I returned, sharply—"a wife who never does go in?"

"You shouldn't say that to me."

"Because I'm in her house? Oh, that's one thing New York does permit."

"Because Maude, though you don't know it, is pitifully capable of suffering."

Even then I couldn't be serious. "An ambitious person can always suffer."

"I don't mean that. I mean that she has a heart—and uses it."

Mrs. Atheling had risen and was standing with her back to me at the window of her little sitting-room. What she saw in the grimy areas that kept her there motionless I could not guess. I rose, too, and took my leave. It was the only serious conversation I had ever had with Lois Atheling about her hosts. I could only take it to mean that Mrs. Edgell loved her second-rate husband in a first-rate fashion. That made me a little sorry for her; but I didn't any more, for that reason, see her frivolous figure in the trappings of tragedy.

I drifted off to Europe soon after that, a rare and beautiful occasion for a holiday having presented itself. Once in Europe one forgets a great deal; chiefly, perhaps, the affairs of one's friends. I didn't give Mrs. Atheling a thought of my own between London and Tiflis. Bertrand Rivers wrote me once that she and the Edgells seemed to suit extraordinarily well, and that Maude Edgell took her about everywhere. None of us, he said, need bother our heads any more about Billy Atheling's widow. I took his advice literally; and beyond wondering once or twice how Billy Atheling's widow could console herself with bridge and the opera, I quite ceased to think of her.

One of the most unpleasant things about returning from a long stay in Europe is that one's world at home has so changed its contours in one's absence. Worse than that, it expects you to have got up the new topography. If you haven't, they pity you for a sort of Rip Van Winkle. I had braced myself for being snubbed, but I didn't intend to inform myself with any eagerness. If any of the old crowd met my steamer, I should be glad and grateful; if they had other engagements I should refuse to be disappointed.

Rivers himself was there, and the dear Wintons, who never went abroad, but always met and feasted the returning travelers. The Wintons left at once after engaging me for dinner; and Rivers went off to arrange for a cab. I was standing on the dock amid my luggage, waiting my turn a little drearily, when a tall woman walked slowly up and stopped beside me. It was not until she threw back her heavy veil that I recognized Mrs. Atheling. She held out her hand.

"I didn't know you were on this boat. We all came down to meet a friend of Maude's and Sidney's — Mr. Levering. Perhaps you saw something of him on board—a charming person. But I *am* glad to see you again," she finished, with irrelevant cordiality.



Drawn by T. K. Hanna

IT WAS NOT UNTIL SHE THREW BACK HER VEIL THAT I RECOGNIZED MRS. ATHELING

I looked at her curiously. I had seen something of Levering on board—it was off season and the ship was far from crowded. It gave me rather a shock to see Billy Atheling's wife again and to find her concurring in what seemed a cheap and easy estimate of a man whose surface, I should have said, would not for long mislead the discerning. Levering was anything but charming, to my mind. Yet I was glad to see Lois Atheling, though she faced me with praise of Levering on her lips. She was changed: even in this brief and sudden encounter I could see that. She was nervous, flushed, glittering, inconsequent, as I had never known her to be, even under the strain of the most recent grief. But she did still the thing that she had always done: she brought back Billy Atheling just by being with you and speaking to you. I liked having Billy brought back to me, though there was pain in it; I approved profoundly in his wife her power to do it; and I was very gravely glad to see her.

There she stood, looking both smarter and more spent than I had ever, in her best or her worst days, seen her. We spoke irrelevantly of one or two things—even of Levering—and then my inspector arrived, and she flitted nervously away to join a group of three people who, I thanked Heaven, were just too far off for me to bow to. She did not ask me to go to see her, which struck me afterward as odd, for if I was ever sure of anything it was of her having been even more glad to see me than she said.

Not having been asked, I didn't go. If she had been alone, I might have gone just for the sense of that faint resuscitation of Billy. But I didn't care to have Billy evoked for me by the Edgells' fireside, where he would never, in life, have wanted to be. He had always been quite sure that Sidney Edgell was a bounder. I was very busy that winter; it was desperately easy not to go anywhere. The stray things I heard said about the Edgells were unpleasant. If the beautiful Maude had a heart, it was evidently not her husband who made it beat. That was one of the things I heard occasionally, though I am bound to say that each time I heard it a different man was brought into the context. I was vaguely glad that all the scandal was so aimless; I didn't like Billy Atheling's wife to be in that boat. What people said of Edgell was more definite: that he was drinking heavily and that he was getting fewer commissions.

Lois Atheling's story is one of those with which I have nothing, really, to do. I state such heterogeneous facts as I can swear to. And how am I to know which of my unexplained facts is important? That is why I have painfully and conscientiously set down my early encounters with Lois Atheling. I can't possibly make them sound so casual as they really were. But I had somehow to lead up to the only encounter that wasn't casual—which was as deliberate on her part, at least, as a revolver-shot.

It must have been some time in late April when the case of Edgell *vs.* Edgell came up. I was surprised and disgusted. I hate divorce cases, especially in the classes that ought to be able to manage their affairs without the intervention of the law. Bertrand Rivers was delighted: there can be no doubt that he loves scandal for its own sake—which seems to me like taking mud-baths when they haven't been prescribed for you. I really love the deep domesticity of the Wintons; I'd rather have measles in the family any day than a divorce case. But Rivers comes of a much-divorced stock; and I dare say he takes it lightly, for all his mock-seriousness and his big blue eyes plumping horrors at you before he has had time to open his lips. I love convention, too: blessed convention, that tends to keep you at a safe distance from unpermitted things.

So it was a bitter instant for me when I opened the door of my little apartment one evening to a woman whom I presently discovered to be Lois Atheling. She threw back a heavy veil, as she had months before on the dock; and I recognized her then. It was typical of it all that twice Lois Atheling should present herself to me in the guise of an adventure, and then, with one turn of the hand, reveal herself the familiar unimportant person that she really was. She isn't important to me, even now; and I was never important to her. If Billy Atheling could have returned to me by himself I should have preferred it in-

finitely. But I had to recognize that she carried him inseparably with her — a weary wraith that followed her haltingly and sat down before she did in my cluttered room.

I do not wish to sound superstitious about Billy Atheling and his wife. I have never had a fancy for keeping a keyhole open on the other world to squint through; and the ghost of Billy Atheling in no sense figures in my story. But I should be doing the situation a real injustice by not bearing witness to this strange fact: that when one was with Lois Atheling one had a sense of Billy's reality such as one never had alone. I never thought I saw him, or heard him, or had any communion with him; yet I could always have told you, I think, in what corner of the room that shadowy constant reference to him (for it could have been nothing else) most thickly and intensely displaced the impersonal air. At all events, that strange property (I don't know what other word to use) of Lois Atheling's was the most interesting thing about her, and it always kept me from treating her like a stranger. By grace of it she seemed his wife, not his widow. . . . I don't know if I make myself clear.

She sat down, and having asked if she was intruding (what did she expect me to answer?), she threw off a long wrap that hung about her shoulders. "I have things to say," she began, vaguely. She twisted her head toward the corner I have mentioned as if she, too, felt Billy Atheling impalpably massed in that spot.

"I suppose you know about the divorce?"

I nodded. "I know there's a suit going on. That's all." I was not going to spread Bertrand Rivers's gossip before her unless it was absolutely necessary.

"Yes, Sidney is suing Maude. He's neither to hold nor to bind. I'm not even sure I can pull her through."

How tired she looked! Ill as I had thought her months before, I thought her in much worse state now. The fever had died out, leaving only something ashen and heavy. With the fever the inconsequence had gone; she didn't look as if she had enough energy to be inconsequent.

"I haven't read the papers," I said. "I never do. It may be old-maidish of me, but I find that sort of thing unpleasant—unless I can help." I finished that way in spite of myself; she seemed so to need help.

"Oh, I don't blame you," she said. "I only read them because I have to know all the dreadful things people can say. One has to know—if one is to be of any use. But I shouldn't expect my worst enemy to think I liked it." She closed her eyes; she couldn't speak, evidently, except with effort.

"Why the devil didn't Edgell keep it out of the papers?" I asked, irritably. It had seemed to me that his not doing it was the mark of a bounder.

Mrs. Atheling nodded. "I know what you mean—a referee, instead of that dreadful jury, and people going to listen, and taking their lunches. . . . Well, Sidney just wouldn't. I think he wanted to annoy Maude. But Maude doesn't seem to mind. She doesn't care about *anything*—except to show Sidney that she doesn't care for him. If either had proposed a referee, the other would have objected, just to be nasty. I begged them —but it didn't do any good." She sighed —a frail, tired sigh that seemed more exhaustion than regret.

"Can people hate each other to that point?" It was a stupid question. I ought to have said, can people of our class indulge their hate at the expense of all decency?

"Oh yes, when they loved each other the way Maude and Sidney did. It was a terrible love . . . they ought to have died in the midst of it while it was all blind desire. It *was* blind," she went on, quietly; "just groping, straining hands clutching each other, and no eyes to see."

The strangeness of her visit grew on me as her purpose delayed unfolding itself. Presumably she had wanted to ask me something; but she seemed so far to have come simply for the sake of leaning back in that chair and talking with even explicitness, expounding minutely with the leisure of a complete and fatalistic fatigue. She might have been the Historic Muse at the point of death. I didn't like it. I didn't like her being there, or, in those circumstances, Billy Atheling's being there, as so incontro-

vertibly he was. Yet what was I to do? In what position would a man find himself if a woman wished to make him a confidence and for no reason save his own peace he refused? Her selecting me for listener showed how solitary the poor thing really was.

"I gather that your sympathy is with Mrs. Edgell?" I hardly put it as a question. Her own tone, so little expectant, so little interrogative, had worked on me. It was an hour, apparently, for statement of facts, for doubtful things put tentatively, as if they might be so, until sheer opposing evidence should weigh them down. It was certainly not an hour in which to adopt the manner of the cross-questioner.

"My sympathy?" If there was ever scorn without bitterness, Lois Atheling's voice held it then. "I have no sympathy with either one. They are changed beyond recognition—I don't know them. I live in a muddle of facts—things my senses tell me are true. I haven't an explanation to give to anybody—not even to myself. I tell you, I don't know these people who are fighting like fishwives. I never lived with people like that: I never lived with *them*. And, oh, never again speak to me of love! It's too horrible." The adjuration was flung not at me, but at the whole peopled world.

"You said you hoped to pull her through."

"I think she has suffered more than he."

"Then I take it you have at least more pity for her."

"Not precisely, no. There's no question of where, conventionally, the pity ought to be. But Maude has a kind of anesthesia—it's like a malady. And Sidney is feeling everything all at once."

"Then—" I was a little bewildered by her inferences.

She bent forward and rested her head on her hand.

"Maude's lost, you see." She was working it all out wearily there before me; rather, she had worked it out already and was mechanically repeating the process, while the fire illumined her face only to reveal it as a home of immitigable shadows. "Lost—and I mustn't help."

"Mustn't help?" I could only lead her gently on.

"Mustn't help to push her down. If she can save her reputation formally, it will be something to the good. At all events, it's unthinkable I should prevent her saving it."

"You mean 'lost,' then—how?"

"Oh, utterly lost: *envoûtée* by that horrible man."

"Do you mean the 'charming' Mr. Levering?"

"'Charming'?"

"That is what you called him the last time I saw you — on the dock when I landed."

"What does it matter what I said?" A note of passion, for the first time, rose and died in her thin voice. "It's what I should say to-morrow and the next day and the day after that. But I didn't come here to-night to say it to you."

"Then I gather—"

"You may 'gather'—everything. It's not Maude who'll deny it — except in the court-room, to madden and baffle Sidney."

"He's clever," she went on. "He was clever enough to understand all about Maude and Sidney and to act accordingly. It would have done no man any good to make vulgar love to Maude Edgell. So he didn't. He made it like a troubadour. She thought he understood all the things that Sidney didn't. Perhaps he did. But it comes to the same thing in the end. Oh, love—don't speak to me of it!" She repeated the phrase with a faint fierceness.

"Is he ready to chuck her now?"

"He'll never chuck her. He's mad about her. She will give her flesh for the sake of her soul, and he'll take her soul for the sake of her flesh. But he can't marry her, even if the divorce goes through. His wife won't let him go. She hates him, but she's ready to give everything—to be, literally, Griselda—for the sake of keeping him and Maude from anything like peace. Do you realize—I never realized it—how much is done in this world for sheer, black spite?"

I had realized it academically, but never so vitally as at that moment when Lois Atheling sat before me, beaten and broken by the clash of passions that were killing her quite incidentally—a by-victim of their sword-play. These people hadn't gone out of their way to maim

Lois Atheling: they had simply struck through her at some one behind, as if she had been an irrelevant wraith in vapory garments. And Billy Atheling was helpless, he seemed, in his corner, to say: his feet bound down by grave-clothes, his strong hands dissolving in the tomb.

"Then she's lost—just how?" I was sure Mrs. Atheling meant something besides conventional morality.

She proceeded to make it clearer. "Her will is dead. She's like those silly people who are hypnotized on the stage before big, grinning audiences. Only in this case it isn't trivial or laughable. There's nothing she wouldn't do if James Levering suggested it to her. And you can imagine the things he *has* suggested. . . . A poor creature, with all her reticence gone, in the hands of a mad hypnotist."

I wrinkled my eyebrows. I am still old-fashioned enough to dislike scientific evasions of ethics. Mrs. Atheling evidently understood.

"I don't mean anything charlatanish. I mean—he has caught her soul like that. She sees Sidney just as a disgusting obstacle—something very big and not quite decent, in the middle of the path; something she mustn't even condescend to think about. That's what the man has done with his sonnets! I don't say that he hasn't lost his head, too. They are like the big duet in an Italian opera. . . . But while they're despising Sidney, they don't know what he is capable of. They just don't know. They'd scorn to find out."

"Do *you* know?"

She shifted her position slightly—supported her cheek with her other hand. She seemed too tired to lift her head. "I've unloaded his pistols. I've emptied the whiskey decanter through the back window at midnight. I've slipped in and put safety razors on his dressing-table and stolen the others. Oh yes, *I* know."

I was shocked. "Mrs. Atheling, I don't know Edgell well—I never liked him—but isn't all that bravado? A little, you know, like the fine preliminary flourish in his houses? Won't mere habit hold him back?"

"Habit won't hold him back." She spoke as if she were fatally sure of it. "The only thing that holds him back is sheer weakness. He's so gone to pieces that the impulse gives out before it's time to act. There are very few moments in any twenty-four hours when everything is ready for murder."

"Murder?" I had, naturally, been thinking of suicide.

"Murder, of course."

"But it's impossible. Edgell is, after all—" I hesitated, for I grudged him praise.

"Sidney, you see, cares only to strike out before he dies. If you've ever seen big game cornered and wounded, you probably know what he's like. The only chance is that his impulse will never coincide with the presence of his wife and James Levering. They don't seek his society, you can imagine."

I couldn't think of Sidney Edgell as big game, but there was danger enough even from a smaller animal with a great wounded spurt of hate. It was no boat for Billy Atheling's wife to be in; even less a boat for her to be in that no personal emotion involved her in the drama. She spoke of Sidney Edgell as if he had been an abstract menace to the community—a mere fatal immorality of tone; and she might as well have referred to Levering and Mrs. Edgell as the "guilty pair." She wasn't sparing any one to me; and I wondered how on earth she was planning to pull Mrs. Edgell through.

"Are you so in it that you can't pull out?" I asked. She seemed to me dreadfully 'in it,' but I half hoped that the detachment of her tone was grounded in a real detachment recognizable to the principals.

"So in it that I can't pull out." My half-hope was dashed thus, just as it lifted its head.

"How?" something pushed me on to ask.

"By knowing everything."

"What you've been telling me?"

"A hundred times more than I've told you. A hundred times more than I shall ever tell a lawyer."

"Then you'll just hold your tongue and let it take care of itself." I knew that wasn't so simple as it sounded, but I didn't expect such an outburst of despair.

"Hold my tongue! You speak as if it



Drawn by T. K. Hanna

SHE WAS WORKING IT ALL OUT WEARILY THERE BEFORE ME

were easy—as if one could choose. Don't you see that Sidney knows I know? Do you suppose that he is going to permit me to hold my tongue? Do you suppose he won't make his lawyer ask me questions that I can't answer without giving poor Maude away?"

"Does he really know that you know?" I pitied her as I had never expected to pity any one I did not love.

"Yes, he knows. It has been clear for a long time that Maude wasn't keeping any secrets from me. And Sidney proposes to have it all out."

"Can't you run away, hide yourself where they can't find you?"

"I promised Maude to stay by. And before I knew it, the suit was on and I had been summoned as a witness. I didn't dream Sidney would do it. I haven't money enough to run away, even if it were safe. I can't run away on their money, you know."

"Ah, my poor lady, is there *no* way out?" The vision of her plight wrung me.

Mrs. Atheling smoothed her hair back from her forehead with the palms of her hands as if her temples ached. She was leaning back now in the big, low chair.

"Only one way out." She smiled for the first time as she said it—her crooked smile that we had all so liked from the beginning, only it looked now as if it had been twisted originally by pain.

I waited. "Sidney, you see"—her crooked smile accentuated the words—"will let me off on one condition."

My eyes interrogated her.

"That of accepting his attentions. And that's the one length I really can't go for poor Maude."

Her tone of irony, while it had lasted, had been a relief; while there's irony left there's hope. But it had lasted only as long as her smile: both face and voice had quickly lapsed to the same tragic dullness. I turned to the corner where Billy Atheling had seemed to be. The fact that no breath came from it proved the weakness of the ghost. To listen—for he was listening—to that tale and not even to stir the air with a sigh that she could hear—oh, that was impotence beyond all human helplessness.

"The damned cad!" It did me good to say it, between clenched teeth.

"Oh, you others—you think you've done with a cad when you've damned him. But one hasn't. I *am* in it, you see." The words came very faintly, as if from beyond an unscalable barrier, through some interstice too small for vision, some useless loophole upon our world. She was "in it"—I could see that. And what, in the name of all that had been Billy Atheling, was I to do?

She pointed, with a quick, irrelevant gesture, at her dress, which had somehow looked quaint, as I remembered, when she came in.

"This is the only thing I have that they didn't give me—a little thing I got after Billy died. They were so kind to me. . . ."

It was not irrelevant, I saw then. It was a fact that bulked big in her reading of her plight. But I felt that I mustn't let her tortures be more subtle than was absolutely inevitable.

"Edgell has canceled all that by his abominable behavior."

"Oh, Sidney—yes, if you like. It was no way for him to put it, certainly." Her irony flickered up and then went out. "But Maude—I don't know that Maude has canceled anything. She has a positive claim to my silence."

I didn't know whether she called her conversation with me the kind of silence that Mrs. Edgell had a claim to; but I was not in a censorious mood.

"Would you like me to go to Edgell?" The very suggestion disgusted me beyond measure, but I really could think of nothing else.

"Certainly not. It would be the maddest, most fatal thing to do. He won't talk decently to any one except me."

"Ah, if he's in love with you—" It *was* a new turn in the labyrinth.

"He isn't in love with me!" She spoke in evident anger. "Call that love! He wants to hurt Maude; and he would like to humiliate her by acquiring her most intimate friend. I am afraid Maude has been in the habit of telling him that no one but a gutter-snipe could possibly fall in love with him now. Maude has been very hard on him—she has let him go to pieces and then taunted him with it. She drives him to drink and blames him for being drunk. It isn't fair, but Maude isn't responsible."

Mrs. Atheling rose. "No one is responsible," she said; "and they are all behaving like monsters from the pit. Oh, I've done with it, I've done with it!" She rested her arms on the chimney-piece and, bowing her head on them, sobbed hysterically.

I made her sit down again and rest without talking. I made her drink some wine. After a little she looked up.

"You see," she began, "it's perjury that I'm in for. I shall be put on the witness-stand and I shall lie. It will be very easy to prove I've lied—and perjury is a prison offense. I must lie; they trusted me. They told me things; they babbled to me as if I were a priest. I could never hold Maude back—but she always told me. And, like a fool, I thought perhaps it was better that I should know. I always thought to the end that I might sometime be of some use—that sometime she might listen to me. Oh, I'm pledged to Maude. Don't you see?"

"I will see Edgell — damn him!" I cried.

"You won't!" She rose again. "I forbid it. You'll be silent forever. Only —I wanted some one to know, for Billy's sake. I wanted Billy to know."

"Ah, Billy knows!" I exclaimed.

She looked at me wistfully. "I'm not even sure of that. They have taken me so far from him." It sounded like the plaint of a lost child wandering in dark streets. For an instant I thought of telling her—of taking her quietly by the shoulders and turning her to face him. But it did not seem to me to be the moment for it, and I denied my inspiration.

"May I come to see you to-morrow?"

"No," she said; "I'm with Maude in her aunt's old house. It's very small—you might meet her. It would have to be arranged. And, besides, I have reason to believe that everything is being watched. I will let you know when you may come."

"Where do you see Edgell?"

"When I go to see the children. Sidney has a guard over them, but they let me in."

"You promise to let me know the first minute I can see you—before anything has had time to happen?"

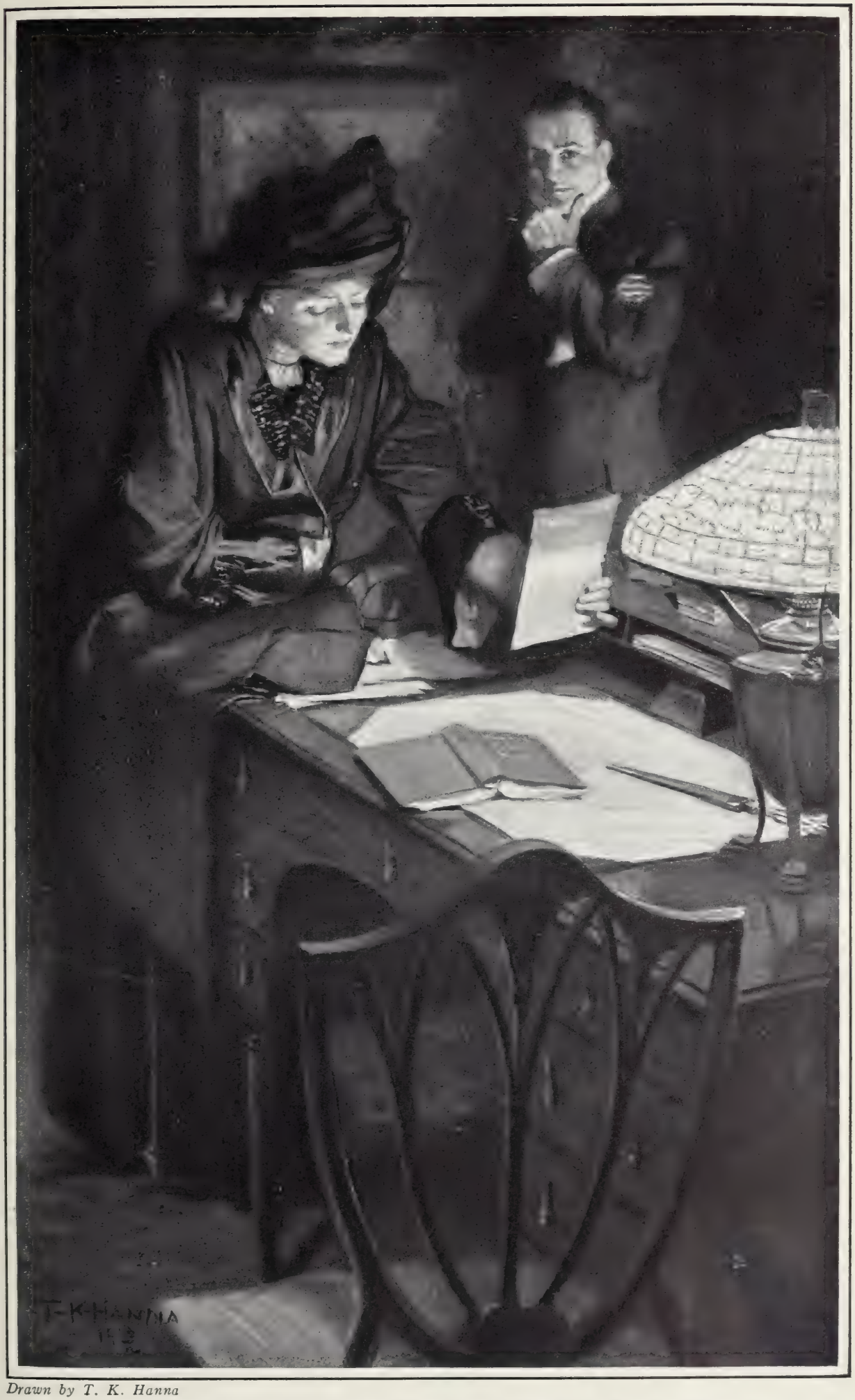
"I will do my best. The case is for next week."

She bent over my writing-table for a moment to look at a photograph. Her long cloak swept across my papers. Then she went out. At the door she turned.

"I promise to let you know before the case comes up," she said. "You can see me — if you'll really be so good as to come—within a few days. No, don't come down." Her eyes looked very strange. The door closed, and I was left alone.

There is really nothing left to tell except when and how Lois Atheling kept her promise to me. All the next day I felt that she might send for me on any sudden opportunity, and though I walked the streets feverishly I kept coming back to my rooms to see if by any chance a note or a telegram had come. I did not go to my desk at all; and that fact accounted for my not discovering among my papers until the next evening a worn, familiar cigarette-case of silver. It *was* familiar; even if it had not been engraved with Billy Atheling's monogram I should, it seemed to me, have recognized it. He has so often shaken it lightly at me before taking from it the controversial cigarette! How well I remembered that little gesture of his left hand! With that very gesture, it seemed, he must have placed it the night before on my table. I am not superstitious; and usually in solitude I have my wits about me as well as another man. But for quite ten minutes—I did not mark the moments, but I had time to feel my way in the situation, to cast about, shaken though determined, for a solution—it never occurred to me that it was not Billy Atheling himself who had left the thing there, a pathetic, trivial testimony to the reality of his presence. He had been there, and had wanted somehow to prove it.

No, it must have been quite ten minutes before I leaped to my feet and cursed my aberration. It was she who had left it—stooping over my table and slipping it from the folds of her cloak. I did not dally with solutions this time. It meant something; and it meant something perturbing. I crossed to the telephone. "Hang Mrs. Edgell! I'll have it out of her all the same," was my mental comment. After some difficulty, I got my call answered. Mrs. Atheling was not in; she had gone, alone, to the theater.



Drawn by T. K. Hanna

SHE BENT OVER MY WRITING-TABLE TO LOOK AT A PHOTOGRAPH

I hung up the receiver, perplexed but reassured. Why I should have been reassured I cannot say. Perhaps the very banality of the suggestion soothed my nerves while it shocked my taste. I remember telling myself very seriously that there are people for whom the Aristotelian *catharsis* works. She might have fled from her private triangular drama to the contemplation of a strange protagonist. I offer no excuse for my stupidity; but it may have been as well that I got that night the tranquil sleep into which my stupidity lured me.

I repeat that I offer no excuse. For though only a miracle could have led me to her if I had gone out, vaguely searching for her, that would at least have been an admirable miracle. Whereas my peaceful sleep that night, after such a warning, was as deplorable as it was marvelous.

The last thing I have to record is the one thing that everybody knows. The morning paper brought me the news—thanks to the Edgells and the divorce case, it was in head-lines—of Mrs. Atheling's fatal accident. Oddly enough, I don't remember which theater she had been to, or what street of the thirties or forties she had been crossing. She had taken a chance on passing in front of a taxi that swerved suddenly in from Broadway; she had tottered, slipped, and fallen in its very path. Before midnight she had died, unconscious from the moment of the accident. So much was in the papers. An hour later I had the bad luck to encounter Edgell as he was leaving the hospital. He was bloodshot and unshaven and altogether unpleasant. I hardly expected him, as we passed each other on the steps, to recognize me; but he did. He stopped; he peered into my face like an old man. "*She's* in there, damn her!" he said, and hurried on. I barely knew him, and that he should have permitted himself that intimate hostile ejaculation surprised me. Perhaps I carried in my face some record of my curious encounter with Mrs. Atheling—something that made him connect me inexplicably with her and with them all. It almost seemed as if it must be so; for he did not peer at other people whom he met, and he squared his shoulders like a sane man as he crossed the sidewalk to his cab. I never saw him or heard from him again. The sudden intuition that had made him address me intimately flickered out at once and forever—it was the story of his façades over again. He could not live up, in any way, to his inspirations. He is dead now; and he will never break another promise, poor devil.

Edgell's inspired lurch toward me gave me a distaste for meeting his wife. She was far more likely than he to guess that Mrs. Atheling had come to me; far more likely to infer preposterous truths from my prompt appearance. I was sure that Lois Atheling had kept her secret; but if I couldn't keep it for her any better than at the moment I felt I had done, I had no desire to go about inviting scrutiny. I sent up a formal little note to Mrs. Edgell by a nurse; and was glad to get an equally formal reply that released me from every duty save solitary reflection.

I have heard a great many people discuss the tactical importance for the Edgells of Mrs. Atheling's untimely death. Bertrand Rivers was full of it—you would have thought him a French playwright. What always surprised me—what still surprises me—is that never once from any quarter did I hear the sibilant hint of "suicide." Many people have thought that she believed to the end in Mrs. Edgell's innocence; some people have thought she was in love with Edgell; one or two have even suggested that she was under James Levering's spell; and there were those who merely thought her a poor parasitic creature who could neither help nor hurt, who could only be infinitely dazed. No one has ever guessed anything. Billy Atheling's friends were, for the most part, inclined to feel that she was well out of the mess and to think that Heaven had been kind. That was as near the truth as any one ever got. I have never known a suicide more cleverly managed. The elimination of her testimony took the zest out of the trial. To that end, in point of fact, she had given her life.

It was a matter that I could not discuss with discretion, and I therefore refused to discuss it at all. I realized immediately after the catastrophe the full meaning of her promise to me two evenings before. "You will see me again—

if you'll be so good. . . ." I did see her as she lay in her coffin, which was precisely what she had meant. She had dropped Billy's cigarette-case on my table —why? As a token that I might care to have? Rather, I fancy, to explain why she had chosen me for listener. I stood to her for Billy; if Billy's point of view had been preserved in the world, it was most probably — so I read her pathetic belief—in my breast. She had "wanted Billy to know." It was ironic that she should not have felt Billy's presence as I did; but she had not been far from the mark in coming to the person who did feel it, who never saw her without that shadow at her shoulder. It was clear that she took every chance that came to her; and if Billy existed only in loving memory, to that loving memory she wished, before departing, to offer the truth. Little by little I understood it all. The record of her conversation with me shows that she saw no way out of the situation save the way out of life. Yet some faint misgiving led her to want to defend herself, to explain before she went. My own notion is that she meant me to understand everything in the end and nothing at the time—which is just what happened. Yet I have always been haunted by the idea that she may have expected me to guess. What, in that case, she would have wanted me to do I cannot say. Perhaps merely, in the tense quiet of that hour, to go mentally all the way with her and approve her tacitly to the last. I do not know.

Let me compress history for those who have forgotten, or who never plucked out and wove together the shreds of news that appeared at intervals in the fickle tissue of the press. Mrs. Edgell and Levering left together for foreign parts. They hadn't much money, I understand, and lived where they could — a little shabby and very bored. Their old acquaintances used to run across them now and then, but the pair were apt to flit away overnight before a second encounter could take place. Mrs. Edgell's freedom did her little good, as Mrs. Levering was implacable to the last. She would never divorce her husband, and she survived him by about a year. Bertrand Rivers's contribution to the legend is to the effect that, after Levering's death, Mrs. Edgell took to good works. For obvious reasons her ministrations couldn't be spectacular, but Rivers (who adores Magdalens of every class) enlarged to me upon her efforts. No woman is so weak that she cannot have a protégé, and Mrs. Edgell doubtless found work to her hand in the less fashionable quarters of foreign resorts. I don't know where in the deuce Rivers got his information, but he produced for me a few half-romantic, half-sordid sketches. The most striking of all was an encounter in the Esbekiyeh Gardens between Maude and Sidney Edgell. Apparently Sidney Edgell himself was the last of her charities. Listlessly, cynically — yet who knows with what echo of lost precepts in their ears?—they drifted vaguely together without remarriage; and she nursed him during his attack of typhoid until she herself was stricken. Both of them died. Thus ended their strange, second-rate story.

I said that it was a scandal that died young. As far as the public went, that is true. But occasionally the former friends of the Edgells, in the presence of some other crisis, refer to them. They serve chiefly as speech-saving analogies. Molly Winton sometimes discusses them, always censuring them dreadfully and pitying them inordinately. It was a long time before I found it easy to go to the Wintons. Sidney Edgell's façades still front the world, though they are already being elbowed into insignificance by other structures. They lift their heads like flowers with a worm at the heart—flowers presently to die. He had a fatal tendency, in every way, to impermanence. But people refer to him as "poor Edgell"; and there are ladies, I am told, who, thanks to Bertrand Rivers's intervention, express a sentimental pity for his wife. No one ever mentions Mrs. Atheling.

The Wanderer

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

ALL day they loitered by the resting ships,
Telling their beauties over, taking stock;
At night the verdict left my messmates' lips,
"The *Wanderer* is the finest ship in dock."

I had not seen her, but a friend, since drowned,
Drew her, with painted ports, low, lovely, lean,
Saying, "The *Wanderer,* clipper, outward bound,
The loveliest ship my eyes have ever seen—

"Perhaps to-morrow you will see her sail.
She sails at sunrise": but the morrow showed
No *Wanderer* setting forth for me to hail;
Far down the stream men pointed where she rode,

Rode the great trackway to the sea, dim, dim,
Already gone before the stars were gone.
I saw her at the sea-line's smoky rim
Grow swiftly vaguer as they towed her on.

Soon even her masts were hidden in the haze
Beyond the city; she was on her course
To trample billows for a hundred days:
That afternoon the norther gathered force,

Blowing a small snow from a point of east;
"Oh, fair for her," we said, "to take her south."
And in our spirits, as the wind increased,
We saw her there, beyond the river-mouth,

Setting her side-lights in the wildering dark,
To glint upon mad water, while the gale
Roared like a battle, snapping like a shark,
And drunken seamen struggled with the sail.

While with sick hearts her mates put out of mind
Their little children left astern, ashore,
And the gale's gathering made the darkness blind,
Water and air one intermingled roar.

Then we forgot her, for the fiddlers played,
Dancing and singing held our merry crew,
The old ship moaned a little as she swayed,
It blew all night, oh, bitter hard it blew.

So that at midnight I was called on deck
To keep an anchor-watch: I heard the sea
Roar past in white procession filled with wreck;
Intense bright frosty stars burned over me,

And the Greek brig beside us dipped and dipped,
White to the muzzle like a half-tide rock,
Drowned to her mainmast with the seas she shipped;
Her cable-swivels clanged at every shock.

And like a never-dying force, the wind
Roared till we shouted with it, roared until
Its vast vitality of wrath was thinned,
Had beat its fury breathless and was still.

By dawn the gale had dwindled into flaw,
A glorious morning followed: with my friend
I climbed the fo'c's'le-head to see; we saw
The waters hurrying shorewards without end.

Haze blotted out the river's lowest reach;
Out of the gloom the steamers, passing by,
Called with their sirens, hooting their sea-speech;
Out of the dimness others made reply.

A Runcorn schooner passed, a steamer came
Swift on the flood towards us, hooting loud,
Passing so near that we could read her name
And hear her mate's voice calling to the crowd.

I said, "It blew most bitter hard last night,
There must have been a wild sea on the bar,
The salt has caked that steamer's funnels white,
Look at her bows how red with rust they are."

And as we watched, there came a rush of feet
Charging the fo'c's'le till the hatchway shook.
Men all about us thrust their way, or beat,
Crying, "The *Wanderer!* Down the river! Look!"

I looked with them towards the dimness: there
Gleamed like a spirit striding out of night,
A full-rigged ship unutterably fair,
Her masts like trees in winter, frosty-bright.

Foam trembled at her bows like wisps of wool,
She trembled as she towed. I had not dreamed
That work of man could be so beautiful,
In its own presence and in what it seemed.

"So, she is putting back again," I said.
"How white with frost her yards are on the fore."
One of the men about me answer made,
"That is not frost, but all her sails are tore,

Torn into tatters, youngster, in the gale;
Her best foul-weather suit gone." It was true,
Her masts were white with rags of tattered sail
Many as gannets when the fish are due.

Beauty in desolation was her pride,
Her crowned array a glory that had been;
She faltered tow'rds us like a swan that died,
But although ruined she was still a queen.

"Put back with all her sails gone," went the word;
Then, from her signals flying, rumor ran,
"The sea that stove her boats in, killed her third,
She has been gutted and has lost a man."

So, as though stepping to a funeral march,
She passed defeated homewards whence she came,
Ragged with tattered canvas white as starch,
A wild bird that misfortune had made tame.

She was refitted soon: another took
The dead man's office; then the singers hove
Her capstan till the snapping hawsers shook;
Out, with a bubble at her bows, she drove.

Again they towed her seawards, and again
We, watching, praised her beauty, praised her trim,
Saw her fair house-flag flutter at the main,
And slowly saunter seawards, dwindling dim;

And wished her well, and wondered, as she died,
How, when her canvas had been sheeted home,
Her quivering length would sweep into her stride,
Making the greenness milky with her foam.

But when we rose next morning, we discerned
Her beauty once again a shattered thing;
Towing to dock the *Wanderer* returned,
A wounded sea-bird with a broken wing.

A spar was gone, her rigging's disarray
Told of a worse disaster than the last;
Like draggled hair disheveled hung the stay,
Drooping and beating on the broken mast.

Half-mast upon her flagstaff hung her flag;
Word went among us how the broken spar
Had gored her captain like an angry stag,
And killed her mate a half-day from the bar.

She passed to dock upon the top of flood.
An old man near me shook his head and swore:
"Like a bad woman, she has tasted blood—
There 'll be no trusting in her any more."

We thought it truth, and when we saw her there
Lying in dock, beyond, across the stream,
We would forget that we had called her fair,
We thought her murderess and the past a dream.

And when she sailed again, we watched in awe,
Wondering what bloody act her beauty planned,
What evil lurked behind the thing we saw,
What strength was there that thus annulled man's hand,

How next its triumph would compel man's will
Into compliance with external Fate,
How next the powers would use her to work ill
On suffering men; we had not long to wait.

For soon the outcry of derision rose,
"Here comes the *Wanderer!*" the expected cry.
Guessing the cause, our mockings joined with those
Yelled from the shipping as they towed her by.

She passed us close, her seamen paid no heed
To what was called: they stood, a sullen group,
Smoking and spitting, careless of her need,
Mocking the orders given from the poop.

Her mates and boys were working her; we stared;
What was the reason of this strange return,
This third annulling of the thing prepared?
No outward evil could our eyes discern.

Only like one who having formed a plan
Beyond the pitch of common minds, she sailed,
Mocked and deserted by the common man,
Made half divine to me for having failed.

We learned the reason soon; below the town
A stay had parted like a snapping reed,
"Warning," the men thought, "not to take her down."
They took the omen, they would not proceed.

Days passed before another crew would sign.
The *Wanderer* lay in dock alone, unmanned,
Feared as a thing possessed by powers malign,
Bound under curses not to leave the land.

But under passing Time fear passes too;
That terror passed, the sailors' hearts grew bold,
We learned in time that she had found a crew
And was bound out and southwards as of old.

And in contempt we thought, "A little while
Will bring her back again, dismantled, spoiled.
It is herself; she cannot change her style;
She has the habit now of being foiled."

So when a ship appeared among the haze,
We thought, "The *Wanderer* back again"; but no;
No *Wanderer* showed for many, many days,
Her passing lights made other waters glow.

But we would often think and talk of her,
Tell newer hands her story, wondering, then,
Upon what ocean she was *Wanderer,*
Bound to what cities built by foreign men.

And one by one our little conclave thinned,
Passed into ships and sailed and so away,
To drown in some great roaring of the wind,
Wanderers themselves, unhappy fortune's prey.

And Time went by me making memory dim,
Yet still I wondered if the *Wanderer* fared
Still pointing to the unreached ocean's rim,
Brightening the water where her breast was bared.

And much in ports abroad I eyed the ships,
Hoping to see her well-remembered form
Come with a curl of bubbles at her lips
Bright to her berth, the sovereign of the storm.

I never did, and many years went by,
Then, near a Southern port, one Christmas eve,
I watched a gale go roaring through the sky,
Making the caldrons of the clouds upheave.

Then the wrack tattered and the stars appeared,
Millions of stars that seemed to speak in fire,
A byre cock cried aloud that morning neared,
The swinging wind-vane flashed upon the spire.

And soon men looked upon a glittering earth,
Intensely sparkling like a world new-born;
Only to look was spiritual birth,
So bright the raindrops ran along the thorn.

So bright they were, that one could almost pass
Beyond their twinkling to the source, and know
The glory pushing in the blade of grass,
That hidden soul which makes the flowers grow.

That soul was there apparent, not revealed,
Unearthly meanings covered every tree,
That wet grass grew in an immortal field,
Those waters fed some never-wrinkled sea.

The scarlet berries in the hedge stood out
Like revelations but the tongue unknown;
Even in the brooks a joy was quick: the trout
Rushed in a dumbness dumb to me alone.

All of the valley was aloud with brooks;
I walked the morning, breasting up the fells,
Taking again lost childhood from the rooks,
Whose cawing came above the Christmas bells.

I had not walked that glittering world before,
But up the hill a prompting came to me,
"This line of upland runs along the shore:
Beyond the hedgerow I shall see the sea."

And on the instant from beyond away
That long familiar sound, a ship's bell, broke
The hush below me in the unseen bay.
Old memories came: that inner prompting spoke.

And bright above the hedge a seagull's wings
Flashed and were steady upon empty air.
"A Power unseen," I cried, "prepares these things;
"Those are her bells, the *Wanderer* is there."

So, hurrying to the hedge and looking down,
I saw a mighty bay's wind-crinkled blue
Ruffling the image of a tranquil town,
With lapsing waters glittering as they grew.

And near me in the road the shipping swung,
So stately and so still in such great peace
That like to drooping crests their colors hung,
Only their shadows trembled without cease.

I did but glance upon those anchored ships,
Even as my thought had told, I saw her plain;
Tense, like a supple athlete with lean hips,
Swiftness at pause, the *Wanderer* come again—

Come as of old a queen, untouched by Time,
Resting the beauty that no seas could tire,
Sparkling, as though the midnight's rain were rime,
Like a man's thought transfigured into fire.

And as I looked, one of her men began
To sing some simple tune of Christmas Day;
Among her crew the song spread, man to man,
Until the singing rang across the bay;

And soon in other anchored ships the men
Joined in the singing with clear throats, until
The farm-boy heard it up the windy glen,
Above the noise of sheep-bells on the hill.

Over the water came the lifted song—
Blind pieces in a mighty game we swing;
Life's battle is a conquest for the strong;
The meaning shows in the defeated thing.



"LIZZIE LYNCH," BY J. ALDEN WEIR

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

"Lizzie Lynch," by J. Alden Weir

MODERN painters, through their finer vision and manual skill, have given us many intimate impressions of nature unrecorded before their time. To convey these impressions they have sought new modes of expression, modes which are not accepted readily by the public. Any new language of the brush always has been imposed with difficulty. How great the change in method is, as well as in taste and ideal, can best be appreciated by comparing a work of to-day with one of a generation ago. The older painters for the most part were story-tellers or photographers who appealed to a public of untrained vision. Modern artists approach their task in a different spirit, and show not what the observer sees, but what he ought to see.

Working on these lines, Mr. Weir has established an idiom of art expression which is recognized as his own, and in this work, which is the property of Mrs. H. M. Adams, of Glen Cove, his individual style is strongly marked. He has shown ingenuity in devising a technique to convey his sense of flesh and fabric. The whole painting seems combed into broken lines, giving an infinite number of surfaces over which the lights and shadows play, investing it with an opalescent envelope which subdues and harmonizes the whole. In fact, Mr. Weir is a harmonist rather than a picture-maker, and works with a different conception of his art than is to be found in the telling of a story or the presenting of a scene or object with scrupulous fidelity. His interest is in pushing to the extreme the particular mode of doing a thing to secure a particular result. In this instance the subject itself is an appealing one of great charm. Coupled with dignity of design, a fine balance of color values marks its scheme of delicate pink and gray. It reveals a belief in beauty for itself, a fastidious taste, and an artistic equipment of an unusual order.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

A Question of Wills

BY ALICE BROWN

"NOW," said Althea Webb, "you think you're all right?"

She had put a great stick into the stove, and left the tea-kettle on the flat place at the back, and piled a comforter and a blanket on a chair where the sick man could reach them. She had given him his simple supper and washed the dishes, and now she was going home for the night. Cyrus Cobb was an old man, with a face seamed by a thousand wrinkles, all tending to the point of puckering and weazening. His eyes had withdrawn until they were only pin-points of an opaque blue, and his white hair was cut short. He was a clean old man, and didn't want, he said, to see loose ends straggling over the sheets. Althea, a slender, sanguine-colored woman of thirty, stood looking at him with the mixture of compassion and annoyance she always felt for him. It seemed to her ridiculous that she should leave her dress-making twice or three times a day and walk half a mile to tidy up a sick old man who had probably money enough to hire a nurse. Yet he wouldn't hire the nurse, and the town, at this stage of his illness, wouldn't take him in hand; and Althea, following in her mind the course of his discomfort from hour to hour as she sat at her sewing, would throw down her needle, when the unspoken summons came too loudly, and run to rescue him. He took her ministrations with a natural sort of courtesy, but to-night he wished to talk.

"Se' down," he said. "You ain't got to fly like a bumble-bee the minute he's loaded up."

Althea felt perverse, like contradicting him. She was tired, and at that moment it seemed desirable to be tucked into a clean bed with a long night before you, even if you had to be seventy-six years old and partly paralyzed to get there.

"I ain't got time to set," said she. "I'm goin' to be up half the night as 'tis."

"What ye set up so late for?" Cyrus inquired. "Ye won't get no beauty sleep."

Althea had the impression that she was a very plain woman, and this seemed like flouting her. She answered the more brusquely.

"I've got to set up to finish a blue poplin that's promised for to-morrer. The girl's goin' to wear it to-morrer night, an' I wouldn't disappoint her for nothin'."

"Oh," said Cyrus, reflectively. Althea made another movement to go. "Se' down, se' down," he bade her. "I guess if you had the numb palsy you'd want anybody to shorten the night a half an hour or so by settin' by."

The appeal was too much for Althea. She sat down and loosened her coat.

"Well," she said, with hostility intended rather to hearten herself to resist his importunity than to add another burden to the night. "What is it, Mr. Cobb?"

Cyrus was perhaps smiling a little, after his own way. At least, his eyes withdrew a degree farther into their hiding-places, and his mouth widened in a queer pucker quite new to anything Althea had seen in it. She was gazing at it, fascinated.

"That ain't no way to speak to a man that's got the numb palsy," said Cyrus Cobb. "You better be kinder pleasant. I guess you'd want anybody to be if you had to lay here from sundown to rise, hearin' the clock tick."

Althea was conquered. She threw back her coat.

"Want I should read you the paper?" she inquired, with a fictitious cheerfulness.

"No," said Cyrus, "I don't; I want ye to tell me suthin' that's 'livenin', suthin't I can kinder study on when I'm layin' here alone."

Althea plucked up courage.

"I tell you, Mr. Cobb," she said, "it's a sin an' a shame for you to be here alone, anyway, sick as you be. You'd ought to have a nurse."

The smile had disappeared. Althea, looking at the old face, wished she had not dared so much.

"When'd you move here?" he inquired, brusquely.

"I been here 'most eight months now," Althea told him, glad to embark on a topic so little likely to offend.

"What d'ye come for?" old Cyrus queried. "Why didn't ye stay where ye was?"

"My brother married," said Althea. "He an' I'd been keepin' house together—ever since he was fourteen."

"Turned ye out, did they?" chuckled Cyrus. "Cut ye adrift an' told ye ye could swim for't."

Althea answered with dignity, though her voice, in spite of her, did choke a little. "I made up my mind to go. Seemed best I should. An' I heard of this little house, an' the rent wa'n't much, an' I thought the girls in the 'cademy'd be wantin' dressmakin', an' that's my trade—an' so I come."

"Well," said Cyrus, and from the tone of his voice Althea suspected that this was the question he was leading up to. "What set you on to come over here an' do so much for me?"

"Why, Mr. Cobb," said Althea, indignantly, for it seemed to her he ought not to need the answer, "you know as well as I do you fell down that day I was goin' by. Don't you know you fell, right out here in the yard?"

Cyrus ignored that question.

"An' I'll warrant the neighbors have been talkin' about me, ain't they?" he suggested. "They've told ye I'm a miser, an' I might have nusses day an' night an' I won't."

"Yes, Mr. Cobb," said Althea, plucking up courage, "folks say you've got plenty to do with."

"An' they say I'm sleepin' on a husk bed, an' the husks are all mixed in with dollars. Ain't they told you that?"

"'Tain't a husk bed," said Althea, irrelevantly, glad to escape for even a momentary excursion from the point. "It's a good feather tick, an' I've turned it myself a dozen times."

"An' they say I've quarreled with the only nephew I ever had, an' he's gone off to live by himself down to Joyce's Bridge. An' if I hadn't broke up his marryin' Rosabel Lee he'd ha' been with me to this day. Don't they say that now?"

"I ain't goin' to set here an' be catechised," said Althea, drawing her coat together. "I'll be up in the mornin', Mr. Cobb, an' I'll bring you as nice a square o' johnny-cake as ever you see. Don't you think you could eat a mite o' johnny-cake?"

"I'll tell you this," said Cyrus. "You're the only woman creatur' that's lifted a finger for me sence I fell down out amongst the tansy. An' I won't forgit it of ye. An' if I should cross my nephew out o' my will, I don't say what I'd do if the minister should call an' his two darters with him. He could write, an' they'd be witnesses. But this I will say. You stan' by me an' I'll stan' by you. Now you run along an' finish the caliker gownd."

Althea never knew how she got out of the room, but in a moment she realized that she was almost running along the river road to her home. She was in a state of tremulous excitement, which she took at first to be anger. It seemed to her Cyrus Cobb had no business to call upon her pity by painting even so rough a picture of his lonely state. "The idea!" she said aloud, as she stepped into her little entry and felt the kindness of the walls envelop her as it always did, even at the first minute of home-coming. Althea had never had a house of her own, and this hired one had begun to fit her very comfortably. "The idea o' his stirrin' me all up talkin' about bein' left alone, an' his nephew an' all, when I'm doin' the most I can, gettin' him a bite an' makin' up his bed for him. I guess I've got my own life to live, even if he is alone."

She took off her things and lighted her shining lamp, and then, because it seemed to her she needed some little indulgence, made milk toast for supper. But as she sat at the table later, pouring herself a cup of tea, she was conscious that she had not calmed at all. Her heart was racing, and she felt the blood in her face. Althea set down her cup.

"Why," said she, "I ain't mad because he pleaded up his lonesomeness. I'm thinkin' about that will."

It was true. Her mind had got away from her, and it was planning, in spite of rigid censorship, what she could do with Cyrus Cobb's money if he left it to her. She could not stop. "He is going to leave it to you," said her mind. "He as good as said so. And it's right he should. You've done for him when nobody else would, and when his own flesh and blood threw him over you took him up."

Althea was so excited that she almost felt

she could not sew hooks and eyes on the new poplin, lest she shouldn't space them right. It seemed to her she was made. Suppose he hadn't a great deal of money? There ought at least to be enough to buy the little house she was hiring and its two good acres of land. Would the neighbors so positively call him a miser if he hadn't a good round sum in hiding? Finally she did bring her soaring mind down to hooks and eyes, and finished the dress in an exalted haste. But before she went to bed the clock had struck midnight, and still her dreams went on. There might be money enough to take away the partition between the two back rooms and give her a large living-room with a window toward the east. She might even have a knocker like the one on the handsomest house in her native town; and there was the remotest possibility that she could have a honeysuckle trellis over the front door. All that night, it seemed to Althea, she dreamed of houses and lands and people arriving out of the past and saying, as they walked up the peony-bordered path, "Why, Althea, what a nice house you've got!" But in the morning the house and its trellis and the admiring visitors did not look the same. They were still the topmost pinnacle of desire; but Althea found herself too tired to speculate on them. She felt very serious as she stirred the johnny-cake she had promised Cyrus Cobb, too jaded now to care whether she had it for herself, but doing it to fulfil her word. When it was done she ate a piece hastily, standing at the kitchen table, and tucked the rest into a little basket and covered it with a fine white cloth. Then, with the dress in one hand, to be delivered after she had started Cyrus on his day, and the basket in the other, she set out along the river road.

Cyrus looked very cheerful in the morning light. Again it seemed to Althea that his lot was perhaps most enviable, to lie in bed until his johnny-cake was brought to him.

"Why," said she, pulling up the light stand for his tray, "you don't look the same man, Mr. Cobb. Ain't you better?"

Cyrus pulled a wry face.

"What d'you want to talk to a man that's got the numb palsy about bein' better for?" he inquired.

Althea was making him a cup of tea. Now she glanced at him guiltily, because he had once bade her put in only a teaspoonful and none for the pot, and she knew her tremulous hand had exceeded the measure. The change in his face struck her anew. Now she understood it.

"Why, Mr. Cobb," said she, "you've been up an' shaved you."

"Been up?" repeated Cyrus. "How d'ye think a man's goin' to stan' up afore the glass if he's got the numb palsy on him? I guess it's enough if I crawl out into the shed and bring in a stick o' wood when I lay here neglected, 'thout standin' up afore the glass an' shavin' me."

But he did look better with the removal of his stubby beard, and Althea's spirits rose. She brought him his cup of tea with a cheerful grace. The farther Cyrus Cobb seemed to be from the gate of death, the more willing grew her service to him. She made haste that morning in setting the room in order, and even, it seemed, hurried his eating a little.

"Don't you think," she ventured, at the door, the poplin in her hand—"don't you think, Mr. Cobb, some o' the other neighbors 'll be in an' do a hand's turn for ye to-day?"

"No," said Cyrus, cheerfully, "not a livin' soul. Ye see, they know about them greenbacks scattered through the feathers I'm layin' on, an' they think if I want to be nussed I better take out my pocket-book an' pay for 't. No, you're the only one that's likely to cross the threshold this day. An' seems reasonable, too, for you to be the one. Ye know what I told ye. My will ain't finished; but when 'tis I know who'll come into the greenbacks."

Althea felt her face hot with shame that was, she knew, for her own state of mind and not for his.

"Mr. Cobb," said she, humbly, "I wish you wouldn't talk about such things."

"Why do ye?" Cyrus Cobb inquired. Something like mirth was gleaming in his little eyes. "Don't ye want to be my heir?"

"I don't want you to talk about it," said Althea. In another minute, she knew, she must break foolishly down and cry.

"Oh," said Cyrus, "you're willin' I should leave ye the money, but ye don't want I should talk about it. Well, I ain't left it to ye yet. The minister ain't been in. But if you should come acrost him on the road you jest tell him old Cyrus Cobb



Drawn by Walter Biggs

THE CHANGE IN HIS FACE STRUCK HER ANEW

wants to see him half an hour or so, an' tell him to bring along his gals."

Althea could not answer. She walked out of the house and shut the door behind her, and then, while she paused a moment wondering whether she ought not to have left the county paper within his reach, she heard him laugh. It was not the sly cackle he seemed to keep for her. It was a man's honest, rolling mirth. In some way not to be understood, Cyrus Cobb was laughing at her, and Althea went on with her tight little chin held firm and high. It almost seemed as if he had some power of tormenting her in small, irritating ways, for she did meet the minister near the village, driving his sober gray. The minister was a tall, thin man, very serious, even out of the pulpit, and with a scrupulous courtesy of manner that kept his flock at a distance from him. He could never tell why they failed to show him the warm human side he knew they showed one another, and, fearing it was a fault of his manner, treated them the more scrupulously. And so they were the more afraid. Now, seeing Althea, he drew up the plodding horse.

"Good morning," said he. "I hope you are very well."

"Yes, sir, thank you," said Althea. "As well as common."

"I hear you have been very kindly looking after Mr. Cobb," said the minister. "What is the latest news from him?"

"He looked better, sir, this mornin'," said Althea.

"Then perhaps I won't go there to-day," said the minister. "I am somewhat hurried. Did he say anything about seeing me?"

"He looked better this mornin'," said Althea, desperately. She was hurrying on, but that seemed to her so great a discourtesy to such a dignified minister that she almost expected him to call her back and say, "Althea Webb, you may stay fifteen minutes after church next Sunday." But the minister was driving on, and when Althea gained the courage to look round she saw his carriage-top bobbing down the hill.

The first thing Cyrus Cobb asked her that night when she went to carry him some broth seemed to her a proof that he had an uncanny knowledge of the things that were keeping her distraught.

"D'you see the minister to-day?"

"Yes," said Althea, stirring the broth. She wondered if it felt as hot as her face.

"D'you tell him to come over an' bring his darters?" Cyrus Cobb pursued.

"No," said Althea, adding, as if she were driven to an exasperated emphasis—"no, Mr. Cobb, I didn't."

And again Cyrus Cobb laughed. This time it was his cackling laugh, and Althea wondered at herself that so sick a man should seem to her so hateful.

But that night, when she was again beside her little, warm stove, and the peace of evening settled about her, the dreams began again. It was not only a honeysuckle trellis she longed for now; she was wondering whether a south veranda and a trumpet vine couldn't come within the scope of Cyrus Cobb's money. It seemed to her even that she had been a little too topping not to send the minister on to Cyrus Cobb's. It would have been different if old Cyrus had not told her to. Since he had, it would have been no responsibility of hers. And before she slept she wondered how much money she might reasonably hope he had.

All through the next week it seemed to Althea less and less likely that she could ever again get that money out of her mind. She had spent it a dozen times in fancy with the passing of every day. And all the time she was taking care of the old man with a more desperate kindliness. She even did his washing now, and because it had been ill done for a long time, was boiling his sheets till her little kitchen was a steaming caldron, and bluing them to the exact shade of nicety. And when three weeks had gone she stood inside his kitchen door, just taking her leave after serving him an admirable dinner, and, quite to her own surprise, began to cry. Cyrus Cobb hardly looked surprised at all. One of the irritating things about him was that he always acted as if things were turning out exactly as he had thought they would.

"There, there!" said he. "You better go home an' draw up the clo'es over your head an' take a nap. You're all beat out."

"No, I ain't, either," said Althea. She grasped the roller-towel for a support and cried feebly into it. "I ain't tired. I'm mad, that's what I am. An' it's you that's done it."

"That so?" inquired Cyrus, pleasantly. "I guess you've got a kind of a quick temper. I've noticed that in ye."



Drawn by Walter Biggs

"I SHOULD THINK YOU'D BE ASHAMED," SHE SAID

"An' I ain't comin' here any more," said Althea; "leastways after this week. I'll stay this week out so's you can get another nurse. An' I'll help you look round an' find one if you want I should; but as for me I'm done."

"No, no!" said Cyrus. "You want to think pretty careful 'fore you say a thing like that. You know I promised ye I'd cross my nephew out—"

"Promised!" cried Althea. "No, you didn't, either. I wouldn't ha' taken any such promise. You just said it, that's all. I ain't one to hang round waitin' for dead men's shoes."

With that she flew out of the door; yet, remembering he was a sick man, she shut it carefully behind her. But she did not take the familiar track to her own home. Instead she turned down into the old mill road, hurrying so fast that sometimes her flying feet seemed to be running a race with the thoughts that hurried them. Althea had had no dinner. She had taken old Cyrus his that day while the parsnips were at their best, and she knew a savory plate of them was waiting for her at home. But she could not stay. It seemed to her that she must make all haste as a sinner to the confessional, to purge her mind of what was wearying it. Three miles along, the old mill road began to climb a hill, and it climbed with varying degrees of steepness for one mile more. The day was cold and clear, a winter day, the bright air having much ado to assure you it was winter, there was so little snow on the frozen ground. There were deep ruts in the road for long, wind-swept spaces; and Althea, flying over them, felt them bruise her feet. But she scorned the troubles of the way. The path her mind was treading was far more troublous than the path that hurt her feet.

Near the top the road settled into a hollow before it made up its mind to go climbing on again, and in that sheltered spot, with green wind defenses of its own in groves of tall, dark pine-trees, stood an old gray house. Althea had been told exactly where to find it. Cyrus Cobb himself had told her in one of his tirades against his nephew. She went up the path to the side door, because the only smoke she saw was curling from the kitchen chimney. And just as she passed the window a column of flame ran up within, and she flung open the door, without knocking, and ran to find it. When she got in she found the room, as she afterward described it to herself, "all of a smudder." A kettle of fat was on the stove. The fat had caught, and just as Althea rushed up to it a tall man, who had appeared from somewhere at the moment of her entrance, was before her, and deftly lifted it. Althea had the door open for him, and in short order he had flung the kettle into the snow. Then he turned, ran a blue shirt-sleeved arm over his crimson face, and looked at Althea.

"Gee!" said he, "wa'n't that a conflagration? Who are you, anyway, an' how'd you come here?"

He was a handsome giant, with brown eyes and tousled brown hair; but beyond that first glance at him Althea looked no more. Her thoughts were with the kettle. She stepped gingerly to the edge of the path and peered into the deep snow where it lay still smoking.

"I should think you'd be ashamed," she said, "wastin' good fat like that."

The man roared. He was Cyrus Cobbs' nephew Wellman, and Althea had come to find him; but she had never suspected old Cyrus's nephew of being able to laugh like that.

"You don't s'pose I done it for fun, do ye?" he responded. "The fat ketched, that's all. It does 'most every time I fry."

"What was you fryin'?" inquired Althea, leaving her scrutiny of the kettle and stepping back to the door-stone.

"Doughnuts. I threw away the first kittleful," he said, suddenly shamefaced. "They soaked fat."

"Well, you've lost the doughnuts, an' the fat, too," said Althea, bitterly. She was too poor and too thrifty not to sorrow over waste. "What you think you're goin' to do now?"

"Oh, I've got more lard," said Wellman, easily. "I keep a lot on hand. It's always ketchin'. I've got another kittle, too. While that's coolin' off I'll stir up some more an' begin over."

Althea followed him into the house. She knew she had to talk to him even in a kitchen with a smudder. He was throwing up windows

"I guess we've got to get it aired off here," he said, and looked at Althea with much concern. "You warm enough in

your things? If you ain't, you better put my old buffalo over your shoulders."

But Althea was throwing off her shawl. She spoke with firmness.

"You set out your mixin'-bowl. I'm goin' to stir you up some doughnuts. You can put on the fat. But don't you let it ketch."

The blue-shirted giant obeyed her with a perfect simplicity. When he brought her the bowl and the ingredients she masterfully called for, she noted with approval that everything was clean. But when he began scooping out lard from a pail she did challenge him with a tinge of rebuke.

"Don't you save your beef drippin's, too?"

"What's beef drippin's?" returned Wellman, scooping industriously; and Althea liked him the better. She felt her professional superiority.

Althea stirred and braided her dough and cut it into pleasing rounds, and Wellman watched the fat with an equal fascination. When she "tried" a bit of dough and took it out and broke it delicately, his delight knew no bounds. He caught half the morsel out of her hand and tossed it into his mouth.

"By George!" said he, "ain't you the creamer!"

Presently Althea had a platter full of brown, crusty rings, and then she set the kettle back to cool. She was very hungry. She wondered what would come next. Wellman was in the next room, burrowing wildly, she could see, in a sideboard drawer. She had time to note how beautiful the sideboard was before he turned, a table-cloth in his hand. It was tumbled, but it was fine linen and it was clean. He came back into the kitchen, put up a leaf of the table where Althea had been stirring her doughnuts, and spread the cloth with an awkward hand.

"I'd ha' had a fire in the sittin'-room," he said, "if I'd known you was comin'. But we can't wait for it to get het up in there. I'm as holler as a horn."

Now he brought out a kettle and set it on the stove. Althea could not manage her curiosity. She got up and peered. It was full of something hard and pale.

"Why," said she. "I know what that is. It's corn porridge."

"Sure," said Wellman. "I make a whole iron kittle up to once. Sometimes I freeze a string into a quart or so an' hang it on the sled when I go choppin'."

"Then you build a fire in the woods an' heat it up," said Althea. "Father used to do that. 'Tis a real old-fashioned way."

They sat down at the table, each with a bowl of porridge and a spoon.

"My!" said Althea; "if that don't taste good! I ain't tasted corn porridge sence I was little. You don't make it the real old-fashioned style, do ye? Hull the corn an' all?"

"Yes," said Wellman, soberly. "Hull it with ashes. I don't know no other way."

When they came to the doughnuts, he proposed coffee, and Althea made it. He had even a wedge of cheese, and Althea, who had not for months eaten a mouthful not of her own cooking, leaned back at the end and smiled happily.

"I dunno's I ever knew a meal to taste so good," she said. "You're a born cook."

Wellman's eyes smiled back at her. "Oh," he remarked, slyly, "who made the doughnuts?"

But suddenly, thinking of his handy ways, Althea found herself swamped by the memory of her wrongs.

"I should think," said she, passionately, "you'd be ashamed, a man that can cook as well as you can, not to go an' take care o' your poor uncle."

Wellman looked at her for a long minute before he answered.

"Oh!" he said, at length, "you're Althea Webb, ain't you, that's been takin' care of him?"

"Yes, I be," said Althea. "I've took care of him off an' on for weeks, an' now I'm done."

The man's eyes grew rather graver in their glance.

"Why?" said he. "Ain't he paid you?"

"I didn't do it for pay," said Althea. "He never asked me to do it, an' I was a fool to begin. But I was goin' by the gate when he fell down there in his own garden, an' what's anybody goin' to do? The neighbors wouldn't go nigh him because they said he could well afford to hire. But I couldn't let an old man lay there numbed up with palsy, could I, an' not make him a cup o' tea or smooth his bed?"

She was so warm now in her own defense that she choked a little quite angrily, and clasped her hands tighter in her lap, for fear she might cry. Wellman was looking

at her thoughtfully, a new seriousness on his fresh-colored face. He was drumming with his fingers on the table, as if that helped him think.

"Well," he said, "an' so you've done for him till you've got pretty well tired out?"

"No," said Althea, "I ain't tired. 'Taint that. I'd just as soon do for him. Besides, I kinder like him. He's terrible queer, but he's a good old man, spite of all, an' he does love his joke. No. I ain't so much tired."

"Well, what is it then?"

Now Althea did break down and cried in earnest.

"It's my soul," said she. "It's my immortal soul."

Wellman was gazing at her now in a perplexity half alarm. Althea was perfectly aware that he thought her crazy. She hastened to assure him.

"Why," said she, wiping her eyes, desperately, "he's kep' talkin' about his will. He's as much as promised he'd make it, an' make it in my favor."

"Well," said the man, quietly, "don't you want he should?"

"'Course I want it," said Althea. "I guess anybody'd know I wanted it if they see how poor I be. That's the trouble. I study on it all the time—what I'd do here an' what I'd do there. I dunno how much money he's got; but whatever 'tis, I've spent it in my mind twenty times over. An' I feel like a murderer an' a thief, an' I can't stan' it no longer. An' if you've got the leastest bit o' compassion in you, you'll go an' make up with your uncle an' take care of him an' let him will you all he's got."

Wellman rose and walked to the window. He stood there for what seemed to Althea a long time, drumming on the pane. Then he turned to her. His face looked queerly moved and softened, as if what she had been telling him was pleasant news.

"Althea," said he; and it did not seem strange to her that he should use her name. "I s'pose my uncle's told you how we come to blows. No, 'twan't quite that, but we were both of us pretty mad."

"No," said Althea, "he never did."

"Well—" He paused again here, and it seemed as if he found it rather hard to go on. But he threw back his head with an impatient gesture and plunged. "I was engaged to a girl down to the Gorge. She's pretty ambitious. She wanted to get on faster'n I thought I could, no matter how hard I worked. So she went to uncle Cyrus, unbeknown to me, an' told him we'd like a part of what he was goin' to leave me. We'd like it quick, so's I could buy some timber-land I wanted."

"Well," said Althea, practically, "I guess your uncle didn't like that very well."

"No. He thought I'd sent her. He told me so, an' we had a row. An' I ain't seen him sence."

"Well," said Althea, pacifically, "if he was a well man 'twould be a different matter. But seein' he's there abed struck down with numb palsy—"

Wellman's face relaxed.

"Uncle ain't got no numb palsy," he told her. "I sent the doctor round the first day I got the news, an' he told me 'twan't palsy no more'n 'twas chicken-pox. Doctor knows Uncle Cy. 'He's playin' it on ye, Wellman,' doctor says to me. 'He's well as ever he is. I bet you when there's nobody there he gets up an' does pretty much as he's mind to. But if he sees anybody comin' he cuts back to bed.'"

"But what for?" cried Althea. "What's he do it for?"

"So's I shall hear he's sick an' come back," said Wellman, easily.

"Oh, then he wants you should come back?"

"Why, yes," said Wellman, staring at her, as if she must be very stupid indeed. "Why, he's my own uncle. Mother used to say he set his life by me."

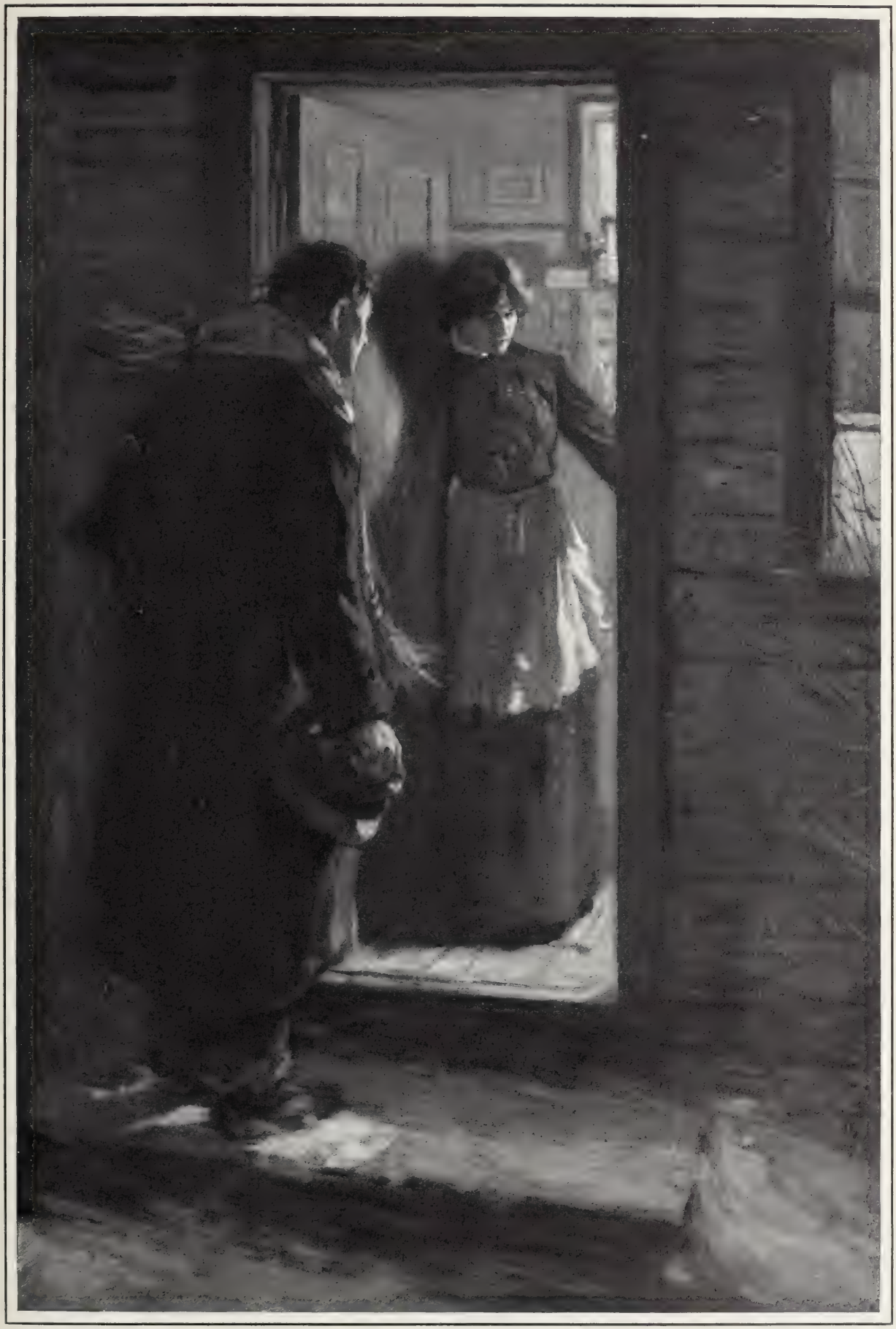
"Then all I can say is," Althea remarked, getting on her feet, "the neighbors ought to been ashamed not to tell me when they found I was goin' there takin' care of him spite of all I had to do."

"Oh, the neighbors don't know," said Wellman. "Doctor wouldn't tell."

Althea was making her way to the door. She felt curiously humbled, as if a bad joke had been played on her. Wellman was watching her, that keen, questioning look in his face, as if he were really determined to understand her absolutely.

"Well!" said Althea. "Well!" She paused a moment, her hand on the latch; then she spoke with a determined liveliness. "Anyways, I sha'n't have to go there no more. But I must say—"

"What?" asked Wellman, when she hesitated.



Drawn by Walter Biggs

"I DON'T EVER GO SLEIGH RIDIN'," SHE SAID, SHYLY

"I must say I should think that girl 'd feel cheap—the one that went a-beggin'—"

"Oh—her!" said Wellman, scornfully. "I ain't troubled myself to find out how she felt."

"Why ain't you?" asked Althea, boldly. She felt she had to know.

"Why?" asked Wellman, in a voice that made her start. "Because I ain't no interest in her, that's why. Do you s'pose I'd think twice about a girl that would do a trick like that?"

Althea did not answer.

"Now you set down," said Wellman, in his other tone, the softer one Althea had already begun to know, "an' I'll harness up an' take you along home."

They had a wonderful drive, the first sleigh-ride, Althea told him, she had had that winter.

"You'd ought to have 'em all the time," said Wellman, still in that moved, soft tone.

When he had left her at her door, he laughed a little at the errand he was bent on.

"I guess I'll go along," he said, "an' see Uncle Cy a minute."

"You won't tell him, will you?" Althea besought.

"About your comin'? No. Not if you'd ruther not."

"You see," said Althea, "it 'll please him terribly to think you come of your own free will an' not had anybody drummin' you up. An' don't you forget," she said, impulsively, as he turned away, "he's an' old man an' you're a young one."

"I'll call on the way home," said Wellman, "and let you know how it comes out.

Althea turned back into her house and, although it was in beautiful order, flew over the sitting-room and gave it a touch. Then she ran to her bureau drawer and took out the pink stock and jabot she had made for great occasions. She thought a moment, the pink chiffon in her hand and a deeper color mounting to her cheeks. She put the chiffon back. "No," said Althea to herself, "I won't do any such a thing."

The dusk fell, and she lighted her lamp and sewed steadily. Presently there was a sound of bells, and of feet on the crisp walk. Althea sewed on, and she let him knock twice before she went to the door. There he stood, very tall and big, and, her heart told her, altogether splendid.

"Well," said he, "'twas all right."

"Won't you come in?" said Althea, primly.

"No, not to-night. I've got to get the colt home. He hadn't had his dinner. But Uncle Cy's all right. I left him puttin' in wood."

"D' he own to 't?"

"Playin' it on me? Oh no, he just said his palsy's better. Said 'twas because you'd been so faithful."

"Old fox!" said Althea.

"He said he's goin' to pay you. Said 'twas wuth it."

"Wuth what?" said Althea.

"Gettin' me back, I s'pose. I never asked him."

"Well, he can put that out o' his mind," said Althea. "I was a fool for my pains, but I ain't goin' to be paid wages for bein' neighborly, even if I *was* a fool."

"Oh, I told him so," said Wellman. "I told him I'd see 't you was paid. 'Twas wuth it to me, I told him."

But Althea did not ask him what he meant.

"Say, Althea," he went on, "what if I should be round to-morrer about four an' we should go sleigh-ridin'?"

"I—don't—know," said Althea, slowly.

"Oh yes, you do. We'll drive over to Lund's tavern an' have supper an' come home by moonlight. There's a moon as big as a cart-wheel. Ain't you seen it?"

Althea thought he might as well know what a quiet, dull body she was in all her habits of life.

"I don't ever go sleigh-ridin'," she said, shyly. "An' I don't ever go round with—men."

"Don't ye, Althea?" he asked, softly. "I bet you don't. You're a good girl. But you'll go with me. I'll be round about four."

He was turning away, and she could not find a word. But now he stopped.

"Althea," he said—there was a laugh in his voice—"you might as well know. I've fell in love with you."

Every Farmer His Own Capitalist

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS

A JOKE current in Germany to-day concerns a worthy but poor farmer who had five acres of land, a horse, a pig, and no capital. The desire of his heart was to possess a nanny-goat, that humble but efficient substitute for a cow. It would be thrifty for him to have it if he could only contrive to borrow the necessary sum. He went to the bank and asked for a loan of fifty marks. They demanded his security. He thereupon produced and opened a sack containing a litter of pigs, and was given the money on "litteral" security. Like many good jokes, this is not wholly a jest. It is a fact that in Germany, if a man has a good character, if his honesty and thrift are so well established in his village that he is admitted to the co-operative credit bank, he has only to produce a neighbor to go surety for him to obtain a loan for any provident purpose. As the leading man in one little village bank said: "We know all about our members, even to what is in their closets. A good neighbor signing for him would have been more than sufficient."

A man may have a minimum of property and still have the source of financial help open to him on personal surety alone, through the wonderful avenue of co-operation. The Genossenschaft Kasse, or Co-operative Bank, is formed by a number of men who have come together to capture that elusive thing called credit. For the man in America with little property, credit is a will-o'-the-wisp. Hunt as he may, the really poor man may not find this clue to the location of even such infinitesimal amounts of money as might, by giving him an increased capability of production, tide him over real crises. Credit has never been fluid enough to serve all who deserve it. There is practically no means of securing it, save mortgage, for the American who has no private connections for short credit. For a man, particularly a farmer, to obtain credit on his working power, his thrift, his visualizing of a new capacity for production when he possesses all the resources but money, there is as yet no generally available system.

It is the stimulating evolution of two such systems for short credit, both originating in Germany, which gives us need to take a leaf from the Teutonic book. Two methods for holding stable, for turning to positive account that intangible credit so mocking to the poor man in the United States, have for fifty years been used to coerce money from its mysterious haunts at the rainbow's end. The two systems are known by the names of their founders—F. W. Raiffeisen, and Hermann Schulze, of Delitzsch, a little village in the Grand-Duchy of Saxony from which he and his banks are known as Schulze-Delitzsch. The former are entirely banks for farmers, each restricted to a single village; the latter chiefly for small and large tradespeople, and all classes of people in the cities and large towns. Yet of the four billion dollars which now represent the annual turn-over of nine hundred and sixty Schulze-Delitzsch banks in their national association, one-fourth represents loans for agricultural purposes.

The rural banks with unlimited liability were started in the Westerwald, a poverty-stricken region in the province of Westphalia on the Rhine, entirely under the domination of the usurer. Herr Raiffeisen, who originated these rural banks, was a well-to-do and charitable gentleman who was from time to time chosen Burgomeister in these villages for the benefit he was able to give them. When he was Burgomeister of Weyerbusch, a little farming village a few miles inland from Neuwied on the Rhine, he endeavored to get the people out of the hands of the usurers by getting them loans at low rates from the large landholders. He soon saw, however, that if the farmers would all come together, unite their buying power, and pledge all their property as security, they could establish without help their own credit, and borrow and buy what they needed. Beginning at Weyerbusch and Heddesdorf, he

aided the farmers to organize little co-operative credit societies, without shares, ruled by the general meeting in which each member has one vote—the universal system of co-operative voting.

For many years these little banks did not spread more than a hundred miles from the valley of the Rhine, but to-day they cover the Empire and number in their membership one-sixth of all the population engaged in agriculture in Germany. Seventy-six per cent. of them are in villages of less than two thousand inhabitants. Once fundamentally poor, they are now able to show a total annual business of one billion two hundred million dollars. The number of co-operative credit banks of all sorts in Germany at the present time is more than seventeen thousand, with a total turn-over of six billion dollars. Of these, forty-six hundred are in the Raiffeisen Federation; nine thousand included with them in the Imperial Union of Agricultural Societies; a thousand other banks in this union with limited liability and large shares, a compromise between the two types. Twelve hundred are town banks of the Schulze-Delitzsch system; about four hundred of them in the big cities with limited liability, and the rest still unlimited, as Schulze-Delitzsch left them.

In Boberröhrsdorf and its equally charming neighbor, Alt Kemnitz, both lying in the Riesengebirge, that fringe of friendly mountains at the south of Silesia beyond which lies Austria, are two little banks characteristic of the valuable system which has given every honest farmer in Germany a new resource, and at the same time has provided him with especial reason for interest in the welfare of his neighbor. At Boberröhrsdorf, on the murmuring Bober River, which sweeps its small but energetic course through a narrow, winding, and fairly fertile valley, ten years ago there was much abject poverty. Agricultural conditions were becoming more and more difficult. With their hands and their lands the peasants could not get money enough to do profitable farming. In discouragement they were tempted to emigrate. There was no way for them to obtain the capital necessary in their work unless they pledged their farms in mortgage or went to the usurers. Many of them had done both.



SAXON MARKET-WOMEN

The pastor of the Protestant church was a man of heart and intelligence. He saw the intense need of help. With characteristic vigor he threw himself into the creation of a co-operative bank, into the organization of the farmers so that they could command seasonal money from outside when it was needed, and facilitate the movement of funds within



THE MEDIEVAL TOWER NO LONGER SIGNIFIES THE LACK OF FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE

the district at all times. Summoning his best powers of persuasion, he preached just as earnestly on week-days that their material salvation lay in their own hands, as on Sunday he exhorted them to remember that no one else could save their souls.

"You all suffer from a common need," he told them. "No matter how honest, you cannot get money except on the most difficult terms. Acting separately, this must be so, even with honest men. But you can change this by coming together, by consolidating your credit. If you who trust one another organize into a society to form a savings and loan bank, to which character is the prime requisite for membership and to which you will pledge all the property you own, we can dig a new channel for credit. We will keep our own money in the district and we will attract savings. Bankers will loan on the property of us all, so that money will come to us when we need it to help us in our production. Indirectly the whole district will benefit. We can accept savings from anybody, but loan only to members, and to them only for purposes which will bring increase. We will pay only a moderate interest on savings, and then it will be necessary to ask members to pay only a little more for their loans. To make a loan we may take the same sort of securities as other banks. We may do better than that. We may loan on personal surety if we keep a high standard of membership. If money is needed for any reason, any one of you may go to your neighbor and show him what you want to do and why it will be profitable for you to do it. If he approves of it, bring him with you to the bank. If he is willing to sign your note, becoming your surety, the bank must consider the loan, investigate it, and upon your promise to use it for the purpose stated will advance you the money. You cannot borrow money to pay your debts, or to invest so the return will be uncertain, or in any but provident ventures. Not all of you will need money, yet there are none of you who may not require funds to buy seeds or fertilizer or machinery. It is clearly a matter of wisdom for you to protect yourselves by having open to you some source of credit. This you may have if you all stand together in brotherhood. You must each watch to see that the bank's money is properly spent, and give service wisely, willingly, and unselfishly."

To the individual he would talk directly. "You, Johann, know that when your barn burned last year and you so nearly lost all the rest of your buildings, you were only able to go on because you managed to put a second mortgage on your land, at very bad terms. If you had then had the bank to come to, Heinrich or Hermann would willingly have signed for you because they know you are honest; you would have got



A typical Farm-house in Boberröhrsdorf

a new loan to build a barn, on easy instead of exorbitant interest. All of us would have been glad to help, instead of which none of us were able. This is your chance to insure yourself in the best way."

So with urging and explaining, a little co-operative savings and loan bank with unlimited liability was formed. Some of the members already needed money, and none of them were beyond the possible want of it. Their joint possessions were not great, but they were among the most respected men in the community. The pastor stood by during the organization and helped them in that first essential, the scrutiny of the character of the proposed members. One man was refused because of drunkenness, an infallible rule in the Raiffeisen banks which has sobered many thousands of men who needed membership. Another good man could not be accepted because he lived too far outside the district to which such banks must confine operations if they are to use sufficient care in investigating and watching investment.

The members of this fellowship thus recruited, they registered it under the strict German law. Ten marks apiece (two dollars and half) was all each member paid in, not for shares, which generally do not exist in a Raiffeisen bank, but as a membership fee. Only a few hundred marks could be gathered together to start the savings-bank, giving them, with a membership of about twenty, a total capital of some six hundred marks, on which they commenced business. Their total *Guthaben,* or property, jointly pledged to the bank, estimated by the government tax, amounted approximately to twenty thousand dollars, which was their security for borrowing from the Raiffeisen Central Agricultural Bank at Berlin. When they had made their initial payment on a share worth one thousand marks, they would be entitled to draw four thousand marks, based on five per cent. of the assessed value of all their combined property. This is the customary way of fixing credit unless the members pay income tax, when their credit is naturally augmented. The pastor was the only member with a large enough income to pay a tax on it.

Then the first general meeting was held —in all societies the first and final governing body of the bank, where the policy is determined, the expenditure which shall be made, and what amount they shall commit themselves to using during the year. At this first meeting seven officers were elected, three, including the pastor, composing the Vorstand, the committee which administers all the ordinary business of the bank; three others constitute the Aufsichtrath, or supervising committee,

supposed to meet only once in three months in these little banks; and one man to act as treasurer, who is the only person to draw a salary and who is deprived of his vote, so that his official position and his intimate knowledge of the bank affairs may not in any way interfere with the best interests of the institution. The Vorstand was authorized to make arrangements with the Central Bank.

Before they went home the pastor went over the principle of personal surety again, the necessity of the strictest observance of the rule laid down by "Father Raiffeisen" of absolutely prompt repayment of loans, with complete publicity among the members concerning all the details, the purpose, the amount and terms of transactions. Their liability for the debts of the bank under the limitations of the German law is extended for two and a half years after any occasion which might cause them to leave the bank. They must know how money is going out, to see that it is used aright and familiarize themselves with the plan, so that they would become liable as surety only for purposes in which they entirely believed. There was not one of them unimpressed with the responsibility of his position when the meeting ended. They went home in a serious frame of mind. As they are all wont to do, that bank had already begun to exert its moral as well as its material influence in the village.

For three weeks they were on tiptoe with expectation, waiting for an application for a loan. No one wanted to be the first to come forward. Having established their credit, they were diffident about using it. When at last one good man, with his neighbor as surety, came to see if he could get a small loan from the bank to buy a harrow, his old one being worn out, the whole village was immensely excited and rife with discussion as to whether this was a profitable undertaking. The Vorstand debated at length. To determine their thrift, the committee went over the property of both men; even, it is soberly declared, to inspecting the contents of their wardrobes and the pots upon the stoves in which their dinners were cooking, quite as though it had been eight thousand instead of eighty marks involved. They abashed the applicant and rather frightened the guarantor with the extent of their deliberations. The pastor, with his strong sense and perhaps some humor, approved their care-taking, but strongly supported those who thought the loan was a good one.

In the end they loaned the money at four and a half per cent. to be paid in six months with a possible renewal, but the farmer had to bring his wife to sign with him, so



A Raiffeisen Warehouse and Mill

that if he should die she would be responsible. The working of the loan was watched by everybody in the approved style, to the immense satisfaction of all. The members became highly elated with this new power. The pastor had to check them, to explain what loans were proper, and why. They finally regulated their demands and settled down to helpful and energetic work in their own interest. Savings began to come in from other sources, the sober personnel of the bank attracting money from those safe and secret places where even in Germany spare cash is wont to be deposited. No longer was money kept in the houses of the members. Immediately it was received it was deposited at the bank in a savings account, to draw three and three-fourths per cent.

At the second general meeting it was an interested and lively brotherhood increased by new admissions which came together in the large *fest-salle* of the Gasthof to hear the annual report and determine the policy for the following year. They had, they found, no losses. The small available cash had served in some way fifteen of the charter members. The greater part of the money borrowed from the Central Bank had been repaid at harvest-time and none of the remainder was in a doubtful place. Their new members increased their borrowing power to five thousand marks, and they had two thousand in the savings department, part of which they could forward to the Central Bank, to be safely and profitably employed there through the winter.

Being prosperous, they began to fulfil Herr Raiffeisen's ideal of the agricultural credit society, branching out by serving all the needs of the rural community. The Raiffeisen bank buys collectively the supplies the farmers must have, and thus secures good prices and good materials. It buys the crops when the harvest is made, paying exactly the same rate to each member, whether he has a hundredweight of hay or twenty tons. The warehouse building, with a tiny room used for the bank, and the name "Raiffeisen" in big letters on the wall, is therefore a common sight in Germany.

The second year found the pastor performing more arduous duties than the first, driving his congregation tandem, so to speak, with one set of lines on their spiritual interests on Sunday, and the other on their business interests on week-days. Actually he did not dominate the administration of the bank. He had no more power than any other member of the Vorstand, but because he had more time, greater sagacity, and better understanding of ordinary business proceeding, he gave much service and was greatly depended upon. The business they did that year was so good that at its end the general meeting gave the Vorstand increased scope. A special short credit for each member according to his financial standing was created, by which he might order at one time all the material he would need for a year, and have three months, interest free, to pay for it. The ordering for all could be done to greater advantage, the bank paying cash for goods that it purchased, while members who were not ready to pay in three months were charged interest as upon any other loan, with the provision that the money must be returned within the year.

From that third year on, the business increased immensely. Accession of new members afforded new resources. The savings-bank had become the most popular within a ten-mile circuit, so that some money flowed in at all seasons, while at harvest they had abundance. If it was sent to the Central Bank "on call" they received four per cent.; for six months, four and a quarter; for twelve, four and a half. As the bank's prosperity increased, so did the enterprise of the members. They had caught the idea of co-operative action. They saw continually new fields of production, for increased well-being among themselves. First a co-operative dairy was started. Then electricity, long-needed, became available through the work of the province, which, for protection against floods, built at Mauer on the Bober, not far above the village, a great storage dam and developed a large horse-power, which it offered to consumers for two and a half cents per kilowatt hour for power, and five cents for light. Thirty of the members of the bank wanted it in their houses, and two wanted it for motors on their farms. The dairy also needed power.

An electricity co-operative society with limited liability was organized by those who wanted the service, with shares at twelve dollars, of which a tenth had to be paid

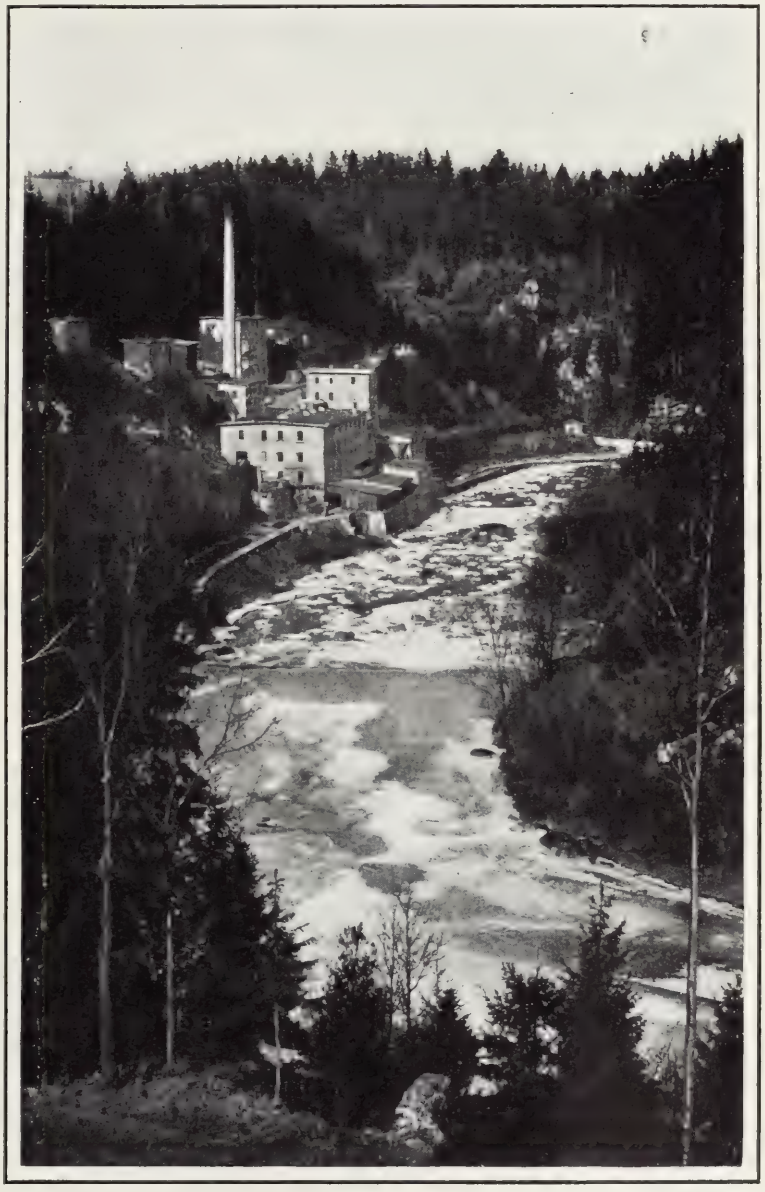
down. The association had to buy wires and lamps and set poles; the province furnished the transformer. Three thousand dollars was necessary, and the bank loaned this at four and a half per cent. The members agreed to pay double rates until the loan was amortized. So in a short time the remote little village in the mountains was served with lights, the dairy was made far more productive, and a power-mill for grinding feed, grain, and fertilizer was added. For the service of this mill, members were charged only enough to pay for operation and to amortize the sum which the bank had invested in it. Outsiders were served at ordinary rates.

In ten years the bank, in a village of about eight hundred souls, has become the center of every progressive movement in the locality. It has a membership of two hundred and nineteen, a savings account of seventy-five thousand dollars; its total turn-over in a year has grown to three hundred and ten thousand, and is increasing; and it has a fine credit of thirty-one thousand dollars at the Central Bank. Its reserves are not large, but it records practically no losses. Both individually and collectively the community has benefited to an amazing extent.

In Alt Kemnitz, seven miles over the mountain on the Kemnitz Bach, another bank has flourished for fifteen years. Here too the pastor helps to shepherd his flock on week-days. On his report the Vorstand decided to buy a good scale, the arrival of which marked an epoch in the village. They had all been buying briquets of coal for their great porcelain heating-stoves from the only dealer in the place, at the rate of one hundred pieces, supposed to be a metric hundredweight, for eighty pfennig (practically twenty cents). They found that in buying a true hundredweight from the Verein they received a hundred and nineteen briquets. Other commodities showed the same result when properly weighed. A larger scale followed for wagons and cattle.

This bank, like the other, has vastly helped its members by credit. Members deep in debt have been re-established by the replacement of a high-priced loan by a cheap one, a wholly provident employment well within the scope of the bank's purpose.

One such transaction was in the case of a rather large farmer who had everybody's respect, but had persistently been in bad luck. His farm, worth about ten thousand dollars, had come to him from his father rather heavily mortgaged. He had a large



THE BOBER RIVER, FROM WHICH THE FARMERS NOW HAVE LIGHT AND POWER



The common Herding-ground

family and had been obliged to increase the debt at a very large interest until he had nine thousand dollars outstanding. The final blow seemed to have fallen when his cattle fell victim to a prevalent disease. The last mortgage of twelve hundred and fifty dollars was coming due, and he faced a desperate situation.

His case was so well known and his honesty so sure that two of his neighbors agreed between themselves that they would stand surety for him on a loan from the bank sufficient to pay this mortgage and leave him enough capital to begin replacing stock. The bank considered well, and granted the loan for a year, with possible renewal. Since the current interest, four per cent. at the time, was three per cent. less than the rate he was paying, it seemed reasonably certain he could re-establish himself. Their faith was justified. He repaid the first loan after one renewal, and was therefore given another when for obviously good employment he needed it. It has taken him some years, but he has reduced the mortgage largely and has now a very good financial standing.

Alt Kemnitz has its characteristic difference in its use of funds. They deal more largely in agricultural machinery. The bank in its earlier years purchased a steam thresher operated by a donkey-engine, the cost of which was repaid by a charge for its use. A kraut-machine for cutting cabbage, and a whitewashing machine for barns, were provided by the same method. Because of the district's interest in cattle, a Fellowship society with limited liability was formed among the members to buy land for grazing. There is economy in fattening a large number of stock together. They purchased a cheap piece of undrained land, two hundred acres, and tiled it, siphoning the water into a trough on the lower level where the cattle might drink. To this, range owners of good stock for miles around, entirely out of that district, sent their cattle for the summer at a price per head, and also conditioned on their increase in weight. One man living in a house on the range tended two hundred cattle as easily as ten. It proved so profitable that they have bought two hundred and forty more acres.

During the fifteen years of the bank's work, in which considerable profit on transactions accrued, a small part of the sum was annually devoted to welfare work. It became an established rule that if there was a fire among the members of the bank,

from fifty to two hundred marks was given to the sufferer. In cases of disease or misfortune, help was often given. The village nurse, an institution in these mountains, received free coal, and at last the bank bought the little cottage in which she lived, so that she might have it rent free. A "kino," or cinematograph, was the crowning triumph of common ownership in the region. This was loaned for a small fee to the surrounding dorfs within the district of Alt Kemnitz, and in these far reaches gave the farmers and their families instruction and amusement.

In joy and in sorrow, from sunrise to sunset, from birth till death, co-operation plays a part in the lives of an enormous number of small farmers in Germany. Every sort of agricultural work finds aid in these banks. In fifteen years the little co-operative credit societies we have taken for examples have made over their localities and lent power to the elbow of every farmer who is intelligent enough to be honest. Not for every one who asks, but for the hard-working peasant, the worthy farmer, more and more capital has been annually forthcoming. The habits and the reality of credit have been determined fully enough so that the small man needs no further demonstration of his ability to command it, within just and clearly defined limits. Although alone he cannot find it, he has seen beyond a doubt that in a union of his neighbors similarly placed, through association, money will flow for good cause which would not stir before.

For the larger farmer and the bigger town the Schulze-Delitzsch system gives the same service in larger accounts, and with the Raiffeisen system it has worked an industrial and an agricultural revolution. To see the savings flowing into the window of a bank like the wealthy Schulze-Delitzsch institution at Gotha is to understand the new money strength of the land. Before its counters bent but sturdy market-women, great square hampers strapped upon their backs, and bank-books in hand, deposit the very day of its receipt the largest part of their previously personally guarded takings. Typical small-city men, bushy-bearded farmers, a gentlewoman or two, also patrons, show the elasticity of interests represented in the bank, a condition even more emphasized in such an institution as the Luisenstädtische bank in Berlin, and distinctly different from the Raiffeisen Federation in which the base of



THE SCHULZE-DELITZSCH BANK AT GOTHA



A Development of the System—the Co-operative Dairy

the system rests on homogeneity of interest.

The large Schulze banks, doing the greater part of their business with limited liability, have shares of rather large size; at Gotha, three hundred marks, a sum which they have abundant time to pay, but which excludes many depositors from membership. This bank is in amazingly prosperous condition, paying seven per cent. dividends on shares, of which no member may hold more than two, paying three and three-quarters per cent. on savings, and letting out money, at a time when money was dear, at four per cent. The district is extensive, practically all the Grand-Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. This amount of territory, general with Schulze banks, keeps them from working on the strictly neighbor principle of the little banks. They cannot thoroughly know their clientele, and therefore personal credit must be carefully given, especially as they do not supervise their loans, trusting each member to use his credit only for the thrifty purposes which the bank is established to further. The credit extended is usually shorter than that given by the Raiffeisen societies, and in addition to this special short credit for which it is created, it does a general banking business for its members.

Both of these banking systems have experimented with centralization, and in their early days, when their systems were developing, there is no doubt that it was a source of greater prosperity. In the beginning of the work in the Westerwald each society needed no more capital than could be obtained in its own neighborhood. It was many years before it became clear that they required greater facilities for credit. They were retail dealers in money. They had idle funds in winter and often not enough in summer. If they could devise a means to employ their surplus funds profitably in the winter, and get more in the spring when the demand was on, they would be able to increase their service to their members.

Herr Raiffeisen had already organized a big buying and selling society which had its headquarters at Neuwied, that bought all the supplies for the farmers in the spring, and helped them to sell their crops collectively in the summer and autumn, taking them at once out of the retail trade into the wholesale. It now became necessary to apply the same method to finances, by organizing a central buying and selling society to sell their idle funds at the highest price in winter, and to buy additional capital for them to use at the lowest price at which it could be obtained in the spring and summer. As a basis for buying money they had their united property. Under the

leadership of Herr Raiffeisen, therefore, they established a Central Bank in Neuwied to carry on this wholesale trade in the money-market, thus interposing an agency to do their collective bargaining. In this bank, in which they all had shares, they deposited their surplus funds in the fall and winter, and in February began to call them back.

The industrial and commercial situation of Germany in those early days when this wholesale trade was established was not so extensive as it is now. The development was in its infancy. The Central Bank was in touch with industrial workers and the new manufacturing system, which at these seasons required short loans for their operations. To-day Germany is revolutionized. Her commerce and industry fluctuate with the crop seasons and the market seasons all over the world, and any one who goes into the money market, or on the Bourse, to buy or sell currency has to meet the competition of enormous banking systems that have grown up with the commercial evolution and extend with it into foreign countries. To-day, therefore, the management of such a wholesale money agency has immense difficulties to face. In their agricultural capacity the joint societies are buyers of goods in extremely high standing. They are sellers of produce of which they know the worth and which they have the ability to hold. In their financial capacity they are buyers of money with none too fat pockets; they are sellers of money with none too expert a knowledge of its value and habits. The many-voiced banks behind the Central must know all its working, must stand behind it at every turn. The diffusion of ownership makes it difficult to maintain intimate relation and sympathy. The Central is quite likely to become a thing apart. Doing its best, the federated agency has too complicated a problem. For nearly forty years it has served the banks valiantly in the money market, but the seasonal character of its agricultural trade has twice brought it into great difficulties.

The Schulze-Delitzsch system found it necessary in 1904 to merge its Central Bank with the Dresdener Bank, an immense private wholesale central in the money market with branches all over Germany and in many cities far beyond its borders, so that with its ample capital, its big reserve funds, and its ability to place its loans and secure its money at the primary base, it can absorb both the commercial and the agricultural fluctuations. Another central, the Imperial Union's Bank, which has served the Hass Union outside of Prussia, in 1912 went into liquidation, reported to be too heavily burdened with mortgages, which, since they tie up capital, are unsuited to the business of credit institutions.

The Prussian government created in 1895 a richly endowed Genossenschaft bank, to perform the function of a central for all sorts of co-operative societies. State aid in the form of cash, even when given on broad lines, is usually a false dependence, and directly counter to co-operation, of which the often-stated fundamental principle both of Raiffeisen and Schulze is self-help. Hanging on the arm of the government, to be limited by its movements, has never proven satisfactory. The Prussian bank has at times given very good service, and does to-day an impressive business, very little of which is with co-operative credit societies. The very banks for which the government destined it have broken with it.

With these precedents there are three courses open to the Raiffeisen Central Bank. It may succeed in maintaining its existence by collecting large reserve funds, which it is now attempting to raise, without overwhelming success. It may gain stability and possibly superior advantages for its members by being merged with a strong private bank participating in the international business. The third course is to yield to the strong tendency toward partial decentralization, substituting independent provincial centrals for one national agency. In the purchase-and-sale business this change has already been made.

The centralization of capital exists in every country somewhat as it does in ours. Much of this centralized money is made of poor men's savings. In Germany and France, and even in India, the same system prevailed until two men of wonderful vision saw that if the little man kept his savings in his own control, combined these with his neighbors', and pledged all his property, he could command not only the credit to which his possessions and his industry entitled him, but also a working fund of savings in a continually increasing amount.

The Dollivers' Long Lane

BY MARGARET CAMERON

THE Dollivers were not in their usual buoyant spirits. It was the end of one of those days, apparently possessed of a devil of mischance, when everything had gone wrong. From the moment when the maid, already having delayed breakfast half an hour on a short and particularly crowded business day, had overturned the coffee-pot and drenched Page with its contents, to the instant when a tire burst as they were speeding out the Post Road, making them even tardier for the Eldridges' dinner, each of them had struggled with a series of exasperating mishaps. Nor had the tide turned even then, for the guests assembled at the Eldridges' country house were dispirited and dull, and the talk dragged.

But not even the weariness and dejection following a day of adversities could wholly deaden the Dollivers' response to the clear October night when, shortly before eleven o'clock, they set out for New York, their acetylene lamps boring a white tunnel through the darkness ahead and disclosing the smooth, deserted road. Page purposely chose one of the devious and roundabout byways that they loved, instead of following the more direct highway, but every detail of their soothing flight through the night added poignancy to his regret for what he must soon tell Marjorie. For a little while neither spoke. Then he began, dryly:

"Well? Were you deeply impressed with the star guest?"

"Oh, profoundly! If he's as brilliant as the Eldridges say he is, he certainly gave an extraordinary exhibition of self-control to-night!"

"He was probably hungry," suggested her husband.

"My dear! Not after the roast! I sat next to him and know whereof I speak!"

"It's also possible that the gentleman was bored. I confess I was."

"Oh, Page, wasn't it dreary! And poor Mrs. Eldridge was making such efforts to keep the talk up. I tried and tried to think of something amusing, and ended by being more bromidic than usual. But I've had such an awful day!"

"There are others," he laconically returned. "But let's not hold the Eldridges' lion responsible. We weren't emitting many sparks ourselves."

"Oh, I know! It's just that I'm a bad, cross little thing!" She laughed and sighed, and tucked a penitent hand under his arm. "But you're such a dear I can't stay cross long, and anyhow, it's all over now."

"Yes, it's all over now," he echoed, dully, his thoughts reverting to business.

"And isn't it good to be off alone with the night and the stars and each other—and the car! What should we do without this blessed little car?"

"We'd hate to give it up now, wouldn't we?" he responded, and congratulated himself upon his success in assuming what seemed to him a very casual tone. There was a moment of silence, and then Marjorie asked, very quietly:

"Have we got to give it up, dear? Is that it?"

This was precisely what had been in his mind, but with a vague, masculine idea of shielding her, he was not willing to admit it so abruptly.

"Is what it?" he counterquestioned, to gain time.

"Have we got to give up the car?"

"Why—I hope not. What put that into your head?"

"I've known ever since you came home from the office this afternoon that there was something you didn't want me to know. Won't you tell me, dear?"

"Not to-night, love. We've had troubles enough for one day. Let's not dig up any more now. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow."

"I'd so much rather know it now, please. Don't try to spare me," she added, and he knew from her tone that she was smiling. "You know I can bear almost anything, if you'll only let me see it and face it. It's

the mysterious, threatening things you try to hide that terrify me."

"I've already told you that I haven't liked the way things have been going since the change," he began after a moment, referring to the sale of its plant by the company employing him, and consequent fundamental changes of business policy in his department. "I've thought these new people were—well, not quite straight, and now I know it, and it's pretty clear to me that I can't do the things they're going to insist upon."

"So you've resigned?"

"Not yet. But—I'm afraid I must, dear. Immediately." He explained briefly what the situation was, and how his demand that it be remedied had been met, concluding: "And there's only one answer for me to make to that. I must resign."

"Of course you must, Page. I wish you'd done it to-day."

"But do you understand what that may mean, Marjorie? I have no other position in prospect, and good salaries are not going begging. I may have to accept a smaller one than I'm giving up, and I may even have trouble in getting any job at all for a while—perhaps for a long while."

"But it's the only thing—the only square, honest thing to do, isn't it?" she slowly questioned.

"I'm afraid it is, dearest—under the circumstances."

"Then there's nothing more to be said, is there? We'll manage somehow. We always do. And whatever we do, we won't grumble."

"You blessing!" exclaimed her husband, with a little break in his voice as he leaned over to kiss her. "That's the worst—and the best—of it! You'll make most of the sacrifices, and do most of the managing, and you'll never grumble! I almost think I'd feel better about it if you would!"

"Gr-r-r!" growled Marjorie, making a savage noise in her throat. "You don't know what I may do if I'm roused." Whereupon they both laughed a little and settled down in their seats, shoulder to shoulder, feeling somehow that the bugbear in their path frowned less portentously. The engine purred and the smooth road flowed beneath them, and presently Marjorie spoke again, softly:

"I'm sorry I said that about the car, dear. Of course, we both like it, but we don't really need it the least bit in the world, you know. We can get along perfectly well without it, if—if it seems best."

"In fact," supplemented Dolliver, "you're quite sure that it would be good for you to walk more. You feel that you don't get enough exercise and are in danger of getting fat, and that it would be better for us both to take our outings on a second-hand tandem bicycle—you dear fraud! Well, we'll hope it won't come to that. In fact, we'll see to it that it doesn't. We may have to live in a boarding-house, but we simply can't give up the car!"

"Oh yes, we can, dear," said sage little Marjorie. "There isn't anything—not anything at all—that we can't give up and still be quite happy, except each other. And, anyway, we *have* had good times with this little car, haven't we? We'll never lose those, whatever happens."

"We've never had anything but good times in it," he returned. "Sometimes we've thought it got us into trouble, but as you look back, all those things add to the flavor of life, don't they? Like curry and paprika—a little biting in themselves, but appetizing on the whole."

"Even that horrid old Corbin man?" she ventured, mischievously. Page laughed.

"It took me a long time to see the fun of that situation, because that order I lost rankled. But now, when I remember how we sympathized with the poor, proud old party we thought he was when we picked him up on the road that day, and how flat I felt the next morning when he looked across his desk at me and said: 'Oh, you're young Mr. Dolliver—Mr. Golden-Rule Dolliver!'—every time I think of that now, I laugh."

"Well, I don't!" said his wife, vindictively. "I've never forgiven him—and I never shall—for ascribing such horrid motives to you! I don't mind his calling you Golden-Rule Dolliver. I think that's rather funny—especially the way it has followed you and stuck to you. But how he could look at you, and then believe for an instant that you knew all the time who he was—that you'd stoop to a petty trick like that just to get an order—why, Page, it's monstrous! Of course, it shows the sort of unscrupulous person he is himself, or his mind wouldn't work that way—"

Again Page's laughter rang out, interrupting her indignant speech.

"It shows very clearly that he'd been worked a good many times, in a good many different ways, and had grown wary," he said. "But you may remember that we've been worked a few times ourselves, and that there are certain things even we no longer do. We've got now so we know every avenue—or almost every avenue—of approach by the petty grafter who wants the free use of a car for a while, but when you remember all the things that have happened to us, you really don't wonder that poor old Corbin, with his larger fortune and much larger experience—perhaps embittered a little by more disappointments—you don't wonder that he keeps a weather eye out for trickery, do you?"

"Yes, I do—when he keeps it on you!" retorted his wife. "I think he's a distinctly horrid old person!"

Page laughed again, and just then they rounded a curve and saw ahead of them a disabled automobile. A man worked over the engine, and beside him, holding one of the lamps from the car so that he might see, stood a woman dressed in black. As the Dollivers approached, the two turned toward them strained, anxious faces.

"Hullo!" said Page. "Here's trouble. Want some help?" he called, drawing up beside them.

"This is past help to-night, unless you've some extra parts," replied the other man, who was evidently English. "The bally pump's broken, and nothing but a new—"

"No, no, there's no time for that!" broke in the girl, hurriedly. "We can't wait! Would you—" She turned the rays of her lamp upon the Dollivers. "Oh, madam, you look kind! Would you take us to the station at Chetneck? It's the last train to-night—there's barely time now—and we *must* make it!"

"Why, of course!" cried Dolliver, heartily. "Jump in! But your car—?"

"Safe enough here. We can send back for it from the garage near the station," said the man, hastily transferring a suit-case from one car to the other.

"We were going to leave it there, anyway, until we got back," added the girl, as she stepped into the tonneau. "Quick, Tim! There's only just time!"

"Quite ready, sir!" Tim heaved another suit-case into the car and sprang in after it. "We've got to make four miles in about six minutes. Can you do it?"

"Sure, we'll do it!" returned Dolliver, and the car leaped forward with a jerk. "Unless something breaks," he added, remembering the many mishaps of the day.

"Even if we miss it, there's still the trolley," Majorie suggested.

"No, madam," the girl replied. "You see, our mother's sick—dying—in Washington, and we're trying to catch the last train from New York. The tram's too slow. Oh, we *must* make it!"

"We'll do it—if nothing breaks," called Dolliver, peering ahead.

"What about your car?" asked Marjorie, a moment later. "You won't have time to go to the garage. Shall we tell them to send out for it?"

"No, madam; don't trouble," said the man. "We'll wire back, thank you."

"No trouble at all," Mrs. Dolliver pleasantly assured him, "and the sooner that car is brought in, the better. Do they know you at the garage?"

"Oh yes, madam! Everybody about here knows us. We've a little farm up the road a bit."

"A farm? Are you farming people? I thought—" Marjorie stopped short, realizing that they might not care to be told what she herself had just consciously recognized, that their manner was the manner of well-trained servants. "I should have said that you came from the city," she finished lamely.

"We do—in a way of speaking," the young woman explained. "We've mostly worked in cities, but the country's always best, isn't it? So we saved up—my brother, Tim, here, and me—and got this little farm."

"A poultry farm," interpolated Tim.

"And we supply nearly everybody about here with eggs and poultry. That's the reason we have the car, madam. Tim bought it second-hand."

"And your name?"

"The name's Cooper, madam."

"Then don't worry about your car, Cooper. We'll have it brought in to-night."

"Thank you, madam."

They were in the outskirts of the little town when they heard a long whistle, and Tim exclaimed: "That's the train! It's no use! We've missed it!"

"No, we haven't! Not yet!" Dolliver shouted, above the honking of the horn.

A dog or two barked, once they shot past another car, and later a man yelled at them.

"You'll get held up for speeding," warned Cooper.

"We'll get you off first!" They swung around a corner and saw the train pulling into the station, two blocks away. "Be ready to jump!"

Marjorie had barely time to express her hope that they'd find their mother better and the girl to gasp her thanks, when the automobile stopped at the platform and three people leaped out of it. The train had already started when Dolliver pushed the suit-case he carried up beside the panting couple on the steps of the last coach, and the brother and sister were safely off.

"Well, by jinks, that's one thing that didn't go wrong to-day, anyhow," he remarked, as he rejoined Marjorie, "and for once nothing happened, but it's high time we found *one* turn in the long lane we've been traveling. Here comes the angel of retribution, hot foot," he added, as a motor cycle whizzed into view upon the road they had just traversed. "I wonder whether we shall be haled into a night court, or merely writ down in the judgment book? One thing's reasonably certain, and that's a fat fine—but on the whole it was worth it."

To their surprise, however, the man on the motor-cycle flung himself from his vehicle and passed them with only a cursory glance and in much haste.

"Oh, vurry well!" Dolliver humorously regarded his retreating back. "If you don't even scent your quarry when you hold it in your hand, far be it from me to call attention to its succulence!"

"Perhaps he isn't a policeman at all," Marjorie suggested. "He may be just a plain, ordinary citizen."

"In that case, he's a menace to life and property," Page declared. "The man who deliberately inflicts one of those popping devils upon the community, without the extenuating excuse of serving the majesty of the law, is a nuisance and ought to be dealt with accordingly."

"Oh, well, let him live this time," lightly recommended his wife. "He's young and life is sweet to him, and we've other fish to fry just now."

"Right you are! Ho for the garage! That must be the one, in the next block."

As Page stopped the car before the place they sought, they heard shouts up the street, and presently a man came into view, running heavily. "Hey, there, you!" he called, and Page remarked: "Ah! Justice lags a little, being but poorly caparisoned in these parts, but overtakes us in the end."

The running man emerged into the radius of light from the electric sign over the garage. "You're the crazy fools that come tearin' down here a minute ago, ain't ye?" he panted, peering at the car. "Yes, o' course ye be!"

"Well, if we are, your characterization of us isn't so flattering that we care to admit it," said Page.

"Ye don't have to admit it," testily returned the other. "I seen ye! What in Tophet d'ye mean by whoopin' through a town like that? Ain't got no consideration at all fer other folks, have ye? Well, we'll learn ye that ye don't own quite all the earth yet, even if ye do run an automobile! Why didn't ye stop when I yelled at ye?"

"Oh, was it you who called to us?" Dolliver's tone was pleasantly conversational, and he still smiled.

"Yes, it was, an' mebbe ye won't find it so darned funny by the time I'm done with ye! Why didn't ye stop?"

"Why should we? Are you an officer?"

"Well, what d'ye s'pose I been chasin' ye seven blocks fer, if 'twan't to arrest ye? Think I run all that way just to make yer acquaintance?"

"I'm sorry you had to do that." Page spoke with soothing deference. "You see, it was this way. We came on some neighbors of yours, tinkering at a broken-down car about four miles back, and when they told us they were trying to make this train in order to get to their dying mother in Washington by to-morrow morning, we picked them up and rushed them through. I suppose we did come through your town at a pretty lively clip, but we had only two minutes to make the train and we took a chance."

"Ye took a chance, all right. Who'd ye say they was?"

"The Coopers. Tim Cooper and his sister."

"Who're they?"

"Why, you must know Tim Cooper." Dolliver spoke confidently. "He's the Englishman who has a poultry farm up the road a bit. He said everybody knew him."

"He did, did he? Well, I never heard of him, an' I know everybody within fifteen mile o' this place! If ye can't frame up a better one than that, ye'd better quit. Now then, come along— Hullo!" he interrupted himself, as the sound of the motorcycle was heard from the direction of the station. "That must be Ed Rawson now. I wondered where he was. This is his job by rights. He's a bicycle policeman. I'm the constable. Hey, there, Ed!" He waved his arm and shouted to the approaching policeman. Two or three men, attracted by the sound of voices, came out of the garage.

"Hello, John! You got 'em? Good work!" the second officer exclaimed, jumping off his machine. "The other two got away on that train, but I think we'll catch 'em at Port Ryerson. I got Jennings on the wire, an' he's layin' for 'em."

"Layin' fer who?"

"The other two. Have you searched 'em yet?"

"Searched who?" repeated the one called John, in bewilderment. "What fer?"

Rawson turned and stared at him. "Say, what do you think you pinched these people for, anyhow?" he demanded.

"Fer speedin', o' course, same's you would if you'd 'a' been on yer job. Where was ye?" acrimoniously returned the other. "They come skootin' through town—"

"I bet they did! And you never noticed who was with 'em, did you?"

"This is the car," stated the constable, with dignity, "but there was four of 'em in it then."

"Sure there was! And the other two was that swell English valet o' Farwell's and the parlor maid, makin' their get-away with most o' the madam's jewelry and a lot more stuff."

"What's that?" sharply questioned Dolliver, above the exclamations of the others.

"That's what!" returned Rawson, with enjoyment. "An' it ain't no good your pretendin' surprise an' astonishment, my young friend, because we've got you cold!"

"But—but surely you don't—you can't think that we—" Marjorie indignantly began, but the young man interrupted her.

"Think nothin'! I tell you we know! Hobbs, the station agent, saw you rush them two up to the train and hustle them an' two suit-cases onto the back platform—an' he said that last suit-case was about all you could swing, too," he added, to Dolliver.

"That's right," Page admitted, "but it never occurred to me that there was anything crooked about it. You see, we came upon that couple—"

"Oh, ho!" the constable cut in. "That's the meanin' o' the flim-flam game ye was tryin' to work off on me, is it?" He turned to his fellow-townsmen. "He was tellin' me a fairy story 'bout some folks that he said had a chicken farm up the road a ways — 's if I didn't know every farm fer fifteen mile round! He said they had to ketch this train to git to their dyin' mother!"

"That's what they told me," said Dolliver, "and I had no reason to doubt it."

"Uh-huh," good-naturedly responded the policeman. "Well, you tell that to the judge when the time comes, an' see what he thinks about it. Meanwhile we'll just move long an' arrange about your lodgin's for the night."

Marjorie gasped, and her husband laid a warm, quiet hand upon hers, while he reasoned persuasively with their captors.

"Now, look here, gentlemen," he said, "this is all a mistake. "Those people may have been thieves, but if they were we didn't know it. My name is Dolliver, and I'm connected with James B. Lake & Company. My wife and I have been dining with Mr. Thomas K. Eldridge, out beyond Greenwich. If you'll call him up by telephone, he'll corroborate this. About four miles back, we found this couple beside a disabled car. They seemed to be in great distress, and naturally, with only six minutes in which to make the train, we didn't stop to question their story. We picked them up and rushed them through, as anybody else would have done under the circumstances."

"That's right, too," commented a man from the garage. "Sounds straight enough."

"Yes, it sounds straight," conceded Rawson, "but it ain't no alibi. They did help those two thieves get away."

"How do you know they were thieves?" Dolliver demanded. "How do you know they weren't just what they said they were?"

"Oh, I got my information straight, all right! I happened to be in the telephone office—"

"Heh! Ed's too busy ketchin' a girl to

spend any time workin'," interpolated the constable.

"An' the Farwells had just phoned in about the robbery," Rawson continued, "so I lit out for the station."

"Went so fast ye couldn't see nothin' along the road, didn't ye?" sneered Ketchum. "Where'd these two be now if I hadn't stopped 'em?"

"It's clear that you're both very alert and efficient officers," observed Dolliver, "but please remember that neither of you would have caught us if we hadn't voluntarily stopped at this garage to deliver a message for these people who you say are thieves. And we'd hardly have done that if we had been their confederates, should we?"

"What was the message?" asked the man in charge of the garage.

"They wanted you to send out and get their car."

"They did, eh? Didn't happen to mention their names, did they?"

"Yes, the man said his name was Tim Cooper and that everybody around here knew him."

"Never heard of him. Any of you fellers ever hear of anybody round here named Cooper?" A negative murmur ran through the group.

"There, you see!" Rawson took up his business again. "It don't hold water."

"Man alive, I'm not saying that there are any such people in this neighborhood!" Page exclaimed. "I'm only repeating what they told me and what I believed. I'm prepared to give you conclusive proof of my identity and of my honesty, and if there's anything I can do to help you catch those thieves, I'll do it gladly. Here are my cards—my letters—"

"Never mind all that," the policeman interrupted, not uncivilly. "You may be all you say you are, but I won't let you go now until you've proved it in court. See?"

"*You* won't let him go! Say, who d'ye think's makin' this arrest, anyhow?" demanded Ketchum.

"Well, you ain't, Johnnie," Rawson told him. "Get that, right now!"

"I'd like to know why I ain't!" the other began, hotly, but Dolliver intervened.

"Now, gentlemen, let's all be reasonable about this," he suggested. "We'll go with you, cheerfully, to the police station, or to any other place you may prefer, while you satisfy yourselves fully as to my identity. But let's not have any more talk of arrest, please. All this misunderstanding is rather frightening my wife."

"Misunderstanding?" Marjorie, who was trembling violently, tried to keep her voice steady, but it shook in spite of her effort. "Is that it? Haven't we been arrested?"

"No, dear, there hasn't been any formal arrest yet, and I hope—"

"There hain't? Well, there is now!" the constable cried, shrilly. "Ye're under arrest, both o' ye! Understand? I place ye both under arrest—an' I guess that 'll hold ye fer a while, Ed Rawson!" he added, vindictively. "Comin' an' snatchin' a man's prisoners right out of his hand!"

"Prisoners! Oh, Page! What—what's going to happen?" Marjorie shrank against her husband and he put his arm around her. "What are they going to do to us?"

"Steady, girlie! They're not going to do anything to us. We'll get this straightened out presently. Don't worry. But I'm sorry you chose to take that action, Mr. Ketchum," he added.

"Yes, I guess ye be," returned that individual, with satisfaction, "an' ye'll be sorrier before we're done with ye."

"Possibly." Dolliver was rather grim. "But I shall not be as sorry as you will. Just remember that, Mr. Ketchum. However, it's done now, and we're wasting time. Let's move along to the nearest police station and get the formalities over."

"I guess ye'll find the formalities putty bindin' in your case, young man," commented the constable, climbing into the tonneau. "Ye may think ye're a putty slick proposition, an' I ain't denyin' ye tell a smooth story, but I seen your sort before you was born, an' it wouldn't surprise me none to learn you was wuth ketchin'. Ye needn't wait round no longer, Ed. I'll look after this, an' ye can get back to yer own job o' policin' the highways."

"All right," drawled the other officer. "I'll just jog along behind and see you don't let 'em get away from you again, John."

"'Tween superintendin' the telephone office an' buttin' into other folks' business, Ed Rawson hain't got no time left fer his

reg'lar job." The elder man acridly addressed the grinning bystanders. "There's a car now," he added, as a persistent honking was heard, "that I bet's runnin' fifty mile an hour, but o' course there's nobody to hinder 'em." At that instant the lights of a car swung into view from the main street of the town. "Look a' there! What 'd I tell ye! Fifty mile an hour if it's a foot!"

The other car, which contained two men, one of whom was muffled to the ears in an overcoat and had a cap pulled down over his eyes, slowed abruptly, almost abreast of the Dollivers, and the driver, who was young and bareheaded and wore a light overcoat open over his evening dress, called, in an excited tone: "That you, Rawson?"

"Gee, that's Farwell himself! Go on an' arrest him for speedin' John! Why don't you?" urged the man who had spoken before, while Rawson answered:

"Yep, it's me, all right, Mr. Farwell."

"Have you got 'em?" The young man jumped out almost before his machine had stopped, and joined Rawson. "Are these the people?" Apparently the appearance of the Dollivers surprised him, for he paused, looking sharply at them, but before Page could speak—indeed, before the other man had ceased speaking—Ketchum hastily asserted:

"I jest arrested two of 'em, Mr. Farwell. Ed Rawson was too busy—"

"But the stuff! Have you got that?"

"Not yet," Rawson answered rapidly. "Your people got away with two suitcases—"

"Yes, yes, I know! Hobbs told me all that over the phone. But he said you'd caught some of the gang—said he saw you from the station—"

"Yes, I was tellin' ye," the constable eagerly cut in again, "Ed Rawson was too busy foolin' round that new telephone girl to stop 'em as they come through town, but I run 'bout half a mile an' caught these two as they was comin' back. I'm jest takin' 'em up to the station house—"

"Now, just a moment, gentlemen, if you please." Dolliver stepped out of his car, speaking with an accent that commanded instant attention. "Mr. Farwell, I take it from what I have heard that my wife and I have unwittingly been the means of helping the thieves off with your property, for which I'm exceedingly sorry. I'll do anything in my power to help discover and convict them. But we had no idea at the time that they were not just what they said they were — farming people of the neighborhood. We found them beside a broken-down car—"

"Yes, one of my cars," said Farwell.

"Well, we couldn't know that, either. My name is Dolliver—Page Dolliver—"

"Ah yes, young Mr. Dolliver—Golden-Rule Dolliver. I thought I couldn't be mistaken," said a cool voice, and Page looked up, startled, at the man in Farwell's car, to see, between the high coat-collar which had been thrown open, and the peak of the cap now pushed back, the lean, lined, shrewd face of Galen Corbin.

"There! What 'd I tell ye!" exulted Ketchum. "Didn't I say he'd turn out to be some noted criminal? That story of his was a leetle too smooth! I told ye somebody'd reco'nize him!"

"It is Mr. Dolliver's misfortune that his stories frequently seem a little incredible—a leetle—too—smooth," Corbin said, stepping out of the car, with what Page had once described as "that wicked, crooked grin of his."—"He has slipped on that stone before, I think."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Corbin," the young man returned with spirit, "however you may have questioned the sincerity of my motives on the occasion of our previous meeting—though I assure you they were just what we said they were then—you will at least be willing, since you remember me, to testify to my identity, to the fact that I hold a responsible position with James B. Lake & Company, and I hope also to the impossibility that my wife and I should be accomplices of the persons who have just robbed Mr. Farwell's house."

"Ye-es," deliberated the old man, with his wry smile—"ye-es, I think I'd be willing to go that far. In fact, gentlemen, you may accept my assurance that Mr. Dolliver's part in this affair, whatever it may have been, has been wholly accidental and in no sense criminal."

Marjorie, who had been leaning forward in the car, with tightly clasped hands, breathlessly watching and listening, sank back into her seat with a little sob.

"But you hain't heard the story yet," objected the constable.

"I don't need to hear it, sir." Corbin suddenly took command of the situation and spoke with the voice of authority. "I know Mr. Dolliver. My name is Corbin—Galen Corbin. I'm the president of the D. & G. L. Railroad, and Mr. Farwell is my son-in-law. Now, just dismiss Mr. Dolliver from this case entirely. I'll vouch for him." Dropping his decisive tone as abruptly as he had assumed it, he turned to Page with his twisted, sardonic smile, asking: "Do you think Mrs. Dolliver will consent to recognize me?"

"I'm sure she'll be glad to, sir." Page, bareheaded, extended his hand to the old man. "But may I say first how grateful we are to you for this assistance?"

"You needn't be," was the brief answer. "I owed it to you. Mrs. Dolliver," as they joined Marjorie, "I once did you and your husband an injustice."

"Yes, you did, Mr. Corbin," she frankly replied, between laughter and tears, "but you've certainly atoned for it now."

"I should be glad to think so. I'm not sure that one ever atones for an injustice. About the best one can do is to confess one's error and avoid repeating it. I've been intending to confess this one ever since I was convicted of it in my own mind."

"When was that, sir?" Page asked, laughing.

"When one of my son's friends entertained me recently with some stories he'd heard about you at the club. He said they called you Golden-Rule Dolliver."

"They do. But it isn't entirely my fault, Mr. Corbin. You began it."

"I thought that was my tag," responded Corbin, with a dry gleam. "I've been meaning to look you up and claim it, even though it originated in a misunderstanding. But as I told you once before, I think people of your disposition are rare. I wish they weren't. I've been making some inquiries about you, and I wish there were more men of your sort. I've got a place right now for one, if I could only find him."

"Do you mean that, sir?" Dolliver caught at the suggestion. "Because I'm looking for a position. I'm going to resign the one I have to-morrow."

For a moment the old man scrutinized him. Then he asked: "How'd you like to be purchasing agent for my road?"

"I think I'd like it very much, sir."

"All right. Come in at eleven to-morrow and we'll talk it over. What's this?"

"This" was the station agent, who ran down from the station to say that the thieves had either escaped from the train, or else had assumed successful disguises and transferred their booty to confederates, as no trace of them had been found. "They want a more complete description sent down the line," he concluded.

"They'll never get them, if they failed at Port Ryerson," said Farwell. "They're a clever pair of devils, and the only chance was to catch them quickly. However—Mr. Dolliver, you saw them last. Will you drive down to the station and help us make up that description, please?"

"I'd be very glad to, if I may be permitted," said Dolliver. "I believe we're still under arrest, aren't we?"

"Under arrest!" exclaimed Farwell, and Corbin demanded: "What for?"

"Fer speedin'. Only fer speedin', Mr. Farwell," the constable hastened to declare. "Ye see, they was goin' a leetle too fast through town—"

"I'll plead guilty to that," Dolliver interposed, as Farwell made an impatient gesture. "We shattered the speed limit."

"Oh, well, forget it!" advised the other.

"I can't do that, Mr. Farwell," pleaded Ketchum. "An arrest's an arrest."

"All right. Take the number of his car—and my card," said Corbin, impatiently. "I'll be responsible for Mr. Dolliver's appearance at any time. He's in my employ now. Go on, Dolliver. Start your engine. It's all right."

"Oh, dearest, what a beautiful ending to an awful day!" sighed Marjorie when they started at last through the crisp, starry darkness for home. "And isn't it funny about Mr. Corbin? Why, he isn't horrid a bit, when you know him. He's just a little—well, different—but he's as interesting and human as he can be—when you know how to take him."

"Do you know, Marjoricums," said Dolliver, "I've a notion that most people are like that—when you know how to take 'em."

Elevating Le Puy

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

THE Illustrator demonstrated to us on the night before leaving Paris the curious construction of Le Puy. All of the quill tooth-picks in the Petit Lavenue Restaurant defined the valley, built carefully around a spot of claret on the table-cloth which stood for the Grand Place, and with the aid of salt-cellars he marked the three sharp peaks which pierce the town (a sort of tit-tat-toe, three-in-a-row affair) and make this volcanic region so remarkable. The young lady who painted and the young man who photographed, our guests on this expedition, followed him with a polite appearance of breathlessness, and were quite agreed that there could be no other place like it for the brush, camera, or pencil.

"It will elevate you," the Illustrator told them. "You won't think of anything mean or earthy, or having to do with people. You will be painting the angels—and snap-shotting them," he added, not to hurt the feelings of the Photographer.

"The first puy, or mound," he continued, tapping the salt-cellar farthest from the claret stain, "is surmounted by a colossal statue of St. Joseph modern but very extraordinary. This one in the middle has the old cathedral on its slope and is topped by another even more enormous statue, Notre Dame de France. But my favorite"—affectionately indicating the toe of the tit-tat—"is this little church of St. Michael, right up on a needle's point."

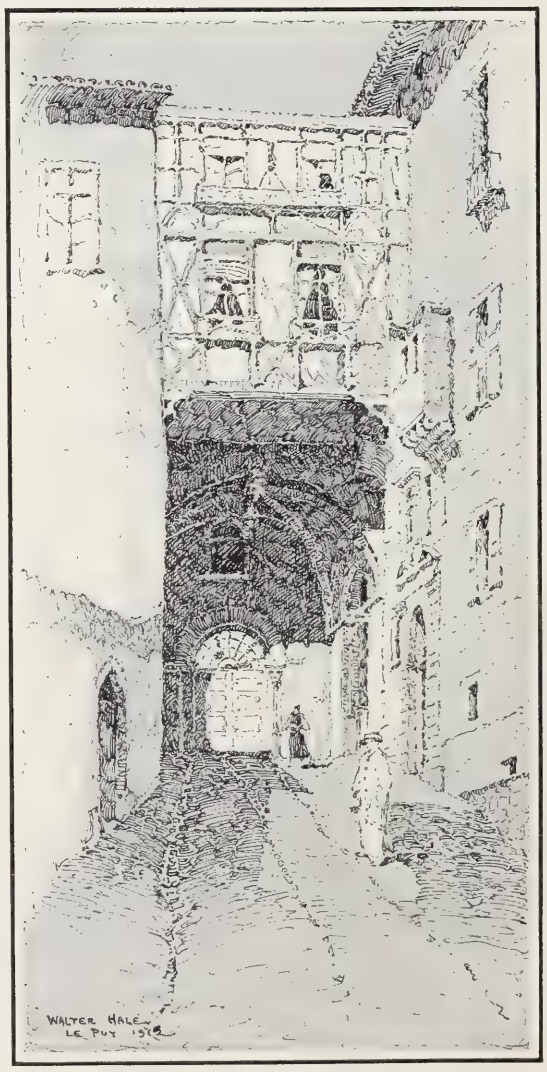
With glistening eyes he regarded the humble table service, and the invited guests rose to his imaginative soaring.

"Form, eh?" suggested the Photographer.

"Color, yes?" encouraged the Young Lady.

"And line," completed the Illustrator, solemnly.

Two days later, at the cross-roads beyond Brioude, the Illustrator skidded his motor-car skilfully alongside a coal-wagon and asked which route brought us in with Le Puy on our left. Our driver was eager to present the town as picturesquely as possible, although it is difficult to explain why one feels this responsibility for localities simply because one has seen them before. Le Puy is some centuries older than our guide and ought to be able to speak for itself. Yet in spite of the wagoner's advice to stick to the broad highway, we took the poor mean one, intent upon giving a town which was quite indifferent to our appearance every opportunity of looking well from the first. Of course, the carter did not know that the souls of impractical artists seeking



THE COURT BEHIND THE CATHEDRAL



Drawn by Walter Hale

LE PUY AND THE VALLEY SEEN FROM THE ROCHER CORNEILLE



THE STATUE OF ST. JOSEPH

to be uplifted were peering out at him from under the canopy top, although he safely deduced that one of the members of the party was a photographer by the sudden leaping out of the young gentleman, camera in hand, intent upon taking him.

The Photographer was somewhat ostentatious in his method of descending from the car. Yet, in truth, it was not his fault, but rather that of his tripod, which drew all eyes in his direction. As the result of keeping his three-legged support at his feet, that it might be "handy," it generally sprang out as he did with at least one of the tripods wound around its master's legs. He was a young man of sunny disposition. He could find good in everything. As he lay with his charming head in the mud, and his feet lovingly entwined by his faithful retainer (which now dangled from the steps like a grand-daddy-long-legs) he would exclaim over the beauty of a lens that could stand such a test.

The Illustrator waited happily for him. He had found at last the kind of traveling companion that he had long sought: one who could pump up a tire without asking why he had ever left America, and who combined with mechanical knowledge an appreciation not only of beauty, but of the form of beauty that would look well as an illustration—and not be too hard to do. It was well known that my choice of composition demanded several hours on a damp rock in an ill-smelling alley.

But he grew less happy as the day waned and the rain continued, for Le Puy did not burst upon us suddenly, seen from a great height, with the sun going down behind its three salt-cellars, as he had fondly planned. Instead we slid along a narrow, tortuous way, a way that no living thing had ever taken except cows and pigs (and they were still addicted to it), until, by some mysterious process, we arrived underneath the valley and began to climb up to it. We wished to please the Illustrator. We stretched our necks, first out from under the canopy, then up at a right angle as we sought the puys. Only swans can do this, and those who wish to be kind. The rain splashed down on our upturned faces, yet the fires of our enthusiasm were not quenched.

I shall always remember the café next to our hotel as a warm room—oh, beautifully warm!—well lighted, its sofa-lined walls occupied by the leisure class of the town, yet with ever a little table—until

it finally became our table—to be found for us. Madame sat in her lookout, marvelously knitting as she made change or handed out the sugar, which was as valued as the *caisse* itself. The click of billiard-balls was in the air, the groaning of an old hunting-dog who had rheumatism, and the flapping down of the cards as some Frenchman gathered a trick unto himself.

Our depression engendered by the necessity of leaving the café and dressing for dinner continued when we found that the rooms apportioned to us gave upon the court and not the market-place, as we had hastily commanded. Nor was it the assurance of the landlord that the automobiles in his court-yard were respectable ones, never coming in late at night or going out early in the morning, that soothed us. It was in all probability the dinner, ending in a marvelous chocolate soufflé, which made Le Puy once more a place worthy of our best efforts. We speculated on the concocting of the dish until the cook came in to talk it over, and said it must not be stirred, at least not until after the chocolate goes in. Filled and happy, we dwelt upon the wisdom of the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs specializing upon this dish. We predicted a success for it like unto the omelette of Madame Poulard, who shares the honors of Mont St. Michael. Our first evening had passed agreeably without any stimulus of heights. We went to bed.

I need not tell you that from the first day the Illustrator made sketches of Le Puy and faithfully recorded bits of Romanesque architecture. The drawings were made in the rain, and when the sun peeped out occasionally the Illustrator would leave even the soufflé to put in the shadows. From the lowly streets which I took a perverse delight in frequenting, the Photographer could be detected pacing off the heights preparatory to taking a snap-shot.

Perhaps "snap" is too hasty a word to describe his *modus operandi*. He was a believer in the correct distance between his camera and his subject, and as a woman has faith that a yard covers the length between her nose and her extended arm, so did he contend that his stride measured three feet. It was his only grief that the distance was never an even number of strides. His arithmetic was not entirely good, and I could discern him waving about on one leg while he endeavored to estimate the number of feet in eight and three-quarter strides. After this calculation was effected it was his custom to sit down and wait for the sun. The sun had been out during the preliminaries, but, losing all patience, it had gone indoors to rest.

As for the Young Lady who painted, in recording her subject in this city of



ENTRANCE TO THE CHAPEL OF ST. MICHAEL

curious elevations, the story comes to mind of the man who had saved up for many years that he might paint Taormina, but, arriving there, spent his days doing a still life of his briar pipe. Somewhat akin to this fashion, the Young Lady transferred to canvas the interior of the warm café. Madame in her high *caisse* was her loftiest mound, the green of the billiard-table her middle distance, and the inhabitants of the houses which the Illustrator was acquiring by pencil her foreground. She did not entirely neglect us, nor, for convivial reasons, did we neglect her, and her concern for the Photographer showed itself in a continual laying down of her palette and a rushing up the steeps to see if he had "turned it." He gallantly accompanied her back to the café after this, admiring bits of architecture from under the same umbrella, there to rest at the little table until we searched them out, and in this way I was more and more thrown with the Illustrator, for which he had not planned, but which he accepted as the fate that must overtake the married man who has to sit still for his living.

In districts where the stranger is little known, one who is attendant upon an artist has no sinecure, but manners were gentle in Le Puy. I needed but now and then to charge upon the small crowd gathered about him, and during the intervals could wander peacefully around improving myself. For those who are fond of shopping, sight-seeing in Le Puy has its appeal. In this locality ninety thousand women are engaged in making the Cluny lace which we find around our table-cloths and buffet-covers. The cushions appear after the heavier work of the household is done, yet the results of their labors are ready for instant display as we pass their doors.



STREET OF THE TABLES

I went into the museum, which is part of the cathedral, leaving the Illustrator with nothing to worry him but a puppy leaping derisively at his sketch-book; and even in the museum, among moldering relics, my egress was barred by the lace-box of the guardian. We sat down on the tomb-stone of a saint, and bargained over Cluny collars, the price of one of these appearing to be the only means of escape. They were rather scant affairs, although not as meager as the museum, but the guardian said they would look very well in America. I don't know that she meant this as a delicate thrust, there was nothing else finely edged about her broad self; but even so, she spoke



THE CHAPEL ON THE ROCK—ST. MICHAEL'S

the truth. I bought a collar, and wish now that I had bought more. When we get the wares of the country out of their original environment where we are nauseated by the quantity of them, they take on a new value.

When I returned to the steps of the cathedral, the sketch of the Street of the Tables was finished, and a neat young woman who had a fruit shop near by was holding the puppy in her arms and conversing rapidly with that utter indifference to the fact that she was barely understood which suggests that Latins talk for the pure love of their language. The puppy was her son's, a good boy now in school. Last year he did not go to "Les Frères," and he often escorted strange ladies about the puys. For one week he was with some ladies from New York—"very strange ladies," which meant, after probings, that they were new to France.

"Would madame regard her lace?" she called gently after we had started toward our soufflé. I did not buy, but from that hour she always nodded to us as she sat in her shop door tossing the bobbins recklessly about on her lace cushion, yet



THE MARKET PLACE FROM THE HOTEL WINDOW

turning out yards of the symmetrical butterflies with which we are all familiar. And in this way, either by purchasing or refusing to purchase, our acquaintances grew many in Le Puy, and a mantle of fondness for the town wrapped us softly about, a fondness that gave us a spirit of elevation that yet had nothing to do with heights.

The Young Lady and I continued humble in our pursuits, though not without a feeling of growing enrichment. That afternoon, the sun coming out, the Illustrator splashed through the narrow ways to St. Joseph's gigantic statue, the Photographer climbed to the thousand-year-old church of St. Michael's (achieving six doilies and three table-cloths at the church door), and we sought the washerwomen who knelt on either side the narrow, rushing stream and thrust their poor, gnarled hands into the icy water for eighteen cents a day. We could see the statue-crowned puys, built for the glory of God, from the little hollow where we sat, but I thought the cheery fortitude of these women to be quite as monumental.

A large, blowzy creature, in agreeable faded reds, who, with size to her advantage, felt she must be the one most prominent in the composition, called across the stream and offered to buy the picture if it was not too dear, but she veered from her proposition when she saw the blur of the impressionist's colors. Once she had been taken on a *carte postale*, she admonished, and on the postal card she was entirely there.

Although placing no value on her criticism, the Young Lady was greatly discouraged, which is the way of artists. More than that, we had not been successful in making ourselves understood, and long before the *apéritif* hour we were talking up to madame in her café lookout. The Young Lady plied her French industriously. "I've used a future anterior and a subjunctive," said she finally. "They can understand if they want to."

Soon the Illustrator pushed in through the swinging doors in his usual state of dejection after making a sketch, and a minute later appeared the Photographer, his sunniness somewhat dimmed by the miserable behavior of his camera's shutter and the possibility that three times he had forgotten to "turn it." Or had he? He was most gloomy when he was not sure. Time and chopped ice softened their mood. The sun set behind rose-colored clouds, soldiers on the Place across the street paraded briskly to the flourish of trumpets. We grew sentimental over the salt-cellars once more, and chose the peak of Notre Dame for an excursion by moonlight.

We might have gone, but there was company for dinner. Their big gray English motor was blocking ours, which irritated the Illustrator. No, he did not want to take out his car, but what if he had? We eyed them with suspicion as they sat through dinner, talking intelligently; and when we gathered that they, too, were going to visit the puys by moonlight, we became flippant. That night we crossed the Place du Breuil and spent an evening before the moving pictures. They were excellent pictures, and the Young Lady said her only dread was the end. She went out during "Orange Picking in Sicily," and, employing the future tense carefully, asked if there will be new views every evening. We all felt a glow of satisfaction when we read the answer, by the light of the orange-picking, in her happy face.

She returned in time to witness an extra film thrown on the screen, as the handwriting on the white wall explained "out of compliment to the strangers." Every one turned and peered at us then, and we became very conscious, but even more happy. The first scene was that of "Main Street, New York City," which we recognized in a loud voice as the railway-station at White Plains. In this scene an actor whom two of us knew personally as a very cowardly young man crossed the tracks in a motor-car less than an instant before the Bankers' Express from Katonah, with the club car bumping along behind, went thundering past. In fact, the wooden gates which had been lowered across the road were snapped off by the impact of the automobile, and for a moment we held our breath for the safety of the actor whom we had never liked before. As the Photographer said, slightly confused by his ready sympathy, it would be very sad for an American, even an actor, to die in a strange country.

The midnight conviction of our body-guard that every one was kind to us in Le Puy stood the test of each morning after. At least every one was kind to us except the Society for the Exploitation of the City. I crossed the Place one morning with the friendly intention of explaining that our mission and theirs were identical, and I was received as churlishly as though I was depositing money in a New York savings-bank.

The walls were hung with a translation into French of a magazine article written and illustrated by our ablest American etcher, and booklets containing his announcement that Le Puy was the most



PORTE DE MONSIEUR—ALLÈGRE



THE STATUE-CROWNED PEAKS OF LE PUY

picturesque city in the world were to be had for the stealing. It would seem that there would never have been a Society for the Exploitation of the City had not this most excellent artist told them that they had something to exploit; yet the gentleman who was in attendance was not grateful nor keen for any further development of the picturesqueness. He cared not whether Le Puy was ever put into a book again; it had brought down a lot of notoriety upon them and given him a life position in the exploiting-office and gold braid on his clothes. He was very bitter. I longed to tell him that even street-car advertising in my own country is of little value unless new rhymes are continually invented, but upon reflection I found too many "future anteriors" confronting me, and withdrew.

That afternoon, as a preliminary run before our flight into the high Alps the next day, we burnished up the motor and took the road to Allègre. Beyond being as merry as its name, Allègre can be faithfully exploited as the filthiest town in France. The car leaped along its narrow, muddy street disdainfully, until it was forced into a ten-foot yard with a sheer declivity of two hundred feet as its back fence. The inhabitants, who met us as one man at the entrance to the village, gave doubtful assistance in piling debris behind the wheels to keep the car from slipping backward — broken glass bottles for choice—and further impeded us in the selection of suitable vantage-points for the making of pictures.

Allègre, to quote from the dictionary, is brisk, nimble, sprightly, cheerful, but no

one could tell us how this charming name had been achieved in the beginning of things, nor could the minds of any stretch far enough back to give the reason for "The Porte of Monsieur," the very able gate to the inner town. The old cobbler on whose chair the Illustrator was sitting brought his bowl of porridge to the door—for all Allègre was eating at the time, and standing as they ate—and allowed that a monsieur once lived in the rooms over the gate. Yet the dame who sold stockings where he was painting thought that the gentleman who once occupied the château on the top of the hill in *autre fois* made it his custom to pass under this fine arch. This was plausible, as he could not have reached the lower road without doing so. All that is left of his stronghold now is a grim bit of architecture which the brisk, nimble, sprightly, cheerful occupants of Allègre call the Gallows.

One could not say that the town lived in its past, but to judge by the maddening hordes of children, her future was promising. They had a brisk, nimble, sprightly, cheerful way of blocking the line of vision of my three artists, and a slow, shambling, limping, cheerless way when being pushed out of it. Yet those who sat upon the pencil of the Illustrator or draped themselves over the palette of the Young Lady betrayed a diablerie refreshing in its novelty.

"Aha, the roof of my father!" one would exclaim, as the Illustrator sketched in a building. The roof was unsuccessful, and the eraser descended upon it. "Oho, the roof has fallen in!" jeered the crowd.

"Madame Grenier comes to pass in the street!" piped a high voice behind the Young Lady, who was slapping in a figure, to those less fortunately placed. The Young Lady green-painted out the old crone. "Alas!" breathes the imp, "Madame Grenier is dead!"

We approached the town upon our return that day with the sun going down behind the three salt-cellars. From an eminence we watched the passing of the day. It was all there—rosy clouds, a rising moon, the mystery of purple shadows. There was the majesty of heights to lift us as high as the gods; the simplicity of the valley to keep us mortal. We found our moment of exaltation, and thanked the Illustrator, who said it was nothing at all.

In the midst of what might have been a speech from him had he been able to continue, the Young Lady demanded silence—silence from all but the Young Lady. The lights of the city were popping into place, blackening the night, yet outlining more plainly Le Puy as it was best known to us. "Look," she said, pointing tremulously. "At the foot of the peak of Notre Dame, at the left of the peak of St. Joseph—don't you see? It's our hotel and our café and our theater for the moving pictures!"

Here was our triumph over the Society for the Exploitation of the City. I will not exploit it; I will exploit the soufflé of the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, madame in her *caisse*, the rheumatism of the hunting-dog. I will speak of the lace-makers and the washerwomen who toil in the shadow of geological excrescences. I will extol the "movies." For the peaks serve only as does the background of a biograph, while before them, as on the screen, passes the film of life.

The Foreign Voyager

BY R. M. HALLET

FOR some years now Jonathan Weld had withdrawn from the north village, and made a home for his son's wife in that gray house by the town landing which had been so long without a tenant. It was a grim spot at best—inconceivable in winter. Sea-gulls and shell-drake cried over the sand-dunes that stood out beyond it, and a straggling sea-wall partly sheltered it from that terrible tide which crept in around the Hook, and at the turn, especially in mid-December, ran out with such black vehemence over those sandy flats that few men could pull against it. Old Jonathan, Old Vitriol, as they called him, from the shrewd tongue he wielded at town-meetings, could do it, paralyzed though he was, slightly, in the left wrist; but then Old Vitriol was an able seaman.

He was the only able seaman in the town, and a great man in consequence, a very great man. There were others among his townsmen who had the tradition in their blood; but they had never put to sea. They told tales, but these were the worn-out tales of their fathers, who had skippered the packets that plied twice a week between that town and Boston in the old days, before the rails had beaten the packets out of business. There was now no one in the flesh and blood to share with Old Vitriol the grand air, the rolling gait, and gusty breath which men who have gone foreign voyages have. His mere sea-silences had twice the weight of their sea-speech.

The young women of the town said he was an "unlikely" man; but secretly they wished that he was young, with all that he implied. The young men nowadays seemed to have no blood in them at all; they competed for the lone job of grocer's clerk, and sawed wood and chewed tobacco. Any one could shift along in that small village, where there was nothing to do and every one to do it. And so the young women were fond of Old Vitriol; but to show him that he was no more self-sufficient than any man under the original mother, they would shout after him sometimes to inquire if he had called lately on Mrs. Harden.

There was the joint in his armor. On the left, as he went down the road from Simeon Chase's store, there was a white house, with a bright, brazen knocker on its black door, which looked slant-eyed at him as he passed. Many a year had passed since Old Vitriol had lifted his hand to that knocker, but its radiance molested him still. The house, I say, looked at him severely, as houses will; but, moreover, behind those blinds—and well he knew it—there sat a stern old lady, who would be sure to see him going by. This was Elizabeth Harden; this was the lady who, in a past which she would never let grow dim, had aspired to marry him.

Old Vitriol had to confess that he had held out hopes; but it was hard to punish him now for the way he had had with women in his youth. There had even been a time when he had hung in doubt; and then he had come home from one voyage bringing a vanity-box with the name of that Elizabeth Fosdick (that was then) laid in the wood with ivory and pearl; and inside an Oriental dagger with a curious black hilt and handle. A man should not make these presents needlessly; and Elizabeth Harden had since plunged that dagger in his heart, you might say, and twisted it about. For after that forces had arisen in him turning him another way; he had married otherwhere, and bred up a son, who had sorely disappointed him.

Jim Weld was all his life a shambling fellow, with neither the rugged frame nor the stern philosophy and iron will of that intrepid old adventurer his father. Old Vitriol showed him very little mercy while he lived at home. It harrowed him to see his son behind the counters of Jed Bragg, the grocer; he wanted to make an able seaman of him, a fellow who should go foreign voyages, as he had, and accept the land at last, in contempt, with his old age. But instead of all that, Jim Weld dawdled



Drawn by Walter Biggs

SHE HAD TURNED AWAY, WITH HER EYES ON THE SEA

about, wearing fine clothes when he could earn a little money; and then, reaching an unmeaning maturity, he weakly married.

Even in his bottomless disgust at this event, Old Vitriol would not accept tamely the fact of such a son; and it came about that in no time at all Jim Weld, a grown man, ran away from the town. And to all inquirers Old Vitriol said calmly that his son, coming to his senses, had gone a foreign voyage like a man of parts, until the parrot, feeling the force and necessity of that deception, saved him the trouble of explaining.

But there was no explaining to old Elizabeth Harden, who had not sat all those dim years in her parlor window to no purpose. She knew that Jim Weld was no good, and could never have been any good, because of the great mistake of Jonathan in choosing a wife. Elizabeth herself had married, a second choice; but there was no consolation in that, because her husband had gone a foreign voyage, and turned into a pirate or something on the China coast. Certainly he had never come back, though from time to time he sent her money. Nobody could count the years she had listened to the wheels of the stage-coach rolling by, thinking that it might stop some day, perhaps, outside the door. But with the years steam drove the coach into the past; the wheels rolled by no more, and there was then only the mournful hooting of the train to listen for.

And as nothing ever came of that, she took comfort in hounding Old Vitriol with her bright eyes through the dusty blinds; and, though he never called, and she was never on the street, she knew that she overtook him and struck deep. Old Vitriol began to cling to the coast, where his son's wife kept his house in order—that strong, silent woman with quick hands and wistful eyes, who lived without protest in the shadow of this man who had driven out her husband. There was never any voice to her woe; only more and more she stopped in her work with a strange, harkening air, her fine face stilled and expectant. She would never cease to expect him.

Old Vitriol, being a great dreamer, had built up another son altogether in Jim Weld's long absence; a man of mark, this time, who had indeed gone foreign voyages, and was something of a devil and a credit to his blood. Now and again he would break the silence of those meals to say, gruffly: "You don't eat enough, woman. It will take a plumper bit than you to cut a figger in Jim's eye now. Pass your plate."

And in time he became famous the length of that forlorn coast by reason of his "dead dream." In this dead dream his son had come home rolling two barrels of money along with him, and set them up in the hen-house, as plain as plain; and Old Vitriol, hovering invisible, could only gaze with immense sorrow at that sparkling horde of gold, which had come too late. Wakening, he held it as certain as if it had already come to pass that his son would return one time or another with two barrels of money, one for each of them.

His fellow-townsmen laughed behind his back at that dead dream. Jim Weld, they said, was not so very far away. Ezra Thacher, a great traveler, who had twice been to Boston, swore to it that he had seen Jim Weld sitting alone upon the public common, and that he had not worn at all the look of a man harboring two barrels of money.

But Old Vitriol crushed that traveler without words, with one slow look. Ezra Thacher, in his dim youth, had gone one foreign voyage himself; just one; and for forty years thereafter he had been wearing a blue coat, and rolling in his gait, and forecasting the weather, turning bleared eyes aloft with that inscrutable cogitation which marks your able seaman. He would make you a bowline on the bight, too, if only half requested; but he could never talk in the presence of Jonathan Weld. Thus poor Ezra's insinuations against Jim Weld came near to crumbling.

But not quite. The younger men would never accept Old Vitriol's account of his son, because Jim Weld had grown up with them, and they were jealous of that radiance; and the old men would not, because they could never quite forgive Old Vitriol his immeasurable experience, beside which their own was nothing. And when Ezra Thacher in the course of time became selectman, they leaned to him still more, and in consequence Old Vitriol seldom left his haunt by the town landing. But he had never at any time broached the subject of his dead dream to Elizabeth Harden.

Old Vitriol never missed town-meetings. Time was when he had been the town-

house orator, winning his nickname of Old Vitriol. He was certainly a monstrous apt man to talk on his feet, and although, these last years, he had a great contempt for the town, he was not proof against town-meetings, where he could thunder away a morning without committing himself to speech with anybody in particular.

So it was that on a fine February morning he wrestled himself into his corduroy jacket, and said to his son's wife:

"You can put me up something to eat. I'm going to town-meeting."

Thrusting his head out-of-doors, he looked up and down the coast. His eyes swept the length of that great yellow coast, with its flat marshes, crusted with snow in sunken scales, and its flurried dunes rising and falling, curved against the angry steel of the morning sea like a giant sickle. And like a sickle that coast had reaped its harvest. The tide came in over those flats a liquid tongue, and, swirling inside the Hook, went out again with the same greedy swiftness at the turn. It was a monster in itself; and the men on that coast had paid full toll to it.

Old Vitriol's house sat on a slight rise beside some rotting piles which in packet days had been the town landing. Its bleached shingles had never known paint, its roof was wan and gray. Blackened seaweed lay banked all about it for the warmth, and before the door stood, curiously, an apple-tree with one huge, contrary limb which had grown out horizontally. Old Vitriol humored it in this caprice, placing props under it; so that now it looked not unlike a blotched dragon hung on three posts and straining for a fourth. It was a good dragon to guard the gold which had been consigned to him in his dead dream.

Behind his house were heaped the fragments of wrecked boats which he hauled up from the tide with a wooden windlass for firewood. His nets, his traps, his dories were there too: all those things, with their look of rust and disrepair, by which he made his living at a cost of so little toil.

And now as he looked that way seven black ducks came from behind one of the sheds and squatted down disgustedly on their cold feet. It was coming up to blow; the wind came in blanketing gusts and shook the house. Some part of it rattled insecurely.

The girl brought him his lunch. "It's going to be cold again," she said, and her eyes darkened. Few could know what the coming of cold meant in that house.

"Winter won't rot in the sky," said Old Vitriol, grimly. He pushed the lunch into his pocket and turned to go away; but at that moment the parrot, Meg, knocked its beak against the bars of its cage, and said, "Jim's gone a foreign voyage," with a knowing leer and an air of great authority. Old Vitriol hesitated a moment, looking at his son's wife with half-closed eyes; but she had turned away from him and stood leaning in the doorway, with her eyes on the sea, where the white manes of sea-horses were already tossing.

"Well, damn the bird!" he muttered, striding away with that inimitable rock to his shoulders which was the despair of Ezra Thacher.

A hundred yards inland from his own house there sat, on higher ground, a great barnlike structure, with many black windows. This was the almshouse. For some time past it had been shut, because of the unaccountable prosperity of that small village, which would admit of no paupers. It had been argued more than once in town-meeting that it was a good sort of an almshouse to have; it was an almshouse calculated, by its situation, to put the fear of God into a pretty lazy man. It was reasoned that no able-bodied townsman would ever suffer himself to be conveyed there; and as for those whom destiny had played sad tricks in truth, they would not mind where they were.

Old Vitriol, stopping in his tracks in the frozen road, glared at it malignantly. It obstructed his view of shell-drake when the flight was on; but, more than that, it was an affront upon him. It was forever, with its dumb, white walls, suggesting to him possibilities which he would not admit. And this morning, while he stood looking at it, he caught himself working his left hand cautiously about on his wrist. He had felt an added numbness there lately.

He would move the town to do away with it, he thought, and walked on. They could sell it or tear it down. It was an eyesore. A town had no need of paupers. They could all live, without a thing like that to remind them . . . Even if a man had not a son, he could never grow too old to be his own man. Never in this world.

Striding inland, he muttered to himself.

The town house stood in the woods at a point central to the three villages which made up the township. There was that morning a great stamping of horses and snorting of machines outside of it; and inside a stamping and coughing and haranguing of the legal voters. They crowded about Old Vitriol with outstretched hands, as if they felt remorse, on this morning of complete good will, for any bitterness that might have passed. They pushed him good-naturedly toward the red-hot stove, where the moderator of the meeting, a purveyor of oysters in summer, sat adjusting and readjusting his glasses to a spot half-way down his nervous nose.

"Votin' for Ezra for selec'man?" the politician asked him, in hurried whispers. A vote was a vote, but none of them had had courage to go to the town landing for it.

"Can he live any other way?" asked Old Vitriol, going in to cast his vote. Coming out a minute later, he said, calmly: "I don't want to drive him out of town. He's been here a long time." And sitting down by the red stove, he fell a-dreaming and mumbling to himself with clasped hands, and men said he was breaking up fast, and that the days of the town-house orator were numbered.

It was half past one before the polls were closed; and it was two precisely when the moderator, standing in front of a draped American flag, took off his glasses decisively and, bringing down his rude mallet, roared: "Gentlemen, this ain't no funny-house. Proceed to business."

It was the twelfth article of the town warrant which asked the town what it would do about the almshouse.

"Now, gentlemen, what do you say to it. The young lady is waiting," said the moderator. He referred to the public stenographer, who sat at his elbow in a blue-knitted cap, and with whose graciousness and patience and high skill he had been much impressed. He felt that they ought not to keep her waiting.

Old Vitriol rose, with his hands clasped under his corduroy jacket, and said, in strong tones, that the town should sell. The old house was falling to pieces as it stood, half the shingles had blown off the roof; the wind went through it like it was cheese-cloth. Then he added: "I can support myself for years to come. An almshouse is not a good thing to look at. It is a blot, a—"

He stopped and glared at his left hand, which he had bent over the back of the chair in front of him. It was white about the knuckles.

"I am in favor of tearing that house down, Mr. Moderator. When a man can no longer work, he should die." He stopped again, rather strangely. Surely these halting sentences were not in the robust style of Old Vitriol. The old man was arguing against his own good, it might appear. A bitter voice became audible behind him.

"We ain't all got a son comin' home with two barrels of money."

Old Vitriol half inclined his head. "The less comfort to you," he said, with devastating calm.

One, Addie Baker, rising, said tremulously: "You been on the world since you was twelve, Mr. Weld. You—"

"I had been on the world twelve years then," said Old Vitriol, hearing him, but talking at large, with his big shoulders contemptuously turned against that little man.

"Right from the cradle, then," said Addie Baker, aghast. "And yet you say—"

"There wa'n't no cradle," said Old Vitriol. He denied himself everything. He had been responsible for himself from his birth. As he stood there the sun fell warmly on his creased and pitted cheek, on his yellow beard, where the peak of his green cap cast a shadow. They could well believe that there had been no cradle.

"I have been on the world," he said, heavily. "But that ain't on the town, Mr. Baker. You will never see me nor mine on the town."

He sat down, knocking his left hand sharply against the chair as he did so.

Then Ezra Thacher, again selectman, took the floor. He had that dreary sort of statistical intelligence which angers even while it convinces. But to-day he was heard with favor. He wanted to inquire if the town would gain anything by tearing down that building? He answered his own question. No. He spoke of costs, appraisals, plans, which the selectmen had gone into. It was not, he said, necessary to refer to the institution as an almshouse; it was quite possible to speak of it simply

as a home—a home for the aged and unfortunate. The situation was, he admitted, a little bleak in the winter; but the house was solid, and the old people, as they came there, would be much indoors. With a fine tact, including himself along with his less gifted townsmen as liable to the remorseless onset of time, he said majestically that he might want to go there himself.

And in conclusion, as the sting to the tail of his speech, he produced a letter from the town of Hawkbury, saying that a pauper, born and bred here in Barmouth, had charged himself upon that town for support; and Hawkbury requested that Barmouth should take this pauper home. With what face, inquired the selectman, was Barmouth to wait on Hawkbury without an almshouse of its own?

He sat down, and the two-dollar men, grown restive, cried "Question, question!" to the moderator, and shouted "Aye!" triumphantly a moment later when he put it. The town was still in possession of its almshouse. But the reign of the town-house orator was over.

Old Vitriol waited for nothing more. He stalked out of the town house in silence; and an hour later, when the meeting adjourned, they found him asleep at Simeon Chase's store for antiques.

"I wisht I could talk on my feet!" cried little Jabez Howes. "I'd 'a' shown 'em something. An almshouse is an almshouse, I say; the' ain't no gittin' round it callin' it a home. It's an almshouse. It's a blot on the town, like Old Vitriol here said it was."

"Why didn't you say so, then?" drawled the insurance agent.

"I couldn't," said Jabez, taken aback, "not with my heart actin' the way it did. It would choke me if I just figgered on gittin' up. But sittin' here I can talk to you quite sensible."

"Well," said another man, "Old Vitriol here had the right of it. I guess he said all a man *could*, Jabez."

They looked at Old Vitriol wonderingly, not without sympathy.

"He ain't the man he was five years back, nor three," said a voice.

"D'you s'pose that worthless son of his ever went a foreign voyage, like he says?" inquired Jabez.

"Foreign voyage, no," said Simeon. "That Jim Weld hadn't the heart to saw wood. I've heard he was out Plympton way."

"An' them two barrels of money," whispered the moderator, laughing silently. He had been paid ten dollars for his day's work, and he could afford to sneer at those two barrels But, nevertheless, that sleeping presence had subdued them.

"He's havin' another dead dream," said Jabez Howes.

At that moment Old Vitriol woke up, and sat for a moment stupidly.

"I was sayin' you was havin' another dead dream, Jonathan," said Jabez Howes again.

"You was never at a pass for words, I guess, Jabez," said Old Vitriol. He sat staring at his scaly hand which clutched the arm of his chair. "I say, you was always the man to hit the nail on the head," he continued.

"Was he rollin' them two barrels along?" pursued Jabez, winking at the barber.

"He was putting a hole in your head with a marlinespike," said Old Vitriol, rubbing his hand. They could never fathom him.

Suddenly his eye was fixed. On a table to the right of the stove lay the vanity-box, inlaid with ivory and pearl, which he had made in his youth for Elizabeth Fosdick that was. He stared at it, and got stiffly out of his chair and lifted it. Something rattled inside.

Simeon cackled. "You're lookin' at my new box, Jonathan?" he said.

"Aye," said Old Vitriol.

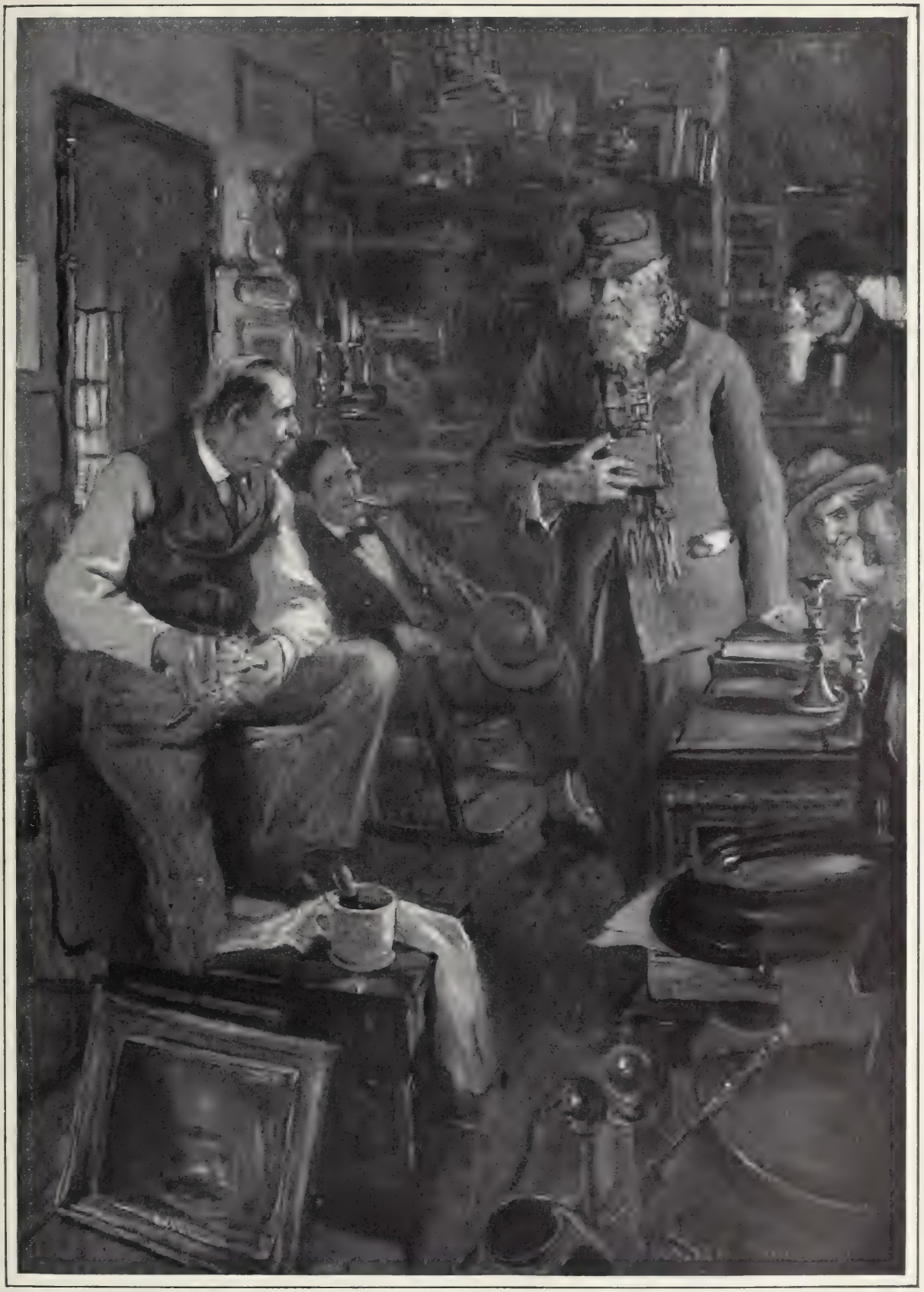
"There's a bit of a yarn would go with that, I guess. The lady said there would be a dead heart in it for a man with careful eyes. . . . But she smiled when she said it," he added, conscientiously.

"Harrh!" said Old Vitriol. He opened the box, and there was the dagger in it, with the blade rusted.

"Yes, yes," said Simeon.

The men stared at Old Vitriol with constraint, with half-concealed tremors of laughter. They kicked their lumpish feet about, not thinking it safe to say the slightest word. They knew that this was only one of the many devices of that relentless old lady to force upon Old Vitriol all the consequences of his great mistake.

"I am going to buy that box, Simeon," he said, setting it down and reaching into his pocket. This was his counter-move.



Drawn by Walter Biggs

OLD VITRIOL LAID HIS MONEY ON THE TABLE AND TOOK UP THE BOX

He would show her how little he cared; that he could even endure it in his house.

"It's worth a five-dollar bill," said Simeon, looking another way. Old Vitriol laid his money on the table and took up the box.

"Where's George Barney?" he inquired then, looking about him.

"Gone to fetch the pauper home," answered some one.

"Harrh!" said Old Vitriol, making use of his sea-bellow again, in limitless disgust at that event. As he went out the door, buttoning his jacket awkwardly with his right hand, he said: "Why don't you all come down there? Why don't you?"

He shut the door, and Jabez murmured in hurt tones: "Ain't he an unlikely man ?"

It was growing dark as Old Vitriol went by that reproachful little house with the brass knocker, dark and very still. He carried the little box inside his jacket, and the dagger rattled with each step. It made a shocking noise in the deep stillness, and he turned his head a little, right and left, as he walked. But nobody came out of those dark houses, and nobody went in. Through the tops of the gray elms, whose stark branches crossed and wrangled overhead, he saw the icy powder of winter stars; and if he stopped he could hear the wind surging mournfully over the flats, far off. But wind had no terrors for Old Vitriol. It would forever sing the harsh song of the sea, which was his song of life; and he bent his ear to it greedily. It shut out the hollow sound of the dagger in its box. He was going to show that old lady, who had smote him cruelly, the mortal truth of all that had been foreshadowed in his dead dream. His son would yet come home to glorify him.

As he came out between the dark pines drawn around the cemetery it was much lighter, and the wind, which until then he had only heard, seized upon his old frame and jostled him along. He leaned his back into it, and swung his heavy, bowed legs forward with sea-liveliness. When he came opposite the almshouse he halted in the lee of it and muttered to himself. He was recalling the words of the selectman, "I may want to go there myself."

He went on. The wind, as if stung to fury by his indifference, lashed about him and whined woefully under the eaves of the empty almshouse. The stars were disappearing, and a sharp hail pricked his face. Seaways, through the growing dark, the incoming tide bared its teeth at him; and the rotten piles of the town dock squealed together under the threshing of those waters with their drowned mutterings.

Going round to the back of his house, he gathered an armful of wood and went into the kitchen. The girl had his supper waiting for him. An old black cat crouched under the stove. "What's the matter with Dick?" he asked, throwing down the wood.

"He's ashamed of himself," said the girl. "He caught a rat this afternoon and had to drop it. He's too old now, I consider."

"Harrh!" said Old Vitriol. He tried to stretch his left hand over the stove, but the numbed fingers would not open, and he dropped his arm and looked sidelong at the girl.

They sat down to supper together. The wind came jolting and shouldering the house until it seemed as if enormous clods were being thrown at it maliciously. The walls of the house shivered, and stray gusts shook the pots and pans which hung against the bare boards.

"What is that?" asked the girl, pointing to the box.

"That's a box," said Old Vitriol. He opened it, and, taking out the dagger, stuck it into the deal table, where it stood quivering on the delicate, long blade, covered with dark stains. She fell back from it, and looked at him questioningly; but he said nothing, sitting crouched forward in his chair, with his hands rasping together.

"Are they going to sell the almshouse?" she asked, timidly, to rouse him.

"No," said Old Vitriol, sullenly. "They've got a pauper coming into it to-night."

"To-night?" cried the girl, surprised. "It will be terrible in that damp place to-night." She pushed back her chair and bent to the window. "There's a light now, in the kitchen," she said, excited. Old Vitriol dropped his knife and fork. "He's made his own bed," he said, slowly.

But suddenly he got up and lit his lantern. "I'll just walk over there," he said. "Put a couple of eggs in my pocket, woman."

She slipped them in and buttoned his coat with her strong fingers. "It's warmer here," she said. "Couldn't he be brought over here for to-night?"

"He's made his own bed," returned Old Vitriol.

"God pity him!" she cried, in her soft voice, and suddenly she stood away from the aged seaman with that strained, expectant look in her dark eyes.

"It almost seemed," she whispered, "as if—"

But Old Vitriol slammed the door and went up the road toward the almshouse. Presently he stood on the sunken step which lay under the kitchen door. He kicked on the door.

"Come in," called a faint voice.

Old Vitriol went in, and, setting down his lantern, shut the door against the wind. As he turned slowly, a pale fellow with sloping shoulders and a red mustache rose out of a chair gropingly and, shrinking back, said, "Father," in a weak voice of shame. It was his own son.

Old Vitriol stood absolutely still, his arms hanging.

"It's never you," he whispered. "Not my Jim, on the town."

His son sat down suddenly and hid his face. "Don't," he called, faintly. "Don't look—like that. I wasn't going to let you know. They told me in Hawkbury it would be all right. I'm a sick man. I wanted to crawl into a hole somewhere. But not here. My God, not here!"

Old Vitriol stared at him. "You could have slipped away," he said, in dead tones. "You could have broken away when they were bringing you here."

"Where to?" cried the wretched man. "I wasn't fit. . . . I tell you I'm a sick man. They might have let me be. I was a fool to tell them where I came from. I'll have to do what they say till I can get on my feet again."

"On your feet again," muttered Old Vitriol. "On your feet! Yes, yes." His left arm shook oddly. "Jim," he cried, suddenly imploring, like a child, "you've not brought the two barrels of money?"

Jim slowly raised his head. "Two barrels of money?" he whimpered. "That's a likely thing, ain't it, father? That's a likely thing."

"You've not been a foreign voyage? Jim, boy, tell your father you've been a foreign voyage, the least of it!"

Jim saw hope; swift craft lurked in his weak face. "Oh, I've been a foreign voyage, all right," he said, glibly. "Yes, yes."

The old seaman came closer, and looked at his son's hands. "You lie, Jim," he said, harshly. He leaned back on the kitchen floor as if it had been the deck of a ship. He could see nothing for the moment but that inexorable old lady, sitting behind closed blinds with her hands folded in her lap, and smiling, smiling at him. And with that he puckered his gray eyes and tried to raise his arm, but it fell at his side. Then he knew that he would never raise that arm again.

"You say—you've been a foreign voyage?" he said, grimly.

"Yes, yes," said Jim.

Old Vitriol picked up the lantern and opened the door, drawing his son with his eye. "Come, Jim," he said, coaxing him.

Jim Weld, feebly reluctant, followed him outside and closed the door. "Where to, father?"

Old Vitriol strode without more words toward the town landing, reeling in the wind, which tore over the flats in a rising agony of sound. He did not once look back to see if his son were following him; but when they were abreast of his house Jim Weld came closer and laid a thin hand on his father's burly shoulder.

"Is my wife—" he faltered. "Is she—"

"Come with me, Jim," said Old Vitriol again.

When they came out on the landing, Old Vitriol bent and untied the painter to his dory.

"You're never going out to-night, father?" cried Jim Weld.

"Jump in," said Old Vitriol.

White water flooded the yielding platform, and Jim Weld staggered back. But the iron fingers of Old Vitriol's right hand were twined in his coat collar, urging him; and he half fell into the dory. The oars clattered.

"Father!" shrieked the unfortunate man.

"You say you've been a foreign voyage," cried Old Vitriol, in a high, wind-rent voice. "You're an able seaman, then. If you're that, you can pull back against this tide. If you're not, Jim—"

Old Vitriol broke short off, and, crouching a little, gave the dory a powerful thrust

with his foot. The wind and the fierce tide pounced on it together, whirled it about out into the blackness, through which came leaking those terrible white lines of foam.

The dock trembled under him; and for a long time he stood there motionless, while the wind tugged at him and swayed the lantern which hung from his heavy hand.

"Jim!" he called once, in agony, harkening. Strange, maudlin voices fell on his ear; but these were the bodiless voices of that coast, and he knew them all. There was no other voice among them.

When he opened the door to his house, the girl looked at him closely, and asked, "What were you doing on the dock?"

"Harrh!" said Old Vitriol, thickly. He put the lantern on the table and sank into a chair. The girl shut the door and came toward him, breathing fast.

"I tell you," she said, in a voice terrible with hope, "I feel as if he were here—now. If he were to come in rags, without a cent to his name—if he were that poor fellow in the almshouse even—"

She leaned toward him almost fiercely over the table, her brown hair falling about her cheeks, which burned red. But just then the ageless parrot knocked his shiny beak against the cage, and uttered, cheerfully, "Jim's gone a foreign voyage."

An awful light played about Old Vitriol's face. "Aye," he whispered, "I mistrust Jim's gone another foreign voyage."

He bent a terrible eye of steel on the slim, black dagger which was still stuck in the table. He even made a movement toward it, scarcely perceptible; but then he went quite rigid in his chair, and could only look fixedly at it, baffled, muttering with stiff lips, "I may want to go there myself," while the girl stared at him and crept closer, frightened, and not comprehending.

Wind

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

THE Wind bows down the poplar trees,
The Wind bows down the crested seas;
And he has bowed the heart of me
Under his hand of memory.

O heavy-handed Wind, who goes
Hurting the petals of the rose;
Who leaves the grasses on the hill
Broken and pallid, spent and still!

O heavy-handed Wind, who brings
To me all echoing ancient things:
Echoing sorrow and defeat,
Crying like mourners, hard to meet!

The Wind bows down the poplar trees
And all the ocean's argosies;
But deeper bends the heart of me,
Under his hand of memory.

Americanisms, Real or Reputed

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

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NATIONALITY is a hard, almost an impossible thing to disguise. Even when the same language is spoken in different countries, it requires protracted residence for the native of one to hide the evidences of his birthplace from the native of the other. There are peculiarities of usage which in no way hinder comprehension, but almost infallibly reveal origin. The most thoroughgoing and painstaking student of speech, visiting another land inhabited by men of his own race, is sure to be betrayed at times into modes of expression or mistakes of apprehension which make known to its inhabitants his foreign birth. It is in the spoken tongue, to be sure, that nationality most unavoidably discloses itself. In that the words addressed to Peter—"Thy speech bewrayeth thee"—prove almost invariably true. But even in the written tongue subtle differences discover it to the least observant. As there are words and phrases which indicate to the Englishman that it is an American work he is reading, so there are words and phrases which similarly show to an American that it is an Englishman who is writing. The action and reaction upon each other of the usages of two countries in constant communication tends steadily indeed to efface these differences. But the time will never come when they are likely to disappear entirely.

We have been so surfeited with all sorts of real and unreal peculiarities of American speech in English works of fiction that of these there is no need of furnishing further illustration. Accordingly let one be taken of the opposite character. Almost any English novel in which an American is introduced will supply examples. For instance, in them he is fairly sure to refer to his own country as "the States." In Trollope's novel of *The American Senator* the Senator visits one or two farm-houses. "I don't think they'd get a living in the States," he is reported as saying after interviewing their occupants. In a more recent novel an American new-comer informs his host that he has just arrived from "the States." Examples such as these could be multiplied almost endlessly. Yet they or phrases like them reveal at once to the dweller in this country the nationality of the writer. To speak of going to or coming from "the States" is what an Englishman would say. He has a perfect right to say it. But it is something which an American would not say. Accordingly, to represent him as saying it betrays ignorance of the language as now used in this country. There was a time, indeed, especially during the period immediately following the Revolution, when the phrase was occasionally employed here. But as the sense of the unity of the nation became more and more predominant, this method of expression, never common, went out of use altogether. Accordingly, the American speaks of "the United States," not of "the States"—certainly not unless he has mixed so much in English society that his natural utterance has consciously or unconsciously become sophisticated, or he has so familiarized himself with English works of fiction that he has adopted without thought their peculiar phraseology. This doubtless happens sometimes both in literature and in life in the constant interchange of usage going on between the two countries. But in all such cases it is a borrowed, not a native mode of speech.

This is one of the sort of mistakes into which a writer not familiar with the niceties of a foreign idiom is almost inevitably sure to fall. How difficult it is to reproduce with exactness the usage of another people, though speaking the same tongue, is exhibited in the earliest work which set out to represent the speech used by the uncultivated class of this country, more especially of New England. With it, indeed, the vogue of this sort of dialect may be said to have begun. It was a work which appeared in the fourth decade

of the nineteenth century and was the production of Judge Haliburton, a Nova-Scotian born and bred. It was one of its author's designs, perhaps his main design, to satirize the inhabitants of his native province, their asserted lack of energy and enterprise, their general shiftlessness, their failure to take advantage of their natural resources. Disparaging reflections of this sort are put into the mouth of a Yankee clock-maker, Sam Slick, of Slickville, Onion County, Connecticut. The place, as well as the county he came from, is as imaginary as the character himself; but it is hardly more imaginary than a large share of the words and phrases and constructions to the use of which he is represented as being addicted. Proximity to the United States and frequent opportunity of meeting with its inhabitants should have made Haliburton, it might seem, fairly familiar with the language as spoken here. But certainly whatever opportunity he had was very little improved. Venturesome assuredly would be the man who should insist that a particular word or phrase or construction, however unfamiliar to him, could not be heard somewhere in a country of a hundred millions of inhabitants spread over three millions of square miles of territory. The successful maintenance of a negative of this sort would necessarily demand an amount of labor altogether disproportionate to the value of the result. What we can safely say, however, is that it is not peculiar to the people as a whole. It is exceptional, not universal. Expressions there are in Haliburton's work with which every American would be familiar. But there are no small number which would strike most of them as strange, and a few which perhaps all of them would find not merely strange but entirely incomprehensible.

In truth, Haliburton constantly betrayed his lack of acquaintance with the peculiarities of the speech he sought to represent. As might be expected, we find the Connecticut clock-maker regularly speaking of "the States." Limitations of space prevent, however, any extended exposure of the ignorance displayed of actual American usage. Out of many examples, two may be given which will suffice to set it forth distinctly. As the first of these, this typical New-Englander is represented as regularly using *ax* for *ask*. Now *ax* is a form which has fallen from its once high estate. It was at an earlier period in the best of literary use, as readers of Chaucer well know. So it remained for nearly two centuries following the time of that author. It is, indeed, a mere accident of usage that all of us are not saying it now. But after the sixteenth century it was relegated to the dialects of the British Isles. In them it still flourishes vigorously. Except from the mouths of immigrants, however, it is with us hardly heard anywhere outside of scattered communities. In particular, no region of the whole country could well have been picked out in which the usage is so little likely to characterize the speech of the inhabitants as that part of it from which the clock-maker is represented as coming. There is really no likelihood at all that he himself would ever have used it; doubtful indeed if he would even have heard it. Much more natural would it have been for him to employ for *asked*, not *axed*, but *ast*, which, too, has a history of its own.

But far more flagrant is the other illustration of the misconception and consequent misrepresentation of the speech Haliburton was professedly setting forth. It consists in his putting into the mouth of his Connecticut clock-maker *nor* in place of *than*. This is a usage in which he is represented as indulging on all occasions. "The old Yankee horse," he says, "understands *go ahead* better nor these Bluenoses." Again he remarks in another place, "She knows better nor that." In truth, examples of the employment of this conjunction in this sense can be found in nearly every chapter. *Nor* for *than* is in general dialectic use in the British Isles. Naturally it is occasionally reproduced in the literature which represents the language of low life. "You are far worse nor Dodson," says Sam Weller to Winkle in the *Pickwick Papers*. Formerly, too, it was employed in all seriousness by educated Scottish writers. But with us it is different. Venturesome it certainly would be to assert that any particular usage is not heard somewhere in this country. But if any person were disposed to take a risk of this sort, none would be much safer than that *nor* in the sense mentioned could not come from the lips of a native American, no matter how uncultivated. There is as little likelihood of its being heard as is the misuse of the aspirate.

At all events, *nor* for *than* is so little known in the United States that the vast majority of American readers, when first meeting it in the printed page, would be disposed to believe it an error of the press. It is reported, however, to be an existing prevalent usage in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. If so, it was from the practice of his native province that Haliburton took the word. His error was in attributing to the United States a manner of speech which, if it has here any existence at all, is not in the slightest degree characteristic. Very likely it was from this same province that he got numerous expressions whose meaning it still puzzles readers in this country to make out.

This manufacture of spurious Americanisms began, however, long before Haliburton was born. It has never ceased to continue. In words assumed without reason to be distinctive of this country, our earliest vocabularies abounded. Nor have they been absent from the latest, though with the progress of time and the advance of knowledge they have been steadily becoming fewer. Nevertheless, old examples are liable to turn up at any time in unexpected quarters, and new ones are occasionally added to the list. In the latest and sanest of dictionaries of Americanisms, *author* in the sense of "editor" is enrolled. "It is no doubt American and obsolete," says the compiler. Obsolete it assuredly is. But what authority is there for asserting it to be an Americanism, it may be asked. The reason given is that in this sense it is not found in the *New Historical English Dictionary*. Such an extraordinary inference is a curiously belated survival of faith in the omniscience of lexicographers which once prevailed widely. As a matter of fact, *author* meaning "editor" was for a long time a fully authorized word in English. It is no more an Americanism than is *editor* itself. The latter in its present most customary sense is of comparatively late introduction into the language. Editors of periodical publications of all sorts are now born with us almost every day; but it took more than a century to evolve the term specifically denoting them. One has only to turn over the files of eighteenth-century newspapers and magazines to become fully aware that the mysterious being who presided over these publications was then regularly designated as "the author." It was to "the author" that communications in the newspapers were addressed. Such was the title under which he continued to flourish for decades.

But upon the consciousness of men gradually dawned the unsuitability of applying this term to designate him who often did no more than supervise the miscellaneous material to be found in these publications in which he may not himself have ever written a single line. Hence various methods of relief were sought. The personage who controlled the fortunes of the forerunner of all magazines—the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the first number of which appeared in January, 1731—got over the difficulty, not by assuming the title of "editor," which in this sense did not then exist, but by styling himself "Sylvanus Urban." The other magazines, which speedily sprang up in increasing numbers, were content, however, with the time-honored designation of "the author." So were addressed the communications to the *London Magazine*, which for a good share of the eighteenth century was the principal rival of the *Gentleman's*. It was not till after the accession of George III. that this form yielded to the new methods of expression which were coming in. Among these was the substitution of "the printer" for "the author." A notable instance of this appeared in the letters of Junius. The first one, which came out in January, 1769, was directed "to the printer of the Public Advertiser." This form of address had already been in use, and was felt to be something of an improvement. Still, it was not satisfactory. It was especially disagreeable to the one in charge, for it did not imply the existence of brains. At last the word *editor* came to be hit upon, apparently in the first years of the reign of George III. In the early part of the nineteenth century it had practically come into universal use. The first instance of its occurrence in this sense noted in the *New Historical Dictionary* belongs to the year 1803. But it had certainly been more or less employed a full third of a century before. The earliest examples of it which have come under my own observation are in the *Oxford Magazine*, conducted "by a Society of Gentlemen, Members of the University of Oxford." This periodical began in July, 1768, and lasted until 1776. An examination of the communications appearing in it during

the first year of its existence is interesting as showing how unsettled was usage in this particular matter. The vast majority of these were addressed to "the editors"; many, but to a much less extent, to "the editor." But besides these two more common expressions there was found in a few cases "the author" or "the printer"; and in nearly half a dozen instances "the proprietor."

Many of the expressions erroneously put down as Americanisms have sprung from the belief that educated speech in this country is fairly represented by the farrago of words and phrases huddled together in the collections which the earlier compilers of these vocabularies put forth. Slight was the care originally exercised to separate what is peculiar to this country from what is universal in the English-speaking world. This was even truer of the brief and scattered remarks upon these expressions which appeared in early British and American periodicals. Such, however, was hardly the case with the writer who first professedly devoted his attention to the subject, though even with him it was incidentally a part of the general discussion of usage. His name was John Witherspoon. He was a Scotch divine who came to this country to become president of the young and struggling College of New Jersey, as Princeton University was for a long period officially termed. It was in 1768 that he assumed the office. At that time he was about forty-six years old. Having made himself a home in this country, he threw himself heart and soul into the cause of the colonies, then in the midst of those controversies with the home government which in a short time were to lead to the Revolution. He became a most ardent advocate of separation. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Before he came to America he had written several works, and from his arrival until his death in 1794 his literary activities did not cease. Among the multifarious productions which came from his pen was a series of periodical papers brought out under the title of *The Druid*. They appeared in 1781, and extended to seven numbers. The last three of them were given up to the consideration of the state of the English language in this country. Witherspoon indeed speaks of himself as having coined the word *Americanism* after the analogy of the word *Scotticism*.

Yet even if he coined the word, he resembled those who followed him in not paying attention to what the word strictly denoted. His three articles on language were not so much a discussion of Americanisms as of questions of usage. They were largely given up to the consideration of colloquialisms and of improprieties, real or assumed, in use everywhere among the educated or the semi-educated. Only occasionally are there allusions to peculiarities of speech confined to this country. In fact, the second of these three numbers is professedly devoted to vulgarisms heard commonly in both England and America. One of these is of particular interest historically. It is the first denunciation—or rather, the first to my knowledge—of a construction which may now be said to have become general. Such it assuredly is in colloquial speech. It is the omission of the infinitive of the verb, leaving it to be understood from the previous clause and to be indicated by the sign *to*. This is a remarkable peculiarity of modern English everywhere. The example Witherspoon gave of the construction was: "I have not done it yet, but am just going to." Such an incomplete sentence he regarded as a blemish to the language. It seems, in fact, to be unknown to the older speech, though in the lack of adequate investigation one may well hesitate about making a positive assertion on this point. Witherspoon did not expressly assert that this imperfect construction originated in America—for which self-restraint we may be permitted to express thanks. Still, it is an allowable inference, though perhaps not so intended, that even if the usage were not confined to this country, it was much more common here than in England. If this were true then—which is more than doubtful—it is far from being true now. No observant reader of fiction can fail to notice the frequency of this construction on both sides of the Atlantic. So far as I know, its history has never been made the subject of special investigation.

Witherspoon naturally had no difficulty in pointing out numerous errors of speech often heard on both sides of the Atlantic. But in his disquisitions on usage he labored under the defect which characterizes nearly all writers on the subject. He con-

stituted himself the final arbiter on doubtful points. All words and phrases that were strange to him, and more especially all that were distasteful to him, were, in his opinion, improprieties or corruptions. As regards the two countries he was impartial. It made no difference to him whether the expressions were on the lips of an Englishman or an American; they fell alike under his censure. Some of those he condemned would not be heard now, and could hardly have been heard frequently then. They seem rather personal blunders resulting from ignorance or inattention. Others again of the condemned words and phrases are among the most fully authorized in the language.

For Witherspoon was a good deal under the influence of the feeling which dictates the use on all occasions of formal speech. This really constitutes a linguistic disease. It was very prevalent in the criticism of the eighteenth century, if, indeed, virulent be not the more proper epithet to employ. It has not entirely died out now. It affected in particular the Scottish writers of that time. These insisted that the language should always take excessive pains to be on its good behavior. It should invariably be prim and precise. That is the ideal certain men have in mind, though naturally they do not put it in these words. What they aim at is to have every one talk like a book. There are people who seem incapable of recognizing the distinction between colloquial and written speech. They are invariably shocked because the majority of their fellow-creatures act on the principle that the language of conversation should be the language of conversation. This sort of belief was manifested constantly in the critical literature of Witherspoon's time. For instance, in 1774, the *Monthly Review* had an article on Kelly's comedy of "The School for Wives." The critic expressed his surprise that in "so genteel a play" such barbarisms as *isn't*, *didn't*, *won't*, and so on, were to be found. This class of linguistic prigs here represented are more than absurd; they are exasperating. They tempt every self-respecting man to violate all the generally accepted rules of grammar in order to evince his loathing for their offensive so-called propriety of speech.

Like such men, Witherspoon, with all his virtues—and his virtues were many—seemed to be unaware of the fact that there are words and phrases which would be simply intolerable if found in some kinds of writing, but would not only be allowable, but in certain cases absolutely indispensable in writings of another and totally different kind. Hence he, too, censured the use of "vulgar abbreviations," as he called them, such as *can't*, *don't*, *shouldn't*, *wouldn't*, and *couldn't*. It is obvious that none of these words present the slightest difficulty either in the matter of meaning or of origin. As regards the latter, at least, the only possible exception is *won't* for *will not*. This is a survival with the negative of the old form *wol* for *will*, with which all readers of Chaucer are familiar. *Wol not*, passing through various intermediate forms, like *wonnot*, for illustration, became at last *won't*. But common as they were, Witherspoon could not away with any of them. He tells us that in Britain "such harsh and mutilated phrases remain only in conversation, and not even in that among persons of judgment and taste." This, he assured us, was far from being the case in America. Let us hope that this blessed condition of things was reported by him accurately. Full confidence cannot be entertained, however, in the accuracy of his representation of British usage. If really trustworthy, there is no escape from the conclusion which follows from the examination of the literature of that time purporting to represent colloquial speech, that those who in his eyes were "persons of judgment and taste" must have been alarmingly few in England itself.

Nearly all of Witherspoon's observations touch, in truth, upon points of usage. Those which treat of expressions really peculiar to the speech of America hardly exceed three or four in number. One of these is the word *clever* in the sense of "good-natured," instead of the usual English signification of "able, skilful." Both meanings are heard in the speech of this country, but the former has behind it no literary authority and has almost entirely disappeared from our speech. Another word was *considerable*, in the sense of "a good deal of." Witherspoon's mention of it shows that even at that early time its employment was frequent enough to be distinctly noticeable. Such it has remained to this day. It is easy to see how the meaning originated; but so far it has never had the sanction of the best American literature,

nor even of the poorest English. Scrupulous writers, accordingly, even if they permit themselves to use it in conversation, refrain from introducing it into their books, at least when speaking in their own person. But its very existence marks a characteristic difference between the speech of England and America. Still another word commented upon was *notify* in the sense of "to make known," "inform." "In English," said Witherspoon, "we do not notify the person of a thing, but notify the thing to the person." Consequently it was improper in his opinion to resort to such a method of expression as "to notify the public." Yet the American usage seems a natural development. "To notify the public" is not "to make the public known," but to make something known to the public, which is indicated usually by a dependent clause introduced by *that*. Still there is little doubt that the omission of the *to* after *notify* has always been and still is more characteristic of the speech of America than of Great Britain.

These are the only expressions in Witherspoon's essays which are of special importance in the discussion of usage here as distinguished from that prevailing elsewhere among English-speaking peoples. To another work — the first vocabulary of Americanisms—there has already been frequent occasion to refer in the course of these articles. It is in some ways of special interest and importance. It is the earliest systematic effort that was put forth to collect and record the peculiarities of American speech. It appeared originally as a paper communicated to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. An enlarged and corrected edition of the vocabulary it contained came out as a separate volume in 1816. Its author was John Pickering. In his day he had a good deal of reputation as a scholar. For about two years of his early life—from 1799 to 1801—he resided in London as private secretary to the American Minister. As himself a student of language, and as one having opportunity to mix with cultivated English society, he might be supposed to have had peculiar advantages for carrying out successfully the work he had undertaken. However that may be, what he did demands special attention. His dictionary of Americanisms exerted an influence over vocabularies that followed, which, though now much lessened, has never disappeared entirely. It served especially as a model to its immediate successors. Not only were its assertions repeated, but its characteristics were reproduced.

One of these characteristics is worthy of special note. This is the apparent inability of its compiler to confine himself to usages distinctive of American speech, and consequently to what strictly belonged to his subject. The work professed to be a vocabulary of Americanisms. There is no more striking peculiarity about it than the small number of Americanisms it contains. Of the more than five hundred words it included, it is well within bounds to say that four-fifths have no business to be there at all. They are no more characteristic of the language as used in America than as it is used in Great Britain or in any other English-speaking country. Like Witherspoon's previous essays, it was rather a treatise on usage—and a very poor treatise withal—than a discussion of expressions peculiar to this country. We can get some conception of Pickering's competence to decide upon words proper to be included when we find put down in a vocabulary of Americanisms such archaisms as *spake* for "spoke"; such colloquialisms as *mighty* for "very," and *can't* and *sha'n't;* such provincialisms as the plural *housen* and the preterite *shew;* such grammatical blunders as *lay* for "lie," and *see* for "saw"; such Scotticisms as *proven ;* such once proper usages which have now become ungrammatical as *went* for "gone"; such words and phrases as *authoress, averse to, folks, lit* for "lighted," *poorly* in the sense of "indisposed," *stricken* for "struck," and for some unaccountable reason the verb *starve* in the sense of perishing from hunger. It hardly needs to be said that every one of these was then and still remains as much characteristic of the speech of England as of the United States. Nearly all of them, indeed, had been in use before America was settled; some of them before it was discovered. One indeed feels frequently inclined to wonder that, while he was about it, Pickering did not include the whole English language; at least so much of it as had ever been made the subject of remarks by writers on usage, whether they knew what they were talking about or not.

Pickering's work, in the second place, is important for the light it throws upon the

mental state of a large number of those of his countrymen who considered themselves the representatives of the highest culture to be found in America. At the time of its appearance there was in the matter of language a deference, especially in New England, on the part of the best-informed American to the least-informed Englishman, which it would be a compliment to term obsequiousness. It was in fact a servility which the most groveling prostration of actual servitude could hardly have surpassed. Political dependence had been overthrown by the Revolution. Its very success in that made more marked, however, the abject literary dependence that came to prevail. The attitude of men varied between boastful political self-laudation and fairly cringing linguistic submissiveness. It was a repetition on an even lower scale of the attitude which had previously been taken by Hume and his fellow-Scotchmen. Accordingly it is not for the influence which the work exerted upon later vocabularies, nor even for the information it furnishes in regard to words and usages then current, that it is now of special interest. Much more is it so for the light it throws upon the spirit then pervading educated men, for the picture it presents of the way our forefathers—some of them at least—thought and felt. For this reason it is that the earliest dictionary of Americanisms demands a fullness of examination which the intrinsic value of its linguistic contents would hardly justify.

Chanson à Danser

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

WHO sang and danced this little dancing-song—
Chanson à danser—of the long ago,
With lifted skirt, with ankle slim and long,
And cheek aglow?

Was her voice sweeter than the nightingale
That sings in Meudon wood? And were her eyes
Half cloudy with emotion, as the veil
That softens skies?

Whom did she love, the while she danced and sang?
What gallant name re-echoed in her heart?
Fought he in glory where the trumpets rang?
Had they to part?

And did she dance and sing to hide her woe?
Or did the joy of love outweigh its pain?
It matters not—the bright head lies full low
Under the rain.

Under the melancholy autumn rain
Somewhere she lies—while I, in turn, shall sing
And dance with dreamy step the old refrain—
A-wondering.

The Mysterious Envelope

BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

COLONEL JOCELYN, D.S.O., is quite our most eminent relative. He is my wife's first cousin, which entitles her to speak of him as "Gilbert" and "dear old Gilbert," although I do not think she has actually seen him a dozen times in her life. She is particularly fond of talking about him to the Fulkingtons. They are inclined to pride themselves on their social position and to be very exclusive. It is good for them to be made to understand that we are quite as well connected as they are. When the Colonel won his D.S.O., young Fulkington, who is quite as snobbish as his wife, was visibly impressed. When, a little later on, the Colonel was appointed chief of the South Australian police force, my wife went over to the Fulkingtons' house on purpose to tell them the news. By way of emphasizing the relationship, she said that dear old Gilbert intended to pay us a short visit before sailing for Australia. He wanted, she said, to have a long talk about old times. She added that the Fulkingtons must dine with us to meet him when he came. Mrs. Fulkington, who probably expected the Colonel's visit quite as little as my wife did, said that we must spare an evening and bring him over to dine with them. My wife promised to do this, feeling quite safe because the Colonel has never shown the slightest wish to come near us. I do not blame him for this. We are not well off, and we live a very retired life in a village which would strike him as particularly dull.

Our surprise was great — I have no doubt that the Fulkingtons' was equally great—when the Colonel telegraphed to say that he was going to Scotland for the grouse-shooting, and would pay us a two days' visit on his way. The telegram arrived on Monday, August 7th, and told us that we might expect him on the following Wednesday. The time at our disposal was uncomfortably short, but we at once wrote to the Fulkingtons, claiming them as our guests on Wednesday night. They are, after all, the most presentable people in the neighborhood. Mrs. Fulkington replied, accepting the invitation, and proposing that we and the Colonel should dine with her on Thursday. Then we settled down to the work of preparation. Most of it fell to my wife's share, for I am singularly useless in a domestic crisis, and I find that my help has an irritating effect on the other workers. Therefore I kept out of the way—that is to say, out of the house —as much as possible, and made no inquiries about the details of the plans for the Colonel's entertainment.

On Wednesday morning I went into the garden, at my wife's request, to make final arrangements about something connected with our dinner — artichokes, I think. When I had settled about the artichokes I spent an hour with the gardener, discussing, pleasantly enough, the extraordinary wickedness of the judges at our local flower show, who had not given a prize to our carnations. Then I saw my wife hurrying toward us along the center path of the garden. I knew that something serious and unpleasant had happened, because she was flushed and had a wild look in her eyes.

"What am I to do?" she said, breathlessly. "The wine hasn't arrived! I sent James over to the station, and the case wasn't there."

"James," I said, "always was a fool. So is the station-master. What wine were you expecting?"

"I wrote on Monday for some champagne. I told them to send it down at once. It ought to have been here this morning."

Then my conscience smote me. I had taken that letter to the village on Monday afternoon in my pocket, and had forgotten to post it. It was addressed to Messrs. Jones, Wilkinson & Co., who are chiefly grocers, though they also sell wine. We deal with them for tea, sugar,

soap, and all sorts of other things which can be had cheaper and better in London. Letters are continually going to them from my wife, and I had no idea that this one contained anything so important as an order for champagne. My face, I suppose, betrayed the fact that my conscience was uneasy.

"Are you quite sure you posted the letter?" said my wife.

"Quite," I said, firmly.

Jones and Wilkinson both lived in London; so, I presume, does the company associated with them. London is one hundred and fifty miles away from us. Jones & Wilkinson would therefore suffer very little from my wife's anger. I should suffer a great deal. It was better for them to bear the blame. Besides, I did post the letter—on Tuesday morning.

"There'll be nothing to drink at dinner," she said. I felt the difficulty and did my best to minimize it.

"There's whiskey," I said, "and sherry. Fulkington drinks whiskey, I know. You and Mrs. Fulkington can manage with the sherry."

"But Gilbert!"

"The Colonel," I said, "is an old campaigner. He'll rub along all right. I dare say he has often been glad enough to get water — in South Africa, you know."

"I'll telegraph to Jones & Wilkinson," said my wife.

"That 'll be no use now."

"It will let them know what I think of them," she said, vindictively. This made me uneasy, but not seriously uneasy. Jones & Wilkinson would probably make some attempt to defend their reputation for promptitude in business by asserting that they did not receive the letter till Wednesday morning, but I could, in the last resort, lay the blame on the post-office.

Our dinner went off very well in spite of the want of champagne. The Colonel frequently addressed my wife as Susannah, which impressed the Fulkingtons; I have always dropped the last syllable of her name. He was evidently greatly pleased with his new appointment, and



HURRYING TOWARD US, A WILD LOOK IN HER EYES



He studied the Handwriting with the Help of a small Magnifying-glass

talked a good deal during dinner about the prevention and the detection of crime. After the ladies left us he explained a scheme he had devised for training the South Australian detective force. Fulkington and I listened, pretending that we took an interest in the investigation of murders and robberies. The Colonel showed himself tremendously enthusiastic about his new duties.

Next morning at breakfast I opened the post-bag as usual and, with some slight misgiving, handed my wife a letter from Messrs. Jones, Wilkinson & Co. The Colonel was helping himself to fish when she opened it and had his back turned to us. My wife read the letter, glanced at an inclosure which it contained, and then made an exclamation.

"This isn't my envelope!" she said.

The Colonel turned at once. Some instinct must have led him to expect a mysterious crime. His face wore that look of keen determination which is proper to an eminent detective. I glanced through the letter of Jones & Wilkinson. It was, as I anticipated, an apology and an excuse. They had not, so they said, received the order until Wednesday morning, and therefore had been unable to despatch the champagne on Tuesday. As a proof of their statement they referred my wife to the postmark on the envelope which they inclosed.

"It's not my envelope at all," said my wife, "and it's not my writing."

I glanced at the envelope and satis-

fied myself that it was blue, whereas all our envelopes are white. This puzzled me a good deal. I understood very well how it happened that Jones & Wilkinson had not received the letter until Wednesday morning. I did not understand how it came to arrive in a blue envelope. I certainly had posted it in a white one. Besides, a single glance at the writing showed me that it was not my wife's. I had no time for more than a single glance, because the Colonel, with the promptitude which is characteristic of all great criminal investigators, pounced on it and carried it over to the window. There he made a very careful examination of it, both inside and out. He studied the handwriting minutely with the help of a small magnifying-glass which he took out of his pocket. From time to time he gave us the results of his investigations in a series of jerky sentences:

"Posted here August 8th. Received, London, August 9th. Envelope, azure vellum. Albert size. Educated female handwriting. Stephens's Blue-Black Ink. Hurriedly written. Water-mark, crown surmounted by cross. Slightly scented. Soft pen used."

Then he turned to my wife and questioned her. She did not want to tell the story about the hurried order for champagne; but she told it. The Colonel examined and cross-examined her with the utmost ferocity, as if she were in a witness-box and suspected of committing perjury. When he had got all he could out of her he attacked me.

I stuck firmly to my original statement that I had posted the letter on Monday afternoon. I saw nothing to be gained by confessing that I had forgotten all about it until Tuesday morning. My forgetfulness would not explain the fact that the letter had changed its envelope on the way to London; whereas a confession would certainly involve me in unpleasantness. The Colonel looked at me so sternly that I began to feel quite nervous. I corroborated my statement by way of increasing his confidence in my truthfulness.

"I recollect the circumstances perfectly," I said, "because Fulkington's brown dog was standing near the post-office at the time and barked at me."

"A brown dog!" said the Colonel, with the air of a man who has come upon something of real importance.

"Yes, an Irish terrier."

"You're certain it was Fulkington's?"

I was, of course, quite certain that it was not; although Fulkington really has an Irish terrier.

"Yes," I said, "it was Fulkington's. I know it because it has only one ear. The other got bitten off in a fight with a sheep-dog. Besides, no one else in the neighborhood has an Irish terrier."

The Colonel sat down to his breakfast and finished it without speaking. Then he paced the gravel outside the hall door and smoked a cigar. I could see that he was thinking deeply. I ventured after a while to ask him if he had got any clue to the mystery. He said that he had several, and intended to follow them all out until he placed the criminal in the dock.

At eleven o'clock he took his hat and walked down toward the village. At half-past twelve he came back, looking keener and more determined than ever. He summoned me into my own study, and when he got me inside he locked the door.

"I think it right," he said, "to place you in possession of the facts so far as I have arrived at them."

"I wish you would," I said. "I'm tremendously interested."

"In the first place, then, the envelope in which that letter arrived in London was not bought here. I went round to every shop in the village and made sure that no such envelopes are kept for sale. The inference from that is obvious."

"Quite," I said. "It was bought somewhere else."

The Colonel frowned. "The inference I am inclined to draw," he said, "is that the person who opened and readdressed the letter does not obtain stationery at the local shops."

"That," I said, "seems a sound deduction."

"It narrows the field of inquiry."

"Your idea," I said, "is that some one got hold of my wife's letter after it was posted, opened it, put it into another envelope, and then posted it again."

"That is plain enough."

"But why should—?"

"The motive is perfectly obvious."

"Is it?"

"To me or to any one who has made a study of criminal investigation—quite obvious. The letter was addressed to a shop, and might be supposed to contain a postal order."

This did not seem to me perfectly satisfactory. The Colonel's criminal, having successfully captured and opened the letter, ran a wholly unnecessary risk in forwarding it to Jones & Wilkinson. Any sensible thief would have burned it. I found it difficult to believe that a man capable of trying to steal a postal order would have such a respect for our convenience as to repost the letter afterward, particularly as he would be in a bad temper after opening it, for there was no postal order inside. I wanted to represent all this to the Colonel, but he would not let me.

"Don't you think—?" I began.

"No, I don't," said the Colonel. "There is no greater mistake than thinking. I collect facts. Once the facts are before us they will do their own thinking."

"Of course they will; but still—"

The Colonel waved his hand at me and said that he knew a great deal more about the criminal classes than I did. This was true. I had never been really intimate with a criminal. I at once gave up my attempt to argue.

"I called at the post-office," the Colonel went on, "and discovered that the ink used there is not Stephens's Blue-Black Ink, the kind with which the envelope was addressed. I also, without exciting suspicion about my motive, succeeded in seeing the handwriting of the postmaster and his assistant. Neither of them bears any resemblance whatever to that on the envelope. These facts point necessarily to certain conclusions."

"I suppose they do. They seem to me to make the whole thing rather more confused; but then I'm not a detective."

"I am."

"Would you mind telling me—?"

"The letter," said the Colonel, "was evidently taken out of the post-office on Monday evening, opened, and readdressed at some time during Monday night, and posted again on Tuesday morning, by some person who used blue-black ink, bought stationery at a distance, and wrote the hand of an educated lady. You follow me so far?"

I followed him perfectly, although I knew that the letter had been in the pocket of my coat all Monday night, and that the first part of the Colonel's statement was entirely wrong. I did not, however, attempt to correct him. We should not have been any nearer knowing who opened the letter if I, at that eleventh hour, had confessed my share in the crime.

"Don't keep me in suspense," I said. "Tell me who it is that you suspect."

"I don't suspect any one," he said. "I never allow myself to entertain suspicions. Before evening I shall know."

There was a tap at the study door. I opened it, and the parlor-maid handed me a letter, explaining that it had just been brought by Mr. Fulkington's stable-boy. Before I could open it the Colonel took it out of my hand. He looked at it carefully and then smiled grimly.

"This," he said, "helps me materially."

"I don't see how it can. That letter comes from Fulkington."

The Colonel took the other envelope, the one which Messrs. Jones & Wilkinson had sent us, from his pocket and laid it on the table. He put Fulkington's beside it. He pointed to them silently. I was forced to admit that they were very much alike. Then the Colonel opened Fulkington's and examined the water-mark.

"A crown surmounted by a cross," he said, "and addressed in blue-black ink with a soft pen."

"The two handwritings," I said, "are entirely different."

The Colonel took no notice of this remark. "These two envelopes," he said, tapping them turn about with his forefinger, "came from the same house. We have not very far to go now to find the criminal. What you told me this morning about Fulkington's brown dog fits in exactly with the evidence afforded by the envelopes themselves."

I was sorry then that I had mentioned the brown dog. It seemed to me at the time to be a harmless piece of corroborative evidence. If I had thought it would still further confuse a troublesome in-

quiry I should not have said anything about it.

"We may presume," said the Colonel, "that the dog did not walk to the post-office by itself. It was led there by some one—by some one whom you did not see."

"It's perfectly absurd," I said, "to suppose, as you apparently do, that Fulkington would hide behind the post-office door when he saw me coming in order to purloin a letter for the sake of a paltry postal order. I've known him for twenty years and more, and, though he has his faults, he wouldn't do a thing like that. Besides, there wasn't a postal order in the letter. We deal regularly with Jones & Wilkinson and have an account there. Your suspicions—"

The Colonel smiled in a very lofty and superior way. "I suspect no one," he said, speaking in a tone which made me feel that Fulkington would be lucky if he got off with five years' penal servitude.

Still smiling at me, the Colonel took his hat and went out. He walked in the direction of the village, intending, I suppose, to collect more facts. I wondered whether he would find out that Fulkington's brown dog was at home in its kennel on Monday afternoon.

After watching him off the premises, I went to look for my wife. I found her very busy over the bodice of a dress which she had not worn for a long time. She explained to me that it was absolutely necessary to make some alterations in the garment in order to meet the requirements of the present fashion. She intended to wear it that night at the Fulkingtons' dinner-party.

"I can't go," she said, "in the same gown that I wore last night."

"It's very doubtful," I said, "whether you'll go to the Fulkingtons' at all."

"What on earth do you mean? We've promised to go."

"The Colonel," I said, "has gone out to arrest poor Fulkington on the charge of stealing that letter of yours."

"Do try to talk sense. The letter wasn't stolen."

"It was opened and put into another envelope—an envelope of a most uncommon kind not procurable in this neighborhood and only used by Fulkington."

"I wish," said my wife, "that you'd all stop fussing about that letter. The champagne arrived this morning. They only sent three bottles instead of six, and it was a different kind, not what I ordered; but that doesn't matter now. Gilbert is going away to-morrow morning, so we sha'n't want it."

"He may or may not go," I said. "If he arrests Fulkington this afternoon, he will. But if Fulkington is out when he calls, he'll have to wait till to-morrow. He'll hardly put handcuffs on him at his own dinner-table."

My wife failed altogether to realize the critical position of poor Fulkington. She refused to discuss the matter further, and insisted on my leaving the room. She said that she had little enough time for bringing the dress up to date, and that if I interrupted her work any more she would not be able to get it done.

The Colonel returned from his second expedition about five o'clock. He seemed to be very well satisfied with himself, and I was most anxious to hear what he had done. He had been out at luncheon-time and was evidently very hungry, so I waited until he had drunk three cups of tea and eaten nearly half of a cake. Then I asked him whether he had collected much fresh evidence.

"I have," he said, "entirely satisfied myself, and I have no doubt that I shall be able to satisfy any reasonable jury."

"Then you haven't actually arrested—"

"No. Not yet. We are, as I understand, to dine with the Fulkingtons to-night. I shall do nothing until after that, and I must request you not to ask me questions until then. The case is more complicated than I supposed, and I wish to say nothing until I have had a talk with Fulkington."

My wife had evidently been impressed by what I said to her during the afternoon, although she had pretended at the time to think that I was talking nonsense. She told the Colonel respectfully but quite plainly that she did not believe that Fulkington himself could possibly be guilty. The Colonel merely smiled. He did not even remind her that he knew more about the criminal classes than she did.

The Fulkingtons gave us a good din-



Drawn by F. Graham Cootes Half-tone plate engraved by Nelson Demarest

THE FULKINGTONS GAVE US A GOOD DINNER—A TRIBUTE TO THE EMINENCE OF THE COLONEL



FULKINGTON STARED AT THE INCRIMINATING PAPER IN SILENCE

ner—a better dinner than I ever ate in their house on any other occasion. They had champagne. This, I could see, vexed my wife; but the excellence of the dinner saved her from actually losing her temper. The unusual splendor was a tribute to the eminence of the Colonel, and nothing pleases her more than an appreciation of the greatness of her family.

After dinner the Colonel opened the subject of the mysterious envelope. He did so in an oblique way which at first greatly puzzled me.

"You have in your service," he said to Fulkington, "a young woman called Long—Annie Long."

Fulkington seemed a little surprised at this statement. He admitted that his housemaid was called Annie, but said he would have to inquire from Mrs. Fulkington whether her surname was Long.

"It is Long," said the Colonel, decisively, "and she is engaged to be married to a young man called George Crab."

"I have never heard of him before," said Fulkington, "but it's no affair of mine if she is. I suppose she'll give us the usual month's notice."

"George Crab," said the Colonel, "is the assistant in the local post-office. Will you be so good as to allow me to see a specimen of Annie Long's handwriting?"

This request not unnaturally irritated Fulkington. He said he had never seen Annie Long's handwriting in his life and did not want to. I tried to soothe him.

"The Colonel," I said, "doesn't mean to suggest that you are carrying on a clandestine correspondence with your own housemaid behind the backs of George Crab and Mrs. Fulkington. He knows you're not that kind of man. You'll find out, if you're patient, that he has some quite different reason for wanting to see the girl's writing."

"Anyhow, I haven't got any of her writing," said Fulkington.

"Annie Long," said the Colonel,

"would naturally have access to your stationery?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Fulkington. I intervened again in the interests of peace.

"What the Colonel means," I said, "is that she could take one of your envelopes if she wanted to send a letter—say, to George Crab. She is sure to write frequently to George Crab."

"Of course she could take an envelope. So could any one else in the house."

"The case against the girl Long and her associate," said the Colonel, "is perfectly plain. On the evening of Monday last, August 7th, a letter addressed to a business firm, and therefore likely to contain a postal order, was taken out of the letter-box in the local post-office. It was opened, clumsily we may presume, perhaps hurriedly, through fear of detection. It was afterward inclosed in a fresh envelope, readdressed, and posted again on Tuesday, August 8th. Only two persons had access to the letters in the post-office — the postmaster and George Crab. Neither of them addressed the envelope in which the letter was ultimately placed, for the writing in that envelope is a woman's, and the ink is not that used in the post-office. The envelope is of a kind not obtainable in the locality, but used in your house and accessible to your servants. It seems to me obvious that the letter was taken and opened by George Crab, who, intending to marry Annie Long, was naturally anxious to secure some little money for the expenses of his wedding. Finding himself unable to close the original envelope, he brought the letter out of the office and induced Annie Long to address one of your envelopes to the London firm. In it he inclosed the letter and posted it on Tuesday morning. I made careful inquiries in the village this afternoon, and there is unfortunately no doubt that the prisoner—I mean to say George Crab—is on terms of closest intimacy with Annie Long."

"Bless my soul!" said Fulkington, "what an extraordinary story!"

"An instance," said the Colonel, "quite a simple instance, of the way we detectives go to work."

"But—but—"

"Perhaps," said the Colonel, "you'd like to inspect the envelope and judge for yourself."

He produced the incriminating paper from his coat pocket and handed it to Fulkington, who stared at it for a minute in silence. Then a look of bewilderment passed over his face.

"That's my wife's envelope," he said at last.

"Quite so. Yours or your wife's. It's the same thing."

"But she addressed it," said Fulkington. "It's her writing."

"A clever imitation perhaps."

"Imitation be hanged! I posted it myself on Tuesday afternoon. The fact is," Fulkington went on addressing me, "that when we knew the Colonel was to dine here to-night we wrote to Jones & Wilkinson to send down some champagne. By the way, they sent the wrong brand, and six bottles instead of three."

The Colonel is a determined man. He was not prepared to allow the structure he had reared with such pains to crumble before his eyes.

"You'll find," he said, "that I'm right. How else are we to explain the changed envelope of the other letter?"

Next morning the explanation he wished for, or more probably did not wish for, offered itself. Jones, Wilkinson & Co. wrote a long and very apologetic letter to my wife. They explained that the two letters, arriving as they did from the same neighborhood and by the same post, and being both orders for champagne, had got mixed by their clerk. He had sent Mrs. Fulkington's envelope to my wife. The firm sincerely hoped that no inconvenience had been caused.

No inconvenience had been caused to any one except the Colonel. George Crab and Annie Long had a narrow escape from penal servitude. My own share in the mystery never came to light. The mistake of Jones, Wilkinson & Co.'s clerk drew away attention from the fact, in itself suspicious, that my wife's letter did not arrive in London until Wednesday morning. This was very fortunate for me. The Colonel's temper was so bad when he found out that he had been wasting his time and talents that I am sure he would have indicted me for criminal conspiracy if he had found out that I forgot to post that letter.

The Coryston Family

A NOVEL

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER X

MARCIA entered her mother's sitting-room in the midst of what seemed a babel of voices. James Coryston, indeed, who was sitting in a corner of the room while Coryston and Sir Wilfrid Bury argued across him, was not contributing to it. He was watching his mother, and she on the other side of the room was talking rapidly to her son Arthur, who could evidently hardly control himself sufficiently to listen to her.

As Marcia came in she heard Arthur say in a loud voice:

"Your attitude, mother, is perfectly unreasonable, and I will not submit to be dictated to like this!"

Marcia, staying her foot half-way across the room, looked at her youngest brother in amazement.

Was this rough-mannered, rough-voiced man Arthur?—the tame house-brother and docile son of their normal life? What was happening to them all?

Lady Coryston broke out:

"I repeat—you propose to me, Arthur, a bargain which is no bargain!"

"A *quid* without a *quo?*" interrupted Coryston, who had suddenly dropped his argument with Sir Wilfrid and had thrown himself on a sofa near his mother and Arthur.

Lady Coryston took no notice of him. She continued to address her youngest-born.

"What Coryston may do—now—after all that has passed, is to me a matter of merely secondary importance. When I first saw the notice of the Martover meeting, it was a shock to me—I admit it. But since then he has done so many other things—he has struck me in so many other ways—he has so publicly and scandalously outraged family feeling and political decency—"

"I really haven't," said Coryston, mildly —"I haven't—if this was a free country."

Lady Coryston flashed a sudden superb look at him, and resumed:

"—that I really don't care what Coryston does. He has done his worst. I can't suffer any greater insult than he has already put upon me—"

Coryston shook his head, mutely protesting. He seized a pen from a table near, and began to bite and strip it with an absent face.

"But *you*, Arthur!" his mother went on, with angry emphasis, "have still a character to lose or gain. As I have said, it doesn't now matter vitally to me whether Coryston is in the chair or not —I regard him as merely Glenwilliam's cat's-paw. But if *you* let this meeting at Martover pass, you will have weakened your position in this constituency—you will have disheartened your supporters—you will have played the coward—and you will have left your mother disgracefully in the lurch—though that latter point I can see doesn't move you at all!"

James and Sir Wilfrid Bury came anxiously to join the group. Sir Wilfrid approached the still standing and distressed Marcia. Drawing her hand within his arm, he patted it kindly.

"We can't persuade your mother, my dear. Suppose you try."

"Mother, you can't insist on Arthur's going through with the meeting if he doesn't wish to!" said Marcia, with animation. "Do let him give it up! It would be so easy to postpone it."

Lady Coryston turned upon her.

"Everything is easy in your eyes, no doubt, Marcia, except that he should do his duty and spare my feelings! As a matter of fact, you know perfectly well that Arthur has always allowed me to arrange these things for him."

"I don't mean, mother, to do so in future!" said Arthur, resolutely turning upon her. "You *must* leave me to manage my own life and my own affairs."

Lady Coryston's features quivered in her long, bony face. As she sat near the window, on a high chair, fully illumined, in a black velvet dress, long-waisted and with a kind of stand-up ruffle at the throat, she was amazingly Queen Bess. James, who was always conscious of the likeness, could almost have expected her to rise and say, in the famous words of the Queen to Cecil, "Little man, little man, your father durst not have said 'must' to me!"

But instead she threw her son a look of furious contempt, with the words:

"You have been glad enough of my help, Arthur, in the past; you have never been able, indeed, to do without it. I am under no illusions as to your Parliamentary abilities—unaided."

"Mother!" cried Marcia and James simultaneously.

Coryston shrugged his shoulders. Arthur, breaking from Sir Wilfrid's restraining hand, approached his mother. His face was inflamed with anger, his eyes bloodshot.

"You like to say these cruel things, mother. We have all put up with them long enough. My father put up with them long enough. I intend to think for myself in future. I don't think of Glenwilliam as you do. I know him—and I know his daughter."

The last words were spoken with a special emphasis. A movement of alarm—in Marcia's case, of terror—ran through all the spectators. Sir Wilfrid caught the speaker by the arm, but was impatiently shaken off.

Lady Coryston met her son's eyes with equal passion.

"An intriguer — an unscrupulous intriguer—like himself!" said Lady Coryston, with cutting emphasis.

Arthur's flush turned to pallor. Coryston, springing up, raised a warning hand —"Take care, old fellow!" Marcia and James came forward. But Arthur thrust them aside.

"Mother and I have got to settle this!" He came to lean over her, looking into her face. "I advise you to be careful, mother, of what you say!" There was a dreadful pause. Then he lifted himself and said, with folded arms, slowly, still looking hard at Lady Coryston: "I am —in love—with the lady to whom you refer in that unjustifiable manner. I wish to marry her—and I am doing my best to persuade her to marry me. *Now* you understand perhaps why I didn't wish to attack her father at this particular juncture."

"Arthur!"

Marcia threw herself upon her brother to lead him away.

Coryston, meanwhile, with lifted brows, and the prominent, greenish eyes beneath them starting out of his head, never ceased to observe his mother. There was trouble—and a sudden softness—in his look.

Silence reigned for a few painful moments. The eyes of the two combatants were on each other. The change in Lady Coryston's aspect was something quite different from what is ordinarily described as "turning pale." It represented rather the instinctive and immediate rally of the whole human personality in the presence of danger more deadly than any it has yet encountered. It was the gray rally of strength, not the pallor of fear. She laughed—as she passed her handkerchief over her lips—so Marcia thought afterward—to hide their trembling.

"I thank you for your frankness, Arthur. You will hardly expect me to wish you success in such a love affair, or to further your suit. But your confession —your astonishing confession — does at least supply some reason for your extraordinary behavior. For the present—*for the present*"—she spoke slowly—"I cease to press you to speak at this meeting which has been announced. It can at any rate be postponed. As to the other and graver matter, we will discuss it later—and in private. I must take time to think it over."

She rose. James came forward.

"May I come with you, mother?"

She frowned a little.

"Not now, James, not now. I must write some letters immediately, with regard to the meeting."

And without another look at any of her children, she walked proudly through the room. Sir Wilfrid threw the door open for her, and murmured something in her ear—no doubt an offer of consultation. But she only shook her head, and he closed the door.

Then, while Arthur, his hands on his

hips, walked restlessly up and down, and Coryston, lying back on the sofa, stared at the ceiling, Marcia, James, and Sir Wilfrid looked at one another in a common dismay.

Sir Wilfrid spoke first.

"Are we really, Arthur, to take the statement you have just made seriously?"

Arthur turned impatiently.

"Do I look like joking?"

"I wish you did," said Sir Wilfrid, dryly. "It would be a comfort to us."

"Luckily mother doesn't believe a word of it!"

The voice was Coryston's, directed apparently at the Adam decoration of the ceiling.

Arthur stood still.

"What do you mean?"

"No offense. I dare say she believed *you*. But the notion strikes her as too grotesque to be bothered about."

"She may be right there," said Arthur, gloomily, resuming his walk.

"Whether she is or not, she'll take good care, my boy, that nothing comes of it," was Coryston's murmured comment. He turned to look at James, who was standing at the open window gazing into the garden. Something in his brother's meditative back seemed to annoy him. He aimed at it with a crumpled envelope he held in his hand, and hit it. James turned with a start.

"Look here, James—this isn't Hegel—and it isn't Lotze—and it isn't Bergson—it's life. Haven't you got a remark to contribute?"

James's blue eyes showed no resentment.

"I'm very sorry for you all," he said, quietly, "especially for mother."

"Why?"

"Because she's the oldest. We've got the future. She hasn't."

The color rushed to Marcia's face. She looked gratefully at her brother. Sir Wilfrid's gray head nodded agreement.

"H'm!" said Coryston. "I don't see that. At least, of course it has a certain truth. But it doesn't present itself to me as a ground for sparing the older generation. In fact"—he sprang to his feet—"present company—present family excepted — we're being ruined — stick-stock ruined — by the elder generation! They're in our way everywhere! Why don't they withdraw — and let *us* take the stage? We know more than they. We're further evolved—we're better informed. And they will insist on pitting their years against our brains all over the field. I tell you the world can't get on like this. Something will have to be done. We're choked up with the older generation."

"Yes, for those who have no reverence—and no pity!" said Marcia. The low intensity of her voice brought the looks of all three brothers upon her in some evident surprise. None of them had yet ceased to regard their sister as a child, with opinions not worth speculating about. Coryston flushed—involuntarily.

"My withers are unwrung," he said, not without bravado. "You don't understand, my dear. Do I want to do the elder generation any damage? Not at all! But it is time the elder generation withdrew to the chimney-corner and gave us our rights! You think that ungrateful—disrespectful? Good heavens! What do we *care* about the people, our contemporaries, with whom we are always fighting and scuffling in what we are pleased to call *action?* The people who matter to us are the people who rest us — and calm us — and bind up our wounds. If instead of finding a woman to argue and wrastle with, I had found just a mother here, knitting by the fire"—he threw out a hand toward Lady Coryston's empty chair — "with time to smile and think and jest—with no ax to grind—and no opinions to push—do you think I shouldn't have been at her feet—her slave, her adorer? Besides, the older generation have ground their axes — and pushed their opinions long enough—they have had thirty years of it! We should be the dancers now, and they the wall-flowers. And they won't play the game!"

"Don't pretend that you and your mother could ever have played any game—together — Corry," said Sir Wilfrid, sharply.

Coryston looked at him queerly, good-humoredly.

"One might argue till doomsday, I agree, as to which of us said 'won't play' first. But there it is. It's our turn. And you elders won't give it us. Now

mother's going to try a little tyranny on Arthur — having made a mess of me. What's the sense of it? It's *we* who have the youth—*we* who have the power—*we* who know more than our elders simply because we were born thirty years later! Let the old submit, and we'll cushion the world for them, and play them out of it with march-music! But they *will* fight us—and they can't win!"

His hands on his sides, Coryston stood confronting them all, his eyes glittering.

"What stuff you do talk, Coryston!" said Arthur, half angrily, half contemptuously. "What good does it do to anybody?" And he resumed his restless walk.

"All flung, too, at a man of peace like me," said the white-haired Sir Wilfrid, with his quiet smile. "It takes all sorts, my dear Corry, to play the game of a generation — old and young. However, the situation is too acute for moralizing. Arthur, are you open to any sort of advice from an old friend?"

"Yes," said Arthur, unwillingly, "if I weren't so jolly sure what it would be."

"Don't be so sure. Come and take me a turn in the lime avenue before lunch."

The two disappeared. James followed them. Marcia, full of disquiet, was going off to find Lady Coryston, when Coryston stopped her.

"I say, Marcia—it's true, isn't it?—you're engaged to Newbury?"

She turned proudly, confronting him.

"I am."

"I'm not going to congratulate you!" he said, vehemently. "I've got a deal to say to you. Will you allow me to say it?"

"Whenever you like," said Marcia, indifferently.

Coryston perched himself on the edge of a table beside her, looking down upon her, his hands thrust into his pockets.

"How much do you know of this Betts business?" he asked her, abruptly.

"A good deal — considering you sent Mrs. Betts to see me this morning!"

"Oh, she came, did she? Well, do you see any common sense, any justice, any Christianity in forcing that woman to leave her husband—in flinging her out to the wolves again, just as she has got into shelter?"

"In Edward's view, Mr. Betts is not her husband," said Marcia, defiantly. "You seem to forget that fact."

"'Edward's view'?" repeated Coryston, impatiently. "My dear, what's Edward got to do with it? He's not the law of the land. Let him follow his own law if he likes. But to tear up other people's lives by the roots, in the name of some private, particular species of law that you believe in and they don't, is really too much—at this time of day. You ought to stop it, Marcia! — and you must!"

"Who's tyrannizing now?" said Marcia. "Haven't other people as good a right to live their lives as you?"

"Yes—so long as they don't destroy other people in the process. Even I am not anarchist enough for that."

"Well," said Marcia, coolly, "the Newburys are making it disagreeable for Mr. and Mrs. Betts because they disapprove of them. And what else are you doing with mamma?"

She threw a triumphant look at her brother.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Coryston, jumping up — "the weakest 'score' I ever heard. Don't you know the difference between the things that are vital and the things that are superficial—between fighting opinions and *destroying a life* — between tilting and boxing, however roughly, and *murdering?*"

He looked at her fiercely.

"Who talks of murdering!" The tone was scornful.

"I do! If the Newburys drive those two apart they will have a murder of souls on their conscience. And if you talked to that woman this morning, you know it as well as I!"

Marcia faltered a little.

"They could still meet as friends."

"Yes—under the eyes of holy women! —spying lest any impropriety occur! That's the proposal, I understand. Of all the vile and cold-blooded suggestions—!"

And restraining himself with the utmost difficulty, as one might hang on to the curb of a bolting horse, Coryston stamped up and down the room till speech was once more possible.

Then he came to an abrupt pause before his sister.

"Are you really in love with this man, Marcia?"

So challenged, Marcia did not deign to answer. She merely looked up at Coryston, motionless, faintly smiling. He took his answer — dazzled at the same time by her emerging and developing beauty.

"Well, if you do love him," he said, slowly, "and he loves you, *make* him have pity! Those two—also—love each other. That woman is a poor, common little thing. She was a poor, common little actress with no talent before her first husband married her; she's a common little actress now, even when she feels most deeply. You probably saw it, and it repelled you. *You* can afford, you see, to keep a fine taste and fastidious feelings! But if you tear her from that man, you kill all that's good in her—you ruin all her miserable chances. That man's raising her. Bit by bit he'll stamp his own character into hers—because she loves him. And Betts himself—a great, silent, hard man—who has once in his life done a splendid thing! —forgotten himself head over ears for a woman — and is now doing his level best to make a good job of her — you Christians are going to reward him first by breaking his heart and tearing his life-work to pieces!—God!—I wish your Master were here to tell you what He'd think of it!"

"You're not His only interpreter!" cried Marcia, breathing quick. "It's in His name that Edward and his father are acting. You daren't say—you daren't *think* — that it's for mere authority's sake—mere domination's sake!"

Coryston eyed her in silence a little.

"No use in arguing this thing on its merits," he said, curtly, at last. "You don't know enough about it—and Newbury and I shouldn't have a single premise in common. But I just warn you and him—it's a ticklish game playing with a pair of human lives like these. They are sensitive, excitable people. I don't threaten—I only say—*take care!*"

"'Game'—'play'—what silly words to use about such men as Edward and his father in such a matter!" said Marcia as she rose, breathing contempt. "I shall talk to Edward — I promised Mrs. Betts. But I suppose, Corry, it's no good saying, to begin with, that when you talk of tyranny you seem to *me,* at any rate, the best tyrant of the lot."

The girl stood with her head thrown back, challenging her brother, her whole slender form poised for battle.

Coryston shook his head.

"Nonsense! I play the gadfly—to all the tyrants."

"A tyrant," repeated his sister, steadily. "And an unkind wretch into the bargain! I was engaged — yesterday— and have you said one nice, brotherly word to me?"

Her lips trembled. Coryston turned away.

"You are giving yourself to the forces of reaction," he said between his teeth— "the forces that are everywhere fighting liberty — whether in the individual or the state. Only, unfortunately" — he turned with a smile, the sudden gaiety of which fairly startled his sister—"as far as matrimony is concerned, I seem to be doing precisely the same thing myself."

"Corry! what on earth do you mean?"

"Ah! wouldn't you like to know? Perhaps you will some day," said Coryston, with a provoking look. "Where's my hat?" He looked round him for the battered article that served him for headgear. "Well, good-by, Marcia. If you can pull this thing off with your young man, I'm your servant and his. I'd even grovel to Lord William. The letter I wrote him was a pretty stiff document, I admit. If not—"

"Well, if not?"

"War!" was the short reply, as her brother made for the door.

Then suddenly he came back to say:

"Keep an eye on mother. As far as Arthur's concerned — she's dangerous. She hasn't the smallest intention of letting him marry that girl. And here, too, it 'll be a case of meddling with forces you don't understand. Keep me informed."

"Yes—if you promise to help him— and her—to break it off," said Marcia, firmly.

Coryston slowly shook his head, and went.

Meanwhile Lady Coryston, having shaken off all companions, had betaken herself for greater privacy to a solitary

walk. She desired to see neither children nor friends nor servants till she had made up her mind what she was going to do. As generally happened with her in the bad moments of life, the revelation of what threatened her had steeled and nerved her to a surprising degree. Her stately indoor dress had been exchanged for a short tweed gown, and as she walked briskly along, her white hair framed in the drawn hood of black silk which she wore habitually on country walks, she had still a wonderful air of youth, and indeed she had never felt herself more vigorous, more alert. Occasionally a strange sense of subterranean peril made itself felt in the upper regions of her mind, caused by something she never stopped to analyze. It was not without kinship with the feeling of the gambler who has been lucky too long, and knows that the next stroke may — probably will—end it, and bring down the poised ruin. But it made no difference whatever to the gradual forging of her plan and the clearness of her resolve.

So now she understood all that during the two preceding months had increasingly perplexed her. Arthur had been laid hands on by the temptress just before his maiden speech in Parliament, and had done no good ever since. At the time when his mother had inflicted a social stigma as public as she could make it on a Minister who in her eyes deserved impeachment, by refusing to go through even the ordinary conventions of allowing him to arm her down to dinner and take his seat beside her at a large London party, Arthur was courting the daughter of the criminal; and the daughter was no doubt looking forward with glee to the moment of her equally public triumph over his mother. Lady Coryston remembered the large, mocking eyes of Enid Glenwilliam, as seen amid the shadows of a dark drawing-room, about a fortnight later than the dinner-party, when with a consistency which seemed to her natural, and also from a wish to spare the girl's feelings, she had declined to be introduced—at the suggestion of another blundering hostess —to Glenwilliam's daughter. And all the time—all the time—the handsome repellent creature was holding Arthur's life and Arthur's career in the hollow of her hand!

Well, she would not hold them so for long. Lady Coryston said to herself that she perfectly understood what Miss Glenwilliam was after. The circumstances of Coryston's disinheritance were now well known to many people; the prospects of the second son were understood. The Glenwilliams were poor; the prospects of the party doubtful; the girl ambitious. To lay hands on the Coryston estates, and the position which a Coryston marriage could give the daughter of the Yorkshire check-weigher—the temptation had only to be stated to be realized. And, no doubt, in addition there would be the sweetness—for such persons as the Glenwilliams—of a planned and successful revenge.

Well, the scheme was simple; but the remedy was simple also. The Martover meeting was still rather more than three weeks off. But she understood from Page that after it the Chancellor and his daughter were to spend the week-end at the cottage on the hill, belonging to that odious person Dr. Atherstone. A note sent on their arrival would prepare the way for an interview, and an interview that could not be refused. No time was to be lost, unless Arthur's political prospects were to be completely and irretrievably ruined. The mere whisper of such a courtship in the embittered state of politics, would be quite enough to lose him his seat—to destroy that slender balance of votes on the right side which the country districts supplied to neutralize the sour radicalism of the small towns in his division.

She reached a rising ground in the park, where was a seat under a fine oak, commanding a view. The green slopes below her ran westward to a wide sky steeped toward the horizon in all conceivable shades of lilac and pearl, with here and there, in the upper heaven, lakes of blue, and towering thunder-clouds brooding over them, prophesying storm. She looked out over her domain, in which, up to a short time before, her writ, so to speak, had run like that of a king. And now all sense of confidence, of security, was gone. There on the hillside was the white patch of Knatchett—the old farm-house where Coryston had settled himself. It showed to her dis-

turbed mind like the patch of leaven which, scarcely visible at first, will grow and grow "till the whole is leavened." A leaven of struggle and revolt. And only her woman's strength to fight it.

Suddenly a tremor of great weakness came upon her. Arthur, her dearest! It had been comparatively easy to fight Coryston. When had she not fought him? But Arthur! She thought of all the happy times she had had with him—electioneering for him, preparing his speeches, watching his first steps in the House of Commons. The years before her, her coming old age, seemed all at once to have passed into a gray eclipse; and some difficult tears forced their way. Had she, after all, mismanaged her life? Were prophecies to which she had always refused to listen — she seemed to hear them in her dead husband's voice!— coming true? She fell into a great and lonely anguish of mind; while the westerly light burned on the broidery of white hawthorns spread over the green spaces below, and on the loops and turns of the little brimming trout-stream that ran so merrily through the park.

But she never wavered for one moment as to her determination to see Enid Glenwilliam within the next fortnight; nor did the question of Arthur's personal happiness enter for one moment into her calculations.

CHAPTER XI

THE breakfast-gong had just sounded at Hoddon Grey. The hour was a quarter to nine. Prayers in the chapel were over, and Lord and Lady Newbury, at either end of the table, spectacles on nose, were opening and reading their letters.

"Where is Edward?" said Lady William, looking round.

"My dear!" Lord William's tone was mildly reproachful.

"Of course—I forgot for a moment!" And on Lady William's delicately withered cheek there appeared a slight flush. For it was their wedding-day, and never yet, since his earliest childhood, had their only son, their only child, failed, either personally or by deputy, to present his mother with a bunch of June roses on the morning of this June anniversary. While he was in India the custom was remitted to the old head-gardener, who always received, however, from the absent son the appropriate letter or message to be attached to the flowers. And one of the most vivid memories Lady William retained of her son's boyhood showed her the half-open door of an inn bedroom at Domo d'Ossola, and Edward's handsome face—the face of a lad of eleven—looking in, eyes shining, white teeth grinning, as he held aloft in triumph the great bunch of carnations and roses for which the little fellow had scoured the sleepy town in the early hours. They had taken him abroad for the first time, during a break between his preparatory school and Eton, when he was convalescing from a dangerous attack of measles; and Lady William could never forget the charm of the boy's companionship, his eager docility and sweetness, his delight in the Catholic churches and services, his ready friendships with the country folk, with the coachman who drove them, and the *sagrestani* who led them through dim chapels and gleaming monuments.

But when, indeed, had he not been their delight and treasure, from his youth up till now? And though in the interest of a long letter from her bishop to whom she was devoted, Lady William had momentarily forgotten the date, this wedding-day was in truth touched, for both parents, with a special consecration and tenderness, since it was the first since Edward's own betrothal. And there beside Lady William's plate lay a large jeweler's case, worn and old-fashioned, whereof the appearance was intimately connected both with the old facts and the new.

Meanwhile a rainy morning, in which, however, there was a hidden sunlight, threw a mild illumination into the Hoddon Grey dining-room, upon the sparely provided breakfast-table, the somewhat austere line of family portraits on the gray wall, the Chippendale chairs shining with the hand-polish of generations, the Empire clock of black and ormolu on the chimney-piece, and on the little tan spitz, sitting up, with wagging tail and asking eyes, on Lady William's left. Neither she nor her husband ever took more than —or anything else than — an egg with



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THE YEARS SEEMED ALL AT ONCE TO HAVE PASSED INTO A GRAY ECLIPSE

their coffee and toast. They secretly despised people who ate heavy breakfasts, and the extra allowance made for Edward's young appetite or for guests was never more than frugal. Sir Wilfrid Bury, who was a hearty eater, was accustomed to say of the Hoddon Grey fare that it deprived the Hoddon Grey fasts—which were kept according to the strict laws of the church—of any merit whatever. It left you nothing to give up.

Nevertheless, this little morning scene at Hoddon Grey possessed for the sensitive eye a peculiar charm. The spaces of the somewhat empty room matched the bareness of the white linen, the few flowers standing separately here and there upon it, and the few pieces of old silver. The absence of any loose abundance of food or gear, the frugal, refined note, were, of course, symbolic of the life lived in the house. The Newburys were rich. Their beautifully housed and beautifully kept estate, with its nobly adorned churches, its public halls and institutions, proclaimed the fact; but in their own private sphere it was ignored as much as possible.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Lady William, turning to the door with something of a flutter. "Oh, Edward, they are lovely!"

Her son laid the dewy bunch beside her plate, and then kissed his mother affectionately.

"Many happy returns!—and you, father! Hullo! Mother, you've got a secret—you're blushing! What's up?"

And still holding Lady William by the arm, he looked, smiling, from her to the jeweler's case on the table.

"They must be reset, dear—but they're fine."

Lady William opened the case and pushed it toward him. It contained a necklace and a pendant, two bracelets, and a stomacher brooch of diamonds and sapphire—magnificent stones in a heavy gold setting, whereof the early Victorianism cried aloud. The set had been much admired in the Great Exhibition of 1851, where, indeed, it had been bought by Lady William's father as a present to his wife. Secretly Lady William still thought it superb; but she was quite aware that no young woman would wear it.

Edward looked at it with amusement.

"The stones are gorgeous. When Tessier's had a go at it, it 'll be something like! I can remember your wearing it, mother, at Court, when I was a small child. And you're going to give it to Marcia?" He kissed her again.

"Take it, dear, and ask her how she'd like them set," said his mother, happily, putting the box into his hand; after which he was allowed to sit down to his breakfast.

Lord William meanwhile had taken no notice of the little incident of the jewels. He was deep in a letter which seemed to have distracted his attention entirely from his son, and to be causing him distress. When he had finished it, he pushed it away, and sat gazing before him as though still held by the recollection of it.

"I never knew a more sad, a more difficult case," he said presently, speaking, it seemed, to himself.

Edward turned with a start.

"Another letter, father?"

Lord William pushed it over to him.

Newbury read it, and, as he did so, in his younger face there appeared the same expression as in his father's—a kind of grave sadness, in which there was no trace of indecision, though much of trouble. Lady William asked no question, though in the course of her little, pecking meal she threw some anxious glances at her husband and son. They preserved a strict silence at table on the subject of the letter; but as soon as breakfast was over, Lord William made a sign to his son, and they went out into the garden together, walking away from the house.

"You know we can't do this, Edward!" said Lord William, with energy, as soon as they were in the solitude.

Edward's eyes assented. His father resumed, impetuously:

"How can I go on in close relations with a man who is my right hand in the estate almost more than my agent—associated with all the church institutions and charities—a communicant—secretary of the communicants' guild!—our friend and helper in all our religious business—who has been the head and front of the campaign against immorality in this village — responsible, with us, for many decisions that must have seemed harsh to poor things in trouble—who yet now

proposes, himself, to maintain what we can only regard — what everybody on this estate has been taught to regard— as an immoral connection with a married woman! Of course, I understand his plea. The thing is not to be done openly. The so-called wife is to move away; nothing more is to be seen of her here; but the supposed marriage is to continue, and they will meet as often as his business here makes it possible. Meanwhile his powers and duties on this estate are to be as before. I say the proposal is monstrous! It would falsify our whole life here — and make it one ugly hypocrisy!"

There was silence a little. Then Newbury asked:

"You, of course, made it plain once more — in your letter yesterday — that there would be no harshness—that as far as money went—"

"I told him he could have *whatever* was necessary! We wished to force no man's conscience; but we could not do violence to our own. If they decided to remain together—then he and we must part; but we would make it perfectly easy for them to go elsewhere—in England or the colonies. If they separate, and she will accept the arrangements we propose for her—then he remains here, our trusted friend and right hand as before."

"It is, of course, the wrench of giving up the farm—"

Lord William raised his hands in protesting distress.

"Perfectly true, of course, that he's given the best years of his life to it!— that he's got all sorts of experiments on hand—that he can never build up exactly the same sort of thing elsewhere—that the farm is the apple of his eye. It's absolutely true—every word of it. But, then, why did he take this desperate step —without consulting any of his friends? It's no responsibility of ours!"

The blanched and delicate face of the old man showed the grief, the wound to personal affection, he did not venture to let himself express, mingled with a rock-like steadiness of will.

"You have heard from the Cloan sisters?"

"Last night. Nothing could be kinder. There is a little house close by the Sisterhood, where she and the boy could live. They would give her work, and watch over her, like the angels they are—and the boy would go to a day-school. But they won't hear of it—they won't listen to it for a moment; and now—you see — they've put their own alternative plan before us in this letter. He said to me yesterday that she was not religious by temperament—that she wouldn't understand the Sisters—nor they her—that she would be certain to rebel against their rules and regulations—and then all the old temptations would return. 'I have taken her life upon me,' he said, 'and I can't give her up. She is mine, and mine she will remain.' It was terribly touching. I could only say that I was no judge of his conscience, and never pretended to be, but that he could only remain here on our terms."

"The letter is curiously excitable— hardly legible even—very unlike Betts," said Newbury, turning it over thoughtfully.

"That's another complication. He's not himself. That attack of illness has somehow weakened him. I can't reason with him as I used to do."

The father and son walked on in anxious cogitation, till Newbury observed a footman coming with a note.

"From Coryston Place, sir. Waiting an answer."

Newbury read it first with eagerness, then with a clouded brow.

"Ask the servant to tell Miss Coryston I shall be with them for luncheon."

When the footman was out of earshot, Newbury turned to his father, his face showing the quick feeling behind.

"Did you know that Mr. and Mrs. Betts are trying to get at Marcia?"

"No! I thought Coryston might be endeavoring to influence her. That fellow's absolutely reckless! But what can she have to do with the Bettses themselves? Really, the questions that young women concern themselves with to-day!" cried Lord William, not without vehemence. "Marcia must surely trust you and your judgment in such a matter."

Newbury flushed.

"I'm certain—she will," he said, rather slowly, his eyes on the ground. "But Mrs. Betts has been to see her."

"A great impertinence! A most im-

proper proceeding!" said Lord William, hotly. "Is that what her note says? My dear Edward, you must go over and beg Marcia to let this matter *alone!* It is not for her to be troubled with at all. She must really leave it to us."

The wand-like old man straightened his white hand, a trifle haughtily.

A couple of hours later Newbury set out to walk to Coryston. The day was sultry, and June in all its power ruled the countryside. The hawthorns were fading; the gorse was over; but the grass and the young wheat were rushing up, the wild roses threw their garlands on every hedge, and the Coryston trout-stream, beside which Newbury walked, brimming as it was, on its chalk bed, would soon be almost masked from sight by the lush growths which overhung its narrow stream, twisting silverly through the meadows.

The sensitive mind and conscience of a man alive through the long discipline of religion to many kinds of obligation, were at this moment far from happy, even with this flaming June about him and the beloved brought nearer by every step. The thought of Marcia, the recollection of her face, the expectation of her kiss, thrilled indeed in his veins. He was not yet thirty, and the forces of his life were still rising. He had never felt his manhood so vigorous nor his hopes so high. Nevertheless, he was haunted—pursued—by the thought of those two miserable persons over whom he and his father held, it seemed, a power they had certainly never sought, and hated to exercise. Yet how disobey the church!—and how ignore the plain words of her Lord, *"He that marrieth her that is put away committeth adultery"?*

—Marriage is for Christians indissoluble. It bears the sacramental stamp. It is the image, the outward and visible sign of that most awful and most sacred union between Christ and the soul. To break the church's law concerning it, and to help others to break it, is—for Christians—to *sin.* To acquiesce in it, to be a partner to the dissolution of marriage for such reasons as Mrs. Betts had to furnish, was to injure not only the Christian church, but human society, and, in the case of people with a high social trust, to betray the trust.—

These were the ideas, the ideas of his family and his church, which held him inexorably. He saw no escape from them. Yet he suffered from the enforcement of them, suffered truly and sincerely, even in the dawn of his own young happiness. What could he do to persuade the two offenders to the only right course!—or, if that were impossible, to help them to take up life again where he and his would not be responsible for what they did, or accomplices in their wrong-doing?

Presently, to shorten his road, he left the park and took to a lane outside it. And here he suddenly perceived that he was on the borders of the experimental farm, that great glory of the estate, famous in the annals of English country life before John Betts had ever seen it, but doubly famous during the twenty years that he had been in charge of it. There was the twenty-acre field like one vast chess-board, made up of small, green plots, where wheat was being constantly tempted and tried with new soils and new foods, and farmers from both the old and new worlds would come eagerly to watch and learn. There were the sheds where wheat was grown, not in open ground, but in pots under shelter; there was the long range of buildings devoted to cattle and all the problems of food; there was the new chemical laboratory which his father had built for John Betts; and there in the distance was the pretty dwelling-house which now sheltered the woman from whose presence on the estate all the trouble had arisen.

A trouble which had been greatly aggravated by Coryston's presence on the scene. Newbury, for all that his heart was full of Marcia, was none the less sorely indignant with her brother, eager to have it out with him, and to fling back his charges in his face.

Suddenly a form appeared behind a gate flanked by high hedges.

Newbury recognized John Betts. A tall, broad-shouldered man, with slightly grizzled hair, a countenance tanned and seamed by long exposure, and pale-blue spectacled eyes, opened the gate and stepped into the road.

"I saw you coming, Mr. Edward, and thought I should like a word with you."

"By all means," said Newbury, offering his hand. But Betts took no notice of

it. They moved on together—a striking pair: the younger man, with his high, narrow brow and strong though slender build, bearing himself with the unconscious air of authority given by the military life, and in this case also, no doubt, by the influence of birth and tradition; as fine a specimen of the English ruling class at its moral and physical best as any student of our social life would be likely to discover; and beside him, a figure round whom the earth-life in its primitive strength seemed to be still clinging, though the keen brain of the man had long since made him its master and catechist, and not, like the ordinary man of the fields, farmer or laborer, its slave. He, too, was typical of his class, of that vast modern class of the new countryman, armed by science and a precise knowledge, which has been developed from the primitive artists of the world—plowman, reaper, herdsman; who understood nothing, and discovered everything. A strong, taciturn, slightly slouching fellow; vouched for by the quiet blue eyes and their honest look; at this moment, however, clouded by a frown of distress. And between the two men there lay the memory of years of kindly intercourse—friendship, loyalty, just dealing.

"Your father will have got a letter from me this morning, Mr. Edward," began Betts, abruptly.

"He did. I left him writing to you." The young man's voice was singularly gentle, even deferential.

"You read it, I presume?"

Newbury made a sign of assent.

"Is there any hope for us, Mr. Edward?"

Betts turned to look into his companion's face. A slight tremor in the normally firm lips betrayed the agitation behind the question.

Newbury's troubled eyes answered him.

"You don't know what it costs us—not to be able to meet you—in that way!"

"You think the arrangement we now propose—would still compromise you?"

"How could we?" pleaded the younger man, with very evident pain. "We should be aiding and abetting—what we believe to be wrong—conniving at it indeed; while we led people—deliberately—to believe what was false."

"Then it is still your ultimatum—that we must separate?"

"If you remain here, in our service—our representative. But if you would only allow us to make the liberal provision we would like to make for you—elsewhere!"

Betts was silent a little; then he broke out, looking round him.

"I have been twenty years at the head of that farm. I have worked for it night and day. It's been my life. Other men have worked for their wives and children. I've worked for the farm. There are experiments going on there—you know it, Mr. Edward—that have been going on for years. They're working out now—coming to something—I've earned that reward. How can I begin anywhere else? Besides, I'm flagging. I'm not the man I was. The best of me has gone into that farm." He raised his arm to point. "And now you're going to drive me from it."

"Oh, Betts—why did you—why *did* you!" cried Newbury, in a sudden rush of grief.

The other turned.

"Because—a woman came—and clung to me! Mr. Edward, when you were a boy I saw you once take up a wounded leveret in the fields—a tiny thing. You made yourself kill it for mercy's sake—and then you sat down and cried over it—for the thought of all it had suffered. Well, my wife—she *is* my wife, too!—is to me like that wounded thing. Only I've given her *life!*—and he that takes her from me will kill her."

"And the actual words of our Blessed Lord, Betts, matter nothing to you?" Newbury spoke with a sudden yet controlled passion. "I have heard you quote them often. You seemed to believe and feel with us. You signed a petition we all sent to the bishop only last year."

"That seems so long ago, Mr. Edward—so long ago. I've been through a lot since—a lot," repeated Betts, absently, as though his mind had suddenly escaped from the conversation into some dream of its own. Then he came to a stop.

"Well, good morning to you, sir—good morning. There's something doing in the laboratory I must be looking after."

"Let me come and talk to you tonight, Betts. We have some notion of a

Canadian opening that might attract you. You know the great government farm near Ottawa? Why not allow my father to write to the director—"

Betts interrupted.

"Come when you like, Mr. Edward. Thank you kindly. But—it's no good—no good."

The voice dropped.

With a slight gesture of farewell, Betts walked away.

Newbury went on his road, a prey to very great disturbance of mind. The patience — humbleness even — of Betts's manner struck a pang to the young man's heart. The farm director was generally a man of bluff, outspoken address, quick-tempered, and not at all accustomed to mince his words. What Newbury perceived was a man only half persuaded by his own position; determined to cling to it, yet unable to justify it, because in truth the ideas put up against him by Newbury and his father were the ideas on which a large section of his own life had been based. It is not for nothing that a man is for years a devout communicant, and in touch thereby with all the circle of beliefs on which Catholicism, whether of the Roman or Anglican sort, depends.

The white towers of Coryston appeared among the trees. His steps quickened. Would she come to meet him?

Then his mind filled with repugnance. *Must* he discuss this melancholy business again with her — with Marcia? How could he? It was not right!—not seemly! He thought with horror of the interview between her and Mrs. Betts—his stainless Marcia and that little besmirched woman, of whose life, between the dissolution of her first marriage and her meeting with Betts, the Newburys knew more than they wished to know, more they believed than Betts himself knew.

And the whole June day protested with him — its beauty, the clean radiance of the woods, the limpid flashing of the stream.

He hurried on. Ah, there she was!—a fluttering vision through the new-leafed trees.

The wood was deep — spectators none. She came to his arms, and lightly clasped her own round his neck, hiding her face. . . . When they moved on together, hand in hand, Marcia, instinctively putting off what must be painful, spoke first of the domestic scene of the day before — of Arthur and her mother, and the revelation sprung upon them all.

"You remember how *terrified* I was—lest mother should know? And she's taken it so calmly!"

She told the story. Lady Coryston, it seemed, had canceled all the arrangements for the Coryston meeting, and spoke no more of it. She was cool and distant, indeed, toward Arthur, but only those who knew her well would perhaps have noticed it. And he, on his side, having gained his point, had been showing himself particularly amiable; had gone off that morning to pay political visits in the division; and was doing his duty in the afternoon by captaining the village cricket team in their Whitsuntide match. But next week, of course, he would be in London again for the reassembling of Parliament, and hanging about the Glenwilliams' house, as before.

"They're not engaged?"

"Oh, dear, no! Coryston doesn't believe *she* means it seriously at all. He also thinks that mother is plotting something."

"When can I see Coryston?" Newbury turned to her with a rather forced smile. "You know, darling, he'll have to get used to me as a brother!"

"He says he wants to see you—to—to have it out with you," said Marcia, awkwardly. Then, with a sudden movement, she clasped both her hands round Newbury's arm.

"Edward!—do—*do* make us all happy!"

He looked down on the liquid eyes, the fresh young face, raised appealingly to his.

"How can I make you happy?" He lifted one hand and kissed it. "You darling!—what can I do?"

But as he spoke he knew what she meant, and dreaded the coming moment. That she should ask anything in these magical days that he could not at once lay at her feet!—she, who had promised him herself!

"*Please*—let Mr. Betts stay—please, Edward! Oh, I was so sorry for her yesterday!"

"We are all so sorry for her," he said, after a pause. "My father and mother will do all they can."

"Then you *will* let him stay?" Her white brow drooped caressingly against him.

"Of course!—if he will only accept my father's conditions," he said, unwillingly, hating to see her bright look darkening.

She straightened herself.

"If they separate, you mean?"

"I'm afraid that's what they ought to do."

"But it would break their hearts."

He threw her a sudden flashing look, as though a sword gleamed.

"It would make amends."

"For what they have done? But they don't feel like that!" she pleaded, her color rising. "They think themselves properly married, and that no one has a right to interfere with them. And when the law says so, too, Edward?—Won't everybody think it *very* hard?"

"Yes, we shall be blamed," he said, quietly. "But don't you see, dearest, that if they stay, we seem to condone the marriage, to say that it doesn't matter —what they have done?—when in truth it seems to us a black offense—"

"Against what—or whom?" she asked, wondering.

The answer came unflinchingly:

"Against our Lord—and His church."

The revolt within showed itself in her shining eyes.

"Ought we to set up these standards for other people? And they don't ask to stay *here!*—at least she doesn't. That's what Mrs. Betts came to say to me—"

Marcia threw herself into an eager recapitulation of Mrs. Betts's arguments. Her innocence, her ignorance, her power of feeling, and her instinctive claim to have her own way and get what she wanted were all perceptible in her pleading. Newbury listened with discomfort and distress; not yielding, however, by the fraction of an inch, as she soon discovered. When she came to an abrupt pause, the wounded pride of a foreseen rebuff dawning in her face, Newbury broke out:

"Darling, I *can't* discuss it with you! Won't you trust me? Won't you believe that neither father nor I would cause these poor things one moment's pain—if we could help it?"

Marcia drew away from him. He divined the hurt in her, as she began twisting and untwisting a ribbon from her belt, while her lip trembled.

"I can't understand," she said, frowning—"I can't!"

"I know you can't. But won't you trust me? Dearest, you're going to trust me with your whole life? Won't you?"

He took her in his arms, bending his handsome head to hers, pleading with her in murmured words and caresses. And again she was conquered—she gave way; not without a galling consciousness of being refused, but thrilled all the same by the very fact that her lover could refuse her, in these first moments of their love. It brought home to her once more that touch of inaccessible strength, of mysterious command, in Newbury which from the beginning had both teased and won her.

But it was on her conscience at least to repeat to him what Coryston had said. She released herself to do it.

"Coryston said, Edward, I was to tell you to 'take care.' He has seen Mr. and Mrs. Betts, and he says they are very excitable people—and very much in love. He can't tell what might happen."

Newbury's face stiffened.

"I think I know them as well as Coryston. We will take every care, dearest. And as for thinking of it — why, it's hardly ever out of my mind — except when I'm with you! It hangs over me from morn till night."

Then at last she let the subject be dismissed; and they loitered home through the woods, drawing into their young veins the scents and hues of the June day. They were at that stage in love when love has everything to learn, and learns it through ways as old and sweet as life. Each lover is discovering the other, and over the process Nature, with her own ends in view, throws the eternal glamour.

Yet before they reached the house the "sweet bells" in Marcia's consciousness were once more jangling. There could be nothing but pleasure, indeed, in confessing how each was first attracted to the other; in clearing up the little misunderstandings of courtship; in planning for the future — the honeymoon — their

London house — the rooms at Hoddon Grey that were to be refurnished for them. Lady William's jewels emerged from Newbury's pocket, and Marcia blazed with them, there and then, under the trees. They laughed together at the ugly setting, and planned a new one. But then a mention by Newbury of the Oxford friend who was to be his "best man" set him talking of the group of men who had been till now the leading influence in his life — friends made at Oxford, and belonging all of them to that younger High Church party of which he seemed to be the leader. Of two of them especially he talked with eager affection; one, an overworked High-Churchman, with a parish in South London; another who belonged to a "Community," the Community of the Ascension, and was soon to go out to a mission station in a very lonely and plague-stricken part of India.

And gradually, as he talked, Marcia fell silent. The persons he was speaking of and the ideas they represented were quite strange to her; although, as a matter of mere information, she knew, of course, that such people and such institutions existed. She was touched at first, then chilled, and, if the truth be told, bored. It was with such topics as with the Hoddon Grey view of the Betts case. Something in her could not understand.

She guided him deftly back to music, to the opera, to the night of Iphigeneia. No jarring there! Each mind kindled the other in a common delight. Presently they swung along, hand in hand, laughing, quoting, reminding each other of this fine thing and that. Newbury was a considerable musician; Marcia was accustomed to be thought so. There was a new and singular joy in feeling herself but a novice and ignoramus beside him.

"How much you know!" and then, shyly, "You must teach me!" With the inevitable male retort, "Teach you! — when you look at me like that!"

It was a golden hour. Yet when Marcia went to take off her hat before luncheon, and stood absently before the glass in a flush of happiness, it was as though suddenly a door opened behind her, and two sad and ghostly figures entered the room of life, pricking her with sharp remorse for having forgotten them.

And when she rejoined Newbury downstairs, it seemed to her, from his silent and subdued manner, that something of the same kind had happened also to him.

"You haven't tackled Coryston yet?" said Sir Wilfrid, as he and Newbury walked back toward Hoddon Grey in the late afternoon, leaving Marcia and Lady Coryston in the clutches of a dressmaker, who had filled the drawing-room with a gleaming show of "English silks," that being Lady Coryston's special and peremptory command for the trousseau.

"No. He hasn't even vouchsafed me a letter."

Newbury laughed; but Sir Wilfrid perceived the hurt feeling which mingled with the laugh.

"Absurd fellow!" said Sir Wilfrid. "His proceedings here amuse me a good deal—but they naturally annoy his mother. You have heard of the business with the Baptists?"

Newbury had seen some account of it in the local paper.

"Well, now they've got their land—through Coryston. There always was a square piece in the very middle of the village—an *enclave* belonging to an old maid, the daughter of a man who was a former butler of the Corystons generations ago. She had migrated to Edinburgh, but Coryston has found her, got at her, and made her sell it—finding, I believe, the greater part of the money. It won't be long before he'll be laying the foundation-stone of the new Bethel—under his mother's nose."

"A truly kind and filial thing to do!" said the young High-Churchman, flushing.

Sir Wilfrid eyed him slyly.

"Moral — don't keep a conscience—political or ecclesiastical. There's nothing but mischief comes of it. And, for Heaven's sake, don't be a 'posthumous villain!'"

"What's that?"

"A man who makes an unjust will, and leaves everything to his wife," said Sir Wilfrid, calmly. "It's played the deuce in this family, and will go on doing it."

Whereupon the late Lord Coryston's executor produced an outline of the family history—up to date—for the bene-

fit of Lady Coryston's future son-in-law. Newbury, who was always singularly ignorant of the current gossip on such matters, received it with amazement. Nothing could be more unlike the strictly traditional ways which governed his own family in matters of money and inheritance.

"So Arthur inherits everything!"

"H'm!—does he?" said Sir Wilfrid.

"But I thought—"

"Wait and see, my dear fellow, wait and see. He will only marry Miss Glenwilliam over his mother's body—and if he does marry her he may whistle for the estates."

"Then James will have them?" said Newbury, smiling.

"Why not Marcia? She has as good a chance as anybody."

"I hope not!" Newbury's tone showed a genuine discomfort.

"What is Lady Coryston doing?"

"About the Glenwilliam affair? Ah! —what isn't she doing?" said Sir Wilfrid, significantly. "All the same, she lies low." As he spoke his eyes fell upon the hillside and on the white cottage of the Atherstones emerging from the wood. He pointed.

"They will be there on Sunday week—after the Martover meeting."

"Who? The Glenwilliams?"

Sir Wilfrid nodded.

"And I am of opinion that something will happen. When two highly inflammable bodies approach each other, something generally does happen."

CHAPTER XII

THE ten days that followed offered no particular events, but were none the less important to this history. Coryston was called off to an election in the north, where he made a series of speeches which perhaps in the end annoyed the Labor candidate he was supporting as much as the Tory he was attacking. For he preached openly that Socialism was absurd, and none but fools would upset kings and cabinets, to be governed by committees.

And on one of his spare evenings he wrote a letter to Edward Newbury, loftily accepting him as a brother-in-law — on conditions.

"I see no reason," he wrote, "why you and I should not be good friends—if only I can induce you to take the line of common humanity in this pitiful case, which, as you know, has set our whole neighborhood aflame. Your *opinions* on divorce don't matter, of course, to me—nor mine to you. But there are cruelties of which all men are judges. And if you must — because of your opinions—commit yourself to one of them—why, then, whether you marry Marcia or no, you and I can't be friends. It would be mere hypocrisy to suppose it. And I tell you quite frankly that I shall do my best to influence Marcia. There seem to me to be one or two ways out of the business that would at any rate relieve you of any active connivance with what you hold to be immorality. I have dealt with them in my letter to your father. But if you stand on your present fiat—'Separate—or go'—well, then you and I'll come to blows—Marcia or no Marcia. And I warn you that Marcia is at bottom a humanist — in the new sense—like me."

To which Newbury promptly replied:

"My dear Coryston,—I am quite prepared to discuss the Betts case with you, whenever you return and we can meet. But we cannot discuss it to any useful purpose unless you are prepared to allow me, before we begin, the same freedom of opinion that you claim for yourself. It is no good ruling out opinion—or rather conviction—and supposing that we can agree, apart from conviction, on what is cruelty in this case and what isn't. The omitted point is vital. I find it difficult to write about Marcia—perhaps because my heart and mind are so full of her. All I can say is that the happiness she has brought me by consenting to be my wife must necessarily affect all I think and feel. And to begin with, it makes me very keen to understand and be friends with those she loves. She is very much attached to you —though much troubled often, as of course you know, by the line you have taken down here. . . . Let me know when you return — that I may come over to Knatchett. We can be brothers, can't we? — even though we look at life so differently."

But to this Coryston, who had gone on

to a Labor congress in Scotland, made no reply.

The June days passed on, bringing the "high midsummer pomps." Every day Newbury and Marcia met, and the Betts case was scarcely mentioned between them after Newbury had been able to tell her that Lord William, in London, had got from some Canadian magnates who happened to be there a cordial and even enthusiastic promise of employment for John Betts, in connection with a government experiment in Alberta. An opening was ready; the Newburys guaranteed all expenses; and at last Betts himself seemed to be reconciled to the prospect of emigration, being now, as always, determined to stick to his marriage. Nobody wished to hurry him; he was considering the whole proposal; and in a week or two Newbury quite hoped that matters might be arranged.

Meanwhile, though the pride of the Newburys concealed the fact as much as possible, not only from Marcia but from one another, the dilemma on the horns of which John and Alice Betts had found themselves impaled was being eagerly, even passionately, discussed through the whole district. The supporters of the Newburys were many, for there were scores of persons on the Newbury estates who heartily sympathized with their point of view; but on the whole the defenders of the Betts marriage were more. The affair got into the newspapers, and a lecturer representing the *Rational Marriage Union* appeared from London, and addressed large and attentive audiences in the little towns. After one of these lectures, Newbury, returning home at night from Coryston, was pelted with stones and clods by men posted behind a hedge. He was only slightly hurt, and when Marcia tried to speak of it, his smile of frank contempt put the matter by. She could only be thankful that Coryston was still away.

For Lady Coryston meanwhile the Betts case scarcely existed. When it did come up, she would say impatiently that in her opinion such private matters were best left to the people concerned to settle; and it was evident that to her the High Anglican view of divorce was, like the inconvenient piety of Hoddon Grey, a thing of superfluity. But Marcia knew very well that her mother had no mind to give to such a trifle, or to anything, indeed—her own marriage not excepted—but Arthur's disclosure and Arthur's intentions. What her mother's plans were she could not discover. They lingered on at Coryston when, with the wedding so close in view, it would have been natural that they should return at once to London for shopping; and Marcia observed that her mother seemed to be more closely absorbed in politics than ever, while less attentive perhaps than usual to the affairs of the estate and the village. A poster announcing the Martover meeting was lying about in her sitting-room, and from a fragment of conversation overheard between her mother and Mr. Page, the agent, it seemed that Lady Coryston had been making elaborate inquiries as to those queer people, the Atherstones, with whom the Glenwilliams were to stay for the meeting. Was her mother afraid that Arthur would do something silly and public when they came down? Not the least likely! He had plenty of opportunities in London, with no local opinion and no mother to worry him. Yet when Parliament reassembled, and Arthur, with an offhand good-by to his mother, went back to his duties, Marcia in vain suggesting to Lady Coryston that they also should go up to St. James's Square, partly to keep an eye on the backslider, partly with a view to "fittings," Lady Coryston curtly replied that Marcia might have a motor whenever she pleased to take her up to town, but that she herself meant, for another fortnight, to stay at Coryston. Marcia, much puzzled, could only write to James to beg him to play watch-dog, well aware, however, that if Arthur chose to press the pace, James could do nothing whatever to stop him.

On the day before the Glenwilliam meeting Lady Coryston, who had gone out westward through the park, was returning by motor from the direction of Martover, and reached her own big and prosperous village of Coryston Major about seven o'clock. She had been holding conference with a number of persons in the old borough of Martover, persons who might be trusted to turn a Radical meeting into a howling inferno if the smallest

chink of opportunity were given them; and she was conscious of a good afternoon's work. As she sat majestically erect in the corner of the motor, her brain was alive with plans. A passion of political—and personal—hatred charged every vein. She was tired, but she would not admit it. On the contrary, not a day passed that she did not say to herself that she was in the prime of life, that the best of her work as a party woman was still to do, and that even if Arthur did fail her—incredible defection!—she alone would fight to the end, and leave her mark, so far as a voteless woman of great possessions might, upon the country and its fortunes.

Yet the thought of Arthur was very bitter to her, and the expectation of the scene which—within forty-eight hours—she was deliberately preparing for herself. She meant to win her battle—did not for one moment admit the possibility of losing it. But that her son would make her suffer for it she foresaw; and though she would not allow them to come into the open, there were dim fears and misgivings in the corners of her mind which made life disagreeable.

It was a fine summer evening, bright but cool. The streets of Coryston were full of people, and Lady Coryston distributed a suzerain's greetings as she passed along. Presently, at a spot ahead of her, she perceived a large crowd, and the motor slowed down.

"What's the matter, Patterson?" she asked of her chauffeur.

"Layin' a stone—or somethin'—my lady," said the chauffeur, in a puzzled voice.

"Laying a stone?" she repeated, wondering. Then, as the crowd parted before the motor, she caught sight of a piece of orchard ground which only that morning had been still hidden behind the high moss-grown palings which had screened it for a generation. Now the palings had been removed sufficiently to allow a broad passage through, and the crowd outside was but an overflow from the crowd within. Lady Coryston perceived a platform with several black-coated persons in white ties, a small elderly lady, and half a dozen chairs upon it. At one end of the platform a large notice-board had apparently just been reared, for a couple of men were still at work on its supports. The board exhibited the words: "Site of the new Baptist Chapel for Coryston Major. All contributions to the building fund thankfully received."

There was no stone to be seen, grass and trees, indeed, were still untouched, but a public meeting was clearly proceeding, and in the chair, behind a small table, was a slight, fair-haired man, gesticulating with vigor.

Lady Coryston recognized her eldest son.

"Drive on, Patterson!" she said, furiously.

"I can't, my lady—they're too thick."

By this time the motor had reached the center of the gathering which filled the road, and the persons composing it had recognized Lady Coryston. A movement ran through the crowd; faces turned toward the motor and then toward the platform; from the mother—back to the son. The faces seemed to have but one smile, conscious, sly, a little alarmed. And as the motor finally stopped—the chauffeur having no stomach for manslaughter—in front of the breach in the railings, the persons on the platform saw it, and understood what was the matter with the audience.

Coryston paused in his speech. There was a breathless moment. Then, stepping in front of the table, to the edge of the platform, he raised his voice:

"We scarcely expected, my friends, to see my mother, Lady Coryston, among us this evening. Lady Coryston has as good right to her opinion as any of us have to ours. She has disapproved of this enterprise till now. She did not perhaps think there were so many Baptists — big and little Baptists—in Coryston"—he swept his hand round the audience with its fringe of babies. "May we not hope that her presence to-night means that she has changed her mind—that she will not only support us, but that she will even send a check to the Building Fund! Three cheers for Lady Coryston!"

He pointed to the notice-board, his fair hair blown wildly back from his boyish brow and queer, thin lips; and raising his hand, he started the first "Hip!—hip—"

"Go on, Patterson!" cried Lady Corys-

ton, again knocking sharply at the front window of the open landaulette. The crowd cheered and laughed in good-humored triumph; the chauffeur hooted violently, and those nearest the motor fled with shrieks and jeers; Lady Coryston sat in pale endurance. At last the way was clear, and the motor shot forward. Coryston stepped back to the table and resumed his speech as though nothing had happened.

"Infamous! Outrageous!"

The words formed themselves on Lady Coryston's angry lips. So the plot in which she had always refused to believe had actually been carried through! That woman on the platform was no doubt the butler's daughter, the miserly spinster who had guarded her Naboth's vineyard against all purchasers for twenty years. Coryston had squared her, and in a few months the Baptist Chapel his mother had staved off till now would be flaunting it in the village.

And this was Coryston's doing. What taste—what feeling! A mother!—to be so treated! By the time she reached her own sitting-room Lady Coryston was very near a womanish weeping. She sat silently there awhile, in the falling dusk, forcing back her self-control, making herself think of the next day, the arrival of the Glenwilliams, and how she would need all her strength and a clear head to go through with what she meant to do—more important, that, than this trumpery business in the village!

A sound of footsteps roused her from her thoughts, and she perceived Marcia outside, coming back through the trees to the house. Marcia was singing in a low voice as she came. She had taken off her hat, which swung in her left hand, and her dark curls blew about her charming face. The evening light seemed to halo and caress her; and her mother thought, "She has just parted from Edward!" A kind of jealousy of her daughter for one strange moment possessed her—jealousy of youth and love and opening life. She felt herself thwarted and forgotten; her sons were all against her, and her daughter had no need of her. The memory of her own courting days came back upon her, a rare experience!—and she was conscious of a dull longing for the husband who had humored her every wish—save one; had been proud of her cleverness and indolently glad of her activity. Yet when she thought of him, it was to see him as he lay on his death-bed, during those long last hours of obstinate silence, when his soul gave no sign to hers, before the end.

Marcia's state and Marcia's feelings meanwhile were by no means so simple as her mother imagined. She was absorbed, indeed, by the interest and excitement of her engagement. She could never forget Newbury; his influence mingled with every action and thought of her day; and it was much more than an influence of sex and passion. They had hardly, indeed, been engaged a few days before Marcia had instinctively come to look upon their love as a kind of huge and fascinating adventure. Where would it lead?—how would it work out? She was conscious always of the same conflicting impulses of submission and revolt, the same alternations of trust and resentment. In order not to be crushed by the strength of his character, she had brought up against him from the very beginning the weapons of her young beauty, carrying out what she had dimly conceived, even on the first day of their betrothal. The wonder of that perpetual contrast between the natural sweetness of his temperament and the sternness with which he controlled and disciplined his life never ceased to affect her. His fierce judgment of opinions—his bitter judgment, often, of men—repelled and angered her. She rose in revolt, protesting; only to be made to feel that in such bitterness or such fierceness there was nothing personal whatever. He was but a soldier under orders, mysterious orders; moved by forces she only faintly perceived. Once or twice during the fortnight it was as though a breath of something infinitely icy and remote blew across their relation; nor was it till, some years afterward, she read Madame Perrier's life of her brother, Blaise Pascal, that she understood in some small degree what it had meant.

And just as some great physical and mental demand may bring out undreamed of powers in a man or woman, so with the moral and spiritual demand made by such a personality as Newbury. Marcia

rose in stature as she tried to meet it. She was braced, exalted. Her usual egotisms and arrogancies fell away ashamed. She breathed a diviner air; and life ran, hour by hour, with a wonderful intensity, though always haunted by a sense of danger she could not explain. Newbury's claim upon her, indeed, was soon revealed as the claim of lover, master, friend, in one; his love infused something testing and breathless into every hour of every day they were together.

On the actual day of the Martover meeting, Marcia was left alone at Coryston. Newbury had gone — reluctantly for once—to a diocesan meeting on the farther side of the county. Lady Coryston, whose restlessness was evident, had driven to inspect a new farm some miles off, and was to take informal dinner on her way back with her agent, Mr. Page, and his wife—a house in which she might reckon on the latest gossip about the Chancellor's visit and the great meeting for which special trains were being run from town; and strangers were pouring into the district.

Marcia spent the day in writing letters of thanks for wedding-presents, and sheets of instructions to Waggin, who had been commandeered long before this, and was now hard at work in town on the preparations for the wedding, sorely hampered the while by Lady Coryston's absence from the scene. Then, after giving some last thoughts to her actual wedding-dress, the bride-elect wandered into the rose-garden and strolled about aimlessly gathering, till her hands were full of blooms; her thoughts meanwhile running like a mill-race over the immediate past and the immediate future. This one day's separation from Newbury had had a curious effect. She had missed him sharply; yet at the same time she had been conscious of a sort of relief from strain, a slackening of the mental and moral muscles which had been strangely welcome.

Presently she saw Lester coming from the house, holding up a note.

"I came to bring you this. It seems to want an answer." He approached her, his eyes betraying the pleasure awakened by the sight of her among the roses, in her delicate white dress, under the evening sky. He had scarcely seen her of late, and in her happiness and preoccupation she seemed at last to have practically forgotten his presence in the house.

She opened the note, and as she read it Lester was dismayed to see a look of consternation blotting the brightness from her face.

"I must have the small motor — at once! Can you order it for me?"

"Certainly. You want it directly?"

"Directly. Please hurry them!" And dropping the roses, without a thought, on the ground, and gathering up her white skirts, she ran toward one of the side doors of the facade which led to her room. Lester lifted the fragrant mass of flowers she had left scattered on the grass and carried them in. What could be the matter?

He saw to the motor's coming round, and when a few minutes later he had placed her in it, cloaked and veiled, he asked her anxiously if he could not do anything to help her, and what he should say to Lady Coryston on her return.

"I have left a note for my mother. Please tell Sir Wilfrid I sha'n't be here for dinner. No — thank you! — thank you! I must go myself!" Then, to the chauffeur, "Redcross Farm! — as quick as you can!"

Lester was left wondering. Some new development of the Betts trouble? After a few minutes' thought he went toward the smoking-room in search of Sir Wilfrid Bury.

Meanwhile Marcia was speeding through the summer country, where the hay harvest was beginning and the fields were still full of folk. The day had been thunderously fine, with threats of change. Broad streaks of light and shadow lay on the shorn grass; children were tumbling in the swathes, and a cheerful murmur of voices rose on the evening air. But Marcia could only think of the note she still held in her hand.

"Can you come and see me?—to-night —at once? Don't bring anybody. I am alarmed about my husband. Mr. Edward is away till to-morrow.

"Alice Betts."

This sudden appeal to her had produced in Marcia a profound intensity of feeling. She thought of Coryston's



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THE EVENING SEEMED TO HALO AND CARESS HER

"Take care!" and trembled. Edward would not be home till the following day. She must act alone — help alone. The thought braced her will. Her mother would be no use—but she wished she had thought of asking Sir Wilfrid to come with her. . . .

The car turned into the field lane leading to the farm. The wind had strengthened, and during all the latter part of her drive heavy clouds had been rising from the west and massing themselves round the declining sun. The quality of the light had changed, and the air had grown colder.

"Looks like a storm, miss," said the young chauffeur, a lad just promoted to driving, and the son of the Coryston head gardener. As he spoke, a man came out of a range of buildings on the farther side of a field, and paused to look at the motor. He was carrying something in his arms—Marcia thought, a lamb. The sight of the lady in the car seemed to excite his astonishment, but after a moment or two's observation he turned abruptly round the corner of the building behind him and disappeared.

"That's the place, miss, where they try all the new foods," the chauffeur continued, eagerly, "and that's Mr. Betts. He's just wonderful with the beasts."

"You know the farm, Jackson?"

"Oh, father's great friends with Mr. Betts," said the youth, proudly. "And I've often come over with him of a Sunday. Mr. Betts is a very nice gentleman. He'll show you everything."

At which point, however, with a conscious look and a blush, the young man fell silent. Marcia wondered how much he knew. Probably not much less than she did, considering the agitation in the neighborhood.

They motored slowly toward the farmhouse, an old building with modern additions and a small garden round it, standing rather nakedly on the edge of the famous checkered field, a patchwork quilt of green, yellow, and brown, which Marcia had often passed on her drives without understanding in the least what it meant. About a stone's-throw from the front door rose a substantial one-storied building, and seeing Miss Coryston glance at it curiously, Jackson was again eager to explain.

"That's the laboratory, miss. His lordship built that six years ago. And last year there was a big meeting here. Father and I come over to the speeches—and they gave Mr. Betts a gold medal—and there was an American gentleman who spoke—and he said as how this place of Mr. Betts—next to that place, Harpenden way—Rothamsted, I think they call it—was most 'ighly thought of in the States—and Mr. Betts had done fine. And that's the cattle station over there, miss, where they fattens 'em and weighs 'em. And down there's the drainage-field where they gathers all the water that's been through the crops, when they've manured 'em—and the mangel-field—and—"

"Mind that gate, Jackson," said Marcia. The youth, silenced, looked to his steering, and brought the motor up safely to the door of the farm.

A rather draggled maid-servant answered Marcia's ring, examined her furtively, and showed her into the little drawing-room. Marcia stood at the window, looking out. She saw the motor disappearing toward the garage which she understood was to be found somewhere on the premises. The storm was drawing nearer; the rising grounds to the west were in black shadow, but on the fields and scattered buildings in front wild gleams were striking now here, now there. How trim everything was!—how solid and prosperous! The great cattle-shed, on the one hand; the sheep station on the other, with pens and hurdles—the fine stone-built laboratory—the fields stretching to the distance.

She turned to the room in which she stood. Nothing trim or solid there! A foundation, indeed, of simple things, the chairs and tables of a bachelor's room, over which a tawdry taste had gone rioting. Draperies of "art" muslin; photographs in profusion—of ladies in very low dresses and affected poses, with names and affectionate messages written across the corners; a multitude of dingy knick-knacks; above the mantelpiece a large colored photograph of Mrs. Betts herself as Ariel; clothes lying about; muddy shoes; the remains of a meal:—Marcia looked at the medley with quick repulsion, the wave of feeling dropping.

The door opened. A small figure in a

black dress entered softly, closed the door behind her, and stood looking at Miss Coryston. Marcia was at first bewildered. She had only seen Mrs. Betts once before, in her outdoor things, and the impression left had been of a red-eyed, disheveled, excitable woman, dressed in shabby finery, the sort of person who would naturally possess such a sitting-room as that in which they stood. And here was a woman austerely simple in dress and calm in manner! The black gown, without an ornament of any kind, showed the still lovely curves of the slight body and the whiteness of the arms and hands. The face was quiet, of a dead pallor; the hair, gathered loosely together and held in place by a couple of combs, was predominantly gray, and there had been no effort this time to disguise the bareness of the temples or the fresh signs of age graven round eyes and lips.

For the first time the quick sense of the girl perceived that Mrs. Betts was or had been a beautiful woman. By what dramatic instinct did she thus present herself for this interview? A wretched actress on the boards, did she yet possess some subtle perception which came into play at this crisis of her own personal life?

"It was very kind of you to come, Miss Coryston." She pushed forward a chair. "Won't you sit down? I'm ashamed of this room. I apologize for it." She looked round it with a gesture of weary disgust, and then at Marcia, who stood in flushed agitation, the heavy cloak she had worn in the motor falling back from her shoulders and her white dress, the blue motor-veil framing the brilliance of her eyes and cheeks.

"I mustn't sit down, thank you — I can't stay long," said the girl, hurriedly. "Will you tell me why you sent for me? I came at once. But my mother, when she comes home, will wonder where I am."

Without answering immediately, Mrs. Betts moved to the window and looked out into the darkening landscape and the trees, already bending to the gusts which precede the storm.

"Did you see my husband as you came?" she asked, turning slightly.

"Yes. He was carrying something. He saw me, but I don't think he knew who I was."

"He never came home last night at all," said Mrs. Betts, looking away again out of window. "He wandered about the fields and the sheds all night. I looked out just as it was getting light, and saw him walking about among the wheat-plots, sometimes stopping to look, and sometimes making a note in his pocket-book, as he does when he's going his rounds. And at four o'clock, when I looked again, he was coming out of the cattle-shed, with something in his hand, which he took into the laboratory. I saw him unlock the door of the laboratory, and I bent out of my window and tried to call him. But he never looked my way, and he stayed there till the sun was up. Then I saw him again outside, and I went out and brought him in. But he wouldn't take any rest even then. He went into the office and began to write. I took him some tea, and then—"

The speaker's white face quivered for the first time. She came to Marcia and laid both hands on the girl's arm.

"He told me he was losing his memory and his mind. He thought he had never quite got over his illness before he went to Colwyn Bay — and now it was this trouble which had done for him. He had told Mr. Edward he would go to Canada —but he knew he never should. They wouldn't want a man so broken up. He could never begin any new work—his life was all in this place. So then—"

The tears began quietly to overflow the large brown eyes looking into Marcia's. Mrs. Betts took no notice of them. They fell on the bosom of her dress; and presently Marcia timidly put up her own handkerchief and wiped them away unheeded.

"So then I told him I had better go. I had brought him nothing but trouble, and I wasn't worth it. He was angry with me for saying it. I should never leave him—never, he said—but I must go away then because he had letters to write. And I was just going when he came after me, and—and—he took me in his arms and carried me up-stairs and laid me on the bed and covered me up warmly. Then he stayed a little while at the foot of the bed looking at me, and saying queer things to himself—and at last he went down-stairs. . . . All day he has been out and about the farm. He

has never spoken to me. The men say he's so strange—they don't like to leave him alone — but he drives them away when they go to speak to him. And when he didn't come in all day I sat down and wrote to you—"

She paused, mechanically running her little hand up and down the front of Marcia's cloak.

—"I don't know anybody here. John's lots of friends — but they're not my friends — and even when they're sorry for us—they know—what I've done—and they don't want to have much to do with me. You said you'd speak for us to Mr. Edward—and I know you did—Mr. Edward told John so. You've been kinder to me than any one else here. So I just wanted to tell *you*—what I'm going to do. I'm going away — I'm going right away. John won't know, nobody 'll know where I'm gone. But I want you to tell Mr. Newbury—and get him and Lord William to be kind to John — as they used to be. He'll get over it—by and by!"

Then, straightening herself, she drew herself away.

"I'm not going to the Sisterhood!" she said, defiantly. "I'd sooner die! You may tell Mr. Newbury I'll live my own life—and I've got my boy. John won't find me—I'll take care of that. But if I'm not fit for decent people to touch—there's plenty like me. I'll not cringe to anybody—I'll go where I'm welcome. So now you understand, don't you, what I wanted to ask you?"

"No, indeed, I don't," cried Marcia, in distress. "And you won't—you sha'n't do anything so mad! Please—please, be patient! I'll go again to Mr. Newbury. I shall see him to-morrow!"

Mrs. Betts shook her head. "No use—no use! It's the only thing to do for me to take myself off. And no one can stop it. If you were to tell John now just what I've said, it wouldn't make any difference. He couldn't stop me. I'm going!—that's settled. But *he* sha'n't go. He's got to take up his work here again. And Mr. Edward must persuade him — and look after him—and watch him. What's their religion good for if it can't do that? Oh, how I *hate* their religion!"

Her eyes lit up with passion; whatever touch of acting there might have been in her monologue till now, this rang fiercely true.

"Haven't I good reason?"—her hands clenched at the words. "It's that which has come between us, as well as the farm. Since he's been back here it's the old ideas that have got hold of him again. He thinks he's in mortal sin—he thinks he's damned—and yet he won't—he can't give me up. My poor old John! We were so happy those few weeks! — why couldn't they leave us alone! That hard old man, Lord William!—and Mr. Edward!—who's got you—and everything he wants besides in the world! There—now I suppose you'll turn against me, too!"

She stood superbly at bay, her little body drawn up against the wall, her head thrown back. To her own dismay, Marcia found herself sobbing — against her will.

"I'm not against you. You'll see. I'll go again to Mr. Newbury—"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Betts, suddenly, springing forward; "there he is!" And, trembling all over, she pointed to the figure of her husband, standing just outside the window. His expression sent a shudder through Marcia. He seemed to be looking at them — and yet not conscious of them; his tired eyes met hers, and made no sign. With a slight, puzzled gesture he turned away, back into the pelting rain, his shoulders bent, his step faltering and slow.

"Oh, go after him!" said Marcia, imploringly. "Don't trouble about me! I'll find the motor. Go! Take my cloak!" She would have wrapped it round Mrs. Betts and pushed her to the door. But the woman stopped her.

"No good. He wouldn't listen to me. I'll get one of the men to bring him in. And the servant 'll go for your motor." She went out of the room to give the order, and came back. Then she saw Marcia under the storm-light, standing in the middle of the room and struggling with her tears; she suddenly fell on her knees beside the girl, embracing her dress, with stifled sobs and inarticulate words of thanks.

"Make them do something for John. It doesn't matter about me. Let them comfort John! Then I'll forgive them."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In the Anchor-watch

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

THE battle fleet, that day home from foreign waters, now lay, within a mile - square, emblazoned quadrangle, to placid moorings in the bay.

Wickett had been silently observing, from the after-bridge of his own ship, the night life of the fleet, but when from some happy quarter - deck to windward there floated down the opening strains of a mellow folk-song, he lifted his chin from arms crossed on the bridge top-rail to say to his shore-going friend beside him, "Were you ever able to listen to a ship's band over water, Carlin, and not get to feeling homesick?"

"Still the kid, aren't you? How can you be homesick and you home?"

"I'm not home; not yet."

Just below them the officer of the deck was roaming the quarter-deck. A ship's messenger stepped up to him, saluted, and said, smartly, "Two bells, sir."

"Strike 'em," came the sharp order; and as the two bells were striking, from other ships, from windward and leeward, came also the quick, sharp-toned double stroke.

"Why," asked Carlin, "couldn't they strike those two bells without bothering that deck officer?"

"Regulations."

"They're the devil, those regulations, Wickett."

"Worse, sometimes. You can steer clear of the devil if you want to." He paused. "And yet it would soon be a devil of a service without 'em."

A seaman of the watch stepped up to the officer of the deck and saluting, said, "Anchor lights burning bright, sir."

A man in a chief petty officer's uniform next saluted the officer of the deck, whereupon Wickett sat up. "I suspect, Carlin, and surely I hope, that that man's got a message for me. He's our wireless operator."

"You'll find Mr. Wickett on the after-bridge," they heard the officer of the deck say; and the wireless man came up the bridge ladder and saluted: "Mr. Wickett."

"Yes. You raised the *Clermont,* Wesson?" Wickett's voice was eagerly anticipatory.

"No, sir, I could not. She has no wireless. But I raised the Cape station, and they told me that she passed there on schedule time."

"On time? Good work! That's all, Wesson. Thank you."

"Were you expecting somebody on the *Clermont?*" asked Carlin, when the wireless man had gone.

"Not really expecting. My home is a thousand miles from here, and my pay won't allow of my family traveling around to meet me. But I like to dream of rosy possibilities; don't you?"

A cool night breeze was blowing. Wickett bared his head to it. Presently he began to hum:

"And it's, O you little baby boy,
A-dancing on my knee—
Will it be a belted charger
Or a heaving deck to sea?
Is't to be the serried pennants,
Or the rolling blue na-vee?
Or is't to be—"

He turned to Carlin. "When I hear myself singing that, in my own quarters ashore, then I know I'm home—and not before."

He set to humming softly again:

"And it's, O you little baby girl,
Athwart your mother's lap—"

Suddenly he asked, "Were you ever away from home sixteen months?"

Carlin emphatically shook his head. "No, *sir.* A year once. And I don't want to be that long away again. Were you, before this cruise?"

"Five years one time."

"Pretty tough, that."

"Tough? More — inhuman. A man can get fat on war, but five years from your family—!" He raised his face to the stars and whoofed his despair of it.

"My year away from home," said Carlin, though not immediately, "was in the Philippines—where I first met you—remember? The night you landed from the little tug you were in command of and a bunch of us—war correspondents we called ourselves — were gathered around a big fire."

Wickett nodded. "I remember. And pretty blue, was I?"

"Not at first. I thought you were the most care-free kid I'd met in months as you sat there telling about the funny things that had happened to you and your little war tugboat. But toward morning, with only the two of us awake, I remember you as possibly the most melancholy young naval officer I'd ever met. You started to tell what a tough life the navy was for the home-loving officer or man, and I was specially interested in that, for I had a ten-year-old nephew who at that age, even as he does now, wanted to be a naval officer, but before you could tell me half what I wanted to hear, reveille blew the camp awake, and you went back to your little war-boat."

Wickett smiled, though not too buoyantly, as he said: "Well, on my next cruise to the East I could have added a chapter to the story I might have told you by that overnight camp-fire. I will now—but wait."

A ship's messenger was saluting the officer of the deck. "Taps, sir."

"Tell the bugler to sound taps," was the brisk command.

The ship's bugler had already taken position, heels together and facing seaward, in the superstructure bulkhead doorway. Looking straight down, Wickett and Carlin could see him, as, shoulders lifting and blouse expanding, he put his lungs into the call. From other ships, as he called, it was coming also — the long-noted, melancholy good night of the war legions.

When the last lingering note drooped out, only one ship, and she a far-away one, remained. From her, on the wings of the night breeze, the last notes drifted gently, sweetly, lonesomely to them.

"What was keeping me walking the deck or sitting up around camp-fires nights in the Philippines wasn't Filipinos," began Wickett. "I'd been in the East a year that time we met, and I put in another year on top of that in China. A terrible two years. But even two years in the East with your heart at home must have an ending. After all, the earth can only revolve so many days in one year, though at times I used to believe she'd quit revolving altogether, had stopped dead, was only marking time—specially nights — and that the astronomical sharps weren't onto her changes. However, at last she'd rolled her sun up and her sun down the necessary seven hundred and odd times, and I was headed for home.

"I went out a middy and came back an ensign—which is very important, because while an ensign may not rate many high rights in the service, he does rate a leave of absence. And when my leave came I flew across the bay to the fort, where Colonel Blenner, Doris's father, was commandant. And on the way over I had a thousand visions, dreams, hopes, with, of course, a million misgivings, fears, doubts, and so on.

"When I met her I set it down right away that my misgivings had come true. A fleet of young artillery officers were manœuvering within shelling range of her, and while I didn't expect her to bound half-way across the drill-ground and throw her arms around my neck or anything like that, because she wasn't the bounding-down and throwing-her-arms-around-your-neck sort of a girl, what I did rather hope for was that after a polite little interval she'd turn the red-caped chaps adrift and say, 'Come on, Dick, let's sit down here in the corner by ourselves and have a good talk,' and perhaps later, before the evening got too old, go for a stroll on the long walk, same as she used to.

"But she didn't turn any of them loose. She kept them all about her while she drew me into the middle of them; but poor me who'd had no service at all in the civilized ports, and hadn't seen more than a dozen white women in the whole two years I'd been gone, and of that dozen had spoken to only three—these artillery chaps, they made me feel like a six-pound shell in a big turret magazine. Any one of them could talk the eye out of my head the best day I'd ever

seen. And the day I came back to her wasn't the best day I'd ever seen—not for talking purposes. I looked at and listened to them, and kept saying to myself, 'I wonder if you all realize to what a lucky lot you are to be able to stay all the time around where civilized women live?' I don't believe they did. They took everything as if 'twas no more than small-arms ammunition being served out to them.

"In my room in the hotel that night I began to chart a few new courses for myself. Before I'd left for the East, Doris was terribly young, and there'd been no other war heroes hanging around. She and her mother were then living in a quiet hotel near my house, while her father was off on some board mission in the West. But now it wasn't any isolated little country hotel, but post quarters, with her father the commandant, and a parade of young army officers in and out of those quarters, with files of two and three stripers steaming over pretty regularly from the navy-yard across the bay. And she was two years older—a terrible advance, eighteen to twenty—and I'd been two years gone.

"You spoke awhile ago, Carlin, of what a kid I was, and perhaps I am, though I think I'm an old, old party myself; but about the time I came back from the East that first time I must have been a good deal of a kid. I know now I was. I used to talk to myself about things. That night over to the hotel near the fort where I was staying I talked to myself in good shape. And I wound up by saying: 'Well, what do you care? There are forty nice girls between this hotel and the post.' But there weren't forty. There were a hundred, as far as that went, but there was only one that I wanted to see coming over the side of my ship, and next day when I saw her again, that one I set out to win. And I'm not going to give you any history of the courtship of Doris — I couldn't tell it right if I wanted to, and I don't want to; it's our own private story; but she wasn't trifling when she told me she'd never forget me, before I went East. In a week it all came back, and once more we were walking under tall pines and sailing in a beautiful bay. In another week it was as when I left her—I had hopes.

"And then came the morning of the last day of my leave, and as an ensign doesn't rate any shore duty, I knew that next day it would have to be back to my ship for me; though, she being slated for a neighborly berth with the North Atlantic fleet, followed by winter drill in the West Indies, I didn't feel too discouraged. I'd be within wireless distance, at least. But I didn't want to go without a promise. The night before, there had been a reception in her father's quarters to somebody or other, and I could never get two minutes together with her; but when I left for my hotel that night the old look was back in her eyes; and this last morning I left the hotel at sunrise and went down to the boat-landing to overhaul the little 21-footer which I'd chartered for the little cruise we'd planned to take after breakfast.

"I went through the post grounds to get sight of her window in passing, and there she was—all dressed and looking out across the bay. 'I was just wondering if you, too, would be up early this morning, Dick,' she said. 'Do you think it is going to storm?' And I told her no, and if it did, what matter? And we did not wait until after breakfast for our little sail in the bay.

"I was half hoping it would storm, so I could show her what I could do with that little boat. But there was no storm or anything like it. There did come a squall of wind, and I let it come, wearing the boat around and letting the main sheet run. And she sizzed. And I let her sizz. Nothing could happen. She was one of those boats with a lead keel that you couldn't capsize, and I explained that to Doris, while down on her side the little boat tore a white path in the blue water. But her people had been always army people, and she hadn't the faith of sailors in floating things. She clung closer to me; and the two of us sitting together, and nothing to do but watch the boat go—well, we sat together and let her go.

"The breeze died down until there wasn't enough of it to be called a breeze, but that was no matter. We were still sitting close together, and while we sat so I found courage to tell her what had been flooding my heart through all those nights and days in Eastern waters. And



Drawn by Anton Otto Fischer Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

I FOUND COURAGE TO TELL HER WHAT HAD BEEN FLOODING MY HEART

we came back to breakfast engaged. And after breakfast—" Wickett unexpectedly turned to Carlin and said, half shyly, "I suppose you still think I'm a good deal of a kid to be telling you all this?"



I WAS TO SAIL FOR MANILA NEXT MORNING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

Carlin nodded in serene agreement. "I always thought you were a good deal of a kid—I hope you always will be a good deal of a kid. God save me from the man who isn't a good deal of a kid at thirty. What did you do after breakfast?"

"After breakfast I went to see Colonel Blenner. I found him on his veranda smoking his after-breakfast cigar before he went over to guard-mount. He was genial as ever, except that he put his foot down on an engagement. 'An engagement means a marriage, or should,' he says; 'and how can you marry on an ensign's pay? You with your mess bills and other expenses aboard ship, and Doris with her quarters ashore — you could never meet your bills.'

"I argued with him and shook his convictions some, but could not upset him. I left him to go to the hotel to throw my things together. And there I found a new complication — orders were waiting me. I was to be detached from my ship and to take command of the gunboat *Bayport* —and a rust-eaten old kettle of a *Bayport* she was, famous for her disabilities; and I was to sail for Manila next morning at eight o'clock. Manila! Another jolt. I sat down and thought it out.

"And when I got to talking to myself again I said: 'Doris Blenner, you're a great girl—the best ever; but even you're not superhuman. No man has a right to expect a girl to be that. You're too lovable, too human, Doris, to be the superhuman kind. I'll be away Lord knows how long—another two years perhaps—and there's all those army chaps always on the job. We'll just have to be married, that's all there is to that, before I leave.'

"I was back to the post in time to join a riding-party. It was no use my trying to see her alone riding. But after the ride we slipped out onto the ramparts of the fort, and there, the pair of us sitting hand in hand and a sentry a dozen

paces away trying not to see and hear us, I told her of my orders, and then entered my new plea. 'All for myself, Doris,' I told her. By that time the sun was low behind us, and throwing our two shadows onto where the water of the bay came gurgling up against the walls of the fort; and looking down on our shadows from the fort walls, she said at last she would marry me before I left if papa agreed; and glad one minute and sad the next, we walked back in the twilight.

"Colors had sounded when we got back, and the colonel was dressing for dinner; but after dinner I took him out for a walk. Three laps we made around the drill-ground, and then, halting him under the clump of willows down by the outer walls, I plumped it at him—what it meant to be away for months and years from your own people.

"And he heard me through, and said: 'Why, that's part of the hardship, Richard, in both arms of the service. In my day, Richard—'

"'Pardon, Colonel,' I butted in—'pardon me, Colonel, but in your day the army people never left the country. Even when you were fighting Indians on the frontier, after all it was only the frontier, and never more than a couple of thousand miles at the most to get back home. And when you were through campaigning and back in garrison, your people could come to see you. But twelve thousand miles! It isn't as if a man's within telephone call then. And when you're not to see your people for that length of time, there's danger.'

"'Danger?' He stiffens up and peers at me.

"'Danger, yes, sir,' I said. 'I've been out there in the Islands, in a tugboat with her engines broken down and she abreast onto a beach where four hundred squatting Moros with Remington rifles were waiting hopefully for us to drift ashore. Four hundred of them, and five of us, all told. But that's not danger, sir,' I hurried on, 'to scare a man, though it did sicken me to think I'd never see Doris again, and that perhaps would shock her when she heard of it. But otherwise, sir, that's no danger. But when a young officer goes a thousand miles up a Chinese river in command of



I PLUMPED IT AT HIM—WHAT IT MEANT TO BE AWAY MONTHS AND YEARS

a gunboat, as I was this last time—gone for months on it—and, being commander, was everywhere received as the representative of a great country by all the governors and top-side mandarins along the route—and they haven't our idea of things; a lot of things that seem wrong to us seem all right to them; they mean no harm, they intend only to be courteous and complimentary, and so they strew a fellow's path with the flowers of ease and pleasure—if he forgets himself, there's danger, Colonel,' I said. 'I sail at eight in the morning, sir. I'm to be gone for another two years perhaps, and, Colonel, I want a home anchor.'

"He said no word till he had finished his cigar. When he does he drops it at his feet, steps on it to put out the light, and says, 'A good argument for yourself, Richard, but what of Doris?'

"'Doris has probably done a lot of thinking in the matter, sir. Why not leave it to Doris, sir?'

"'Of course,' he said, dry as powder, 'Doris would be a disinterested party in this matter!'

"'Then leave it to her mother, sir.'

"'I see neither logic nor prudence in your argument, Richard,' he answered at last, 'but I will leave it to her mother.' And when he said that I knew I had won, for without her ever telling me I felt that her mother was with us all the time. If I had told him that, I would only have been telling what he already guessed, as he told me that same night later.

"Anyway, after a minute with Doris and her mother I jumped over to the hotel, where one of the usual dances was on, and from the side of his most engaging partner in a most billowy waltz I detached Shorty Erroll to get the ring and the smaller stores for a proper wedding, and then I went out to bespeak my own ship's chaplain. I found him lying in his bunk in his pajamas, with a history of the Tunisian wars balanced on his chest and a wall-light just back of his head, and he says, 'Why, surely, Dick,' when I told him, but he had to add, 'Though that old sieve of a *Bayport* I doubt will ever get you as far as Manila,' and then, carefully inserting a book-mark into the Tunisians, he glides into his uniform and comes ashore with me.

"And without Doris even changing her dress we were married—in the colonel's quarters, with every officer and every member of every officer's family on the reservation standing by. And the women said, 'How distressing to have to leave in the morning!' and the men said, 'Tough luck, Dick,' and be sure I thought it was tough luck; and it would have been tough luck, only by this time the whole post had got busy and got word to Washington, and at eleven o'clock, while we were still at the wedding supper, word came to delay the sailing of the gunboat for twenty-four hours. And that was followed by a telegraphic order next morning to haul the *Bayport* into dry-dock and overhaul her. And—but wait."

Three bells were striking throughout the fleet. "Nine-thirty," said Wickett when all was quiet again. "I thought I saw a steamer's light beyond the breakwater."

Carlin looked where Wickett pointed. "I don't. But I haven't your eyes. How long was the respite?"

"In ten days they had her afloat again. I thanked my God-given luck for every flying minute of those ten days."

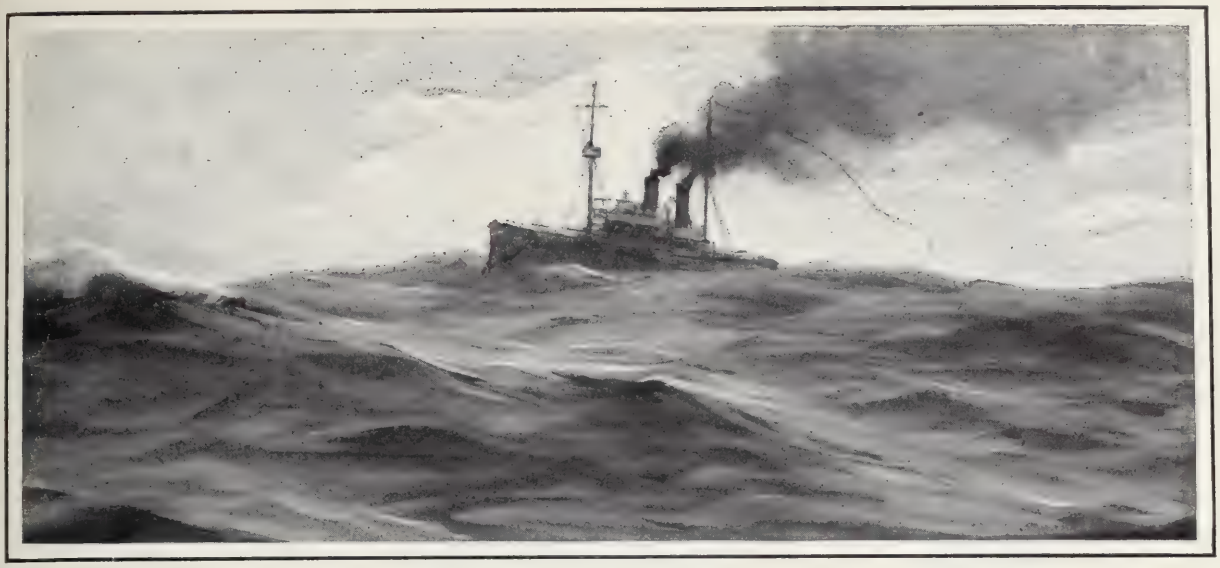
"And did she live to get to Manila?"

"Oh yes. Needed a little nursing in heavy weather, but otherwise she was all right."

"And what of your wife?"

"She was to come to me just as soon as I cabled where in the East the gunboat would fetch up for any sort of a stay. But I was never in one spot for long. We cruised from Vladivostock to Manila and back again, never more than a week in any one place. Even so, as soon as I'd saved enough out of my ensign's pay she was to come, and she would have, to meet me; but before enough months of saving had passed she wrote me the word which forbade it. There was a baby coming, and then I wouldn't have let her come. I did not want her jumping from port to port in foreign waters before the baby was born, and she would soon be needing every cent of my ensign's pay that I could save.

"And the months rolled around, and the cable came which told that the baby had come, and that Doris and everything was fine; and I was as happy as a man could be with a wife and a baby he was



A TWO-HUNDRED-YARD HOME-BOUND PENNANT WAS WHIPPING THE BREEZE

crazy to see but couldn't. She wanted to come out and join me right away, but I said no.

"Well, when the baby was big enough to stand travel she was coming, anyway, she wrote, but I reminded her that before a great while now I ought to be on my way home. And one day in the China seas I saw the sun between us and the shore, setting under a thousand golden lakes and pools and purple pillars, and a two-hundred-yard home-bound pennant was whipping the breeze from our truck. That was after two years and three months, and the first thing I used to do every morning, after turning out, was to step to the calendar on the wall of my room and block out that day's date with a fat, red-leaded pencil I'd got from the paymaster for that purpose alone, and then count how many more were left."

Wickett was silent. He remained silent so long that Carlin thought that that must be the end, abrupt though it was, to the story. But it was not.

Wickett was pointing across the bay. "The flagship has just signaled the order for the squadron to prepare for signal drill. And there is to be a search-light drill at the same time. Wait—in half a minute it will be on. There—look!"

From the mastheads the red and white Ardois lights were winking, even as the illuminated arms of the semaphores were wigwagging jerky messages from bridge to bridge; on shore, on the water, on the clouds, the great search-lights swept and crossed endlessly. Suddenly it ceased.

"Oh-h!" protested Carlin.

"Life is just like that, isn't it?" said Wickett—"all light and play and color for a spell, and then—pff!—lights out."

"Maybe," admitted Carlin, "but don't impede the speed of the story. How did you get home?"

"Our orders were to come by way of Suez and to rendezvous with the battle fleet at Guantanamo, Cuba. We got into Guantanamo the day before the *Missalama* arrived from the North with orders to proceed to the West Coast. Half a dozen of the officers already in port were ordered to her. I was one of them."

"Good night! But that was a jolt!"

"That's what it was. But that's the service."

"And couldn't you do anything about it?"

"What could I do? I had my orders. A couple of our fellows came as near to being politicians then as ever they did in their lives. Without my knowing it, they tried to reach people in Washington—bureau chiefs, Senators, influential Congressmen—to have me detached and ordered direct home. But next day was a holiday and the day after was Sunday, and the ship had to sail by Sunday. And she did, and I with her."

"And how do you account for your being shunted off like that? Somebody have it in for you?"

"No, no; not that. Simply the politicians. I don't suppose that any profession will ever be free of the near-politicians. The navy has them—fellows

who are not good-enough officers to depend upon themselves alone, and not good-enough politicians to go in for politics altogether. Somebody with a good shore billet somewhere was due for sea duty, and not wanting to go, and having the pull, somebody else went instead. And somebody else for that somebody else, and somebody else again, and so on till at last that somebody else who could be made to serve a turn happened to be me.



"DICK, HERE'S YOUR PAPA"

"'Hard luck, Dickie,' said the ward-room mess. 'But cheer up — in three months you'll see the Golden Gate, and by then you'll be ready for a little duty on your own home coast. Then your lieutenant's straps and shore duty, and your wife and baby to yourself for a while.' I had that thought to cheer me through the night-watches around South America, but at Callao we got orders to proceed to Manila, and after six months out that way it was off with us to the island of Guam, and from there to make a survey of some islands in the South Sea. No way I could fix it could I tell my wife to come and meet me at any certain place.

"But no task is endless. We came home at last. I remember how I used to say to the fellows at mess that I was never going to believe I was home till with my own eyes I saw the anchor splash in a home port. But there it was now—the anchor actually splashing in Bayport. I had the bridge making port, and I remember what a look I took around me before I turned the deck over to the executive. From the bridge, with a long glass, I could see above the tree-tops the roof of the colonel's old quarters. I pictured him on the veranda below with the baby and Doris waiting for me. I'd sent a wireless ahead for Doris not to risk herself or that baby out in the bay with a fleet of battle-ships coming to anchor. And the baby!—I dreamed of him reaching up his little hands and calling, 'Papa, papa!' when he saw me.

"Well, everything was shipshape. We were safe to moorings and I was off watch, and I was about to step off the bridge when the word was passed that somebody was waiting to see me in the ward-room. And with no more than that —'Somebody to see you, sir'—I knew who it was. A boat had come alongside and people had come aboard — officers' wives and families, I knew, but not just who, because the boat had unloaded aft

while I was on the bridge forward. But I knew.

"The messenger smiled when he told me. The men along the deck smiled when they saw me hurrying aft. The marines on the half-deck smiled as I flew by them. Everybody aboard knew by this time of my five years from home and the little baby waiting. Good old Doctor, and Pay, taking the air on the quarter-deck, smiled, saying, 'Hurry, Dick, hurry!' Hurry? I was taking the ladders in single leaps. At the foot of the last one I all but bowled over a little fellow who was looking up the ladder as if he was expecting somebody. I picked him up and stood him on his feet again. 'Hi, little man!' I remember saying, and thinking what a fine little fellow he was.

"And into the ward-room, and everybody in the ward-room that wasn't occupied with his own was smiling and pointing a finger to where, in the door of my state-room, Doris was waiting for me. And I dove through the bulkhead door, leaped the length of the ward-room country, and took her in my arms. For a minute, ten minutes, a half-hour—just how long I don't know—I held her and patted her and dried her tears.

"'And didn't you bring little Dick?' I asked at last.

"'Why, that was Dick you stood on his feet in the passageway,' she said, and laughed to think I didn't know him. 'But that's because he looks so much like you and not me. No man knows what he looks like himself,' she said, and ran and got Dick, and brought him to me outside my state-room door, and said, 'Dick, here's your papa.' And Dick looked at me, and said: 'No, that is not my papa. My papa has no legs,' just as I was going to fold him in my arms and hug him to death.

"And—will you still think I was only a kid?—I stepped into my room and drew the curtains and sat down by my bunk and cried. After five years! And Doris came in, and perhaps she wanted to cry, too, but she didn't. She drew a photograph from her bosom and showed it to me. It was the only one of me that ever suited her, and it happened to be only a head and shoulders, and every day since the baby was old enough she had told him, 'That's your papa, dear, and some day he'll come home in a great big warship, with guns and guns, and then you'll see.' And the poor little kid, four years and three months old, had never seen my legs on the photograph; but he had seen his mother cry almost every time she looked at it, and he supposed that was why she cried—because papa had no legs. And he was waiting to see a papa with no legs."

Wickett was silent. Carlin pointed out a green light coming in from sea. "Another battle-ship, Wickett."

Wickett shook his head. "No. It's the *Clermont*. She's due. And I'm afraid to go and board her when she anchors."

"Why?"

"If my wife's aboard, she'll have with her a fifteen-months-old daughter that I have never seen. Suppose she, too, greets me with—"

The green light rolled in a great half-circle inshore, disappeared, and a red light whirled into sight.

Wickett jumped up. "She's to anchor. Come on, Carlin; I'll get permission to leave the ship. We'll get transportation in the ship's launch and be there before she lowers the port ladder."

"No," said Carlin. "You go alone, and I'll meet you ashore in the morning."

But Carlin saw Wickett before the morning. He was in the lobby of the hotel when Wickett and his wife and a fine big boy and a lovely little baby girl got out of the hotel bus. Carlin would have known Mrs. Wickett without an introduction. Merely from the way she looked at Wickett he knew that this was the girl who went sailing in the dawn and became engaged before breakfast.

"And how about the service—going to quit it?" asked Carlin.

Wickett stared. "Quit the service!" Suddenly he recalled, and laughed, and whispered: "Sh-h—! I'm beginning a year and a half of shore duty to-morrow. But don't mind if I hurry along, will you? I've got to get these children to bed."

"Go on—hurry—and good night," said Carlin, and then went inside and wrote a long letter on the subject of the navy as a profession to the mother of a young lad back home.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

WE scarcely know whether we can hopefully suggest to a generation of Cubists and Futurists a subject which we might have confidently proposed to the less imaginative artists of another time; but we feel sure that no subject could more vividly appeal to the immense majority of Americans than The Procession of the Insects. The immense majority, we say, because such of us as do not dwell the year round on farms spend our summers at the mountains or by the sea, or pass the nights of our days in a purgatorial limbo between the city and the country. Farmers or cottagers or suburbans, in any case we abide long years, or long seasons, or long hours, close to the heart of Nature, and we know from immediate experience the guile, as well as the good, that is in it. We are not amused now, as the philosophers of earlier ages were, with the notion that man is her favorite child, or that her other children, whether he can perfectly make it out or not, exist solely for his comfort and convenience. On the contrary, closer observation has persuaded the modern man that perhaps it is an even thing between him and those brethren of his, and that sometimes they find him a much more acceptable morsel than Nature has otherwise provided for them, as in the case of the mosquito, which promptly turns from its native swamps to prey upon the first man who approaches them, with an unfailing instinct, or an unerring chemical reaction, for what is better to eat than the things first set before it.

We need not multiply examples; "the woods are full of them," as well as the fields, the streets, the very habitations of man, and in extreme cases the couch in which he fondly seeks repose. But to that extreme polite learning is forbidden to push inquiry; that must be left to unblushing scientific research; and perhaps enough without it has been said to prove our point. There have been enthusiasts who in their denial of the older theory push a belief that Man in his character of Worm only is the favorite child of Nature, and that in his anthropoidal ultimation he is the outcast of the family. One of the gentlest and most eminent of Harvard professors (but in literature, not science) used to urge, perhaps not altogether seriously, that man's fate was to be an incident of the whole world's destruction by the creeping and crawling things already infesting it. This might have been a tragic inference from his experience with the rose-bugs in his garden; but the great Agassiz himself, whose primacy in science certainly could repair any defect of it in this kind pessimist, is said to have predicted a like destiny for our poor world, given certain conditions.

No one indeed can have approached the Psalmist's limit without grounds for some such fear from the series of insect hordes which he has seen arrive and depart in his lifetime. Our own earliest remembrance of them in anything like a menace of mundicidal force was, like most other earliest remembrances, an assimilated memory rather than an effect of personal experience. It was from common talk of seventeen-year locusts, which some devoutly believed and others scornfully denied a punctilious observance of dates in their visit, though they had their very name therefrom. But there was no question of their having once been here in swarms devouring every green thing, and little doubt that after disappearing into the earth, where their corroborative grubs could always be found and used for fish-bait, they would some day rise to the surface and resume their ravages. Locusts there were of the every-day sort which sizzled themselves hollow in the hot August afternoons and left their shells sticking to the bark of trees, when they had somehow got out of them; but of seventeen-year locusts we had no first-hand knowledge. We were in no position to deny that such locusts as we saw might have supplemented the wild honey in the spare diet of John the Baptist; but they could never have multiplied themselves in such numbers as to devour the harvests of generations which had no taste for them. That was a fact of natural his-

tory which any boy could prove for himself; and even when it was interpreted to him that the Scriptural locust was probably a grasshopper, he might have his misgivings. He never saw grasshoppers abound as locusts did, and with their offensive habit of spitting tobacco juice when captured he could hardly believe that even a prophet would eat them.

We would not, then, have the locust represented in The Procession of the Insects which have infested us and threatened our races in anything like cataclysmal measure. Let him remain in the past of so remote an epoch that our age knows him only by hearsay. What we really have in mind for consideration throughout the land when this spring-writing shall have become fall-reading is a monumental record of the insects personally known to us and our contemporaries, past or present. We would have these represented not only in their prevalence, but in their sudden disappearance or their gradual evanescence. As we write, amidst the vernal scene, it does not seem as if the gipsy-moth, or the yet more diabolical brown-tail, would ever leave our forests and orchards. Yet since the gipsy moth first escaped from scientific research at Medford, Massachusetts, and began to threaten a universal blight, we have seen its caterpillars sensibly decrease, and though they have this year returned to our neighborhood in full force, there remains the hope from their past coming and going that there may yet be a going of them with no formidable after coming. Many tribes of their insect kind, though none so deadly and destroying, have gone and not come. We will not speak at large of the Far Western grasshoppers which devoured whole harvests, and by their multitude stopped the wheels of railroad trains and fed upon everything in them but the tepid roasts of the dining-cars. For a season they filled all the newspapers with the threat of their unending havoc; and then for years no one heard of them or read of them. One scarcely remembered the means used to arrest or destroy them, and could not say that they did not suicidally devour the harvests till they perished of famine in a naked land. The fact that they went from the afflicted regions of Kansas and Nebraska seems to be in a sort attested by the fact that they have now come to Texas, in hordes three miles wide and fifteen long, where their indirect human prey is preparing to treat them with poisonous spray on a scale as vast as their own.

We have no doubt that their departure will be hastened by this; but at any rate in Kansas and Nebraska they went as well as came. The Colorado potato-bug also came, if not quite so dramatically, and went, if not so absolutely. At first, having tasted the potato leaf and found it good, he emerged from his Western wild and began his multitudinous march Eastward, wasting the potato-patches up and down the length and breadth of the whole Republic. He forded inland lakes and rivers; he fell exhausted but triumphant on the shores of the estuaries which he swam; he lined the ocean sands as if to signal outgoing steamers for passage to Europe. Paris Green turned London Purple before his course was arrested; he was gathered by innumerable handfuls into cans of kerosene; he was collected and burned by bushels, but not before he had extended his facile affections from the potato to the tomato and to almost every other vegetable of the civilized garden. Then either the poisons or the hand-picking, with kerosene or fire to follow, had their effect with him, or else like other invaders who after possessing a land have been willing to share it with the conquered races, he peaceably assimilated himself and settled down into a law-abiding, respectable pest which nobody particularly fears and many never see.

There was a time when the canker-worm threatened the New England elms, the pride and glory of city and suburb, with the destruction which the ferocious leopard-moth is just now completing. In the days of their prevalence the canker-worms passed over the leafy crowns of the trees, like a fire that left them withered and brown; they dropped downward like a rainfall by myriad filaments which they spun to the ground, or to the persons of intervening passers. It seemed as if there would never be an end to them, or that they would ever be fewer than they were when they were at their most. The trees were provided with cinctures of printer's ink, where, if they attempted to return, they stuck and perished miserably; the English sparrow was imported from his native island and flattered by every caressing attention into an innumerable host which was expected to eat every canker-worn on the continent. But

so far from this he attacked our song-birds and drove them out of competition, as formerly the pirated English authors used to displace our native poets. As for the printer's ink, we doubt if it had any greater effect upon the numbers of the worms, in whatever palingenesis it snared them, than the printer's ink of the newspapers which denounced them.

Yet the canker-worms went, no man knows just why or when. Then there were summers of omnivorous rose-bugs, which in a minor way were as blighting as the canker-worms; but presently the rose-bug followed these in the same sort of mysterious disappearance, reasonless, seasonless. Was there some parasite such as we now long to have feed upon the gipsy and the brown-tail to their extinction? Apparently there was no parasite for the Colorado bug or the locust or the grasshopper; yet they too passed, as the canker-worm and the rose-bug passed. At one time, never to be forgotten, the carpets in the most carefully guarded suburban houses, and the most tenderly cherished furs and woolens were suddenly infested by a bug which every one instantly knew as the buffalo-bug from its burly make and its bearded front. For years it glutted itself not only on carpets and furs and woolen raiment, but upon every deadly agent, solid or liquid, employed for its destruction; then, without warning, it vanished, and the buffalo-bug is no more to be found now in American homes than the buffalo itself on the plains and prairies which it once covered with its millions.

We have named with dread the leopard-moth which is destroying the elms that the canker-worms left: an awful enemy which plants its grub under the bark and leaves it there to bore its winding way along the limb till the limb dies and drops unless it is cut off and the worm dies with it. But we have faith to believe that the leopard-moth will pass, at least when every elm has been chopped by the city forester to a twigless, leafless stub; and so we cannot doubt it will be with the moth and the worm, which we are told will next devote their attention to the hickory-trees, till not one shall bristle in all the woods. This may yet turn out to be, like the foe of the chestnut-tree, no insect, but a fungus, which cannot disappear processionally, though that it will disappear we have no doubt.

The only pest of the insect tribe which has never yet gone, or measurably gone, is the good old-fashioned tent-caterpillar. He does not consume whole forests like the gipsy-moth, or like the brown-tail, which with a single hair, or portion thereof, can so sting our species that its tiniest puncture shall set the largest man vainly scratching every attainable inch of his surface. For some such reason as his constancy we regard the tent-caterpillar as hardly a pest at all; and while we have State appropriations for the extinction of the gipsy-moth, and go round spraying the brown-tail in the spring, and winter long collecting the fantastic tufts in which he nests, we scarcely molest the tent-caterpillar at all. If in wantonness we burn his tent with a kerosene torch when he retires to it at twilight, there is no organized campaign against him; we accept him almost as a friend of man, like the dog, but rather less as an ally than a familiar. The fact is, the tent-caterpillar is not very attractive to the eye; in the mass he is quite loathsome; and when he gives his attention to an orchard he leaves scarcely a green tree in it; to be sure, he does not so impair its vitality but it puts forth a second crop of foliage in the late summer, though never of blossom or fruit. It is told, or fabled, of him that in the years of his greatest prevalence he crosses railroad tracks in such masses that his lubricating juices, like those of the Western grasshopper, stop the wheels of the trains passing over him.

We have never seen him do this, but we have seen those who have. What we know is that in some years he is fewer than in others, so that he may almost be said to go, like the locust, the grasshopper, the potato-bug, the rose-bug, the gipsy-moth, the canker-worm, and the other enemies of man whose sullen retreat before our resistance, or the mysterious forces of nature, forbid us to accept the theory of the final extinction of our planet and our race through their united or successive attacks. If we could accept that theory we could easily figure The Procession of the Insects as an event very fit for plastic representation in some heroic column, like that of Trajan or of Marcus Aurelius, which should record the triumph of their successive tribes long after any of the human species survived to suffer from the spectacle. It must, of course, be a forecast of

the end, the artist's sad, prophetic tribute to the conquerors of his kind, and teach scarcely credible history to the hardy articulates of the kind which shall succeed our vertebrate species here, and shall laugh to scorn the malice of the insect tribes when these shall have rendered the earth uninhabitable to man.

Yet if the monument were some such column as those which perpetuate in low-relief the wars of those great emperors, the articulate who reads the story of our successive destroyers in their spiral upward march might make his observation that if we had outlived so many varied enemies of their sort, we at last succumbed too soon. We have indeed survived more pests in the past than we can imagine in the future. In a spring which is like every other spring in being the worst spring that ever was for bugs and worms, we recall the multitudes of their kind in the past, and reflect, without vainglory, we hope, that they have gone, or mainly, or at least largely gone, and that we remain in the constantly increasing millions of the census reports. Can the dark future hold any menace of our survival equal to that of the past? Does the Barcan Desert, wherever it happens to be, cherish any analogue of the locust, or of the grasshopper, if he was not a locust, which in the fullness of time shall cloud the horizon with its swarms, and swoop devouring upon our fields and gardens? Is there some depth of Western wildness where rolls the Oregon or not, and some worse than Colorado bug secretly bides his time to multiply in myriads among the potato-patches of the continent, and leave no vine of them alive from Maine to Texas? Does Germany hold in its imperial recesses a fiercer foe than the brown-tail, ready to blow in flocks of deadly moths upon our shores, with no compensating parasite which can live in our climate? Is careless Science now inquiring into some subtler and greedier foe of American vegetation than the gipsy-moth which it shall let escape from its research to blast our orchards and forests? We will not believe it, or if we must, we will believe too that man in the future, as in the past, will know how to hold his own with the hardiest caterpillar that crawls, the swiftest moth that flutters. While the earth distils her kerosene under the fostering care of the Standard Oil Company no beetle or bug shall appal us. The resources of human ingenuity are inexhaustible; Mr. Edison has not yet been invoked to employ electricity in our struggle with the giant forces of the insect tribes, and we may yet live to see every garden and grove and orchard swept free of our foes, and their nests consumed by one lightning flash.

No, The Procession of the Insects will not be an insolent column commemorating the fall of man under the march of any fluttering or creeping horde. The invulnerable articulate who shall follow us here when our race has got tired of the earth, and has voluntarily relinquished it to him, doubtless for a more attractive star, shall see the present conflict figured in some spacious bas-relief, where the embattled hosts of Worm (in whatever avatar) and Man close in endlessly successive combats. But everywhere the insect host shall be seen retiring; retiring to return, perhaps, but still giving way before the human species, armed with the torch, the step-ladder, the spray, the pot of printer's ink, the can of kerosene. It is a spectacle greatly consoling to contemplate even in fancy; and having begun this paper in by no means an optimistic spirit, we find ourselves inviting our readers to rejoice in the spectacle with us. By the time our words reach their eyes there will not be left under the autumn sun an insect of all the hosts that now infest our world of bloom. This annual evanescence of their tribes may well suggest that more lasting recession in which experience has taught us to believe.

EDITOR'S STUDY

OUR criticism of life is useful if it only takes note of relative values, but it is not fruitful except as it is interpretative. In the one case, we are considering the rationally planned results of human effort, judging them with reference to their fitness as parts of a system commendable to our reason and moral sense—such a system as, if it had been left to us, would have been established from the beginning, thus avoiding, by wise precalculation, the errors of civilization. In the other case, as interpreters, we regard human existence not as fashioned after any formal pattern, but as lived—that life being determined from no obvious source and through meanings and dilections which, with all the wisdom we have gained by experience, we cannot fathom or define.

As interpreters we do not attempt definition or precalculation; we wait upon life for the unfolding of its own secret and for the inspiration of prophetic hope as to things to come. This life pulsing in us makes us creators, beginners of new willingnesses and graces, and inspirers in others of those things which cannot be taught; indeed, it is only thus that we can become interpreters. By creative selection this life has a direct and spontaneous embodiment in all art that endures.

But in this interpretation we must not exclude aught of human existence that lives. We are on sure ground when we protest that no form can be imposed upon life; but every living thing is informed. The currents of human existence drift chartlessly, but not without purpose. Our interpretation seeks to reach the quality of the purpose, not any plan involved. It is this quality which, when we divine it, makes all human history, all contemporary human phenomena, and humanity itself interesting. The great old cities, though artificially constructed, have taken the bit in their own mouths and run whither they would, regardless of order. When we have been able in a modern city to stem this riot and plot for sky-line and landscape effects, the visitor in search of romance passes by these rescued portions and seeks the old unorderly haunts. Sometimes a teacher, like Confucius, has succeeded in arresting an already partially paralyzed human current and imposing upon its crystalline surface a formal ethical code, but Confucius could not have done this in the West; nor in the East, but that he was aided at every point by the hold of the dead upon the living.

It is only existence under *mort-main*, atrophied, or fallen into formal routine that is excluded from the creative field, and the contemplation of which is neither useful nor fruitful. We are likely to underestimate, though not in our time to such a degree as in ages when a one-sided faith or philosophy ruled the thoughts of men, the elemental values of this existence derived from our physical correspondences. We associate our progress with our detachment from these correspondences, and no educated or progressive human being is in the mood to make the most of them, or even so much of them as the great majority of mankind, whose chief earthly concerns and delights are due to the sentiments and social affinities that spring from them. The study of the nature side of our existence is, on the part of thoughtful people, scientific, a biological consideration in the interests of sociology or of eugenics; it is not concerned with the quality of this elemental life.

Simply as an animal characteristic, this quality has inestimable beauty and value, but in a body informed by the human soul it has an esthetic and spiritual excellence surpassing any merely physiological functioning. The eyes not only see, there is a speculation in them, and in things heard there is a soul. Bodily motions and exercises like those of the Greek athlete, under conditions of freedom and leisure, convey suggestions as esthetic as those conveyed by the finest Greek sculpture.

But it is in sensibility more than in action that the reflexes of our elementary nature are registered. In the modern life of Western peoples bodily activities fall into an almost mechanical routine, and even our games would hardly inspire a Pindaric ode.

The pity of it is that for so many the burden of toil weighs heavily on the sensibility, dulling the senses themselves. This actual mechanical routine, when labor is lightened by it and performed under favorable conditions, may release the mental faculties, but it gives little outlet to natural susceptibilities and exercises. The extreme exhaustion of unskilled muscular labor seeks prompt and deep relief in sleep, so that between the day and the night there is no ample and consciously pleasurable fringe of twilight. It is fortunate for this class of toilers if the opportunity is offered them of taking up and cultivating cheap farm-lands —especially fortunate for their children, whose early years may thus be passed in close intimacy with Nature and in those human relations which Nature seems most fain to shelter and foster—those of family and neighborhood.

These are living relations, having the warmth of life—of enmity, perhaps, as well as of amity. Impressions of animate and inanimate things and of the whole scene in its passing variations sink quietly but deeply into the child's sensibility, the field of which is broadened as well as deepened by cherished associations. A cult is formed, what Wordsworth called a "natural piety." Thomas Hardy, in *The Return of the Native,* has portrayed the kind of sensibility developed to maturity in this natural setting. These traits of individual or community would differ with every particular environment; they could not be mentally conceived or invented; they belong to the creative field, and so allure the creative novelist.

It is undoubtedly preferable that children should not grow to maturity in conditions so strictly elemental; indeed, such conditions are in our land hardly to be found, and while some near approach to them is desirable for early childhood, the importance of mental development in youth must be recognized, for the sake of the individual and still more for the sake of the commonwealth. The religion of a people can never attain that catholicity of sympathy which is its central principle within the limitations of provincialism. Morality cannot be securely established except through the development and expansion of enlightened sentiment. And most of all, what is elemental in us demands the discipline and illumination, if not the purgation, of human reason. We put society and social organization, as long ago we put government, upon an artificial basis, confident that the currents of creative life in our humanism will vitalize the mechanism and generate social dynamics. Even here, then, we are in the creative field, which we cannot abandon save as we surrender life to death.

We cannot regard our progress, which depends upon our intellectual development, as in a field purely mechanical, though we may suffer it to fall into such a field by letting the life slip from it, and then it ceases to be progress. All movements in the outward social expression of thought and feeling are falling movements save as they are arrested. These arrests are, or become, new beginnings, or ascents; they mark the critical points of progression. We note in the early periods of social development that the movements are slow, sustained with remarkable zeal and tenacity, traditionally sustained, since they run from one generation to another for centuries without apparent change of level or course, each seeming like one long wave rather than a broken succession of waves. In such cases we find that the arrest or new beginning comes through the sudden advent of an inspired leader; through some strange impulse which with or without individual leadership leads to an extensive migration; or through violent invasion from without.

Social movements come at length to have a surprising momentum, to have speed as well as sustained weight, and thus swift changes. "The world remade in fifty years"—a phrase of President Eliot's—made recently a striking head-line in a Sunday newspaper. Yet it told, freshly and without extravagance, the truth most characteristic of our modern life.

But it is not mere change that is sought, it is the quickness of life in the movement that is significant and that makes change safe and sane, as the velocity of the gyroscope secures stability. When a whole people is to this degree vitalized and full of the light generated by such dynamics, it can, and surely will, effect changes more marvelous than have been wrought in fire and blood by the most violent revolutions, whose wrecks and mistakes it takes long to repair and correct in ages of fairer weather. The perils of these revolutions arose from their committal to forces comparatively brute and unenlightened, but they were

necessary revolts against the perils of a hard and polished tyranny.

The quickness of life inheres in its creative quality and shows itself in new beginnings. These are not the goals of our strivings, but they come; and they come as surprises, not pre-indicated in the things we definitely enact or consciously seek. The creative or beginning moments seem rather to arise in us in our social sensibility. Who could have foretold what would arise in the hearts of Northern and Southern soldiers meeting at Gettysburg fifty years after their fierce encounter there—just those fifty years in which President Eliot says the world has been remade? That was a creative moment, in which an impulse that could not have been portrayed beforehand was begotten and embodied—the beginning really of a new America.

Such creative moments mark our organized institutional development, political, educational, and ecclesiastic, through the birth of new ideals; our scientific advance, through the aspiration for real rather than for merely formal knowledge; and even our distinctly mechanical progress, through the genius of the master inventor. Every new tendency of the age promotes imaginative creation in economic expansion beyond the scope of narrow individual motive into a sphere of large social significance.

One sees that all these activities, which so easily follow lines of least resistance and fall into deadly routine, are saved from that ruin by the fresh pulsations of creative social life which arrest the falling movements, not merely sustaining them, but lifting them to higher levels, blending them all together in "an increasing purpose," as if they were parts of one movement to illustrate and realize that purpose. One sees also the distinction between the hidden pattern unfolded by that purpose and the consciously conceived plan of our efforts, between the issue of the creative movement and any proposition we could have made to ourselves concerning it. There is something at the very root of our striving which is hidden from us, disclosed only in the event. The resolutions we make neither indicate nor determine our life, but they are in the line of action and express attitude; they show the passionate endeavor, the readiness for the creative possession.

The ground of expression is sensibility, which is our living experience; living, we say, because it is not a state or aggregation of states, but a pulsing current. Consciousness, or what we ordinarily call consciousness, is on the surface of sensibility, not registering its deeper motions. Into these depths fall all the impressions made upon us through our senses by the world of men and things—fall into apparent oblivion but still live, as constituents of our sensibility, even if they do not rise again as definite memories.

There is a striving, or *nisus*, of this sensibility very unlike conscious effort—an impelling before it becomes an impulse of which we are aware. The quickness of life is in sensibility before it can be in outward activities, and thus these are creatively shaped, whatever forms we may have set for them, following, as we must, our best light and intention. It is in this way that common sense is created—the sense of those in whom life has been most quickened.

The appeal of art is to this sensibility and is determined by its depth and character, changing thus from age to age. Once it was the feet that waited upon music, now it is the heart, mind, and soul. Hardy, Meredith, and Henry James, besides being themselves impossible in the eighteenth century, would then have had no possible audience. For the reader and listener must be creative as well as the novelist, dramatist, poet, or composer. It is this creative common sense, now grown so large, generous, and tolerant, that demands creative leadership. The dynamic quality of common life has made that life, with all its varied experience, the very content of fiction, so eagerly assimilated and embodied by Frank Norris and his worthy successors, in novels which, though dealing with business, politics, and finance, belong even more truly to creative literature than many of those portraying social manners or dramatizing the vicissitudes of married life.

To our modern sense of life, the world, since it is so living in us and is so human a world, cannot be "too much with us." Our sensibility, too, would be a sterile field if it did not infold our elemental natures more intimately as well as more wisely than even the habit of barbarian or primitive.

Mr. Rabbit's Reform

A LESSON IN TEMPERANCE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

ONCE upon a time Mr. Jack Rabbit did something he was very proud of, so he dressed up and went all around to tell about it. The first ones he met were Mr. Fox and Mr. Coon, who were talking over Mr. Man's spring crop of chickens; and when they saw Mr. Rabbit all dressed up they stopped to hear the news. So Mr. Rabbit told them:

It had all begun, he said, by his starting to make some grape jelly, but when he had just got the juice squeezed out and the sugar put into it, company came in and he had to set it away. Then one thing and another had happened, so he didn't get at it again for two or three days. He was afraid by that time it had spoiled, he said, but when he came to taste it, it was better than any grape juice he had ever tasted before. He said it seemed to sparkle on his tongue in a way that made him think it might get still better if he left it longer.

So he left it, and kept tasting it every day, until now it was simply the best grape juice that ever was made by anybody. Mr. Rabbit said he didn't suppose that anything like it was ever made in the world before, and if Mr. Coon and Mr. Fox would



come down to his house he would let them sample it. He said very little of it made him feel like a boy, and that he was sure a little more of it would make him outjump and outrun anything in the Big Deep Woods. He had put it up in bottles, and he shouldn't wonder if a bottle of it would make a person able to fly.

Mr. Coon and Mr. Fox said they did not care very much for liquid things, as a rule, but from all Mr. Rabbit said this must be very wonderful, and that sometime they would drop around. They were just planning an evening hunting trip, now, and hoped Mr. Rabbit would excuse them.



So Mr. Rabbit went on and told about his new juice to this one and to that one, but they all asked to be excused, until he came to Mr. Turtle, who is always obliging; besides, Great-grandfather Tortoise about twenty-seven generations back beat Mr. Rabbit's ancestor, Mr. Hare, in a foot-race by a trick, and Mr. Turtle has been trying to make it up to Mr. Rabbit ever since.

Mr. Turtle said he had nothing much to do, and would just as soon go home with Mr. Rabbit as not. He mostly preferred water as a steady drink, but very likely Mr. Rabbit's new juice would be even better, though he had never wanted to fly since one of his early ancestors had decided to try it, and got an eagle to carry him up about half a mile and let go of him so he would have a good start.

Mr. Turtle said he didn't think his ancestor flew much, and that they had never been able to find all the pieces of him to this day. He said he thought it was better to start from the ground and go up.

So they went along, talking, to Mr. Rabbit's house, and it was about sundown when they got there, for it was several mile-posts, and Mr. Turtle doesn't travel very fast.

Mr. Rabbit said it would be fine to have supper, with some of his new juice to go with it; so he flew around and got out his best things, and made a nice soup out of vegetables from his garden (for Mr. Rabbit has the best garden of anybody), and when it was all ready he went out where Mr.



Turtle was sitting on the front stoop, looking at the moon and a new comet (which some people said was going to strike the Big Deep Woods), and told him to come in.

So Mr. Turtle came in, and they sat down and had the nice soup which was so good that Mr. Turtle said he guessed he'd have some more. Then Mr. Rabbit opened a bottle of the new grape juice, and Mr. Turtle sampled that, and said it was good, too—good and different—but he believed he preferred the soup as a steady diet. But Mr. Rabbit said the juice suited him, and that a glass or two of it made him feel that he could run and jump over anything in sight—including the moon or even the comet.

So Mr. Turtle kept eating the soup, and Mr. Rabbit kept drinking the juice, and pretty soon he got up in his chair on his hind feet, and Mr. Turtle thought maybe he was getting ready to fly; but Mr. Rabbit only wanted to lean over the table to explain how Mr. Turtle's twenty-seventh great-grandfather beat Grandpa Hare in a



foot-race; and when he had enjoyed another glass or two of the juice he leaned over still farther and explained it again in a different way, and by and by he explained it again in still another way, and after a while he explained it in all three ways at once to Mr. Turtle, who couldn't tell, by what he said, whether Grandpa Hare had been Mr. Rabbit's grandfather, or whether Mr. Rabbit had been his own grandfather and won the race himself, because that is what Mr. Rabbit said just before he slid out of his chair, under the table, and went sound asleep.

That worried Mr. Turtle. He had never seen Mr. Rabbit behave in that way, and he was afraid he was having a spell of some kind, and ought to have something done for him. So he pulled him out and shook him, but Mr. Rabbit only said something about flying a race with the comet and beating it, and then went to sleep again.

Mr. Turtle remembered that Mr. Fox is very smart, and thought he ought to find him and see what he could do to bring Mr. Rabbit to. But it would take him so long to find Mr. Fox and bring him back that he decided to take Mr. Rabbit with him. So he picked him up and started. Mr. Rabbit wasn't able to walk a step, or even to put his foot on the ground, and Mr. Turtle had to carry him.



It was a good way, and Mr. Turtle got very tired. Sometimes Mr. Rabbit seemed to wake up and would begin to sing a little about not going home till morning, but when Mr. Turtle put him down he wouldn't even try to take a step, which provoked Mr. Turtle, for he was nearly tuckered out. When he couldn't carry him another step, he put him down and dragged him fully a mile. Then he got him on his back and carried him and carried him, until by and by he came to Mr. Coon and Mr. Fox asleep under a tree, resting after their evening hunt.

By that time Mr. Turtle had had just about all of Mr. Rabbit he could stand. He dropped him right there and set out for home and never looked behind him.

It wasn't till after sunrise that Mr. Rabbit woke up. When he did, Mr. Fox and Mr. Coon were watching him and talking about the way he looked. Mr. Rabbit said he might look pretty bad, but that he felt worse. He said he could never look as bad as he felt. He said he felt perfectly



awful, and probably would never feel well again.

Then he told about his supper with Mr. Turtle, and said he couldn't see how any one who had felt so fine the night before could feel so poorly the next morning.

Mr. Coon felt of his pulse and said it was funny how it acted, and that something must have got into that grape juice. He said Mr. Rabbit had better throw the rest of it away as soon as he was able.

Mr. Rabbit said it was too late to talk about that, as he had used it all up, but that he hoped the comet would hit him if he ever made any more of it. He said he wished Mr. Coon would tie something cool —a wet towel or something—around his head; which Mr. Coon did, and by night Mr. Rabbit felt better and was able to eat a little thin soup, but he wouldn't have tasted of any more of that juice for anything. Even the smell of the bottles made him deathly sick, and he had Mr. Coon and Mr. Fox go home with him and carry those bottles all out and break them. Then he felt still better, and he improved through the night. Next morning early he began leading a very simple life.

In the Meadow

'CAUSE I went walkin' by myse'f
  Down in th' big, green field, one day,
I wonder w'y my Mama thought
  Her little girl had runned away!
I only went right down to where
  All bright an' shiny in th' sun
Th' Black-eyed Susies waved at me
  To come along an' have some fun.

Th' Big Stone Fence has saved a place
  For Little Girls to climb right over,
But w'en you jump 'way 'way down deep,—
  Can Little Girls get *drowned* in clover?
One Big Brown Grass—he kissed my cheek,
  And one,—he whispered in my ear,—
They tied my shoe-buttons all fas',
  That's w'y it is I walked so queer!

All buzzy things—they fly by you,
  Th' grass is full of sleepy hums,—
I couldn't keep th' Flutterby
  He flew right out of my two thumbs!
Th' Hopper-grass was s'prised as me
  W'en he got lost 'way up my sleeve,
I shook him out an' scolded hard.—
  N'en he was "mad," not jus' "make b'lieve."

My Mama says 'at she found out
  Soon as I bobbed my yellow curls,
Which one *her* black-eyed Susie was!—
  She don't know flowers fum Little Girls!
An' goin' home she 'splained to me
  Down in th' high-up grass is where
Ole Mister Snake has got a house,—
  He might come out an' say, "Who's there?"

Nex' time I go all by myse'f
  I'll jus' take Rover-dog wif' me,
Ne'n he can 'splain to Snakes an' things,
  'Cause *he* is animals, you see!

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

Why She Sang

MINISTERIAL friend (on a visit): "I wonder what makes your mamma so happy to-day? She is singing all over the house."

Little Mary: "I dess she's thought of somefin' to scold papa about when he tums home."



Human Nature

THE CALLER: "*Confound it!—so it is.*"

Why She Wanted It

A VENERABLE white-haired clergyman of Newport had received many requests from young women for a lock of his hair. The clergyman, pleased at this expression of respect, granted the request in each instance.

This continued for several days, but one morning his wife received a note which put an end to her husband's pleasant delusion, proving as it did that their motives were too practical and utterly devoid of sentiment. It ran:

"DEAR MRS. WHITE,—Won't you please ask your husband to send me just a little lock of his hair! All of the girls here at the college have been taking lessons in making hair flowers, and as so many of the girls have already asked him that I thought I would rather ask you. I do so hope you will do this for me, as it is almost impossible to get white hair suitable for lilies-of-the-valley."



TOMMY: "*Say! You're a regular Eve. You said these apples wouldn't hurt me.*"

The Cause of Alarm

AN American army nurse, who does not understand French, recently returned from France and relates this incident among her varied experiences. Quite early one morning she was startled by the unexpected appearance of her French laundress, who exhibited intense excitement. She gesticulated wildly, and seemed to be attempting to reveal some tragedy in the hospital. She had lost her self-control completely. The nurse was at her wits' end to solve her mysterious gesticulations and was on the verge of despair. She must know the worst. In the hospital was an officer very ill with pneumonia. She knew he spoke French fluently. Only in a most serious matter would she think of disturbing him, but this was obviously a question of life and death. She escorted the Frenchwoman to his bedside, and there the story was repeated in its entirety. The officer listened attentively while the nurse stood by breathlessly. The Frenchwoman ceased. The patient turned his head wearily on the pillows, and whispered feebly:

"She says the stripes in your pink shirt-waist have run and she don't know what to do with it."

Highest of Recommendations

"NOT long ago," says a New York business man, "I encountered the most ingenuous of waiters.

"Feeling a bit peckish, I was at a loss what to order for luncheon, and, as I sat languidly regarding the printed menu, my waiter realized the situation. So, leaning over me most confidentially, he said:

"'Try the clams, sir; they're excellent. Quite the best item on the bill to-day, sir. The waiters themselves are eating them.'"

The Scout's Reason

LITTLE JOHN, aged eleven, is an enthusiastic Boy Scout. His troop stood at attention before the Scout Master, who asked each boy why he had wished to join the organization.

When John's turn came, his answer proved a far-sighted spirit of helpfulness and charity:

"When the suffragettes win out," said he, "they'll want to know how to cook, and I'll be able to teach 'em."



Circus Day

Oriental Charity

AN observer with humorous sympathies reports a trait of a Chinese servant employed in a suburban family which reveals a certain capability for ready assimilation of American methods of dealing with the tramp problem.

A forlorn, hungry-looking tramp called at the kitchen door early one Monday morning, and was promptly interviewed by Hi Ting. To him the tramp related a pitiful tale of woe, ending with a humble petition for something to eat.

"Likee fish?" asked Hi Ting, in insinuating tones.

"Yes, I like fish," the tramp answered.

"Call Fliday," answered the other, as he closed the door with an imperturbable smile.

Applied Mathematics

I SOMETIMES wonder what's the use
Of squaring the Hypotenuse,
Or why, unless it be to tease,
Things must be called Isosceles.
Of course I know that mathematics
Are mental stunts and acrobatics,
To give the brain a drill gymnastic
And make gray matter more elastic—
Is that why Euclid has employed
Trapezium and Trapezoid,
I wonder?—yet it seems to me
That all the *Plain Geometry*
One needs, is just this simple feat,
Whate'er your line, make both ends meet!

ANNE W. YOUNG.

Superhuman

MRS. JOHNSON, a very kind-hearted and benevolent lady came upon a tiny mite of a boy crying piteously. He was in charge of a fat and comfortable old lady, who was calm and unmoved by his grief.

"What is the matter?" queried Mrs. Johnson, who was very fond of children. "Is the boy ill?"

"Wall, ma'am," replied the comfortable old lady, "he isn't hexactly hill, but no stomach carn't stand nine buns."

A Pretty Compliment

LITTLE DORIS went into the house of a newly installed neighbor one morning to exhibit her new birthday doll. It was large and bulky, and dressed in a pink silk frock, pink stockings, pink shoes, and a charming pink hat. The ladies admired it accordingly.

"Just her head's new," explained the little girl, "She gets a new head ev'ry time I have a birthday."

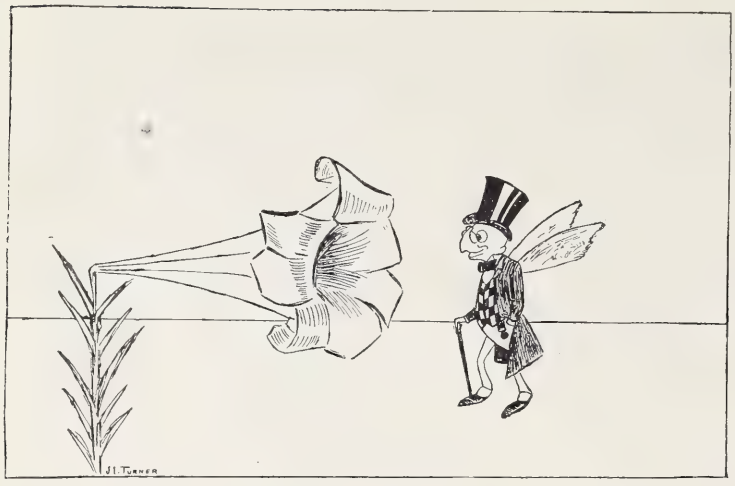
"And does she get a new name every time she gets a new head?" asked the prettiest young woman of the family.

"Yes," replied Doris. "She's got a new name to-day. I've named her for you."

"For me!" said the young woman in surprise, "and what do you call her, Doris?"

Doris hesitated for a moment, then sweet shyness spread over her face as she said:

"I—don't—know—your—name."



MR. FLY. *"That must be one of those talking machines I see advertised in the papers."*

No Mathematician

A GENTLEMAN hired an old colored man to sort some sash-weights, which were of the same diameter but of three different lengths. He told the old darky to put them in three boxes, each box to contain weights of one length.

When he went to see how the work had been done, he found all the weights in one box.

"Why, I told you to *sort* these sash-weights," he said, "You have put them all together."

"Boss, you'll have to get somebody else to do that," the old man replied, "I never could do no head work."

A Reform School

I WISH that I could make a rule
That every Moth must go to school,
And learn from some experienced Mole
To make a less conspicuous hole.

R. R. K.

Address Wanted

ONE Sunday afternoon Mrs. R—— told her children, who had always lived in town, the story of Adam and Eve. It seemed to make a deep impression on her six-year-old son Dana; for the next day he came to her and said: "Mother, I want you to tell me something: what was the number of Adam and Eve's house?"

Good Form

TROUBLE with servants in the Old Dominion has just begun.

Mrs. Moran, who was giving a supper to a very *chic* cousin from New York, had the misfortune to have her waitress fall suddenly ill on the very day of the party.

A green hand had to be pressed into service. All day Mrs. Moran drilled her in the removal of courses and the use of forks and spoons.

At the supper-table, the New York cousin, talking earnestly to the man on her right, picked up the wrong fork.

She felt a touch, and Jemima's voice whispered: "Dat's de wrong fork. For de Lawd's sake, drap it quick 'fore Mis' Moran see you."

Ineffectual

THE Sunday afternoon quiet of the elder members of the Reynold's family in the living room was broken in upon by sharp words from the den adjoining.

"You sha'n't hang it there!"

"I will too."

"I'll take it down."

"I won't let you."

By this time mother and older brother interfered, preventing a tussle. And it was discovered that the cause of the argument was a beautifully illumined Sunday-school card bearing the words "God is Love."



When you have a House Party and only one Bath-room



"Ketch anything?"
"Nary a bite."
"I hope them worms enjoyed the boat ride."

An Alibi

"SPEAKING of tipping," said a western Congressman, at a state dinner, "reminds me of a story I heard the other day."

"There used to be an old fisherman who brought a friend of mine a splendid salmon the first of every month, and my friend always gave the fisherman a tip. One morning he was very busy, and when the old man brought the fish he thanked him hurriedly and, forgetting his tip, bent over the desk again. The old man hesitated a moment, then cleared his throat and said:

"'Sir, would ye be so kind as to put it in writin' that ye didn't give me no tip this time, or my wife 'll think I've went and spent it on rum.'"

Her Vocation

MISS EARL, a society young woman, was called to be with a sister who was seriously ill in a Western city.

"What can she do for any one who is ill and perhaps dying?" asked another woman of the same set, who was being told of her departure.

"Well," replied the other, thoughtfully, "she might give information as to which side they'll be most likely to wear harps on this season."

Identified

LITTLE ANNE had been told that her soul was something that could be perceived but not seen, and had spent many hours cogitating on the mystery. One day she came running eagerly to her mother, "Oh, mamma," she cried, "now I've thought what my soul is—it's a skunk!"

Not Her Fault

THE mistress called her maid and in severe tones remarked:

"Ellen, I'm tired of your neglect and carelessness. Just look at all that dust lying about on the furniture. It's six weeks old at the very least."

Ellen suddenly became very dignified.

"Then it's no fault of mine. You know very well, ma'am, that I've been with you only four weeks."

How Would He Know?

A RISING young artist was showing a woman through his studio.

"This picture," he said, stopping before one of his early efforts, "is one I painted to keep the wolf from the door."

"Indeed!" replied the woman, "then why don't you hang it on the knob, where the wolf can see it?"



OLD-FASHIONED INDIVIDUAL: "*Well, little man, building a castle?*"

FIN DE SIÈCLE INFANT: "*Nope. This is a hotel; there's no money in castles.*"

The Favorite

BY LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

WHEN Mother's washed the supper things
And clicked the bolts in all the doors,
And Pop has lit his corn-cob pipe
And finished up the evening chores,
I snuggle Blink, my yellow cat,
And lie before the kitchen fire,
And say, "*Once on a time*," while Pop
Just laughs, and pokes the flames up higher.
And Mother says, "Well, take your choice.
I'll tell one story, then your Pop."
I shut my eyes and think and *think*—
When once you start it's hard to stop!
Most every one likes Puss in Boots,
But I don't much—it seems too tame;
And Snow White is too babyish;
And little Riding Hood's the same.
Now Cinderella's nice, of course,
But lots too fancy; boys don't care
For balls, and shoes of glass, and girls
With little feet and lots of hair.
The Sleeping Beauty's good enough
When I don't feel so wide awake.
To-night I want to hear of things
All bluggy, and of bones that break.
And so I say, "I choose brave Jack
The Giant-Killer." "Now that's strange,"
Says Mother. "Well, we'll make a start
With Jack to-night, *just for a change*."
Then Pop takes out his pipe and laughs,
And slaps his knee—he likes it, too;
And Blink gets closer in my arms
While Mother tells the story through.
I love that story, it's so *true*.
I always feel that I am Jack,
And know, if I had half a chance,
I'd swing a club till heads would crack!
Then Pop says, "Now my turn is here.
Come, choose your yarn!" And so I do.
I say, "Just tell me Jack again.
I like that story, it's so *true*."



Painting by W. H. D. Koerner Illustration for "A Homespun Wizardry"

THEY PLANNED HOW THEY WOULD FURNISH THEIR LIVING-ROOM IN THE SPRING

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All the Way to Fremantle

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

WE were bound from London to Australian ports by way of the Suez Canal. Many vanished at Aden—going for good and all from the familiar glow of our decks to the lights of a ship lying hard by. There was now no smoky sunset nor any outline of yellow rock. It was late of a hot, black night. All the lamps were out ashore: the dark was thick and wide. Warning points of red and green and yellow punctured the black: no more than that. In the windy shadows between—cleaving the mystery—yet revealing nothing more than swarthy glimpses—the little lights of the sampans twinkled and bobbed. And into this moving darkness—whence the voices of the boatmen, inimical to the imagination, baldly suggestive of the murderous savagery of that flaring Arabian coast we had come down—into this moist, moving darkness the India-bound folk followed their own paths and were never seen again. Each to his own mystery: they passed—and no curiosity could follow on into the shadows to its satisfaction. Some had not been Out before—wretched targets, these, for any shafts of contemptuous wit; but most were leave-expired persons, going back, wise and lofty; and a sorry company all these fellows had been, beneath the laughter and twaddle, with the taste of Home still in their mouths—melancholy and out of temper.

There were captains—there were majors—there were pink subalterns—the like of that—returning to their regiments and ponies and to the merciless social warfare; there were civil-servants—glum, subdued, well whipped into reconciliation with their comparative inferiority; there were young men in a business way—of a cocky habit—going Out in bondage to the future, which might yield them, after fifteen years of servitude (said they), a decent competency at Home. There were individuals more and truly superior: there were some even less considerable. An outlandish crew, truly—repugnant to the large, free ways of all frontier places: they had no Colonial attitude; they had no Western flavor at all. Off they went, that night, from the glow and litter and warm farewells of our decks—bag, baggage, and women-folk; and with them went some of the diverting aspects of the voyage. Here, truly, had been a great deck-load of divertingly keen and practised brutality—brutality without malice. Differences—doubtless of some important social sort not specifically manifest—had in these past weeks been accentuated among them with cold good manners and amazing impudence by folk of kindliest ways with their own familiars.

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"Wouldn't speak to me!" the Malay States Man of Business raged, a baleful eye on a stocky figure, departing, in comical little lurches, toward the gangway. "Shared the same room with him all the way from Marseilles," he gulped, "and he wouldn't speak to me! *Wouldn't even say good-morning!*"

"Who—the Major-man?"

"The damned cad!"

By and by the young Cable Operator went over the side for shore. Aden was his destination. He had come in the accustomed way of his duty from God Knows Where—some Island outstation—to this blistering desolation for God Only Knew How Long (said he); and though he was only a boy—and though he had chosen this occupation for the sake of the great adventure of seeing the world—he had now no gaiety. He was, indeed, deeply disconsolate; and it seemed to me then, regarding him—and often in remoter places—that Romance wears no pretty face under her shimmering veil.

Here at Aden the Hook-nosed Nobleman departed—going on a visit to some Indian Prince. He was a dark hawk; and so darkly had he hovered—and so obscure were his designs—and so sinister and sudden were his swoops—and so black were his manners—and so churlishly had he dealt with his beautiful young wife, with such cold, niggard courtesy (if any at all)—that he inspired no friendly feeling. Truculent young men sought occasion of quarrel with him, on this account, and elbowed him out of the way, and scoffed in his hearing, and generally frustrated him, but with no happier issue than to elicit a frigid indifference toward their saucy behavior; and all the women scorned him—almost all the women—with such fine delicacy, however, in his presence, that he was fortunately not made aware of the true regard of many.



WITH THE RAJAH WENT THE DOMINIE

Hence in the wake of the Hook-nosed Nobleman the Bibulous Relict went his perilous and unhappy way: he had lost his wife, poor fellow, not long before, and he was now desperately engaged in easing his sorrow with cocktails (before breakfast), whiskey-and-soda (morning), gin (afternoon), champagne (dinner), starboard lights (coffee), and whatever sort of liquor or variety of concoction he chanced to think of (before turning in).

It is a poor stop-sorrow—and somewhat out of fashion; and in the case of the Bibulous Relict it seemed once more to fail.

"You shouldn't be on the drink, old chap," he would mutter, in sage and pious rebuke of his own conduct.

Here the American girls chattered good-by—bound hence to the sight-seeing paths of India. Wholesome,



THE HOT, BLUE WAY TO COLOMBO

pretty, merry creatures, these—their social experience disconcertingly adequate, their graces blooming unconstrained. Their cup of popularity had overflowed: none more fair—none more winsome (said the knowing young subalterns in their own vernacular)—than these awfully ravishing American girls. "And are *all* American girls—such a jolly sort? Really? I had no idea!"—genuine amazement, naïve condescension. Here, too, the Young Rajah disappeared, returning from Eton — a brown, flatulent, ill-conditioned youngster, inconsequential in European dress, but stalking conspicuous and with some new dignity, it seemed, when, east of Suez, according to the custom, he had put on his robes and turban. With the Rajah went the Dominie, of course—the preceptor of that young man. He was a favorite chap: he could at a moment's notice draw a lightsome Yankee ragtime from the piano—most agreeably aggravating to the feet—for the boat-deck dances; and though grave enough in the cloth, and a proper Dominie in every respect, he had won the spurs of secular good-fellowship by turning up joyously ridiculous as an intoxicated Highlander, kilt, bonnet, crimson proboscis and all, at the masquerade under the big yellow moon of the Red Sea.

At Aden we took the hot, blue way to Colombo. Coming now to the Indian Ocean, we expected refreshment from the yellow oppression and molten stillness of the Red Sea. And there was refreshment. It was still sunlit and hot; but the wind blew free—and the days sparkled—and the ship no longer crawled like a sluggish river-boat, but ran lifting to the swell—and there was a good feeling of escape into airy, wider spaces. And somewhat more than midway of the passage we came close to the good green earth again. Here in the way lay Minicoy—white beaches, curved, breaking reefs, waters of beryl and brown, vivid jungle and palm: all the flash and glint and greenery of a storied South Sea island. After the dun, clouded, far-away islands of the



DECK CRICKET WAS A REGULAR EMPLOYMENT OF THE AFTERNOON

Mediterranean—after the low, wide sands of the Suez Canal and the barren shores of the Red Sea—Minicoy sprang all fresh and green and glorious from the sea. Here was no dusty shore—nor haze of distant land—nor barren coast—nor island in a mist of rain—but the living, fertile, familiar earth. A little schooner lay at anchor, snug between the white coral arms; and the shaft of a lighthouse, sun-soaked, glistened white against the blue and green of the world.

To us passing by—going in good companionship from a world to a world—the situation of the light-keepers presently appeared in the appalling reality of its isolation.

"A man who lives alone," said the Gray Australian Manager of a Sheep Station, "lives in singular danger."

We inquired concerning this aphorism.

"Once on an island off the coast of Victoria," the Gray Manager explained, "I fell in with the son of a light-keeper who had trained his hair to lie in the form of a bird's-nest."

There was some laughter.

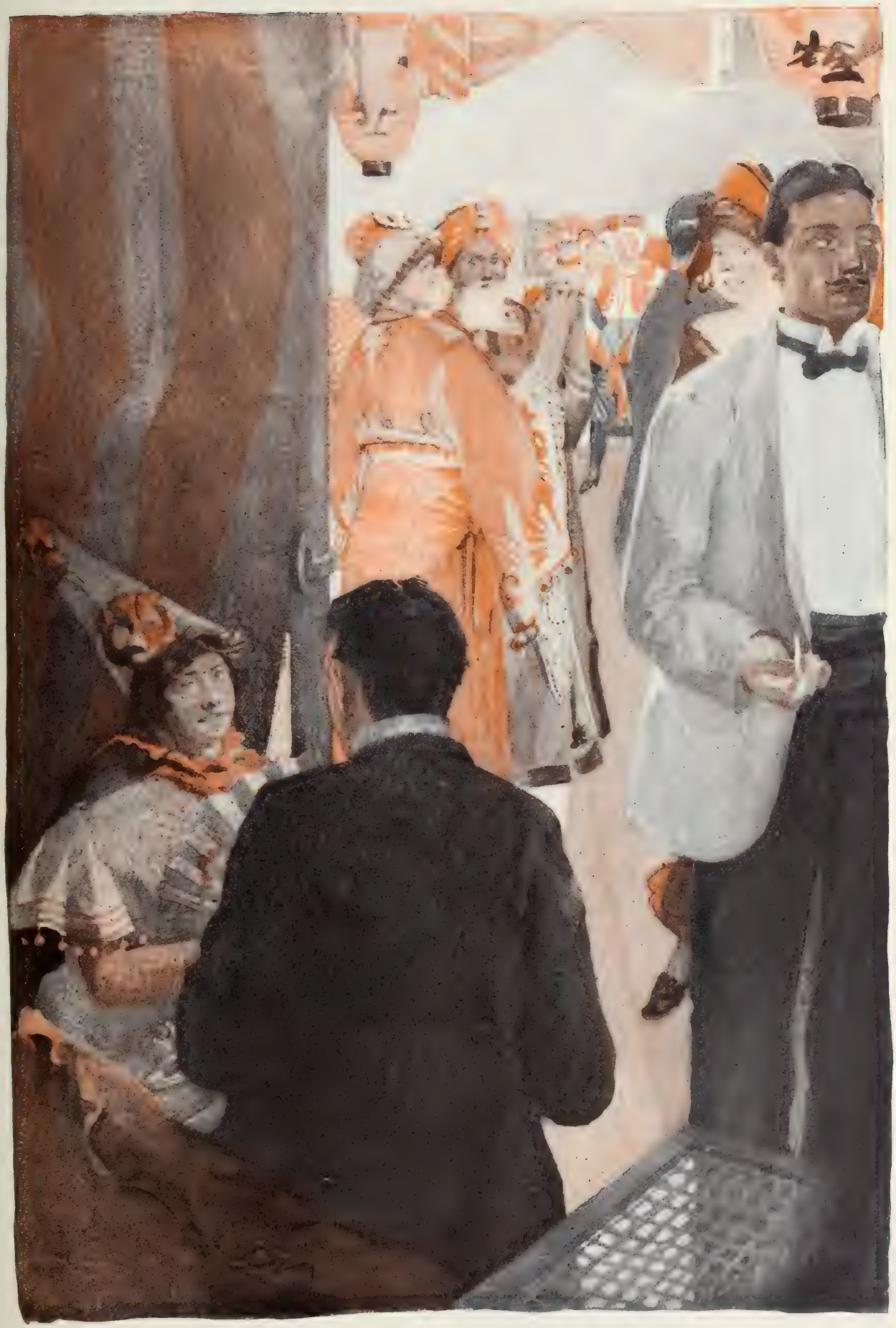
"It is perhaps something to laugh at," the Gray Manager agreed, "but I assure you I did not laugh at the time. 'Young fellow, my lad,' said I, 'why don't you cut your hair?'

"'Why should I?' said he.

"'Well, for one thing,' said I, 'it's peculiar, isn't it?'

"'Not *too* peculiar,' said he. 'It's my own business, anyhow.'

"'It may be your own business,' said I, 'but I assure you, 'pon my honor, that I never before knew a young man to tempt the birds to nest on his own head.'



Drawn by George Harding

A MASQUERADE UNDER THE BIG YELLOW MOON OF THE RED SEA

"By Heaven, that pleased him!

"'Don't you think,' said I, 'that it makes you rather ridiculous?'

"Well," the Gray Manager declared, "he thought it made him interesting! And do you know"—the Gray Manager's eyes now being wide with the wonder and horror of the thing—"I couldn't persuade the chap that it was at all out of the way for a young Anglo-Saxon to wear his hair in the fashion of a bird's-nest? The more I jeered—and the harder I scolded—the better pleased he was with his invention. He had never been on the main-shore. There was no bit or rein on his notions: life at the lighthouse had given him no standards—nothing to conform to. I fancied, you know, that he was a bit off. I wronged him. He was quite normal. That lad went away to school a pitiable ass, his bird's-nest a perfectly sleek arrangement—but came back clipped like a sheep. And that's the point of it, and the pity of it: the crazy directions a healthy man's ideas will take when he lives too much alone. It's lonely on the sheep-stations of the Australian back-blocks, too," the Gray Manager went on, scowling. "A mob of human oddities there! Why, my God!" — the Manager's voice rose to a queer pitch of nervous alarm—"*anything* may happen to the man who lives too much alone. I used to think—back in the early days — sometimes, you know — that I was going a bit off myself. It frightened me. And I get in a blue funk still—when I recall those days."

There had come aboard at Marseilles, privately conducted by a weary little man, a tourist of gross looks but of amiable disposition and impeccable dietary habits. He was a foreign-American—a bulky, soiled, florid fellow, having a great neck, which rose sheer as a cliff from his fat back to his crown, and a slanting, narrow, corrugated forehead, and pale eyes, set very near, over high cheek-bones. It turned out that he mystified us all, until, nearing Colombo, his revelations relieved us. There were odds that he was a brewer; there were odds that he was a meat-packer (this occurring to the English mind); yet he was neither the one nor the other. Out of Marseilles—doubtless to be of consequence among persons of consequence—he had made this boast: that though beginning life stark naked, in a mean neighborhood, without a dollar, he was at that very moment—sitting there in the Mediterranean sunlight of that very deck—possessed of no less than Three Millions. "I worked hard," says he, "and now I take my pleasure. No more business for me. Mein Gott! Whew!" he groaned, in such vital agony as to make one wonder. "Business? — it's awful!" And upon many of these Englishmen—the East-going Englishman not being used to Americans and the Atlantic passage—the announcement of this astonishing feat of accumulation had precisely the effect the American Millionaire intended.

It drew a quick, appraising—even momentarily respectful—glance to his very gross person; and it resulted—momentarily—in a more moderate tone.

"Pretty fair, eh?" the American Millionaire would inquire, with a smack of the lips, indicating ingenuous self-satisfaction. "Three millions?"

Rather!

"Eh?" he demanded, his head cocked, his round face radiant. "That's all right, ain't it — for a man like me? Gee—it certainly *is* all right!"

It measured little less than a miracle.

"We go 'round the world, my wife and me," said he. He laughed; he poked his auditor familiarly in the ribs. "She sees the cathedrals," he chuckled, "and I sit in the cabs!"

Nearing Colombo—the fifth steaming black night of that passage from Aden—the American Millionaire yielded some amusement with a bitter taste to it. He was a pitiful niggard; but he had now ordered whiskey-and-soda for the Man from Singapore, of whom he had grown fond in his clumsy way—parting glasses (said he). But the Man from Singapore fell out with what appeared to him to be the vulgarity of the Millionaire before the glass went to his lips, and, already surly with drink, heartlessly, with no manners at all, abandoned his host and his whiskey-and-soda, leaving both in the corner, the one to stare at the other. Upon this—not

greatly dashed—the Millionaire went among his acquaintances, confidentially inviting each, somewhat in these terms: "I say, old chap," he would whisper, as if inviting to some secret delight, which must not by any means be disclosed, "have a whiskey-and-soda? It's paid for. That Singapore fellow wouldn't drink it. I—I *hate* to see it wasted." It was very pitiful; yet there was laughter in it—this poor American Millionaire going about, rebuffed, increasingly bewildered and grieved, incapable of knowing why his homely hospitality was rejected with mocking politeness.

It was a mystery to him: no other whiskey-and-soda (he might be sure) had gone neglected on board that ship. He brooded, sitting beside the despised glass — frowning, flushed, shamefaced. He made a round of the deck—presently returning to try once more, and once more most dismally to fail.

"What's the matter with it?" he wailed.

It was by this time nothing to laugh at. The wretched man was far too deeply perturbed by what he conceived to be the sudden failure of his popularity. It was pitiful. Possibly not since his success had bloomed had he anywhere discovered such a chilling lack of consideration—a mockery so keen and purposeful.

"Ha!" he concluded, triumphantly, at last; "somebody done something to it! I see! Ha, ha!"—and was quite happy again, thinking it a very good joke on himself.

On this long voyage curiosity indulges in queer employments. How had this flabby fellow managed to accumulate the Three Millions? Straight business? —he was far too stupid. Speculation?— he was infinitely too timid. It was an aggravating mystery. He had, perhaps,



AUCTIONING THE NUMBERS IN THE SHIP'S POOL



THE BIG AUSTRALIAN, DRESSED AS A BALLET DANCER, FALLS OUT WITH THE MASTER OF FOX HOUNDS

a merciless cunning; yet he was a coward—the sort of coward, it might be, who strikes on the sly, deeply, desperately, and runs away. All being said, however, here was a fellow with genial aspects, after all. His eyes twinkled: a nudge in the ribs made him spill laughter. There he would sit, bulk overflowing and protruding, fat legs crossed, cigar in hand, his large countenance beaming enjoyment of the scene and sympathy with its brilliant little diversions. But let one speak intimately of money—of the ways of gathering and the means of holding fast—and his face would screw up, his eyes waver, his great body grow restless; and sometimes, indeed—if one suggested panics and loss—he would drip with sudden sweat, the while protesting, excitedly: "I got mine safe! Nobody's going to rob me of nothing! No more business for me. Mein Gott! Whew! It's awful—awful!" All this mystified the inquiring mind and piqued its curiosity.

"I tell you," said he, of his own notion, this last night, beginning the tale of the low cunning of his success, "I made my money in real estate deals. I used to be a Police Captain in New York. . . ."

And then we thought we knew the beginnings of that fortune.

Hitherto we had followed a main-traveled road. London to the East: it is a highway thronged with merchantmen and mail-boats—the motley and aristocracy of the sea, surging west and east: tramps, pilgrim-ships, liners, old wind-jammers, lateen-rigs, men-o'-war. Now we entered a long by-path, like a wilderness trail; and we traveled without company, meeting none. Colombo to Fremantle of West Australia: it is nine days' sailing—a blue, breezy way, over the Line and across the Trades. Few follow it; many will. Australia is a vast, inviting place; it measures four hundred and twenty-two miles more in area than the United States of America proper, it is more than one-fourth the area of the British Empire, it equals nearly three-fourths the area of Europe; and in these early days it has something less than one and one-half inhabitants to the square mile. And so wide is the land (our Australians maintained)—and so fertile are the possibilities of much of it—and so profitably does it stretch into the abundant tropics—and so free and beneficent is the disposition of the government—and so just are all the laws—and so large is the aspiration and power of the people—and so determined are they to conceive and maintain liberty

as between the rich and the poor—that the overflow of humanity will presently set toward the Southern Cross and occupy all these waiting acres.

It is a singular thing that no Englishman will on this voyage be mistaken for an Australian if he can help it.

"I suspect that Cockney," said one.

"Of murder?"

"No," the Englishman replied, gravely concerned, as though it mattered greatly; "of being an Australian."

"But he *says* he's an Englishman!"

"Ah, well," he rejoined, cunningly, "they often do that, you know!"

Travelers bound for Singapore and Hong-Kong went ashore with the tea-planters of Ceylon. Our company dwindled. Beyond the color and soft movement and mellifluous voices of Colombo—its shady highways, its temples, its barefoot Eastern throng, its busy harbor—we numbered not more than fifty. Most were Australians, in good quality, like the people of our West, with some surface differences, but none of very great account. They were going home from Home—as they put it. I recall that the Gray Station-Manager said this: that having a son to settle he had been gone on a visit to all the other stock-lands—South Africa, the Argentine, the American West—but had spied out nothing in the world to compare in sound opportunity with the Australian acres, upon which he would surely establish the boy (said he) for his venture. I recall, too, a stolid Englishman, traveling with all the less conspicuous appearances of great wealth, mixed with astonishing originality of attire, such as trousers creased in reverse of the fashion (to port and starboard)—an odd fish, truly, whose vast fortune had of itself evolved (they explained) from a game of euchre, played in some lonely camp of the early days, for a fifth interest in what is now become the Amazing Mine.

It is a horsy people.

"*There's* my beauty!" said the Australian Stock-Broker, displaying the photograph of a sturdy little boy astride a slim horse.

"Fine boy," I agreed.

"Oh," said he, "*that's* my son!"

"Fine horse," said I, quickly.

A serious-minded Sports Committee, chosen with serious and exact observance of the customs established, held serious meetings under the smoking-room clock, and talked a great deal with serious countenances, in seriously modulated tones, and seriously consumed ginger-ale, lemon-squash, and whiskey-and-soda, and at last, much to the surprise of everybody, announced, with jolly faces, a tournament of games and jousting of the most delightfully lively and frivolous description. Nor was it in meager measure: the Atlantic passage sometimes provides a beggarly afternoon of these pleasures; but the Australian voyage prescribes and invariably accomplishes whole days of them, all governed by the traditions, so that the suggestion of an innovation is dismissed with "It's never been done before, you know!" and an objection is disposed of with "But it's *always* been done that way, you know!" And so there were quoits and shuffle-board, singles, doubles, and ladies; and there were potato races, thread-the-needle races, three-legged races, and sack races; and there was cock-fighting in a circle, pillow-fighting on a spar; and there was a preposterous contest in which the wretched competitor was suspended by the heels from an overhead stanchion and invited to make a chalk mark on the deck as far away from his perpendicular as he could manage to stretch himself.

These were lively days, indeed, lived rolling through the breezy sunshine; and for all the good feeling and all the laughter of them, according to the custom, the haggard Sports Committee was voted the thanks of all the company, in a warm little speech after dinner, and then most heartily toasted.

"Your health, gentlemen!"

"Hear, hear!"

"If I may be permitted," the Chairman of the Sports Committee began, "to say a mere word or two in response to—"

"Oh, *don't* do it!" groaned the Tired Old Globe-Trotter, much more lustily than he knew.

"Ha, ha! Haw, haw!"

"Shame!"

"Hush!"

"Taken unaware, as I am," the

Chairman went on, bracing himself, "by this—evidence of your—appreciation—ahem—I can only say—ah—"

"Hear, hear!"

Deck cricket—for which the leeward boat-deck was inclosed with a net—was a regular employment of the afternoon; not the least astonishing thing about it being this: that the players turned out to the exercise in flannels and blazers, in every respect the correct attire for chaps at cricket ashore. And in the course of the voyage Second Class challenged First Class. First Class accepted the challenge; and First Class desired to know: Where did Second Class prefer to play? Second Class communicated a reply to the effect that Second Class preferred to play on the second-class deck. Second Class, it was pointed out, had challenged First Class *to come over and play*—that being, it would be recalled, the exact form of the challenge. Just so; but First Class *was quite sure* that the first-class deck would turn out to be a more spacious and altogether agreeable field, and accompanied this communication with an invitation to Second Class to come over and have it out. Second Class accepted the kind invitation of First Class for the following afternoon at 2.30 o'clock—*provided*, however, that First Class would indulge Second Class with the compliment of a return match on the second-class deck, and afterward drink tea with Second Class in the second-class saloon. All this turning out to be agreeable to both sides, First Class appointed a Committee, the same being a Committee of the Whole Team, to entertain Second Class after the match, and thereafter placidly awaited the coming of Second Class, confident, now, that nothing could go amiss.

Nothing did go amiss. Both games were played with the utmost good feeling on both sides; whereafter there was no further communication of First Class with Second Class, nor of Second Class with First Class.

"Some jolly chaps in Second," yawned First.

Not *too* bad!

"Some decent blokes in First," yawned Second.

It was not the way of Second Class to skulk and envy and feel ashamed. Second Class respectfully respected itself — and immensely enjoyed itself. Second Class had a masquerade—occasional dances, too—and indulged in Calcutta Sweeps. And Second Class dressed every night for dinner.

East of Suez came the Calcutta Sweeps. Here is a traditional diversion of these seas—a great pool on the day's run; and it was managed in this wise: As many chances were sold, at a shilling each, as the Calcutta Committee for the day could manage without straining, one to the timid or pious, as the case might be, and twenty or thirty to all true speculators. The Captain declared a number as being the best probability. It was 380. Twenty numbers were taken above this, and twenty below, with a high field (above the highest number) and a low field (below the lowest); and there was a first prize, the winning number, ten per cent. deducted for the day's charities; and there were two second prizes, ten above the winning number and ten below it, ten per cent. deducted for charity. Eventually there was a drawing, conducted with great ceremony by the Calcutta Committee, to determine the holders of the forty-one numbers and the high and the low fields; but these fortunate folk did not possess final title to the numbers they had drawn: all the numbers were put up at auction, the proceeds going into the pool, and the holders were entitled either to accept one-half the amount bid and yield all interest to the bidder, or to pay half the amount bid and retain a half-interest in the outcome.

And so syndicates were formed, and shares were bought and sold, and the current was estimated, and the Chief Engineer was subtly sounded, and the revolutions of the screw were counted by old gentlemen with their ears cocked and watches in their hands.

As for the ultimate value of the pool, that depended on the bidding, and the spirit of the bidding depended largely on—

"A beggarly £80 in the pool!" cried the Auctioneer. "Fie, gentlemen! One might think you had not dined."

Shortly after dinner, or sometimes late of a warm afternoon, a bell was rung, like a general alarm, by some muscular, earnest steward — clanging a stirring summons along the decks and through the corridors—to announce the auction. And the deck chairs were abandoned, and all the shadowy corners were deserted, and the staterooms were vacated, and Cocktail Alley was emptied of cigarettes and liqueurs, and there was something nearly resembling a stampede to the smoking-room, where the auctioneer and his clerks were waiting. The smoking-room overflowed with the ladies and gentlemen, all flashing and glistening and buzzing, and the doors were jammed with perpendicular black and white, both lean and portly, and heads were thrust through the port-holes (bids being accepted from any vantage). And presently the auctioneer perched a rusty top-hat over his right ear, noisily employed his gavel, made a speech, appealing to the beneficence of the ladies and gentlemen in behalf of the widows and orphans of all sailors, and thereafter proceeded to dispose of the numbers to the highest bidders, bowling along so vivaciously, indeed, with a patter so lifelike and witty, beseeching the ladies to bid up the numbers of the popular gentlemen, whom he named, and entreating the gentlemen to the gallantry of bidding up the numbers of the most popular ladies, whom he did not name—all so cunningly that he was voted the very most amusing auctioneer, as well as the most successful, who ever sold Calcutta numbers (to which even the Tired Old Globe-Trotter agreed).

In the course of the graceless business of hawking Calcutta shilling-chances, one morning, the Polite Australian encountered the Member of the Best London Clubs.

"Calcutta, sir?" he invited, pencil poised.

A stare was the best he gained.

"I beg your pardon, sir, really," he stammered, flushing, "but unfortunately I—"

"Can't you see," the Member of the Best London Clubs scolded, petulantly, indicating a man with whom he was passing the time of day, "that I am talking with a gentleman?"

"I thought *I* was," murmured the Polite Australian.

It was not incongruously splendid; it was not a floating hotel—the Atlantic boast. Here was an airy, adequate, austerely simple ship — a disciplined vessel in every respect. There was nothing tawdry: the very decorations lifted their eyebrows and remarked in a superior fashion, "Observe that there is nothing vulgar about *us*, and permit us to *hope* that there is nothing vulgar about *you!*" Breakfast was of small consequence in a social way. A mechanical "Good morning" passed muster. Custom seemed to allow some latitude of behavior at luncheon, too—a dilatory arrival, a departure out of season; but dinner was conducted with great propriety, as on shore — that decorum which celebrates the Line above all other lines. And this was engagingly remarkable in contrast with the confusion and easy manners of the Atlantic passage. There were no *tête-à-tête* tables—there was no mixture of tweeds and broadcloth, of shirt-waists and *décolleté* gowns—there were no bewildered stewards—there was no clatter of dishes—there was no babel or impropriety of any sort whatsoever. It was an orderly procedure, timed and directed by a grave upper-steward with a gong, course upon course, until, in due time, the ladies graciously moved, and the amiable, flowing hour-and-a-half came to an end, to be somewhat prolonged with liqueurs and cigarettes in Cocktail Alley and the smoking-room, before the languorous night drew its own followers to the boat-deck and to a sentimental worship of the stars.

It was at dinner that the Big Australian trapped and confounded the Chief Officer who had given him offense: the simple passage being remembered thereafter as The Revenge of the Big Australian.

"I say, Chief," said he, with wily humility, "would you be good enough to help us with a little problem in navigation?"

To be sure!

"Quite so," said the Big Australian, his gray eyes glittering. "Suppose, then, that you were at the North Pole—"

"I never was, you know!"

"Of course not! But suppose you were. And suppose you sailed directly south—"

"It couldn't be done!"

"Oh, pshaw, Chief! Of *course* it couldn't be done. But if possible, *suppose* it could. Suppose you were at the North Pole—and suppose you sailed directly south *one* hundred and sixty miles—and suppose you sailed directly east *two* hundred and sixty miles—"

"Pencil? Thank you. Carry on."

"What course," the Big Australian gravely propounded, "would you steer to get back to your starting-point?"

"I am at the North Pole," the Chief Officer rehearsed. "Do I take you? Quite so. I sail south *one* hundred and sixty miles—I sail east *two* hundred and sixty miles. Quite so. What course, then, shall I sail to get back to my starting-point? Is there an argument? Quite so. Let me see if I can't solve this for you. . . . Hm-m. . . . Quite so. . . ." It was pitiful: the Chief Officer—and an excellent officer he was—had fairly gulped the Big Australian's obvious hook. And the simple fellow turned over his menu card, and gazed ponderously at its blank surface, and put his head on one side, and wrinkled his brow, and pursed his lips, and drew a triangle, and described an arc, and began to calculate like lightning—indulging in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, with flights into those higher mathematics, doubtless, which have to do with the mysteries of navigation. Time passed all too delightfully: the rose and blue faded beyond the rolling port-holes—and the yellow light of the saloon asserted itself above the failing glow of evening—and the merriment all roundabout seemed loud in contrast with our silence—and the brown stewards paused in horror of this interruption—and the Big Australian twinkled a naughty and merciless enjoyment—and we all of us, a breathless company, in heathenish amusement, continued deeply intent upon the Chief Officer's engagement with his problem, half dreading the effect of the disclosure upon his pride and remarkable dignity.

"In general terms," the Big Australian softly insinuated.

"Course in general terms?"

"Quite so."

It was explicit: the Chief Officer could not now take sanctuary in the Magnetic Pole and the deviations of the Magnetic Needle. "A difficult matter," he complained, scowling, "to work this out offhand."

"Oh no!" scoffed the Big Australian.

"But I say it *is!*" the Chief Officer snapped.

"In general terms?" the Big Australian mocked. "Nothing simpler, my dear chap!"

"My *dear* chap," the Chief Officer demanded, angrily, "what course, in general terms, would a *landsman* sail to get back to the North Pole?"

"North," said the Big Australian.

The Chief Officer was very much annoyed.

We crossed the Line. There were no ceremonies: some accident—occurring on a long-previous voyage—had issued in the discharge of Father Neptune from his ancient activities. It was hot weather, to be sure—blazing days, spent in shade and sleep, and moist nights, passed in the wind on deck; and little gusts of lukewarm rain, seeming to gather under the blue sky near by, swept the decks like steam, drying almost instantly in the sun and hot breeze. And now the English Officer of Militia, doubtless aggravated by the heat, stumbled into the center of the spectacle. He was a gray, crisp Englishman, creased and combed and waxed, carrying himself with precision, in a hot-house military way, but turning a bit portly under the belt. It seemed he would have no traffic at all with Australians: he mistrusted Australians, he detested Australians (said he)—their deeds, their manners, their code, their damned habitat. He was going Out (said he) to protect his Australian estate from a Gang of Rapacious Robbers. Indeed, he went the length of declaring—which no man of reason and sensibility should do—that the present generation of Australians resembled in its practices those thieves and thugs among its forefathers who had been sent out to the colonies for their country's good. These bitter words were uttered with a quick flush,



Painting by George Harding

A BARE-FOOT THRONG AMIDST A MEDLEY OF COLOR GREETED US AT COLOMBO

an angry flash: they were manifestly the explosion of pique and prejudice; and more than one indignant Australian promptly challenged the justice of their employment.

It seems that the grandfather of this Officer of Militia had in his time acquired a certain tract of good Australian earth, either by purchase, which was honorable, or in reward of service to the government of those days, which was even more honorable still. In the course of events this selfsame tract of land had descended to the Officer of Militia; and the Officer of Militia had thrived large and happily by means of it—and lived in England, an absentee landlord, as the Australian phrase angrily puts it. It is, however, the custom of the various Australian States to "resume" for closer settlement or other purpose such tracts of land as may appear to be needed to increase the welfare of the whole people. No landlord is wronged of his estate: generally speaking—governments being notoriously free in this respect—notice of resumption is an occasion of rejoicing. New South Wales had cunningly resumed the lands of Government House and evicted the Governor-General of the Commonwealth. Why should any State hesitate over an absentee English Officer of Militia? And the lands of the Officer of Militia, being needed, had been resumed at a price—the detail of the bargain still hanging fire, I fancy. But in the mean time the government had disclosed its purpose to undertake certain very important public works in the immediate neighborhood of the resumed tract, whereby its value would be enormously increased: the difference would be equal to the gulf between farm-lands and suburban lots; and it was for this reason that the Officer of Militia was bound Out to protect his inheritance.

It was at the masquerade that the Big Australian fell foul of the Officer of Militia. For the time being the Officer of Militia represented a Master of the Fox Hounds; and the Big Australian—what with powder and paint and borrowed petticoats and jewels and curls—more or less nearly resembled a member of the very back row of the *corps de ballet*, except for his cigar.

"Your government is rooking me!" the Officer of Militia raged.

"Faugh!" snorted the Big Australian.

"Isn't it my land?"

"Aren't we paying you for it?"

"It's my land, sir, and you're not paying me what it's going to be worth."

"*Going* to be worth!" the Big Australian laughed. "Ha, ha! Why should we pay you what it's *going* to be worth? What have *you* ever done—what *could* you do—to make it worth what it's going to be worth? Ha, ha!"

"When the government builds—"

"You aren't putting up any buildings!" roared the big Australian.

"It's my land!" bawled the Officer of Militia.

In this way the encounter progressed from the glow of an agreeable academic discussion to the white heat of recrimination. It could not be otherwise. The Officer of Militia, steeped in the land-owning traditions of his own countryside, was quite incapable of discovering the least ray of justice or reason in the Big Australian's argument; and the Big Australian, bred in company with the amazing new Australian ideas of what they call human rights, could descry nothing but stupidity and greed and aristocratic outrage in the argument of the Officer of Militia. It was no mere difference of opinion as between individuals: it was something deeper and far more significant than that. And meantime the ship rolled along toward the Trades—and the music flowed strumming and tinkling with the soft night wind toward the stars—and the dancers circled close to the perspiring disputants and dodged alarmed away—and the lights glowed green and red and yellow—and the varicolored bunting fluttered in the breeze. And presently the Pierrot, with the Tramp Captain and the Beef Eater, edged behind the Big Australian, to encourage him, and Sir Walter Raleigh, with the Preposterous Nurse Maid and the Arabian Sheik, backed up the Officer of Militia. The Big Australian quivered with rage until his curls trembled and his diamonds flashed fire and his spreading skirts rustled their indignation; and the Officer of Militia came near bursting his red coat with explosive pomposity.

"You equivocate, sir!" declared the Master of the Fox Hounds.

"Equivocate, sir?" cried the Lady of the Ballet. "Do you mean to insinuate, sir, that I lie?"

"I say you equivocate, sir."

"If you accuse me of equivocation again, sir," roared the Lady of the Ballet, thrusting his powdered face, his rouged cheeks, his penciled eyebrows close to the flushes of the Master of the Fox Hounds, and shaking his bejeweled fist under that indignant sportman's very nose, "I'll knock your block off!"

And the Officer of Militia chose the better part of valor—a chilling disdain.

There was a dry, gray, lean little man aboard, traveling to Australia to sightsee (said he). Though not at all brusque nor ill-mannered in any way beyond endurance, he was not greatly given to conversation, but was in love with his pipe, his novel, his afternoon walk, his corner in the smoking-room, his chair on deck, and his own company. He was sharp-eyed, sharp-eared; yet he was no figure of significance in the shipboard life, but dwelt apart, remotely, ruminating. "When I set out upon this long journey," said he, "I was informed by some practised travelers that Australia was a dull country and would waste the time of any man. As it has turned out, they were foolish travelers, indeed, who told me so. They found no outlandish thing in Sydney, perhaps; they encountered no cannibals in Melbourne, no doubt; despairing of sensation, therefore, they must have taken ship for other places. Though we are still within a day's sail of Fremantle I am convinced that they were mistaken. I have heard many tales: of deserts, wildernesses, gold-fields, new seas—of thirst and heat and dust-storms—of pioneers, prospectors, troopers, black-trackers, pearl-fishers, savages—of fashion, riches, sport—of splendid enterprise, of dashing political experiment—of a triumphal national aspiration. I am quite sure, indeed, that I shall have a good time."

"How then," said I, "will you go about seeing all these wonders?"

"Ahorse and afoot, by camel and coach. I will take to the bypaths, there encountering all sorts of people, in the ancient way, and hearing their stories in exchange for my own."

It seemed a reasonable thing.

"Doubtless you have observed," he went on, "that I travel obscurely? Life is a spectacle. I wish that I might be furnished by some beneficent magic with the Invisible Cloak, so that I could stand back in the shadows and be indeed a spectator."

"Is it a good way to travel?"

"It is the happiest and most profitable," he declared, emphatically.

Next day, at Fremantle, in broad sunshine, the blue and yellow and deep green of the other side of the world, the gray little man left the ship. It was January weather—the blazing heat of an Australian midsummer.

A Little Leaven

BY MAUD CHRISTIAN AYMAR

ROBERT REVERE VAN COURTLAND WHITNEY, despite the dignity of his name, had always been obliged to enter his aunt's house by the back door. There were good and sufficient reasons for this—as she had painstakingly explained to him; little boys' shoes which had walked in mud or dust invariably left duplicates of themselves on stairs and carpets. He wished he might explain to *her* that this was exactly why he liked to see them there, that it was even better than drawing on the tracing-slate; but somehow he never quite got up enough courage to argue with his aunt Bella. To-day, for instance, he would have liked to discuss the whys of going to dancing-school; here, for a wonder, had he but known it, she would have agreed in its uselessness; but her "Your father wishes it" seemed to have to settle the matter for them both.

And, oh, how much he would have liked to ask more about this father of his! All his questions on the absorbing subject were generally answered by a meager yes or no. He knew there was a mysterious place called Boston where this gentleman lived, but he himself knew only this house of his aunt's in the small country town some fifty miles from the big city. Father wrote to him, and sent the usual presents at Christmas and birthdays, and once in a long, long while he came to see him. But then he only stayed a few hours, and Robert always became fearfully shy and never said very much during these visits, so his father got the impression that his son was rather a stupid little chap.

Mr. Whitney had left Robert with his wife's elder sisters after that horrible time when, the young mother dying at his birth, the distracted man had only wanted to be alone—never to see this little bundle of humanity who had been the cause of his losing the woman he loved. And, on her part, Miss Isabella Townsend never forgave *him*, and would have been glad not to see him again since he had been the means of bringing disgrace on their irreproachable family—for disgrace was what Miss Bella called the eloping of her eighteen-year-old sister with her boy lover. She had to admit, however, that the detested brother-in-law had always paid generously for his son, and she did her duty by the child as well as she knew how, but it was duty with such a big *D* that there was none of it left over to spell such words as dear and darling, delight and demonstrative!

Robert was not neglected, his needs were seen to conscientiously; Miss Isabella may not have liked his father, but she intended that all criticism should come from their side of the family, so his boy was being "well brought up." Those words were often on the lips of the sisters.

When one comes to think of it there was something to be said for Miss Bella, because here was an unwelcome infant, thrust upon her from an unwelcome source, and because there was no one else to do it, she, as a Christian woman, had to look after him. It was hard, for instance, that, knowing sunshine to be necessary for children, she should have to keep the shades raised and so see her beloved belongings fade before her eyes. The baby had been trying enough, for his nurses had really given more trouble than he; but they had all departed to upset other households, and now it was the boy himself who was so often and so innocently annoying.

Oh, how many times she had wanted to box his ears! But she never did—a discipline, had she guessed it, which was much better for Miss Bella than the blow would have been for Robert. Even at this early age he had that



ROBERT ALWAYS BECAME FEARFULLY SHY DURING THESE VISITS

strange collecting fever which so unaccountably attacks boys; to be sure, at present it was something as harmless as railroad time-tables, but still the pile of these took up the place in his bureau drawer where his handkerchiefs ought to go. And how on earth a child of seven could know the multiplication table (when it was a stumbling-block to Miss Isabella even yet) and still not be able to remember the days on which to change his underwear, was a constant mystery and aggravation. As for his pockets—well, it is hardly fair to blame her for that, because a real mother often has cause to complain at what she finds in a little boy's pockets.

Just about the time when Robert began to realize dimly that all homes were not quite like this—that is, that there were actually boys who got their feet wet intentionally and ate between meals without being punished—something happened in his own well-regulated life which upset the usual order of things.

It was at breakfast that it began; the postman unconsciously set it going in a letter he left. Aunt Bella read it to Aunt Clara (oh, hasn't Aunt Clara been mentioned before? Well that just describes her, she merely lived with her sister), and it made them both very much excited indeed. This was not to be wondered at when he found it meant a guest who would have to be put in the sacred spare room. Why, *that* had not been opened since he had measles long ago and his father had come on one of those rare visits.

He heard them read such sentences as, "You will remember my mother, I am sure; she so often speaks to me of your school-girl days together"; and: "As I am in Boston at present, she is most anxious that I should come out to see you. May I?"

That seemed to be the most important part, for they reread it two or three times.

"I suppose we shall have to ask her," Aunt Bella said, finally; and Clara asked, timidly, "Is her name Connett, or is she married?" People who were married had not been very welcome in that house.

"No, thank goodness, she doesn't seem to have a husband. It's just signed Olga V. Connett. Well, we've got to have her, I guess, for I visited Jane, you remember, after we left school. Dear me, I hope she's been well brought up. As I recollect that Southern household, there was a good deal in it to be improved upon."

It was not until the actual day of her arrival that Robert began to take a personal interest in this Olga Connett, and then it was with a feeling of resentment that he awaited her coming, since it meant his Sunday clothes and the putting away of the cherished time-tables, which could not litter up the place, Aunt Bella said, when company came. Of course it was rather nice to know they were going to have ice-cream for supper—and he even began to feel a little excited when the old depot cab drove in at the gate. He never had seen that before, for they were too near the station, it was thought, to indulge in any such extravagance.

He remembered afterward how still the house had seemed as they waited, no one speaking, only the old clock in the hall tick, tick, ticking—and then She stepped into the doorway! Nobody noticed the sound of the clock after that, for there was such chatter and jolly laughter that it almost made Aunt Bella smile. But not quite—for already she was aware that the bags and wraps had been piled upon the parlor table regardless of ancestral photographs, that one corner of the rug was turned up and a large bunch of moist flowers dripping on the plush lambrequin.



"I SUPPOSE WE SHALL HAVE TO ASK HER," AUNT BELLA SAID, FINALLY

Having taken in her surroundings at one glance when she entered, Olga was perfectly prepared for the bedroom into which she was now ushered, with its heavy set of walnut furniture with marble tops, and walls covered with left-over pictures from other parts of the house. There were the usual things labeled or embroidered Matches, Combings, and Laundry; they always made Olga long to put her stray hairs into the soiled-linen bag and the burnt matches into the comb-box; and, truth to tell, this is just what she often did, but fortunately her hostess did not know it—yet.

She was late for supper — an unheard-of offense in this house — because when she had half unpacked her bag she came across a magazine she had been reading in the train, and stopped long enough to finish the story. When she finally walked into the sitting-room Robert nearly fell off his chair, for it was the first time he had ever seen any one in evening dress.



AND THEN SHE STEPPED INTO THE DOORWAY

Not that the very simple gown, a little low in the neck, could properly come under that heading, but it was pink and it was fluffy, and somehow it didn't look like anything his aunts ever wore. He fully expected to hear the visitor scolded for keeping them waiting, but evidently that young lady was used to having people wait for her, because she only gave a most perfunctory apology and, unconscious of Miss Bella's frown, said cheerfully:

"Hello, Bobbie, do you sit up for dinner?"

"My name is Robert," he answered, primly.

"We do not care for nicknames, though I have suffered all my life from one," his aunt explained.

"Oh, but Robert and I can never get on unless we have a nickname. I'm sure you and he won't mind if I call him something—well—sort of intimate, you know. Show me your knife, Bobkins, and I'll let you cut this string and see what's inside."

They were at table now, and yet she had dared put her bundle right down on the best cloth and was calmly picking at the knot in the cord as if it was nothing unusual. He glanced bashfully at his aunt, not knowing what to reply.

"Robert has no knife, Olga. I do not believe in boys having them; they always injure themselves or something else if they do, and Robert understands that in cutting himself it would give trouble to others."

For a moment the young girl could not believe her ears; then, taking up the precious pearl-handled company knife which was beside her plate, she snapped the string with a vicious cut and silently handed over a box of chocolates to the wide-eyed little boy.

"Say 'thank you,' Robert, and put



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams Half-tone plate engraved by Nelson Demarest

SHE LAUGHED INTO HIS UPTURNED FACE, "I'M 'MOST AS YOUNG AS YOU ARE"

them away until another time; you must not eat candy at night."

This seemed like rather a gloomy beginning, but next day things improved somewhat, for he and Olga had the most wonderful walk together, she insisting that he did not need rubbers; and most marvelously she had her way—without putting Aunt Bella in such a very bad humor, either.

He would have liked to ask her how she did it; he knew he could laugh and crinkle up his eyes just as she did, but he doubted that he could put his arm round his aunt and give her that funny little squeeze; but he was willing to try even this if it brought about such surprising results.

"Take your umbrellas; it looks stormy," was the last injunction, yet he was hurried off without them.

"I hate carrying umbrellas and things; don't you, Bobolink? Let's chance it, anyway."

"Why does Aunt Bella always think it's going to rain?" he asked as he took her hand, held firmly, he felt, and not by a slipping two fingers.

"Does she?" smiled Olga. "Well, perhaps she wears blue glasses."

"Only when the sun's on the snow," he said, seriously.

What a walk that was! Different from any he had ever known before; no pulling him past the store windows in the village where there were so many fascinating things to see, no insistent "hurry" when he lagged behind to watch a squirrel walk the trolley wire, and always a ready answer to the dozens of questions he loved to ask. She even stood before the torn and weather-stained circus posters and discussed their delights quite leisurely.

"Have you ever been to a circus?" she asked, suddenly.

"Only to a dead one." And seeing her puzzled expression, he explained that he had once been taken to a place where they had stuffed animals in glass cases —Aunt Bella had thought it would be "instructive."

"Well, we'll go some day, for fun and nothing else. I just love it myself, and if I had a real boy with me it would be great." She laughed into his upturned face. "I'm 'most as young as you are. Let me see, just how old are you, Bobby?"

"Seven—but a big seven, I guess, 'cause I wear eight-year ready-mades," he answered, proudly. He had been told not to inquire into the interesting subject of grown people's ages, but he made a compromise with his conscience.

"What size ready-mades do you wear?" he asked.

"Why, listen to the scamp of a boy! He wants to know how old I am. Guess?"

"Forty?"

"What!"

"Aren't you?"

"Just half that—Impudence." She watched him carefully calculating.

"Well, twenty's pretty old, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it seems so to seven," she said, meekly. Presently she asked: "Robert, do you know what you'd like to be when you grow up?"

There was a slight pause while he seemed to give the question serious attention. "A minister, I guess," he said, and glanced up for her approval.

Heavens! had they made him a goody-goody!

"You see, I like to talk, and ministers can; nobody ever tells them to keep still when they preach, and sometimes I get tired of being seen and not heard."

With her strong young arms she lifted him to her face and kissed him—immediately apologizing.

"Honestly, I don't think any one saw us, Bobbin, so you needn't mind. I won't do it again unless you say so."

"Maybe, sometime I'd let you—at night—in the dark when I go to bed."

"All right, old man; I'll remember. Do you mind going to bed in the dark? I did, fearfully."

"Not now, I don't, but when I was little I did."

The rain came later in the day, but Robert did not mind a rainy afternoon with this delightful playmate in the house. She had told the aunts they would make too much noise to stay down-stairs. "We're going to giggle, aren't we, Bobtail, and do all sorts of silly things, so I think my room's the best place for these two infants"—so now there they were, the box of chocolates in some mysterious way up with them too. At Olga's daring to seat her-



"IF I TELL YOU A GREAT BIG SECRET, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP IT?"

self on the smooth, freshly made-up bed, he was so afraid of reproof for her that he ventured a remonstrance of his own.

"Don't you think you'd better come over here and sit in this chair?" he asked, uneasily. "Because, you see, Aunt Bella won't like any one mussing up her clean spread."

"Oh, that's all right, Bobby. I'll fix it up beautifully afterward."

"But spreads cost twenty cents to send to the laundry. I don't want her to scold you," he ended, lamely.

She put out an impulsive hand and drew him toward her, but there was a visible tightening of her mouth as she said, recklessly:

"What would you like to do, honey-boy, more than anything else this afternoon?"

He hesitated a moment, then, remembering that she would understand, he whispered: "Oh, I'd like awfully to go out and get my feet wet in that puddle! I never have heard my shoes make that funny suck-suck noise when they're soaking. Don't you love to play in water?"

"Yes, sirree, I do, and some day I'm going to teach you to swim, and some day"—she sat up now with mischief in her face—"some day I'm going to let you put on a pair of my old boots and go out and paddle in the wet just as much as you want! Only," she added, already anxious about him, "you must promise to come right in afterward and have your feet rubbed good and dry."

"But you won't be here after to-morrow," he said, forlornly.

"You never can tell what's going to happen, Bobbin. 'Most every day something nice turns up."

"Not when you're not here," he persisted, still very much depressed at the terrible thought.

But she managed to distract him with all sorts of new games and stories, and at dinner that night he became so animated in his talk that two or three times Aunt Bella had to say, "Look out, Robert, you'll upset your glass of milk," and finally he did do it, and was sent in disgrace to his room.

Olga continued talking politely to the two ladies, but always with rather a preoccupied air, and presently she said she'd run up-stairs and get her embroidery. But really she went to listen outside of Robert's room for the sound she dreaded to hear. It came to her in the pitiful suppressed sob which made her hurriedly open the door. He was all alone in the dark, and she rushed over

to where he stood and put her arms around the pathetic little figure.

"Don't mind, honey! I'll stay with you if you want me."

"But you won't stay always — and it's that I mind more than what Aunt Bella did."

"Would you like to live with me all the time, little son?" the girl asked, softly.

"Oh, but just wouldn't I—and you're going away! *Please* take me with you!"

She was kneeling beside him now, looking up into his face. Suddenly she burst forth into an excited whisper.

"Bobbie dear, if I tell you a great, big, tremendous secret, do you think you can keep it for a little while—just for a few days, anyway?"

He nodded delightedly, her excitement communicating itself to him, made him tense with attention.

"Well, then, you *are* going to live with me. Oh, Bobby, I'm so happy! I'm going to be your mother in real earnest, for I'm going to marry—whom do you think?—your daddy! I came up here just to see how you and I would get on together—and you will love me, won't you, because I love you ever and ever so much already."

A stern voice from below interrupted them. "Olga, I must ask you to come down now. It is after half past eight, and Robert ought to be asleep."

When she appeared, empty-handed, Miss Bella asked, rather stiffly, "Where is your work?"

"My work?" Olga was too preoccupied to comprehend at once. "Oh, you mean my embroidery. I decided to write instead. May I use your desk?"

And hardly waiting for the reluctant permission, she sat down at this hallowed spot, where no one except the owner herself ever ventured. Directing an envelope, she paused and smiled, looking at the two calm, prim women sitting beside the lamp. "What fun it would be," she thought, "to throw the bombshell of this address into the room now," but she resisted the temptation.

The letter, without beginning or end, contained only these words: "He's a dear—and you're going to love him as much as I do."

The First Year

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

THERE'S a year of my life that I fail to remember,
Not a face, nor a word, nor a song, nor a sigh;
It fled like a phantom or dream of the morning,
And nothing I know of the child that was I.

On Joy, at the threshold, I gazed unperceiving.
Was Grief by the fireside? Its form I forgot;
And summer and winter, that followed each other
In green and white raiment, I noticed them not.

That far-away year, on my brain unrecorded,
It numbered its days as they silently flew;
It gave me the love and the light that I needed,
Then tenderly touched me and passed out of view.

That year of my life that I cannot remember—
I think, at the last, it may stand in its place;
Each moment, agleam with the glory of morning,
May tell me its story and smile in my face.

On Christianizing the Eskimos

BY VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON

SOME friends of mine who travel in Africa are of the opinion that the greater part of black Africa is on the way toward becoming uniformly Mohammedan. They explain this by saying that the natives do not understand Christianity, but they do Mohammedanism; that Mohammedanism seems adapted to local needs, and apparently is in Africa the right thing in the right place.

A few years ago, when I was a student in a divinity school, I remember the professor of church history and allied subjects explaining how in Europe Christianity underwent local changes to suit itself to the environment and understanding of the different peoples as it spread northward during the early centuries of our era. It is, of course, a truism that every one of us must think in the terms of his own experience. "When I was a child I thought as a child" applies also to the races who are really in the childhood stage of intellectual evolution. It ought to be self-evident that the Christianity of the cultured, club-frequenting, wealthy man of the city can never be quite the same as that of the farmer in the backwoods, for the thoughts of each and their outlook on life are colored by their associations; still it is apparently true that when the clubman writes out his check for foreign missions and the farmer drops his silver coin in the contribution-plate, each seems to think that the money is going to be spent to produce in the minds of distant savages exactly the type of Christianity which the giver himself holds or which he is in the habit of hearing from his own pulpit.

It has been my fortune at various times and in many lands to see several other religions besides Christianity in actual operation, and to see the operations of Christianity in a large assortment of environments. The religious phenomena among primitive races are in general as fraught with human interest as any of the phases of their lives, and the manifestations of the Christianity which they acquire from missionaries, or from already converted fellow-countrymen, should be quite as interesting to us as the native religion of these people—more interesting, in fact, through the circumstance that here we see familiar ideas in strange guise, and have before us phenomena which we are better able to understand than the purely native religions of races that differ antipodally from us in their outlook on life.

One of the races which just now are being converted to Christianity is that of the Eskimo. Those of us interested in missions may have at our fingers' ends the statistics of the work: In such a year the missionary went to this or that district; in so many years he made so many converts; religious services were regularly held; the results of the work are most gratifying. These things we can get out of the missionary reports, and we can hear them from lecture-platforms and pulpits when in their sabbatical years the missionaries return to us to tell about their work and its results. I know of no case where there is any reason to doubt the accuracy of the report of these missionaries so far as outward facts are concerned. If they say that twenty-five have been baptized, you may take it for granted that twenty-five have been baptized. What we shall undertake—a thing which the missionary seldom attempts—is to examine the minds of the twenty-five converts and see just how much of a spiritual transformation the baptism has wrought, and under what form the teachings of the missionaries are now being treasured in their simple hearts.

I have lived with the Eskimos until they have become as my own people. I pass my winters in their houses and my summers in their tents; I dress as they

do, eat what they eat, and follow the game across the tundra to get my food exactly as they do, and I have come to feel that I understand them as well as I do my own people. My footing among them is antipodal to that of the missionary—he comes to teach, but I to learn. He tells them, "Don't do this" and "Don't do that," and the people soon learn what it is he approves of and of what he disapproves; but I merely look and listen, with interest, but without comment. They will show him the characteristics which they know are likely to win his approbation, and they will keep from his knowledge the things he considers reprehensible; with me they take it for granted that I feel as they do —which, in fact, I do in many cases. In dealing with the missionary the Eskimos say, "Aye, aye," and "Nay, nay," and they watch him out of the corners of their eyes to see whether they said "Aye" and "Nay" at the right time. The footing of the scientific student is also different from that of the whaler or trader who is not interested in their language or their lore. He laughs at their beliefs and calls them silly, exactly as the missionary frowns over them and calls them wicked. His interests are in fur and in whalebone, as the missionary's are in the teaching of doctrine and the enforcement of Sabbath observance.

When Christianity came to Rome the temples of the gods became the churches of God, but there was still the atmosphere of the temple about them. The feasts of the heathen became the feasts of the church. Yule became Christmas, and in German countries the gods Thor and Odin became devils, snarers of souls and the enemies of the Kingdom. Just so among the Eskimos the missionary becomes in the minds of the people a shaman. His prohibitions become taboos; and as miracles could be wrought under the old system by formulæ and charms, so the Christian religion among them becomes not one of "works," but of ritual, and prayers are expected to have their immediate and material effect as the charms did formerly.

To illustrate one of the phases of the native religion of the Eskimos, we may consider the question of food taboos. In the mountains of Alaska, on the upper Kuvuk and Noatak rivers, and on the headwaters of the Colville, the prohibitions which applied to the eating of the flesh of the mountain-sheep alone were as extensive as the entire dietary section of the Mosaic law. A young girl, for instance, might eat only certain ribs, and when she was a little older she might eat certain other ribs; but when she was full grown she would for a time have to abstain from eating the ribs which had been allowed to her up to then. After a woman had had her first child she might eat certain other ribs, after her second child still others, and only after having five children might she eat all the ribs; but even then she must not eat the membranes on the inside of the ribs. If her child was sick she must not eat certain ribs, and if two of her children were sick she might not eat certain other ribs. If her brother's child was sick, she might not eat certain portions, and if her brother's wife died there were still different prohibitions. The taboos applying to the ribs of the sheep had relation to the health of her children and of her relatives. They also depended upon what animals her relatives or herself had killed recently, and on whether those animals were male or female.

When all the compulsory taboos were remembered and complied with, there were still some optional ones. If she wanted her daughter to be a good seamstress she would observe certain taboos with regard to the mountain sheep, and if her son was to be a good hunter there was a different set of rules to be followed; when her son had killed his first game there was still another variation, and so on. When people of different districts met at a meal, some one, perhaps the hostess, would recite all the taboos that she knew which were appropriate to that meal, and then would ask one of her guests whether he knew any in addition. He would then contribute such as his hostess had omitted; then a second guest would be appealed to, and when all the taboos which all those present knew of had been clearly called to mind the meal would go on. Then the next day, if one of them had a headache, or if the cousin of another broke a leg, they would say to one another, "What taboo could it have been

that we broke?" Some wise old man's advice would be called upon, and he would be told of all the taboos which were observed, and then he would say, "How did you break your marrow-bones?" Some one would volunteer, "I broke mine with a stone." "Yes, and which hand did you hold the stone in when you broke it?" "My right hand." "Ah yes, that explains it; you should have held the stone in your left hand. That is why your cousin's leg got broken."

It may be a little difficult for the average white man to enter into the frame of mind of those who live under such a complicated taboo system, but it is also difficult for us to sympathize with some of the beliefs held by our immediate ancestors; and if it is a little difficult for us to understand the frame of mind of these people, may it not be a little difficult for them to understand ours? Is it not likely that an elaborate and ingrained system such as this will affect their conception of our rather abstract teachings? A people brought up in the thought habits of a taboo system such as this are likely to continue thinking in the terms of that system after they have been baptized. They will fit the instruction of their teachers, be they schoolmasters or missionaries, into the molds of their ancestral lore.

Among the Eskimos the expression "a wise man," being translated, means "a man who knows a large number of taboos." He is an honored member of the community always, who knows more than any one else about the things that ought not to be done. To know these things is very important, for if they be done—if a taboo be broken—no matter how innocently and unknowingly, the inevitable penalty follows in the form of an epidemic or a famine or an accident or illness affecting some relative of the breaker of the taboo.

An Eskimo who is a great admirer of the white people (and some Eskimos are not) said to me once that some Eskimos foolishly maintained that white men were less intelligent than Eskimos are. But he said that he had a crushing reply to those who made this statement. He would say to them: "Our wise men have taboos on food and drink, they have taboos on clothing and methods of travel, on words and thoughts; but until the white man came did we ever hear of Sunday? Did the wisest of us ever think of the fact that a *day* might be taboo?"

A shaman among the Eskimos is in his own person no wiser than you or I. In every-day life he is quite as likely to do foolish things, quite as liable to be wrong; but when he goes into a trance his own spirit is superseded by the familiar spirit which enters his body, and it is the familiar spirit which talks through the mouth of the shaman. It is only then his words become wisdom, on which you may rely unthinkingly. When in a trance the shaman is the mouth-piece of a spirit, and at any time, by the use of the formulæ by which the spirits are controlled, he can get them to do his bidding, be it good or ill. For that reason the shaman is deferred to, irrespective of whether you like him personally or not, and without regard to what you may think of his character and natural abilities, except that the more you fear he may be disposed to evil actions the more careful you are not to give him offense, and to comply with everything he commands or intimates, for (being evilly disposed) he may punish you if you incur his displeasure.

Just as in Rome the priests of the new religion took the place of the priests of the old, so among the Eskimos the missionary under the new dispensation takes the place of the ancient shaman of the old régime. When he speaks as a missionary he speaks as the mouth-piece of God, exactly as the shaman was the mouth-piece of the spirits. The commands he issues at that time are the commands of God, as the commands of the shaman were not his own, but those of the spirit which possessed him. And as in the old days the evilly disposed shamans were the most feared, similarly that one of all the missionaries known to me who is personally the most unpopular among his Eskimo congregation is also the one whose word is the most absolute law and whom none would cross under any circumstances. "For," think the Eskimos, "being a bad man, he may pray to God to make us sick or do us some harm."

Our main purpose here is not to elucidate, or to present conclusions, but rather to present facts which happen to be chiefly in the form of anecdotes, but the foregoing has seemed necessary to give the reader a point of view from which the evidence can be interpreted. To see the bearing of the facts clearly we must keep sight of the two things of main importance: namely, first, that the ideas which the Eskimo has of the new religion are dictated by his environment and colored by the habits of thought developed under the old religion; and, second, that he looks upon the missionary as the mouth-piece of God, exactly as the shaman was the mouth-piece of the spirits; bearing these things in mind, we shall glance at the history of the spread of Christianity in Alaska.

Most of the abstract and strange ideas of which the Eskimos of even the civilized north coast of Alaska have knowledge have been presented to them first by missionaries, who generally precede the school-teacher into distant fields, yet we shall draw our first case for consideration from an Alaskan public school. The winter of 1908, and for a year before that and a year after, the government school-teacher at Point Barrow was Mr. Charles W. Hawkesworth. Mr. Hawkesworth was a New-Englander, a graduate of Bowdoin, a fine type of man of the sort that is rare even in New England and yet typical of New England. He said, and I agreed with him, that he thought the Eskimo boys and girls at Barrow had as much native intelligence as boys and girls of a similar age and the same grade in school in Massachusetts or New Hampshire. But I told him that, admitting all that, I did not believe they were getting from the books which they read and the lectures which he delivered to them the same ideas that pupils in a Massachusetts school would get, for their environment was so essentially different from that described in the books that many a thing which is a plain statement to a boy in Massachusetts must be, to the boy of northern Alaska, a riddle without a key. Apparently Mr. Hawkesworth did not fully agree with me in this, but an examination in United States history which he held shortly after gave results that bore out my contention fairly well. He had been lecturing for several weeks on the causes of the Revolutionary War, and his pupils had in connection with these lectures read the ordinary assigned reading required of pupils of the eighth and ninth grades. Among other things, they had heard much of the "Boston Tea Party" and of the events that preceded and followed. One of the questions in the examination was, "Why did the American colonists go to war with England?" and one of the brightest Eskimo boys wrote the following answer:

"It was no wonder that the Americans got angry at the English, for the English were so mean they put tacks in the tea they sold the Americans." The point is obvious. Had the lectures and reading been on the Pure Food and Drugs Act, every pupil in the Barrow school would have understood, because the adulteration of food by traders is to them a familiar thing; but taxation, with or without representation, was a foreign idea and essentially incomprehensible. And if taxation is incomprehensible when presented by a schoolmaster, our abstract religious concepts are no less so when expounded by a missionary.

The Christianity which exists in the minds of the missionaries, being as essentially incomprehensible to the Eskimo as our abstract political and scientific ideas and complex social organization, the missionaries at first naturally accomplished little. At the mouth of the Mackenzie River, for instance, when I was there first in the winter of 1906–07, the missionaries of the Church of England had been there already for more than a decade without making a convert. The people were still unconverted in September, 1907, when I left the district. When I returned in June, 1908, they had been Christianized to the last man.

I am not sure where Christianity started in Arctic Alaska, but I believe it to have been in Kotzebue Sound. So soon as the people here were converted, there grew up among them what might be called an Eskimoized Christianity. In other words, Christianity comprehensible to the Eskimo. The real Christianity had had great difficulty in taking root, but this new form spread like the measles. It went northwest along the

coast to Point Hope, and northeast across the mountains to the Colville River, so that when I reached the Colville in October, 1908, every man there had become a Christian, although they had had no direct dealings with white missionaries.

I was considerably astonished (in October, 1908), on entering the first Eskimo house at the mouth of the Itkillik, a branch of the Colville, to have set before me a wash-dish and towel, and to have my host recite a lengthy prayer over the wash-dish, in order, as he said, to make the water suitable for my use. According to my custom, I declined the use of the basin and towel, even after they had been consecrated, telling my host that a boiled towel would have been much more acceptable to me than a consecrated one; for here, as everywhere else among the civilized Eskimos, one must be on his guard against the contagious skin and eye diseases of civilization that spread in no way faster than by the use of common towels.

After my Eskimo companions had washed (from ancestral custom they were inclined to accept every new taboo as a matter of course), another prayer was recited over the basin and towel, and then a lengthy grace was said over the food before we commenced eating, as well as a separate one over the teacups, which were brought in at the end of the meal. Finally, thanks were offered at the close. I asked my host from whence he got these prayers and these new ideas, and he said that they came over the mountains from Kotzebue Sound, brought by a man well versed in the new religion and the possessor of a great many efficient prayers. The best prayer of all which this man had brought, and the most useful, our host told us, was one for caribou. The Colville people had used it the first year with such success that they had killed as many caribou as they had any need for. This was three years ago, and last year the prayer had not worked so well, while this year it had seemed to be of no use at all. The hunting had been very poor indeed. By the gradually decreasing efficiency of this prayer our host had been led to suppose that prayers, like white men's rifles and other things which they bring, had their full efficiency only while new, and no doubt gradually wore out and finally became useless. (This, by the way, can scarcely be said to be in the terms of the old religion, for it was believed that the older a charm was the greater its power. They had apparently transferred their experience with the white man's shoddy trade goods to the realm of his religion.) Now that this prayer, after three years' use, had lost its power over game, our host inquired anxiously if we did not know a good one from the Mackenzie River missionary, of the general efficiency of whose prayers the Colville people had heard much. I knew no such prayer, and neither did Natkusiak, but Akpek announced he had a fairly good one. When this fact became known, the village lost interest in the two of us in large measure, and concentrated it on Akpek, who was fêted and invited about from house to house, always followed by a crowd of people eager to learn from him the new prayer to have it ready for the caribou-hunt in the spring.

We settled down to live with these Colville people, and commenced making preparations for the winter. The only thing to do was to catch fish. Now it seems that in Kotzebue Sound, where the Christian doctrines of the Colville people had originated, fishing is by nets only. As fishing is practically the only work done there, the missionary had probably said to them, "Do not put out your fish-nets on Sunday," meaning thereby, "Do not work on Sunday." However that may be, the prohibition came to our community in the form: "God has said you must not use fish-nets on Sunday." Accordingly, the entire community pulled their fish-nets out of the river Saturday night, fished with hooks all day Sunday, and put the nets back into the water Monday morning.

The winter of 1908–09, while I was staying at the village of Cape Smythe, there arrived one Saturday, about noon, a man and his wife with a well-fed team of dogs and a sled-load consisting partly of fresh caribou skins and caribou sinew, which latter has a high value on the north coast of Alaska as sewing-thread. Although this couple did not actually appear at the whaling station where I

was staying, I learned about their coming immediately, for the news spread like wild-fire through the village that people had come who had caribou skins to sell. The couple said that they had spent the fall on the upper Colville River, had made a successful caribou-hunt there, had stayed until all the meat was eaten up except what they could haul with them on their sled, and had then set out across country, heading northwest for Cape Smythe. This was the substance of what they told about their journeyings until toward midnight, when they added the further detail that the man's sister and her husband had been with them on the upper Colville, that they had not succeeded so well in the caribou-hunt, and that when they started, each family with its own sled, from the Colville, the sled of this second couple had been empty of meat. The family who had plenty had with great generosity fed the family which had none, but had refused to give any meat to their dogs, with the result that the poor animals became nothing but skin and bones. Then a severe blizzard struck them, and all the hungry dogs froze to death, while of course nothing happened to the well-fed dog team. When the one couple had no dogs with which to haul their sled, the other could no longer wait for them and had abandoned them about forty miles southeast from Cape Smythe.

The people who had been abandoned had some relatives in the Cape Smythe village, and, even apart from them, there were many who were ready to go to the rescue. The relief party was about to set out when some one pointed out that Saturday was just merging into Sunday, and that no work must be done on the Sabbath.

Strangely enough, none of the white men at Cape Smythe heard anything of the abandoned couple, although we learned later that their case had been a topic of continuous conversation all day Sunday. The first any white man knew of it was that after Dr. Marsh had conducted the regular evening services in the church he found, very much to his surprise, that the people after the service did not leave the church as usual and go to their homes. When he asked them why this was they replied that they were waiting for Sunday to be over so that they could start out to the rescue of a starving couple abandoned inland.

When Dr. Marsh knew about the case, he, of course, did all he could to hurry things up, but it was already midnight when the searchers got started. The weather had been fine on Saturday, and there would that day have been no trouble in following the trail of the couple who had arrived, but by Sunday night the wind had been blowing and the drifting snow had covered up the trail, so that it was difficult to follow it. The search party was out two days, but returned to Cape Smythe without success.

A day or two after this, Thomas Gordon, who was living about three miles northeast of Cape Smythe, heard a faint noise outside his front door. He thought nothing of it at first, but a little later some one accidentally went out and found an Eskimo who had collapsed and fainted on the front-door step. When this man had been revived in the warmth of the house, it turned out that he was the man of the couple abandoned. So soon as Mr. Gordon found out the facts he sent a sled on the man's trail, and they soon found his wife encamped in a fireless hut, and with her hands and feet slightly but not seriously frozen. Half a dozen hours later she would no doubt have been maimed for life.

While I was in the Cape Smythe village I never saw the man who had abandoned his sister and her husband to starve and freeze, but it happened a month or two later that my party was storm-bound on the southeast corner of Smith Bay, at the house of an old acquaintance of ours named Kunagrak, who was related to all the people concerned. The man who had done the abandoning happened to be staying with Kunagrak. I noticed that when we sat down to meals it was he who said grace; in spiritual matters he seemed to be an authority and the leading light of the place. As a matter of curiosity I asked him if he had been long a Christian, and he replied, "About ten years." He further volunteered the information that during all that time he had never eaten a meal without saying grace, and had never worked on Sunday, and had kept

all the commandments of the Lord. I asked him if he had never heard that to abandon people to starve was against the commandments of the Lord. He had never heard that particular commandment, he said, but that might be because his Christianity had come entirely from some Kotzebue Sound Eskimos. He had never had the advantage of the direct instruction of a white missionary, and no doubt he might not have heard all the commandments of which those might have knowledge who had been better instructed than he.

Just as a man who sits down to a meal of mountain-sheep will adopt quickly a food taboo of which he is informed by any one who happens to be present, so this man seemed glad to learn that abandoning people to starve was against the desire of the Lord, and he would make a point of seeing that it did not happen again.

Many of my ideas as to the form which Christianity takes in the minds of the Eskimos I naturally got from the Eskimos with whom we most associated, the civilized Alaskans whom we employed to accompany us on our journeys of exploration. One of them, Ilavinirk, was a native of Kotzebue Sound, and had for over twenty years been fairly continuously in the service of white men, although, like the rest of the natives of Herschel Island, he had not been an avowed Christian more than four years.

During the summer of 1909, when we were traveling by boat east along the coast from Flaxman Island, there was in our party, but sailing his own boat, an Eskimo by the name of Oniyak. His old and decrepit father was also of the party, and it seemed to me that I had seldom seen an old man so badly treated, for every evening he was compelled to make his own camp separate from that of his son and family, although there was plenty of room for him in his son's tent. He was not allowed to take his meals with the rest of them, but was given a sort of "hand out." He was continually short of tobacco and matches, although his son was a trader and had more of both than he needed for his own use. The old man used to beg various things from us, which we of course gave him gladly.

I did not understand at the time why he should have been so treated, and thought of it only as an unusual example of unfilial conduct. In general I have seen old people among the Eskimos remarkably well treated.

It was only one day at Langton Bay, two years later, that Ilavinirk asked me if I knew why it was that Oniyak treated his father in this way, and when I said I did not know why, he explained that it was because the son had just been converted to Christianity, and the missionary had told the converts not to associate with unbelievers. The old man and one old woman in the tribe were the only two who did not accept Christianity. The old man's son, Ilavinirk said, was in a great quandary, because he was fond of his father, but did not dare to disobey the missionary's injunctions. He had found a sort of middle course by compelling the old man to keep his own house and to eat by himself.

Some of the things concerning which the Eskimos have received new ideas from the missionaries are of a somewhat fundamental nature; other things which Ilavinirk believed the missionaries to have taught his people are rather immaterial and make little difference one way or the other. He told me one day that he had often wondered why it was that the mammoth are all extinct. He knew now, however, for Mr. Whittaker, the missionary at Herschel Island, had explained to them how it was. After God created the earth and made the people and the animals in it, the people gradually became wickeder and wickeder, until God made up His mind to destroy them all by drowning. But one man called Noah was an excellent man. God went to him one day and told him to build a ship, and to take into it all his family, and to invite all the animals of the earth to enter the ship also. Noah did as he was directed and invited the animals to enter, and they all entered except the mammoth. When Noah asked the mammoth why they had not come into the ship also, they said they did not think there would be much of a flood; and, anyway, if there were something of a flood they thought their legs were long enough to keep their heads above the water. So God became angry

with the mammoth; and although the other animals were saved, He drowned all the mammoth. That is why the caribou and the wolves and foxes are still alive, and why the mammoth are all dead.

With reference to this story and others I used to argue with our Eskimos, telling them that they must have misunderstood the missionary, and that he could not have said any such thing; but my arguing was without avail. While they considered that I was fairly reliable in every-day affairs, they had my own word for it that in spiritual matters I had no special knowledge. And, anyway, they said, in the old days one man knew taboos and doctrines which another did not know, even though both were shamans, and so they thought it was perfectly possible that Mr. Whittaker might know things about God and His works of which I had never heard. Then, too, they said, "He tells us these things when he is preaching" which, being interpreted, means that when he was preaching Mr. Whittaker was the spokesman of God in the same sense as the shamans had been the spokesmen of the spirits under the old system. In other words, when they listen to a missionary preaching they hear the voice of Jehovah speaking through the mouth of a man.

Another of our Eskimos, Tannaumirk, was considered by his countrymen, the Mackenzie River people, as exceptionally well versed in the truths of the new religion. He was, on the whole, a very sensible boy and a bit philosophical, although not very resourceful or self-reliant in every-day affairs. He liked to have long talks on the whys and wherefores of things. It was during the convalescence of Dr. Anderson from pneumonia at Cape Parry that Tannaumirk and I one day were discussing the religion of his people and mine. "Is it true," he asked me, "that Christ was the only white man who could raise people from the dead?" "Yes," I told him, "He was the only one; and some of my countrymen doubt that even He could." Said Tannaumirk: "I can understand how that might easily be so with your countrymen. If Christ was the only white man who could do it, and if you never knew of any one else who could, I can see why you should doubt His being able to do it. You naturally would not understand how it was done. But we Eskimos do not doubt it, because we understand it. We ourselves can raise people from the dead. You know that some years before you first came to the Mackenzie district Taiakpanna died. He died in the morning, and Alualuk, the great shaman, arrived in the afternoon. The body of Taiakpanna was still lying there in the house; Alualuk immediately summoned his familiar spirits, performed the appropriate ceremonies, and woke Taiakpanna from the dead, and, as you know, he is still living. If Alualuk could do it, why should we doubt that Christ could do it, too?"

This Alualuk referred to by Tannaumirk is a Point Barrow Eskimo living among the Mackenzie people. I have known him for many years, and I also knew Taiakpanna during the winter of 1906–7. He was then an old man, possibly sixty years of age. The spring of 1912, on my way from Langton Bay to Point Barrow, I visited Alualuk's house and stayed there overnight. Among other things he told me, about as Tannaumirk had related it, the story of how he had waked Taiakpanna from the dead a few years ago, and continued, with evident regret, to the effect that now Taiakpanna had died again last year, and that he had this time been unable to wake him from the dead because he (Alualuk) had now renounced his familiar spirits and had become a Christian. I asked him whether he could not possibly have summoned back his familiar spirits and awakened Taiakpanna. He said that possibly he might have; he did not know. The spirits had been rather badly offended by his having renounced them in favor of Christianity, and while they might have been willing to return to him again had he summoned them, it was more likely they would not have responded. But anyway, he was a Christian now, and he knew it was wicked to employ familiar spirits. For that reason he would not have been willing to undertake to revive Taiakpanna even had he been able. After all, he pointed out to me, Taiakpanna was an old man, and it was time for him to die. He had been converted and had died in the true faith, and no doubt his

soul had been saved and was now dwelling in everlasting bliss; and why should he interfere to confer a doubtful benefit on Taiakpanna, especially when it was at the risk of his own salvation?

This statement of Alualuk's puts fairly clearly the attitude of his people toward things of the old religion. When the Norsemen accepted Jehovah they did not cease to believe in Thor and Odin, but they renounced them in favor of the higher new God and the preferred new religion. Thor and Odin continued to exist, becoming in the minds of the people the enemies of the new faith and of all who professed it. Just so the Eskimos still believed in all the spirits of the old faith and in all its other facts, and they believed all the Christian teachings on top of that. They have not ceased to have faith in the heathen things, but they have ceased to practise them because they are wicked and lessen one's chances of salvation. The spirits have been renounced, but they still exist, and are in general inimical to the new faith and angry with their former patrons who have renounced them.

The foundation of the next story we have to tell is no doubt a discussion by some missionary of a text the substance of which is that everything on earth, and all that men have, is from God. This the Eskimos have understood in a manner to make Christ practically the equivalent of the ancient culture hero. Just as Hiawatha gave mankind the Indian corn and taught us how to cultivate it, so Christ has given the white men everything they have and taught them everything they know. Consequently it is not such a wonderful thing, nor indeed one with which we ought to credit ourselves particularly, that we possess marvelous inventions and much knowledge. It is Christ who deserves the credit for having taught white men how to raise wheat and grind it into flour. "All our knowledge is from God" they understand to mean that Christ, who represented God on earth, personally instructed us in all arts and crafts. Gunpowder and field-glasses are wonderful in their way, but the Eskimo does not see why he should be considered behind the white man just because Christ taught the white men how to make these things. He did not happen to teach it to the Eskimos, which is the misfortune of the Eskimos, and not their fault.

It may be thought that such notions as those indicated by these scattered anecdotes can be easily eradicated by a missionary who understands the situation and sets himself to the work, but this is not so. Fundamentally the Eskimos consider themselves better men than we are. In the matter of Christianity they concede that we introduced it, but they do not concede that we know more about it than they do; just as many Christians concede that Christianity spread from Rome, but do not concede that Rome is nowadays the highest authority in religious matters.

A striking way in which this shows itself is in the belief in special revelations which come directly to the Eskimos, and the belief in the re-birth of the Saviour among them. Both in Alaska and in Greenland there have been, since the coming of Christianity, many cases of Immaculate Conception and the birth of heralded saviors of the race. In some cases the thing has been nipped in the bud through the fact that the child born happened to be a female, which was not according to the predictions. A sufficient number of these cases are on record in books, and instead of retelling them I shall therefore merely refer to the interesting accounts of Knud Rasmussen from Greenland, which can be secured in any bookshop or library.

There are in every community also Eskimos who are in the habit of visiting heaven and conferring there with Christ himself, with Saint Peter, and others, quite in the manner in which they used to visit the moon while still heathen and have discussions with the man in the moon. The man in the moon used to teach the shamans songs and spells, and now St. Peter teaches the deacons of the Eskimo church hymns and chants.

There are also frequent and weighty revelations in the matter of doctrine. If the missionary should learn of any of these things and should disagree with them (but he is not likely to learn, for the Eskimos have found out that the missionaries do not approve of present-day revelation, and therefore keep it secret as much as possible), they might

be respectful and polite about it to his face, as they always are, but among themselves they would say that while they had no doubt that the Lord spoke unto Moses, neither did they doubt that He also spoke unto this and that countryman of theirs; and if what God said to the Hebrews seems to disagree with what He has said more recently, then evidently it is only reasonable to accept the latter version.

One missionary whom I knew set himself seriously to combating the new and strange doctrines which he found springing up among his flock. This was Dr. Marsh, a medical missionary of the Presbyterian Church at Point Barrow. No doubt he knew some of these remarkable phases of Eskimo Christianity before, but certain things which he found astounding were brought to his attention first by me when I visited Point Barrow in the winter of 1908–9, after living some time with the Colville Eskimos. In his next Sunday's sermon he took up two or three of the peculiar local beliefs I had called to his attention, and denied explicitly that there was any authority for them. I heard Eskimo discussions of these sermons afterward, and the point of view was this:

In the old days one shaman knew what another shaman did not know, and naturally among the missionaries one of them knew things of which another had never heard. In the old days they had looked upon a shaman who knew a taboo that another did not know as the wiser of the two, and why should they not similarly look upon him as the wiser missionary who knew commands of God of which another missionary had never heard? Was it not possible—was it not, in fact, altogether likely, that there were wiser missionaries than Dr. Marsh from whom these teachings might have originally come? As a matter of fact, most of these peculiar beliefs we are discussing were supposed to have originated in Kotzebue Sound, and were credited by the Eskimos to the white missionaries there, who are held in high esteem in all of western arctic America as authorities on religious matters. Dr. Marsh told me that every summer, after members of his congregation visited the Colville River, they brought with them large numbers of new doctrines which were entirely strange to him. At first I believe he imagined he could disabuse the minds of his congregation of these new beliefs; later he realized that he could not, and the net results of all his efforts was that the Eskimos became thoroughly dissatisfied with him as a religious teacher and asked to have him replaced by another.

The story of how Dr. Marsh eventually left his field of work at Point Barrow is of considerable interest. The way in which I tell it may not give the complete story, but I believe that such facts as I state are to be relied upon; I give the version which is believed by the white men and Eskimos alike at Point Barrow.

The chief occupation of the people at Point Barrow and Cape Smythe is bow-head-whaling, and the harvest season is in the spring. Throughout the winter the ice has lain thick off the coast. In the spring a crack known as a lead forms, a mile or, it may be, five miles offshore, parallel to the coast. This lead may be from a few yards to several miles in width, and this forms a pathway along which the bow-head whales migrate from their winter feeding-grounds in the Pacific to their summer pastures in the Beaufort Sea. About the first of May the Eskimo whalemen take their boats and their whaling-gear out to the edge of the ice along the narrow lane of open water and keep watching day and night for the whales to appear. There is no regularity about the migration; there may be a hundred whales in one day and then none for a whole week, and the day upon which the whales come is as likely as not to be a Sunday.

Dr. Marsh was stationed at Cape Smythe for something like nine years, and then he went away for four or five, after which he returned to Cape Smythe again (in 1908). When he was there before, the Sabbath had not been kept, but upon his return he found that during the whaling season the Eskimo whalemen would, at about noon on Saturday, begin to pull their boats back from the water and to get everything ready for leaving them, and toward evening they would go ashore and remain ashore through the entire twenty-four hours of what

they considered the duration of Sunday. They would sleep ashore on Sunday night and return to their boats Monday forenoon, with the result that they were seldom ready for whaling until noon on Monday. This was wasting two days out of seven in a whaling season of not over six weeks.

This seemed to Dr. Marsh an unwise policy, and he expostulated with the people, pointing out that not only might the whales pass while they were ashore on Sunday, but it was quite possible that a northeast wind might blow up any time, breaking the ice and carrying their boats and gear away to sea, which, if it were to happen, would be a crushing calamity to the community as a whole, for the people get from the whales not only the bone which they sell to the traders, but also tons of meat upon which they will live the coming year. "But," they asked Dr. Marsh, "couldn't you ask God to see to it that the whales come on week days only, and that a northeast wind does not blow on Sunday while we are ashore?"

Dr. Marsh replied by explaining that in his opinion God has established certain laws according to which He governs the universe and with the operation of which He is not likely to interfere even should we entreat Him to do so. We can tell by observation, Dr. Marsh pointed out, approximately what these laws are, and we should not ask God to change them, but should arrange our conduct so as to fit in with things as we find He has established them.

Thinking back to their old shamanistic days, the Eskimos remembered that some of the shamans had been powerful and others inefficient; that one shaman could bring on a gale or stop it while to another the weather was quite beyond control. I have often heard them talk about Dr. Marsh and compare him to an inefficient shaman. Evidently his prayers could not be relied upon to control wind and weather, but that was no reason for supposing that other missionaries were equally powerless. They inquired from Eskimos who came from the Mackenzie district and from others who had been in Kotzebue Sound or at Point Hope, and these Eskimos said (truthfully or not, I do not know) that they had missionaries who told them that whatever it was they asked of God He would grant it to them if they asked in the right way. Hearing this, the Point Barrow Eskimos grumbled, saying it was strange that other less important communities should have such able missionaries, and they, the biggest and most prosperous of all the Eskimo villages, should have a man whose prayers were of no avail—that they were of no avail there was no doubt, for he himself had confessed it. They accordingly got an Eskimo who had been in school at Carlisle to write a letter to the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions in New York.

If you ask the missionaries working among the Alaskan or the Mackenzie River Eskimos whether they have been Christianized, they will say, "Yes"; if you ask the Eskimos themselves whether they are Christians, they also will answer in the affirmative; and if you ask me, too, then so will I. But to supplement my answer by explaining what kind of Christians they are, has been the purpose of this article.

I am so great an admirer of the Eskimos before civilization changed them that it is not easy to get me to say that civilization has improved them in any material way, leaving aside, of course, the question of whether it profiteth a man that he gain the whole world if he lose his own soul. But although it is not easy to get me to admit that the present-day Eskimos are far better men than their forefathers, it is easy to get them themselves to admit it. In fact, they are of late years rather prone to assert that they are better men than their ancestors. To quote my man Ilavinirk again. He said to me one day: "The people of Kotzebue Sound were formerly very bad, but they are all good now. In my father's time and when I was young they used to lie and to steal and to work on Sunday." "But," I asked him, "don't they, as a matter of fact, tell lies now occasionally?" "Oh yes, they sometimes do." "Well, don't they really, as a matter of fact, tell about as many lies now as they ever did?" "Well, yes, perhaps they do." "And don't they, as a matter of fact, steal about as frequently as ever?" "Well, possibly. But they don't work on Sunday."

The Tax at Lipi-Lipi

BY ELEANOR STUART

BRYCE BELLINGER was sick at heart, alone, and under strange stars. The Southern Cross meant heathendom for him, and it was Christmas eve; the somewhat attenuated cheer before him was stringy chicken and yams. His orders had been explicit: "Proceed from your duties as Police Magistrate of Rabai, British East Africa, to Lipi-Lipi Compound, three hundred miles from rail-head, two hundred (estimated) miles from Lake Rudolph. There await arrival of Commissioner Harrison Harris, collecting such hut taxes and fines for the slaughter of cow-elephant as you may be able." He had visited forty cattle-owning chiefs, wise men, witch-doctors, and miscellaneous ill-doers that very day, and had not collected the tax on one hut, the fine on one cow-elephant. The Watawasha people are the financiers of the wilderness, and Lipi-Lipi is the Paris of the Watawasha people.

But there was a worse ache than failing to collect taxes—there was the contingent agony of not being able to support Adele Waters. Not to be able to support the woman you love is to drown in the fountain of youth. Bellinger knew that, and suffered. His healthy mind found cause for thanksgiving in that his boys were gone for the mail and could not beat drums outside the stockade. They had gone seventy miles for purely hypothetical letters, as far as Lawassi, and were a day overdue. Bellinger didn't care; he opened his list of debtors to the government—and gasped. The list was long, the names were longer, the back taxes were longest. "Lord! I can smell the beasts as I call their roll," he exclaimed, disgustedly.

He slung the crumpled sheets into his insect-proof working space, slammed the flimsy door, and sped to the top of a round hill which dominated the feathery heights of strange trees, hanging listless and unhomelike under the dark and breezeless purple sky. He could see far out on the track to Lawassi, to the flat, grassless precinct of tomtoms and space appointed for the dance. A group had passed this spot headed for his *boma*, and he guessed it to be his mail-boys coming to report—nothing. The fact that their lights were carried low down on their bodies puzzled him.

From the further witness of these lights he believed that his mail-carriers were traveling abreast instead of Indian file—all of which is contrary to usage in a land where usage rarely degenerates into innovation. Presently his ears caught a clanking sound, and he was moved by it to abandon his hilltop and step briskly down the wide sand track stretching toward the town from the stockade of his kraal. He had not gone far before he saw that a rough ox-wagon approached him, with lanterns hung by chains low on the necks of bullocks too lean to kill. He stood waiting in poignant expectancy at the side of the sand track, hoping that arms might be coming to him with news of men to bear them, and joyous permission to pot at the mischievous natives, and at last he was able to see that the wagon contained a great box about twice as long as it was broad. He ran back to the hut that he might get up a good light to examine it.

From motives of economy he had never before lighted all the oil-lamps which were suspended on ropes across the kraal from side to side of the stockade. He did so now, and the illumination cheered his mood. The last lamp was kindled as the wagon passed into the inclosure and the two brown men, sweating and ashine like wet bronzes, lifted the great box from the cart and set it down beneath the row of lanterns. They stood there at gaze, like unmannerly children, until Bellinger ordered them off, closed his wattle-gate on the tail-board of the cart, and ran for his

chisel and hammer. He also brought forth punkah-lamps, setting them to left and right of camp-chairs, which could not collapse because of the long nail he had driven through their legs.

He paused to note a little picture placed on the box like a postage-stamp; the picture of a fox-terrier with his head on one side listening at the wide mouth of a megaphone. Bellinger believed this to be a precaution against theft by Mohammedans, and that the government had made use of the fact that even a dog's likeness was counted unclean to keep the natives from smelling out firearms. But when he found that his parcel was despatched from Hamburg he gave over all hope of war. "England isn't able to arm against her foes from Germany just yet, despite the Peace Congress," he said, grimly; "I'll wager my cousins have made me a woolly something to wrap up warm in." He ripped out the first panel of the case, disclosing a neat cabinet with an ornamental brass key from which depended a small white envelope directed to him in Adele Waters's handwriting. Tearing it open, he read:

I send this phonograph to you with twenty-one records of my voice and fervent Christmas wishes. One prayer of my heart is granted: I am engaged for Covent Garden to sing "Puccini" (*et al.*) at a good salary. "The voice of one crying in the wilderness" I shall seem to you, away off there, brightening up the dark continent. God bless you!

ADELE.

His eyes were wet at the thought of her tenderness, but jealousy gripped his heart as he pictured her success and his own stagnation. He stood turning over her little white card in his big, brown hands. The words upon it faded, and instead of it he saw with his mind's eye the malign legend, "The gray mare is the better horse." It was a terrible Christmas message, after all, he thought bitterly, standing under strange stars, three hundred miles from rail-head in the Christmas heat of heathendom. It was long before he continued his work of unpacking.

At last he freed the weathered-oak cabinet and piled its tin-lined packing-case neatly in the rear of a hut before he explored the cupboards of his exciting machine, where he found bulky books of great envelopes holding the records neatly wrapped in thin, brown paper. There were Adele's opera records as well as songs of the German masters; but he welcomed his regimental song most warmly of all, for he had taught it to her himself before he had sought to be seconded to special service in the hope of a living wage for two. He read the name of the record now with a comforting pride, "Marching Song of the Surrey Buffs"—"Imploring, Father, strength in service," and fitted the disk into its place in the machine, which he had wound up with vim, studying the directions carefully lest he break the contrivance before a single vibration had stirred the virgin ether of the wilderness. Slipping off the brake, he started the disk with a furtive forefinger.

The sound-shadow of a trumpet assailed him, and then Adele enfolded his senses in her strong, bright voice. He shuddered at the magic which could bring her singing to him in the stagnant African silence, registering upon his eager ear the vast progress she had made. It was evident that she had arrived; the lift and swell of her lovely notes proclaimed it; it was a new and glorious height of song from which her Christmas greeting floated down to him.

"Imploring, Father, strength in service," he sang with her here, in his throaty second, in spite of the miles of table-lands and heaving seas which separated them.

When he decided to change the record, his ear was caught in the momentary silence by the sound of breathing, the breathing of some great monster, he thought at first; but as he listened he realized that it was not the breath of one, but of many, of men pressed against his stockade. They were agape at the melody gushing out over their black bodies almost as palpably as moonshine gushes over the dark soil of their country. "Adele has drawn a big African audience," Bellinger said, smiling.

He swung his line of lanterns nearer to the kraal's gate, and saw the eager,

naked blacks jammed thick against it. The field of the dance was forsaken, and M'sai Uganda, the government's most specious debtor, had put his wild eye to a hole in the gate which he had made with his thieving fingers, and all his slavish followers were crowded at his back. Bellinger paused to consider the oddness of it all, the voice he loved best at large in the alien night, while the cheating savages, who usually avoided him, pressed their breasts against his kraal's defenses.

"What is it?" M'sai cried, eagerly, "a devil, a woman, or a new kind of church?"

Bellinger did not reply. An idea had come to him, bursting across his brain full grown, potent; the idea of ideas. He patted the phonograph lovingly, and abstracted four saucers from his mess-kit. These he filled with water, placing the castered feet of the cabinet in them as a precaution against white ants, which cannot cross water. He next moved toward the gate, intending to poke a careless finger in M'sai's eye, but he found it had been withdrawn with wary swiftness. He mounted his kerosene-barrel and essayed his maiden speech.

"After the custom of Europe," he said, "a great machine has been sent me for a bakshish. It is a machine which manufactures the joy of kings from the sweet voices of skilled singers. Those who present their hut taxes tomorrow may hear this joy of kings sing loudly. Those who do not may await disaster at the government's leisure. The taxes are payable only in Maria Theresa dollars, rupees, sovereigns, or francs. Skins and food are not to be taken in lieu of coin."

He saw darkness engulf the savages as they departed, leaving him alone with his sentinels, and although he ached to hear Adele sing through all those records, his work forbade it. "Oh, Adele," he whispered, with his fond head on the machine, "perhaps you're my deliverance!"



HE RELUCTANTLY COUNTED OUT THE GATE-MONEY

In the morning he smelt the sweet shrubs he had transplanted from the lake-shore to his *boma*, and he bathed while it was still dark, that he might not lose a moment of the day. No child expecting hobby-horses and velocipedes

at home on Christmas morning awoke more eager after greater wakefulness than Bellinger. The lake-waters closed over him while he whispered, "Merry Christmas, Bryce," and answered, as he emerged a new man, "Why, thank you! Merry Christmas!"

The level, livid hue of gray at length gave place to pearly pinkness, in which the trees stood up like silhouettes of black velvet. Bellinger, the smell of coffee brewing in the *boma*, and the phonograph were all of civilization in the desert space. But far away at the dancing-field the savages had begun to move toward his hut; like a fine line drawn on a map they stretched across the land. As they neared him he saw that their women were with them, and the bachelors, untried in the war. "No one listens to one note until the last man pays," he declared to the silence, "for what they pay is my ransom."

While he gulped down the hot coffee he tore strips of paper into little squares as if he were preparing for a paper-chase; and then, when the last mouthful of his second cup was consumed, he pushed his one and only table to the gate and placed a camp-chair behind it, exactly like the ticket-taker at a provincial circus. The stream of natives was nearly at his *boma* now, and he awaited them with a heart which beat against his breast-bone and sent the blood flooding to his head. He was wondering if human curiosity were strong enough to wrest the hut tax from the Watawasha.

He nodded rather curtly as Ballilos, the richest of the strangers in the grazing population, headed the line. Ballilos acknowledged a few English words, having guided many hunters in the last four years.

"If I pay hut tax to your machine," he engineered, "do my girls with whom I danced, and the woman I have married —three in all—enter and hear with me?"

"They do not," Bellinger replied.

"May they remain here listening, outside the stockade?"

"They may not."

Ballilos scratched his shorn head. "I fear them in their anger. They are sisters. What price for three?'

"Nine rupees. No one may hear the joy of kings for less than one hut tax."

Ballilos was dressed in a long smock of cotton, open across his broad breast; he tore the opening down a little, discovering a belt of rhino-hide in which were many pockets. He reluctantly counted out the gate money in Maria Theresa dollars, and the four—Ballilos and a much-decked-out wife first, two dusty damsels with little else upon them than travel stains next—passed by the table, each holding a tiny square of white paper. Bellinger observed casually that if any one touched the machine it would kick worse than an Austrian rifle or a thirsty camel. The heart of him sang loud with gladness, for he knew that if the women of Ballilos had been paid for that they might listen to the joy of kings, hordes of other dusky women would also enter with their owners.

He began to cast about in his mind for a safe place to put his money, and he bethought him of the kerosene-cases he was saving to sell as water-tins to the water-carriers of Lawassi. Calling his house-boy, he had them set in a long line between him and the screened working space. There were very many, an exhibit of great value in itself, and he let the waiting throng outside the *boma* enjoy it while he put on his *topi* and a pair of cotton gloves, for money—no matter how much it represents of home and kindred—is not to be handled without gloves if it has been pressed close to the greased body of a Watawasha tribesman rich in "ghee," the clarified butter for which his dark mouth waters.

M'sai Uganda next appeared, and, having without avail attempted to push his women into the background, began to dicker as to a special price for their admission. But Bellinger was firm; he knew the Watawasha men were gorged with gold from the last time they had sold cattle on the Masai ranges, and he meant to take his tithe or fight. He stood behind his table and threw Ballilos's entrance dollars one by one, with much noise, into the tin cases, secretly noting M'sai's finery and that of his women, one of whom wore a necklace of half-burned candles tied together with a man's depleted garter of grimy pink. His own costume was helped out by

brass paper-clips which clamped his unkempt wool here and there, and which Bellinger had himself given him without a thought of their possible decorative value. The crinkled masses of another woman's hair were wound round with a bit of red rubber tubing. They were all in gala attire, and Bellinger wished that his kodak were not broken, that he might photograph her first African audience for Adele Waters.

When M'sai Uganda capitulated and paid three rupees each for himself and four women, the rest of the inky horde followed meekly in his train, as molasses would flow from an unstoppered bottle. The men, shoving their women before them, pushed ever in and onward until the compound was close packed, while still a great number pushed to the compound gate from the outside, with gleaming dollars held aloft in their black hands; and Bellinger could see, when he stood on his chair, little groups far out on the sun-burned face of the wilderness, hurrying back with their money that they might listen to the joy of kings.

From the kerosene-barrel Bellinger again addressed them. "This compound is now full," he declared. "All who cannot enter may withdraw to the mandala-trees, and when the concert is over they may return. The English flag will break out over our big stores hut when there is room to sit down." As he turned to get down he saw that the crowd outside the stockade were withdrawing to a clump of trees in a distant hollow, very tractably, while just at his feet sat the expectant savages in crushing proximity to one another, naked shoulder to naked shoulder and narrow eyes fastened to the machine.

Bellinger approached it with majestic slowness. Bowing low before a record, he raised it in his hands and held it out for the Watawasha to see. Turning, he saluted the cabinet as one officer salutes another, and he saw that the Watawasha were saluting too. Then he swung off the brake and turned to face his audience. They listened in rapt silence, with starting eyes and wide-open mouths, and when the song was done they howled, smiting their protruding black lips with frightful, percussive noises, and then yelling like demons. By this Bellinger knew that they had liked it profoundly.

Fearful lest they feel they were not getting enough for their money, he played each record twice, and when all were finished he told M'sai Uganda that he might choose an encore. He ex-



THE BLACK FINGERS WERE QUICKLY WITHDRAWN

plained the practice of encores from the kerosene-barrel, and it met with instant approval. At the close of the encore the English flag leaped into the sky over the hut; yet none of the audience moved, although he explained he would now take back the little bits of paper that he might know how many of the chiefs of Watawasha had listened to the joy of kings. M'sai Uganda then rose and said that he was quite willing to pay three rupees apiece for himself and women, should they be allowed to sit on and listen further; whereupon Bellinger replied that only those might return for a second hearing who had yet other huts upon which to pay taxes, or back taxes to make up, but that, first of all, his audience must withdraw to the mandala-trees to allow of his keeping his word to those for whom there had been no room in the *boma* at the first concert.

He bowed them all out with great ceremony and a very remote manner. M'sai Uganda had edged behind him in the neighborhood of the kerosene-tins, upon a pretext of shaking hands, which custom he had learned in the mission. But Bellinger, prompted by a hunter's dislike of anything at his back, turning suddenly, the black fingers were quickly withdrawn from a gorged tin whose dollars apparently adhered to M'sai's long, thieving hand. Bellinger slapped it heartily, and the dollars fell into the tin again, while M'sai, unabashed, and abstracted as one immersed in high thought, departed with his women, after profuse farewells. The overflow audience soon surged up to the compound, and five concerts were given to other packed houses before Christmas was past.



THE MAN FELL TO THE DUST

That evening when they were all gone and Bellinger's servants had swept up the space in which they had crouched, he opened his tin despatch-box and read over all the Foreign Office desired of the Watawasha people. His memory had served him right; the sum of two thousand pounds was said to represent the probable yield from the tax imposed upon huts in that district, allowing a hut to a man. Bellinger whistled as he realized that he had collected more than a fifth of that sum. He was elated but fearful; the thought of theft made him shake as he lifted the overflowing tins into his sleeping-hut and, taking his mattress from his native bed, set it upon them. "I never slept with such a hoard as this," he thought, as he moved the phonograph into his room also and locked the door. At the end of four days Bellinger found himself with three thousand odd pounds, and no more empty kerosene-tins. His problem was now painful to poignancy; if he sent a runner to Lawassi to demand a military escort for the taxes he had collected, he felt that the escort's commander would filch from him some of the glory that he needed in a very arduous cause.

He knew that not one single grazing chieftain meant to let him escape without attempting to get back a few of the coins so gladly yielded for the joy of kings, and he told himself in the warm, wide silence of the dark, as he lay on his bed of Maria Theresa dollars, that his grip was stronger than the grasp of the tribesmen. "I don't deserve to have if I can't hold," he said, as he schemed and schemed, like a spider who makes his web in a place where there



BELLINGER AIMED FOR THE PACK OF M'SAI UGANDA AND FIRED

is no prey, until an idea sprang upon him from an ambush of morning silence and sweet scents and luminous Eastern sky.

He knew that the ox-cart was returning next day, for he was intending to send spoils from the hunt to Lawassi by it, and had made inquiries; but he was seized with lameness, gave up the last concert of the day, and told a few sympathetic patrons that his leg hurt him, even turning up his khaki trousers to exhibit neatly wound bandages. They nodded their heads and recommended remedies. But when darkness had descended, Bellinger grew more agile and went to and from the lake-shore more often than could have been comfortable for a lame man. He had given his boys permission to go to the field for dancing, and when they returned they were frightened at the lamentation poured forth from the sleeping-hut. His kerosene-tins were all covered over with leopards' skins and tied about with thongs of rhino-hide, and his mattress lay flat upon the floor before the hut's doorway.

When morning came his men found him still groaning, and he bade them summon M'sai Uganda and bring the ox-wagon to him as soon as possible. "I am too ill," he confided to the servant who knew a little English, "too much ill to be alone here. I go to Lawassi to a proper English doctor. You stop here for more pay." M'sai Uganda drove up in the ox-cart. "Sickness?" he inquired.

Then Bellinger told him in a faint voice of his suffering and of his need for more medicine. "But I must take the money with me, M'sai," he continued, "and I must travel by daylight, so that if any thieves break away with a tin of gold on their heads I can see to shoot. There are sixty-eight tins, and there must be extra men for this *safari* [caravan], for each load is very heavy. Get seventy men, and hurry. I will have my bed put on the ox-cart, and lie on it with my back against the joy of kings. I will then have my rifle loaded, and shoot any carrier who breaks out of the line."

M'sai Uganda scanned Bellinger curiously. Crouching, he studied his face in an upward glance for a full minute before he turned and rushed away to collect his men, while Bellinger stood looking after him with a quizzical smile. He took up his bed and tugged it toward the wagon. He pulled the mattress forward by its corners, and the sweat stood out on him in sudden beads as he tugged grimly, pulling in a frenzy

of effort and looking about him as furtively as if he were stealing. Then he called for his boys. "Why don't they finish loading this cart?" he cried, loudly. "*Washenzi!* [savages]. Here, take the joy of kings and put it back of this mattress, and put up the tail-board to keep it in place. When we start, help me in, give me a rifle, a pistol, and these boxes of gun-food [cartridges]."

The seventy men were on hand within an hour, but demanding double pay for day travel, as the sun makes a hardship of transit always; and Bellinger readily acceded to more pay, if demurring at a doubled wage. The porters at last agreed to his proposals, and, stripped to their loin-cloths — those of them who were clothed at all—stood naked before Bellinger, who opened their mouths and lifted their feet, as one must who relies on sound men for a safe journey. Then he weighed his kerosene-tins, and each weighed under sixty pounds — a porter's legal burden in African upland. The men accepted their packs, gave their names and towns, and formed themselves in a long line, with M'sai Uganda in the lead.



THE KEROSENE-TIN DRIPPED DOLLARS AS HE RAN

Bellinger bade a kindly good-by to his two house-boys, who were to remain in the compound, gave them each a gift, and they in turn touched the dust with their foreheads. He drew forth his whistle, examined his weapons, criticized the 'gun-food' before he put the whistle to his lips and sounded its shrill signal for starting toward Lawassi and Adele.

The caravan moved swiftly, and when it camped for the night Bellinger lay in the ox-cart on one side of a rough-running stream, with the men's sacks ringed around him, while the porters built fires and lay down on the stream's far side. Sometimes he called to them as he tossed and groaned in the ox-cart, and once he shot and killed a civet-cat who clamored hatefully from a neighboring cliff. His eyes were open to each succeeding hour of darkness; when it lifted they ate, resumed their packs, and started in the order of the previous day until the time of the noon rest. Bellinger fed them well, but did not leave his cart; he groaned more than was manly for any non-delirious sufferer, and he thought he saw contempt upon the faces of his followers. As they took the trail again he engaged the men nearest him in conversation, while his long line of porters climbed Slope M'bili, the second upward slant of the route to Lawassi. At its summit his whistle rang out for halt, and the men slackened, lifted their loads to the ground, and turned their heads to the bullock-cart for orders.

"Tell them," Bell-

inger said, "that I feel faint. I must rest before we go farther. Give me brandy from this flask," he added, feebly, as he sank back on the mattress.

The last man in the line of carriers poured out the liquid, and the ox-goaders were solicitous to tenderness. One cried out the order, and the other covered Bellinger reverently with a coat as if he were already dead. M'sai Uganda had not put down his pack, and as he stood with it on his head Bellinger saw him bring forth something from his tightened loin-cloth and turn it over in his hands. Then he broke ranks and stepped out widely from the line; when his walk became a run, the carrier next to him hurried away in his wake, before the third man started, and soon the caravan was skimming the face of the earth as a flight of ducks skim the face of the waters.

Bellinger already held his rifle; he aimed for the pack of M'sai Uganda and fired almost as soon as he had aimed. The man fell to the dust and tripped his follower, but they were soon up again and rushing onward to the shelter of a wooded morass, while the kerosene-tin upon the head of their leader dripped dollars, for Bellinger's bullet had broken its seams, and a coin dropped to the earth at every spring M'sai Uganda made. The caravan was all in motion now save the three tail-enders who stood near the oxen, five men in all. One of them turned and said, "We are *wakavirondo* who do not steal. We go naked, we need nothing, not even gold."

Bellinger laughed and sent other bullets before he said, "Pull on to Lawassi now; who runs fast to hear news that I am dying, and all my treasure lost?" He wrote a line in a tattered note-book and handed it to the *wakavirondo* who had explained the honesty of his tribe. "Bring Colonel Blake to me with proper English doctor."

The man stripped entirely and sped with the note in his hand along the dusty track. "Push on! push on!" Bellinger shouted, wildly. "It's all turned out well so far. I can travel now. I'll give a big prize to the man who first sees Colonel Blake and proper English doctor."

They hurried on; the waddling cattle sweated and sent forth their voices in protest; the goaders loved the unwonted movement and sang short measures of barbaric cadence; the two *wakavirondo* pushed ahead imperturbably, each with his trophy of taxation borne aloft on shorn heads. The sun withdrew the torture of direct rays, and all the land lay about them golden, but suddenly cooler. Two hours passed, and a new moon floated overhead in clear skies, empurpled with approaching night. A light below them winked jovial welcome; a field full of naked porters sprang up beneath their feet, and the native drums of a dancing space sounded near at hand. Lawassi lay before them, Lawassi the metropolis, with sixty-two white souls at labor in a wide domain of blacks.

A thick, short man, still white beneath his tan, held up the ox-cart, and placed loving hands upon its occupant.

"Dear old Bryce!" he cried. "You're a bit filled up with Lipi-Lipi! But never mind, our boys will get your taxes back—what?"

"I thank you, Blake; you're a regular good un," Bellinger answered, gaily. "But I'm only a bit worn packing kerosene-tins with stone. By Ramadan and Obduransau, and any others those heathen pray to, I worked my fill filling kerosene-tins with lake-shore pebbles. Every night when they'd paid their tithe, I'd put it in this old mattress and then I'd fill up the oil-cases each with fifty pounds of stone. Then I shammed sick—that old leg—the one your brother kicked at Rugby—served me for a passport. They started to run from me here at Slope M'bili. I opened the one tin holding dollars with a bullet. That encouraged them. They ran harder to open each his own tin. Good joke, eh, what? Three thousand pounds easy in this mattress. I say, where's your bank? I hear you've a proper bank now, with bars to the windows."

Sir Bryce with Lady Bellinger serves in the real far East now. Often the Foreign Office suggests his return to Africa, but he never felt strong there, his wife says, and he has only been away from it five years. She prays the powers that be to give younger men a chance.

The Invisible Tide

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

BEHIND St. Paul's Church on lower Broadway an ancient cemetery spreads its tender covering of green, an oasis for the dead, who sleep restfully amid the towering structures that look down on this peaceful plot. Just inside the old iron railing that fends off the tide of Vesey Street is the tomb of one James Cooper, who died on December 19, 1801. More than a century passed, then, deep in the cool earth, came the throb and stirring of a new life. Forty feet below the moldering body of James Cooper a timber bulkhead thrust irresistibly forward. It was small and strong and massive, for the soil was treacherous and burdened with the weight of huge buildings. It came on slowly and persistently, with short boards braced across its face. Just inside the bulkhead crouched two Italians. From ahead and outside of the boards they removed infinitesimally small portions of earth, lest the weight of the teeming world above should crush into the excavations. It was the heading of a subway. Thus is the strange tale being told. From far countries alien peoples are summoned to grope in darkness beneath the bones of dead Americans.

There is a strange underworld in New York—a maze of blind highways in which thousands toil beneath the feet of indifferent multitudes. Here, along viewless arteries, throbs a hidden life that is shaping in subterranean gloom the lives of others. Labor is here—grim, indomitable, unwearying labor that brings salt sweat to the eyes and slack exhaustion to bone and muscle. Rivalry, hate, friendship, and death—all the elementals—are born here. Courage abides here. Self-sacrifice and high ambition are here, grubbing cheerfully where difficulties are grouped together in the grim impassiveness, the defiant immobility, of material things. And, above all, a magnificent interdependence is here, a high and unquestioning confidence, that pulsates to the last and farthest heading, and fuses the whole viewless army together.

Myriads tramp ceaselessly overhead, the every-day host, swayed by opposing interests, hurrying nervously in pursuit of profits, buffeted by the cross currents of the high-tension life of a great city; restless, impatient, divided, overwrought. But underneath is the invisible phalanx burrowing in darkness, thrusting its hollow alleys through rock and earth and slime, spewing up its wearied battalions to sunlight and rest, swallowing others to drain from them all that men have to give, thus to spread its hydra-headed length with relentless certitude.

There is a dogged insistence about subways such as are being driven today beneath New York. A surface line is pliant, amenable, and full of easy sinuosities. But a subway is more inflexible. It goes through and not around; and since New York underground railways are near the surface, they bisect a thousand buried and often forgotten things. They drive straight on with steel-shod indifference. What man has built man can rebuild. That is an axiom to the engineer. He pierces substructures, hotel kitchens, and the press-rooms of great printing-offices in order to hurl his burdened trains, his humanly charged projectiles, through the dismembered and repatched bowels of a metropolis. Sewers are led under, diverted, or coaxed over his highway. All those things that people use and never think of because they are out of sight are remodeled and readjusted. One only thing he swerves from—another subway.

Turn back for a moment to the first tunnel New York ever saw—the old Beach Tunnel and its subterranean station at the corner of Warren Street

and Broadway. The station was large and comfortable, adorned with a fountain in which goldfish disported themselves, a piano, and easy-chairs in abundance. The Gothamite of the early seventies was further fortified by the fact that the fare was twenty-five cents, and was assured that this impost was "to prevent too great a crowd." The tube itself, a brick cylinder, stretched from Warren Street to Murray Street, and through the tube, fitting almost as closely as a bullet in a rifle barrel, the car was projected by the thrust of compressed air. A laborious process was this compression, effected by steam-driven air-pumps on the surface. Internally, the car was marked by the same comfort that characterized the stations—easy-chairs and gas-lights, a luxurious projectile like that pictured in Jules Verne's *Journey to the Moon.*

For a year or so New York was amused and interested in that diffident metropolitan manner which has always characterized New York; and then, simultaneously with the waning of public support, the Beach Tunnel relapsed into a slimy and forgotten tube.

Now come underground. Remember that meantime your population has grown from a million and a half to five millions; that your lines are gorged with traffic and are carrying, on the earth and over the earth and under the earth, about the same number of millions every day; that your business center has shifted only slightly, but that the gigantic, sprawling city has swallowed up farms and towns and villages, and covered them with laminated rookeries that daily emit hordes who demand instant carriage to the panting, throbbing end of Manhattan Island.

The increasing thunder of the city traffic roared above the Beach Tunnel till, within the last few months, an Italian drove a pick through its forgotten side. To-day, beneath lower Broadway, another tale is being told. The feet of a multitude of laborers shuffle noiselessly through the soft gray sand. Overhead still surges the traffic, but pavements are shorn away and the populace streams over a false skin—a structural epidermis—supported by a gigantic framework that gropes for foothold far below the street line. Through chinks and crevices streams the sun, darting thin shafts of light. Above, stuck like stalactites to the palpitating roof, is a maze of pipes—water, steam, and gas. Coils of cables writhe into the darkness, and iron ducts, in naked suspension, mark the position of invisible car-tracks. It is a revelation of buried utilities.

And for its boundaries this strange territory has the foundation of monstrous buildings whose massive footings are cut and shaped, poised, balanced, and underpinned to make way for the coming surge of humanity. There are weird sections of ancient walls whose courses still bear the imprint of vanished hands, and queer insights into basements and sub-basements, into vaults and dingy corners. A titanic shearing away is this, a procession of exposure, ruthless and insistent, as if some inflexible hand had torn away the coverings behind which men had been hiding for years and revealed a thousand vital processes that were secretly sustaining all the visible evidences of life overhead. There were suggestions of murder and mystery, of engine-rooms and reeking sweatshops. One could peer through gaps in the masonry and see the submerged tenth toiling in speechless haste, oblivious to the coming of the subway and to everything except the pressure of a grim necessity. There were contrasts unending between these buried, grimy, airless chambers and the tall, shining structures that sprang skyward from their unlovely depths.

Here in the gloom the citizens of the Old World seem gathered together from far countries at the call of the new one. There is a segregation of labor, a curious nationalization of occupations. Scandinavia toils at timber-work and framing; Hungary dives into wet and shifting ground; Italy is omnipresent in straightforward shovel-work; Austria makes a distinctive selection of steel and iron; Africa toils in dangerous places with African indifference; Ireland swaggers through the sweating ranks—for the Irish can handle men. And over all abides the control of American brains and courage, and that sixth sense of adaptability which is the backbone of

good engineering. Lines are strictly drawn; something elemental and atavistic defines the aristocracy of toil, something deeper even than nationality or creed. Up above in the sunlight there are no more clearly recognized social strata than govern this abyss. The aristocracy itself is Hibernian, or of Hibernian origin — the men who get things done but do not do them with their own hands; for there is that in the swing and power and activity of public works that calls irresistibly to the Irish. Follow, then, at a respectful distance mechanics, steam-fitters, and the like—a shrewd circle, carrying peculiar responsibilities of life and safety. The timber men move in their own orbit, as do the small, swarthy shovelers from Naples and Genoa and the plains of Lombardy, then the wet shovelers, and Africans in descending social valuation. And, mark you, all this is not because of the gradations of wealth or birth that obtain up above, but because underground a man's rating is his ability to work, and he is sorted out and socially labeled because of what he does, and not what he has. His standing is established by the value of what he has to sell.

Six miles north, on Lexington Avenue, is another subterranean army—one out of many. From Ninety-second Street stretches either way a clanging quarry, roofed in with a thundering roadway. The walls are micaceous schist, hard and crystalline, and the dump-cars boom along the dimly lighted construction tracks. At the tunnel heading a steam-shovel grubs and grunts, reaching out with uncanny intelligence and stertorous panting—a mechanical superman that must be dismembered piecemeal to release it from the cavern of its self-made tomb. High up, the air-drills perch like mosquitoes on the rock face, chattering the sharp staccato of driven steel; and once in forty-eight hours the thud of dynamite compresses the cool, damp air.

Thus is the length of New York being honeycombed. North and south beneath the new Municipal Building stretches a long, gleaming artery, practically complete. This is the Centre Street loop, linking the Brooklyn Rapid Transit with the focus of the hive. Here, as elsewhere, at the strategic point rest the foundations of a skyscraper—a structure not yet planned, but the coming of which is commercially inevitable. Hostages to the future are these ponderous abutments; and when the undreamed structure does soar heavenward there will be no disruption of the new loop to anchor its framework firmly to the earth. There is something stirring in the contemplation of these prophetic footings, something eloquent of the superb confidence that animates the restless world beneath which they wait.

Here in 1750 stretched the questionable waters of Collect Pond, beneath whose deposit of ancient slime now curves the Centre Street loop. To-day the city has chosen a portion of the old site of the pond as the location of its new court-house.

Turning to the larger view, it must be evident that it is by transportation, whether subconsciously or not, that the color of men's lives is primarily influenced and ultimately dominated, in evidence of which consider the present condition of the northern and eastern flanks of New York City. New communities have sprung up wherever the subways and Elevated have penetrated. At Intervale Avenue, twelve miles north of Wall Street, a realty company provided funds for a subway station (the title of which is vested in the city), and thereby profited. At 191st Street the Subway is beneath a hundred feet of solid rock, but a vertical shaft wins to the surface, and around the shaft mouth a new city has arisen.

Now, all this means that, owing to the attenuated length of Manhattan Island, passengers have to be carried an inordinately long distance. The average is approximately six miles for each single fare, and there is nothing unusual in a single journey of fifteen miles. In fact, five cents will carry you from Atlantic Avenue, in Brooklyn, to 242d Street, a distance of over seventeen miles, in forty minutes. This is without parallel in any city in the world. The work at present being performed by the combined systems is equal to moving the entire population of St. Paul over to

Minneapolis twenty times a day! Does this stimulate the imagination?

As to the future, it is evident that if a city doubles in size it will require four times its transportation capacity, the reason being that not only must twice as many people be carried, but they must also be carried twice as far. Have you ever thought of that? The burden of planning extensions falls heavily on those responsible for them. Lines built to develop new districts do not pay at the outset, but it should satisfy John Smith to know that the completed "dual system" will care for three thousand million passengers per year.

Have such figures, after all, any real significance? Is it simpler to say that the contemplated equipment will do the equivalent of giving the whole population of North and South America twenty trips every year, each trip six miles long? One is prone to pass over such statements with a certain mental detachment, as if the contemplation of them compelled a merging of one's individuality in a huge and formless mass. But the ebb and flow of the human tides in New York City is neither formless nor impersonal. It is an immense current, dominated, morning and evening, by the law of economic gravitation, furrowed and wrinkled by the cross ripples of a multitude of business exigencies.

The residential focus is many miles removed from the business center, if, indeed, the former can be said to exist at all, since the whole countryside contributes. A morning vertical descent, an astonishingly rapid horizontal projection, a swift snatching up to some lofty tier of offices; the whole cycle reversed at sundown. And to facilitate it all, a closeness of shops and industries which, lest the precipitate cave-dweller should seek what he needs in sunlight, have followed him underground to parallel his subterranean coming and going. As the hull of a ship is covered with barnacles, so have the subways gathered to themselves concretionary growths of metropolitan accessories.

Like a vast barometer, the subways record every modulation and fluctuation of city life. In the come and go of graded labor the pick and shovel lead the monkey-wrench; the saw and chisel rise earlier than pencil and pen; the Semitic tide that every day is sucked into the great clothing factories flows in huge waves that inundate the trains before eight o'clock, and ebbs in weariness at five minutes past six. These are the human gulf streams that nourish Manhattan.

To this add those emergency services which are demanded for special occasions. A baseball match involves emptying the ball-grounds of forty thousand people in forty minutes. During the Naval Review of October, 1911, the Manhattan subways and Elevated carried thirteen million souls in a week without accident or delay to a single individual. Train shot after train through the great tube like bullets through the smoking barrel of a Maxim —a triumph of skill and organization.

Above all, it is evident that science has joined hands with invention to secure safety for Subway passengers. Brakes, block systems, and emergency stops approved and used above ground were here tried and found wanting. With express trains chasing one another every one hundred and two seconds, time itself took on new attributes. Ten seconds was something to fight for. Half a minute would demoralize a system. And so, because air brakes, *per se*, were not quick enough, electricity was coupled to air to hasten its action; and because block systems left the merest possibility of failure, a mechanical trip automatically stops the train that defies the warning signals; and because Death himself has ridden with the motorman and laid his chill fingers on the controller handle, an agency as inflexible as Death has been devised to assume the mastery should the grip of the guiding hand loosen and falter. To these add the despatcher suspended in silent authority in a glass-walled cabin, hurling his trains shuttle-like through the gleaming causeway—the arbiter of precious seconds, the ultimate regulator of speed and safety. Truly it is a human cycle acting with mechanical certitude, a mechanical kingdom animated by superhuman precision.

The ventilation of subways has for years been a mooted question. So far

as New York is concerned, it was assumed at the outset that the constant passage of innumerable trains would displace sufficient air to insure comfort. But the construction of the original lines resulted in a four-track way, along whose length the air was merely churned and agitated by a procession of trains traveling in opposite directions. Add to this the fact that the natural currents reverse themselves in and out of the Subway according as the air on the surface is warmer or colder than that underground, and you arrive at a conundrum difficult of solution. The last decision —that governing extensions under way —is a reversion to the old principle of a piston and a cylinder. There will be no more four-track subways with lines separated only by a row of steel columns. Each track will lie in its own walled-in causeway, which we may call the cylinder. The trains, all traveling in one direction in each cylinder, will be the pistons, driving ahead of them to the outer atmosphere sufficient air to cause a constant fresh inflow at other points.

There is also, curiously enough, such a thing as too perfect construction. In building the first Subway every precaution was taken to keep out water—in fact, a water-proof skin was provided. Now, whatever keeps water out will keep heat in; and it has since been determined that much of the heat is due to the friction of brake-shoes on wheels and wheels on tracks. So, in the new construction, only such water will be excluded as is absolutely necessary, and the more permeable construction thus obtained will permit of the escape of a larger amount of heat. Water thus admitted will be conducted beneath the tracks to convenient points, and thence pumped out.

To build a mile of four-track subway in earth excavation, complete with roadway, signals, station finish, etc., may cost either two million or seven million dollars, or any intermediate sum. It is a question of local conditions. The same thing in rock may cost three to four millions. Ordinarily speaking, rock-work would cost more, but in New York the rock dips sharply from the surface on its way down-town, and the congested work is in earth, where the maintenance and support and reconstruction of sewers, pipes, ducts, vaults, and other invisible structures is a huge item of expense. To remove a wagon-load of earth involves an outlay of about six dollars. This on the face of it seems enormous, but included in the six dollars is the contingent risk to the contractor. He assumes all responsibility of damages. A mile of single-track subaqueous tunnel costs approximately two and a half millions—again dependent on local conditions, the character of the soil penetrated, and the working air pressure, which latter limits the duration of the working shift.

In no other metropolis of the world are similar expenditures contemplated for traffic purposes, and here one touches elemental reasons. Not only is the physical conformation of New York without a parallel, but nowhere else may be found a public so dominantly insistent, so temperamentally avaricious, on the subject of time. Moments spent in transit must be cut down to the irreducible minimum, no matter what prodigality of the same fleeting commodity may ensue. To illuminate this, consider an actual occurrence. An Englishman who recently dropped in at a friend's office on Twenty-seventh Street was asked to dine. At the nearest Subway station they took a local train to the Grand Central, there dived across the platform into an express, which disgorged them at Seventy-second Street, where they entered another local that finally deposited them at the door of the Gothamite's apartment on Broadway and Seventy-ninth Street. Followed then a smoke, a refreshing drink, and a most leisurely dinner. Half-way through his dessert, the Briton looked at his host.

"I've been wondering why we took three trains to get here?"

"Why? We saved four minutes!"

The Briton pondered. "I say," he questioned, thoughtfully, "what are you going to do with them?"

In contemplating these tremendous undertakings, this vast underworld in the making, that contrasts so cleanly and sharply with that other underworld of which we know so much more, great questions arise. Is the profit other than that of transportation? Are

deeper and greater things involved? Do these enterprises rouse civic pride?

Broadly and largely it must be admitted that the civic pride of the average New-Yorker is an attribute which varies inversely with his proximity to New York. In London, Paris, or St. Petersburg he is full of it. The best achievements of foreign peoples arouse in him only a twinkle of interest, but much more than a twinkle of unfavorable comparison. He stalks through Europe ablaze with civic pride. It flames higher and higher on his approach to "God's own country," and culminates in a perfect eruption at the sight of the Statue of Liberty. In twenty-four hours it is extinguished. A crowded Subway reduces him to desperation. He does not know, and he does not care. He only knows and cares that it is a "rotten service." But underneath his feet toils an army of peace, neither known nor imagined, led by unidentified captains along invisible highways, the throbbing arteries through which will course the life-blood of the city.

Do these things express the people? In spite of the fact that the people already control, and will shortly own them outright, it hardly appears that they are an expression of the people themselves. To the outside observer New York seems sharply divided into two sections. One is very small but astonishingly skilful—enormously creative and powerful, swaying the affairs of millions and expressing its resource and constructive ability in huge undertakings and towering structures. The other is a teeming mass, flowing back and forth in blind, unquestioning obedience to factors not of their own devising, the psychology of which they never even guess. Is a skyscraper a demonstration of the men who inhabit it? Is it not rather a demonstration of the power and courage and skill of the few? That, after all, is the question that confronts those who attempt to analyze these extraordinary physical evidences of virility.

Are deeper things than transportation involved? Undoubtedly—yes. In four years from now a new underground world will be flung open. There will be celebrations and congratulations, and New York will be mightily pleased, and in six months will take everything for granted—except interruptions to the service. But in the making of all this there will have been constructive citizenship, a welding together of a multitude of workers who will never afterward be quite the same as if they had not labored here. The indifference of New York will not touch them. They will have been infused with the superb confidence of the New World.

On the subject of citizenship one fact is very apparent — never more apparent than when, from a Subway shafthouse, you survey the motley crowd surging restlessly along Broadway and then penetrate to the hollow spaces below. The blood and brains of this undertaking are practically unknown to New-Yorkers. But far beneath their feet is being evolved in muck and slime and turmoil as fine a type of citizen as any country can ever produce. These are the men who are doing the work. In the murky sections of every excavation you meet them—young men, clean of mind and clear of eye, carrying cheerfully on youthful shoulders the burdens that in older countries are only intrusted to those of twice their age; forgetful of self in the larger question of service; whose vision is steadfastly fixed on one ultimate aim, from which it never wavers, These are the men who will profit most by the "dual system"—the men who built it. They will not be in evidence during the celebrations. They will be standing back with the rest of the crowd, while orators pronounce panegyrics, and John Smith, with a burst of civic pride, realizes that the system is in working order. And not far distant are the multitudes who, finding that the earth herself cannot yield what they demand, will forsake the honeycombed city and traverse the unsullied air-lanes overhead.

Miss Mahala and Johnny

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

I DO not defend Miss Mahala. I hope it is understood that I do not defend her.

But all the same, I never had any sympathy with the Jeannie Deans sort of people who would risk their sisters' lives rather than their own little paltering souls.

Miss Mahala had great sorrows in her life; she had also had great and troublous joys. But now her interests were reduced to such as she found in a general oversight of the settlement. She did not regard herself as Elder Perry's coadjutor, but she filled much the same office, as the elder was wont to remark to his wife. When he first came to the scattered parish she instructed him in the varying idiosyncrasies there; and ever since she had been not only his curate, but his conscience. He learned to know his people and love them every one, but Miss Mahala knew their fathers and their grandfathers, had seen most of them the day they were born, and could tell to a nicety what strains of inheritance they carried and what might be expected of them. She had been down in Salt Water when the elder married his wife there, and she knew of certain things in Mrs. Perry's ancestry that probably Mrs. Perry did not know herself; and when the Perry children came into the world one after another, Miss Mahala had vivid apprehensions, only quieted by the thought of Mrs. Perry's angelic personality. And yet she knew that a many-colored ray may fall through a crystal and leave it white and limpid as spring water. However, life with the elder might have nullified all the colored ray, she fancied. Yet she watched Una and St. John and Luke and Steve and the twins and at last little Peace with an anxiety that would have disturbed their father and mother had they known of it.

Miss Mahala's worst fears began to be confirmed when one day she found St. John Perry red-handed, or rather green-handed, in her herb-garden, the plot of ground where grew her dill and savory and sweet basil and lavender and thyme and their congeners, many of which she had brought in from wood and field, and nurtured, and which she gathered and sold, or from which she incanted simples to be administered to those in need of them.

What was Johnny Perry doing in her garden? The answer was here. Both of his hands were full of her precious mint—that mint which was to have been distilled into extract and oil, but which lads liked to chew, and the possession of which was a kind of wealth. And her pennyroyal, moreover, to be smoked in old corn-cobs behind the barn! You may be sure the surprised Johnny was dealt with, and stripped of his spoils that they might be thrown into Miss Mahala's small still. But presently she softened. Poor little lad! she thought; he was no worse than other boys. What boy wouldn't take a sprig of pennyroyal if he came across it! She called after him and gave him back the treasure; and proud and happy he went off, feeling, after all, an honest boy, and ready to trade with boys less fortunate. "Jes' thin's that grow in the fields, free to all," said Johnny to himself.

The incident remained in Miss Mahala's inner consciousness, but without much emphasis. It was restored to life, however, when one August afternoon, a year later, she saw St. John Perry under the August pippin-tree, his pockets bulging and his hat full of the delicious yellow spheres.

"Johnny! Again!" she cried.

"I ain't never took any before. I thought you'd jest as lieves I hed one o' yer apples," whimpered Johnny.

"So I would if you ast," she replied. "How many you took?"

Johnny showed his hat. "That all?"



Drawn by Worth Brehm Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"I AIN'T NEVER TOOK ANY BEFORE"

Johnny nodded. "Turn your pockets out." Johnny squirmed; but Miss Mahala's hand was a compelling one. Pockets and the bulge of his jacket brought to light a dozen pippins. "You come into the house with me!" Johnny squirmed again; but Miss Mahala's eye was as compelling as her hand.

"I didn't know you was a thief, Johnny," said Miss Mahala, sadly.

"I ain't," said Johnny.

"And an impenitent thief at that. Do you know what became of the impenitent thief?"

"I don't care! He wouldn't let me have any!"

"Who? The impenitent thief?"

"I mean daddy wouldn't. He wouldn't let me have one of the sweetings."

"They ain't ripe. They'll be better eatin' come a week after to-morrow."

"He won't give me any then. They're for sick folks, he says."

"Your father's a presiding elder, and it ain't fit and proper for you to call him 'he' that way."

"You mean I should call him 'she,' Miss Mahaly?" asked Johnny, lifting his great, innocent-looking blue eyes, and quite willing to change the question.

"I'm afraid you're a bad boy, St. John."

"P'r'aps I be," said St. John, indifferently.

"St. John Perry, do you want to break your father's heart?"

Johnny looked up incredulously. "Does it hurt?" he asked.

"Hurt? It kills!"

Miss Mahala was not sure that Johnny's lip quivered. "I s'pose you know," she said, "you, a parson's son, that it's wrong to steal?"

"Do'no's I do," Johnny replied. "'Ith so much talk about what's right and what ain't a feller gits mixed up."

"St. John, it's bad enough to steal. Don't add a lie to it. That's wuss."

"Wuss to lie?" asked St. John.

"It upsets the balance o' thin's. The Lord might forgive ye fer hankerin' an' helpin' yerself, but a lie's jes' contradictin' Him to His face."

"That so?" said Johnny, a trifle startled, but with an impartial air.

"There ain't no circumstances can excuse a lie," said Miss Mahala.

"You don't say so," said Johnny.

"I'm afraid you're a bad boy, St. John Perry!" she repeated.

"Mebbe," said St. John.

"I didn't tell yer father when I found ye in my yarb-garden—"

"Them greens!"

"Them greens is property, an' you was takin' 'em. But now—you're his flesh an' blood—he may know how to deal 'ith you. I don't."

"'Twon't matter. Daddy never licks us."

"He'd orter."

"Ef he did, I'd run away!"

"Sho!"

"I'd jest as lieves, Miss Mahaly," said Johnny, twirling his empty hat, "you didn't tell on me to ma."

"I won't," said Miss Mahala. "I won't give her such a sorrer—the sweet soul!" She took her big Bible from the shelf; her own little Bible for daily use was in her bedroom. She turned the leaves over for a text she wanted. Every here and there was a dollar bill laid between the leaves. Johnny's eyes sparkled as he caught sight of them. Suddenly she shut the book. She did not know exactly the text to fit the crime. The boy would not care for the thunders and lightnings of Sinai, the noise of the trumpet, or the smoke of the mountains. "You can take the apples, St. John," she said.

But St. John left the apples and went his way up the hill to young Jerry. Miss Mahala gazed after him with misery as he disappeared. The sweet shadows of the green wood, the dancing flickers of sunshine, and the soaring blue above, all seemed a mockery when she thought of the child of her friend with a heart-breaking taint in his blood. There was no sun on the tossing boughs for her, no balm in the breeze. In a dreary mood, waiting for no luncheon, she tied on her bonnet and sought the elder. She met him at the half-way rock; his wife had sent him with some junket for an ailing person, junket being an inexpensive delicacy when you owned your cow—and the elder loved it for the sake of John Milton. There had been a little dispute in the elder's mind as to the naming of his first son, but finally St. John had got the better of John Milton.

The elder was resting now on the moss-grown boulder, looking up as if his gaze could penetrate distances of sky. She hesitated; but there was no use beating about the bush. Reverie or prayer, she must disturb it, her gloom darkening the bright summer day.

"Elder," she said, abruptly, "I think you gotter deal 'ith your St. John."

"Deal with—eh—who—what—with my St. John?" said the elder, lowering his gaze to Miss Mahala's shawl—Miss Mahala would have held it an immodesty to go out without her shawl, even in the tropics.

"With your Johnny," she said, firmly.

"What's the matter with Johnny?" he asked, gaily. "Why, he's good as gold."

"Gold had orter be tried."

"Why, Miss Mahala, what are you talking about?"

"I hate ter tell ye, Elder. I hate it like p'ison. But you gotter look out fer Johnny. I feel es bad es ef he was my own," she stammered. "But fust you promise not to say a word to Mis' Perry—I can't hev her feelin's teched."

"Promise? All right. No matter about *my* feelings, I see."

"'Taint no laughin' matter, Elder. Johnny — he — he's — I've found him twicet takin' thin's 'twan't hisn." Miss Mahala's voice was trembling, and everything was going black before her eyes.

"Oh, I guess not, Miss Mahala," the elder said.

"There ain't any guess to it, sir. Fac's is fac's. Johnny is light-fingered." And then Miss Mahala sank on the grass and closed her eyes. It had been no easy matter for her to tell the elder standing at the gates of heaven that his son was a thief.

The elder tore off a big sassafras leaf and hurried with water from the spring. He understood the ordeal it had been to her, although, of course, it was quite nonsensical. "There," he said, when the color had returned to her face, "now I'll see you home. And don't give Master St. John another thought. I'll attend to him. I've stolen green apples myself in my time."

"You have, Elder? That's a comfort. P'r'aps Johnny'll come out all right, then. But you must keep your weather-eye open for him, Elder. Home 'ith me? Ef Mahaly Brooks can't walk home alone she'd better die here! You go along. You've got work afore ye."

But that evening, as the elder sat among his children and saw St. John, with little Peace in his arms and the other children about him like flies about a fallen plum while he told them a Bible story with many embellishments, the elder listened a moment. "That is hardly true, my son," he said.

"But don't you wish it was, pa?" asked Johnny.

"Wish anything in the Bible different?" exclaimed his father.

"Why not? Yes. I'd like to play Sundays. I'd like to take anything I wanted, no matter whose it was before."

"My son! St. John! Would you steal?"

"'Twouldn't be stealin' if 'twarn't fer the Commandments," said the perspicacious Johnny.

And the elder, more concerned with a fear of infidelity in Johnny than of anything else, forgot about the danger of dishonesty in his prayer and his endeavor to make the Lord seem a living person to his little hearers. There was a matter of disciplining a member for loose thinking and light talking that troubled the elder just then, and he forgot about Johnny, so to say. Only his heart always gave a tender throb when he saw Johnny go whistling down the road, his hands in his pockets and his often crownless hat on the back of his bright curls, the picture of blue-eyed innocence; the joy of Luke and Steve and the twins, who tagged after him through heat and dust, the almoner to little Peace of black raspberries and sweet-flag root, the comfort of Una with bits of spruce-gum, translucent and sweet as drops of honey. Miss Mahala herself had once said that if ever there was a lovable rascal it was Johnny Perry.

But seasons fled in sun and shade, and Johnny was a big boy past fourteen. His voice had not changed; he could still sing "The spacious firmament on high" like a flute, like a young angel. But he was much pleased with a faint down upon his upper lip; it gave him a dream of the time when he should go out West and take up six hundred and forty acres



SHE HESITATED; REVERIE OR PRAYER, SHE MUST DISTURB IT

of land to be had for the asking. He was quite too big to be whipped; Miss Mahala, keeping an eye upon him, felt this a pity. There were times when Johnny was playing some rogue's trick that her fingers tingled; as when he drew lurid flames with ocher and vermilion on the side of the shed that made little Pearl Asher afraid to go to bed.

But it was quite a way across the woods, and Johnny was not often in evidence at Miss Mahala's. She was surprised one morning, when, coming home from a walk with Pharaoh in search of catnip, she saw her door open, and St. John Perry standing there with her Bible in his hands. "What are you doing here, St. John?" she said, severely.

"Your Bible's full o' money," he replied, if not with much relevancy.

"What of that?"

"I heered daddy tellin' ma, when he thought I was out o' the way, that you wanted to give it to him in your will, and he wouldn't let you. And a dollar bill between every leaf! And I thought I'd jes' look out fer ma."

"I ain't dead yet," said Miss Mahala.

"What difference 'd that make?" asked Johnny.

"Considerable—to me," said Miss Mahala, taking the book. "I was hopin', Johnny, that you'd outgrowed yer badness. That you'd left off stealin'."

"I warn't stealin'," said Johnny. "I

was jes' a-takin' what you give pa an' he wouldn't take—takin' it fer ma."

"St. John Perry, I reely think you must be wantin'!"

"I be. I'm wantin' money fer ma."

"Then go to work and earn it! Johnny, don't you know it's wicked to steal?"

"Yes'm."

"Why?"

"'Cause 'tis."

"Waal, p'r'aps that's so," said Miss Mahala, with an unformulated thought of the immutability of right and wrong. "Johnny, who made you?" she asked.

"My sponsors in baptism," Johnny answered.

"Oh, what a wicked boy you be!"

"You've said so afore."

"Ef you'd ever hed a change o' heart them sponsors *might* 'a' b'en the makin' on ye, in one sense. As it is, waal, I take a good deal o' blame to myself fer not follerin' ye up closer."

"I should think you'd done yer duty," said Johnny, nonchalantly.

She sat down on the door-step and motioned him to a seat beside her. She was biting a sprig of pennyroyal; she offered one to him; he accepted it indifferently. Pharaoh came and purred round them; Johnny bent and smoothed the cat's head. Perhaps it seemed a profane touch to Miss Mahala; she took the cat and shut him in an inner room. Then she came back and resumed her seat.

"Oh, what a pretty day it is!" she sighed presently.

As that was self-evident, it perhaps required no answer. It received none.

"There's nothin' like the sky," said Miss Mahala, after another moment. "Nothin' so handsome. Cheerful, tew. What ef God had set out to make it green; wouldn't that 'a' b'en a dreary world! And ef He'd made the sky red—I do'no' what 'd 'a' happened. But blue—it's jes' the color o' heaven."

"I do'no' nothin' about heaven," said Johnny.

"Puffeckly true. You don't. I useter hear it said, 'A minister's son and a deacon's daughter gener'ly do es they hedn't orter.'"

Johnny apparently didn't think it was up to him to prove the fallacy of the distich. Miss Mahala went on biting her pennyroyal leaf. "I often think," she said, after a short interval, "how many idees the Lord must 'a' hed in His mind when He thought out an' made all the flowers." This did not seem to affect Johnny.

"You're fond o' flowers, ain't ye, Johnny?"

"Some," said Johnny.

"I heered say you'd like ter be a gardinger w'en ye growed up."

Johnny showed a spark of interest. "Wouldn't I!" said he.

"You can't be a gardinger, o' course, or hev any flowers, either, ef you was in state's prison."

"Look here, Miss Mahaly, you can't frighten me with your state's prisons!"

"Why would I want to frighten you? Ef the love o' the Lord that giv' ye this beautifle world ter live in, that giv' ye your father an' mother an' little Peace, won't keep ye straight, state's prison won't either. But ef I don't tell on ye now, I'm compoundin' of a felony and liable to state's prison myself, and I'm pesky fond o' flowers, and 'd miss my yarb-garding dredfly."

"Tha' so!" said Johnny.

"Talkin' o' flowers, there's a little one in a tumbler in there that I picked off'n Sonny's grave, ye know—the little boy that died. I was goin' ter take it up ter yer mother, she bein' too lame to come down jes' yit, but you may as well, w'en you go."

Johnny turned his head, and the color mounted his face.

"I don't persume you mind how yer father took on when that dear child died?"

Johnny remembered; at least he nodded.

"I s'pose he'd ruther the child died than lived ter go to state's prison. I s'pose he'd ruther you died yerself, much as he sets by ye, than know you was in state's prison wearin' stripes," she said, reflectively.

"I ain't goin' to no state's prison!" he cried, suddenly.

"You? How do you know? One step leads to another in wrong-doing. You never know where you'll land. I don't know where I'll fetch up myself. It's dredf'll dismal and gloomy shet up in prison, and hard work, reel hard work,

an' bread an' water to eat, an' wearin' stripes roundabout instead of up an' down—it—it's awf'll!" and Miss Mahala shuddered, perhaps at the picture of the stripes. "St. John Perry won't sound well on the prison-roll; St. John won't."

"I ain't afraid," said St. John Perry.

"You'd better be, unless you turn a short corner. How do you s'pose you come by the name?"

"The beloved disciple," said Johnny, shortly.

"And your father wanted you to be beloved so, too. But of course— Waal, Mahaly ain't much of a name—kind of a breath—but ef I was named St. John I'd try an' live up to it. 'Twould 'a' b'en fust rate ef by an' by the Lord couldn't 'a' told which St. John He loved the most. You mind the night little Peace was born, and your mother sent fer you and told you she was yourn an' you'd gotter look out fer her all her life? A person that's doin' time behind four walls can't look out fer any one. How bad Peace would feel, the dear, pretty creetur, all disgraced by her brother, an' she lovin' ye an' b'lievin' in ye so. Yes, yer mother give her to ye; you was allers yer mother's favoright. When the little boy died she turned to you. 'I've got Johnny,' she said. 'Ef Johnny is spared to me, I won't repine,' she said. You was her first-born. She's a reel tender heart. I s'pose she'd jes' break down an' fade away—"

And then Johnny fell to crying and hiding his face in his sleeve. "Miss Mahaly," he blubbered, "I won't ever take anythin' ag'in that don't belong to me. I won't ever tell a lie. I'll be good—oh, I'll be good!" And Miss Mahala took him in her arms and cried too.

There was a long silence. A thrush thought it too long and broke it with a bubble of pure music.

"Miss Mahaly," said Johnny, "I feel as if I'd j'ined the church."

"You hev, St. John," she said. "The reel church. But you don't know it yet."

There were some other things they spoke of as they sat there in the long summer morning. It came out that Johnny felt it to be a miracle when the first blades of the harvest put their green tips above ground; that he would like to work such miracles himself; that farming appealed to him. And it was a fortunate coincidence that Miss Mahala had an outlying farm that had run to waste, and Miss Mahala wanted some one to take an interest in it, and Johnny was bubbling with interest. They spoke of other things, among them of the robbery of David's money-drawer at the Corners.

"It warn't me," said Johnny. "You b'lieve me? 'Twarn't me."

"I believe you," said Miss Mahala. By and by he went, carrying, besides the little flower, an accumulation of dimes that Miss Mahala had been keeping in the sugar-bowl, and which she insisted on pouring into his pocket in spite of his manful protest. He came back, after starting to go, and kissed Miss Mahala's brown and withered cheek.

It was a week or so afterward that the elder came slowly through the wood, walking as if he carried a load on his shoulders, and unlatched Miss Mahala's gate. She ran to meet him.

"It's too pleasant for indoors," she said. "We'll visit here," and they sat down on the door-step together.

"One place is as pleasant as another," the elder sighed.

"You're lookin' tired, Elder," she said. "Kind o' peaked. You jes' wait till I git you some o' my wild cherry—"

"No, no, I don't want it, thank you. I—"

"But you must have suthin', Elder. An egg beat up 'ith a sip of old cider?"

"No, Miss Mahala, no." And then there was silence. Miss Mahala waited; and at last the Elder roused himself.

"I've come to you in some trouble of mind," he said. "I may say in great distress. I have been preparing a discourse on the substance of things hoped for, and have been so occupied—for it is a most pleasant subject of consideration—that I have perhaps neglected my duty and have suffered the children to go too much unwatched during Mrs. Perry's lameness. Not long since I found them in possession of various pieces of silver. Pieces of silver have wrought great mischief in this world. On inquiry I found my St. John had given them. I was startled. We are not in the habit of having money." The elder was looking straight before him, speaking in a low

and husky voice. "A conversation I once had with you suddenly recurred to me—oh, like a stab—and as it happened," he continued, "I met Deacon Asher, who mentioned to me the robbery of David's till at the Corners. A great loss to poor David. Miss Mahala," turning on her sharply, "where do you suppose St. John got those pieces of silver?"

"I give 'em to him," said Miss Mahala. "Anythin' else troublin' ye?"

"Yes, Miss Mahala, that, indeed, is a relief; yet when you told me one day, as I was resting on the half-way stone, that my Johnny was—I—can't say the word—" He stopped as if expecting her to supply it.

"Ef you can't say it I can't think it, Elder," she said.

"It came back to me this morning," he resumed; "all you said, as I waked. It came like a thunder-stroke. I—I felt crushed to earth. If my boy is—is a thief—" The elder choked at the word. "Why, it is impossible! His mother's son can't go wrong! His mother has the whitest soul this side of heaven."

"That's true, Elder."

"But if—if he is, I had better not have lived. My work is a failure. But that is no matter, in comparison. My son, my poor young son—I would rather it had been I myself than that child. When you told me Johnny was—was light-fingered—" The elder whispered the word.

"I! I told you that!"

"Certainly. You told me, you remember, that you found him stealing your herbs and your apples, but at the time I was so greatly caught up in the spirit over the way out of a great trouble in the parish that it seemed to me then too small to notice, if you will excuse me, Miss Mahala. I thought I knew my St. John, and the impossibility of his going very wrong; and when you said I must look out for him, for he was light-fingered, I half thought that instead of his being light-fingered you were a little light-headed, and I went my way and forgot about it; God forgive me—"

"Es ef there ever was a boy of any sperit that didn't steal green apples when he lived where they growed, sence the days of Adam and Eve!" exclaimed Miss Mahala. "But as for your Johnny, ef it's him you mean, why, he's as honest es you be, and is goin' ter live an upright life." She was trembling like a leaf.

"Then what did you mean—"

"Elder, I don't know what you're a-talkin' of!"

"I am speaking of what you said to me out there that day by the half-way stone, and as I remembered it this morning, having seen the dimes, and having heard of the robbery of David's till—"

"Elder, I don't know what ter make of you. Ain't you b'en dreamin'? Air—air you disturbed in your mind?"

"Miss Mahala, I'm broken-hearted."

"It does beat all! You must 'a' b'en dreamin' a regular nightmare."

She turned and looked him in the face. She felt as if the heavens were falling. A little bird whistling in the cedar seemed an evil spirit addressing her.

"Elder," said Miss Mahala, solemnly, "look a-here! I ain't ever see you at the half-way stun, nor hed any conversation 'ith ye about St. John, nor ever told ye anythin' about yarbs or apples, or ter look out fer Johnny, or that he was light-fingered. There! And I ain't ever fainted away in my life. I sh'd thought you *would* 'a' said I was light-headed!"

Miss Mahala was white under all her tan; but the Elder, in a maze, was not looking at her now.

"You've b'en dreamin'," she continued. "Some dreams is like live thin's. Or the Evil One's b'en a-whisperin' in your ear. You're tew busy, you're what they call overworked an' het up. You're jes' needin' me ter fix up some o' my spring bitters fer ye—"

"Miss Mahala! Are you in earnest?"

"Cert'in I be."

"I can't credit it. I can't admit it. It is perfectly real in my recollection—"

"That's the way with them strong kind o' dreams."

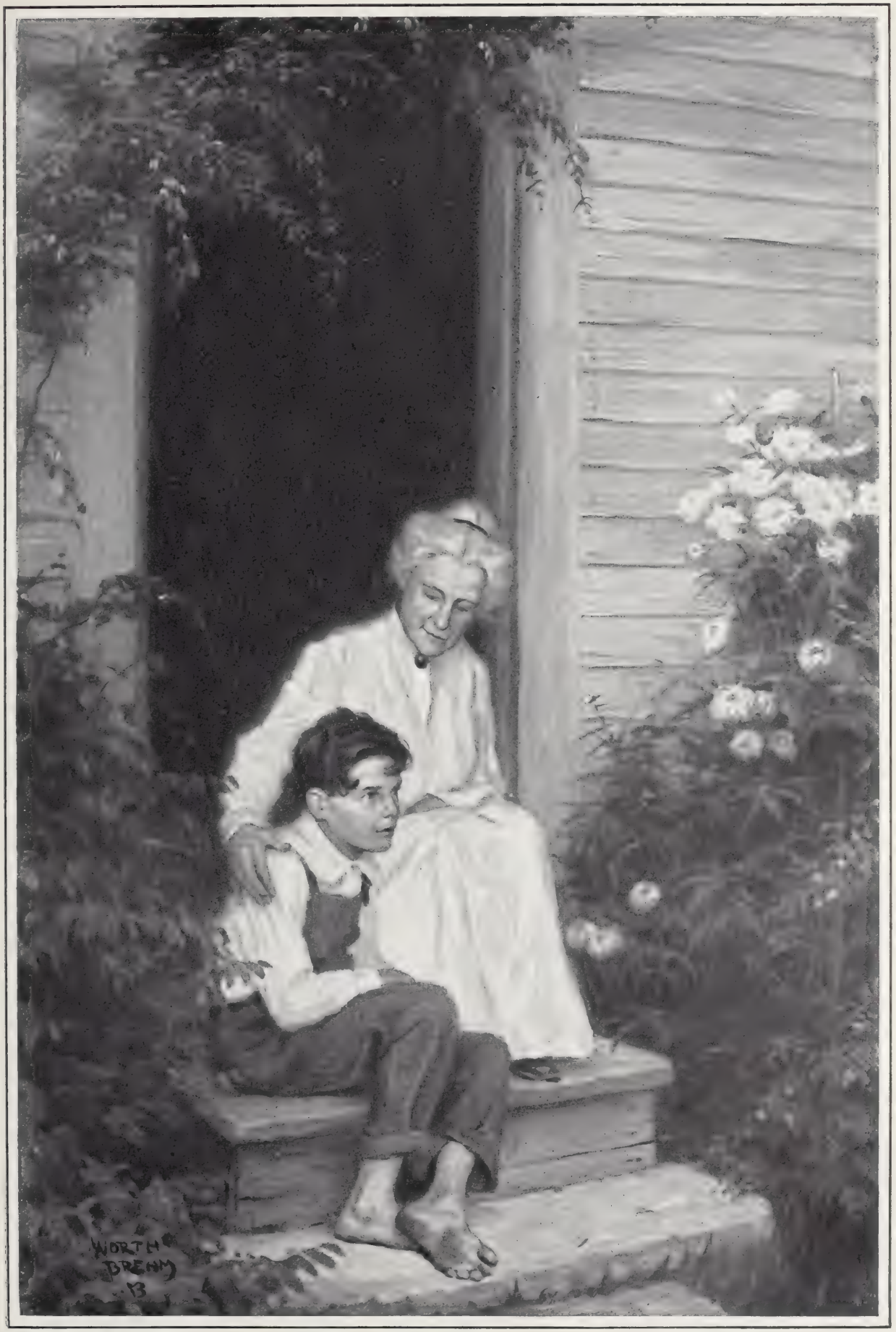
"But I'm not a dreaming man."

"An' so all the more when ye do dream it seems reel. I dessay you'll say I hed on a green shawl—"

"You did."

"Waal, I ain't got any green shawl! Dreams is queer thin's."

"Miss Mahala, if this is all true, it



Drawn by Worth Brehm

"MISS MAHALY, I FEEL AS IF I'D JOINED THE CHURCH"

would be a mountain off my mind and soul."

"True! I don't s'pose you're a-doubtin' of my word? Anybody in this perish 'll tell ye Mahaly Brooks never telled a lie afore!"

Miss Mahala's voice was raised a little, for as she spoke she was wondering how much logwood it would take to dye a green garment black, the heightened tone an unconscious veil to her thought. But it was convincing.

The elder stood up and reached his arms to heaven. "I thank God! I thank God!" he said. And then he turned to Miss Mahala with some of the blue fire of that heaven in his eye and an ineffable sweetness in his smile. If she quailed the least in the world, he did not perceive it. "You have made me another man," he said, taking his seat again on the door-step. "And now, if you don't mind, I think an egg whipped up in old cider would be very refreshing to that other man."

"I'll hev one, tew," she said, as she went in. "I don't need the cider," she added to herself. "I s'pose it's wrong. But I'm on the downward course, anyway."

"Why, Elder," she said, when she returned with the concoction, "ain't Johnny telled ye? Waal, he ain't hardly hed time. He's goin' to the Aggerculteral College in a year or so. I'm sendin' him—you an' Mis' Perry agreein'. I've got the means. An' then he's ter hev this ol' farm o' mine thet's run to waste this twenty year."

The elder walked home on air.

Miss Mahala went into her room and shut the door. She knelt down beside her bed. But she could pray no prayer. She was bitter at heart, but she was not sorry. The Lord must forgive her. Some day He would!

The Mother

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

AND now, they did not need her any more.
She heard below the shudder of the door,
The quick feet on the path, and she was fain
Only to snatch her sewing up again,
And sew, and sew, seam over feverish seam,
Hurrying in the dumb haze of a dream,
Thrusting away the moment when her hand
Should force her idleness to understand
That they were gone, all gone, and at the door
They would not call and claim her any more.

Young as the morning, they were gone away,
Whose kisses kept her hair from turning gray,
Whose laughter kept her ready. Wherefore now
Should not those wrinkles deepen in her brow,
And she shut up her heart, and learn to be
Of her bright self a queer dull travesty?

And yet, the smile they left her must not die;
For crying now, might she not always cry?
"O God!" she whispered, sewing, "keep me! Oh,
Thou only, over all the world, must know!"

An Old American Tow-path

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE charm of an old canal is one which every one seems to feel. Men who care nothing about ruined castles or Gothic cathedrals light up with romantic enthusiasm if you tell them of some old disused or seldom-used canal, grass-grown and tree-shaded, along which, hardly oftener than once a week, a leisurely barge—towed by an equally leisurely mule, with its fellow there on deck taking his rest, preparatory to his next eight-mile "shift"—sleepily dreams its way, presumably on some errand and to some destination, yet indeed hinting of no purpose or object other than its loitering passage through a summer afternoon. I have even heard millionaires express envy of the life lived by the little family hanging out its washing and smoking its pipe and cultivating its floating garden of nasturtiums and geraniums, with children playing and a house-dog to keep guard, all in that toy house of a dozen or so feet, whose foundations are played about by fishes, and whose sides are brushed by whispering reeds.

But the charm of an old canal is perhaps yet more its own when even so tranquil a happening as the passage of a barge is no longer looked for, and the quiet water is called upon for no more arduous usefulness than the reflection of the willows or the ferrying across of summer clouds. Nature herself seems to wield a new peculiar spell in such association—old quarries; the rusting tramways choked with fern; forgotten mines with the wild vine twining tenderly about the old iron of dismantled pit-tackle, grown as green as itself with the summer rains; roads once dusty with haste over which only the moss and the trailing arbutus now leisurely travel. Wherever Nature is thus seen to be taking to herself, making her own, what



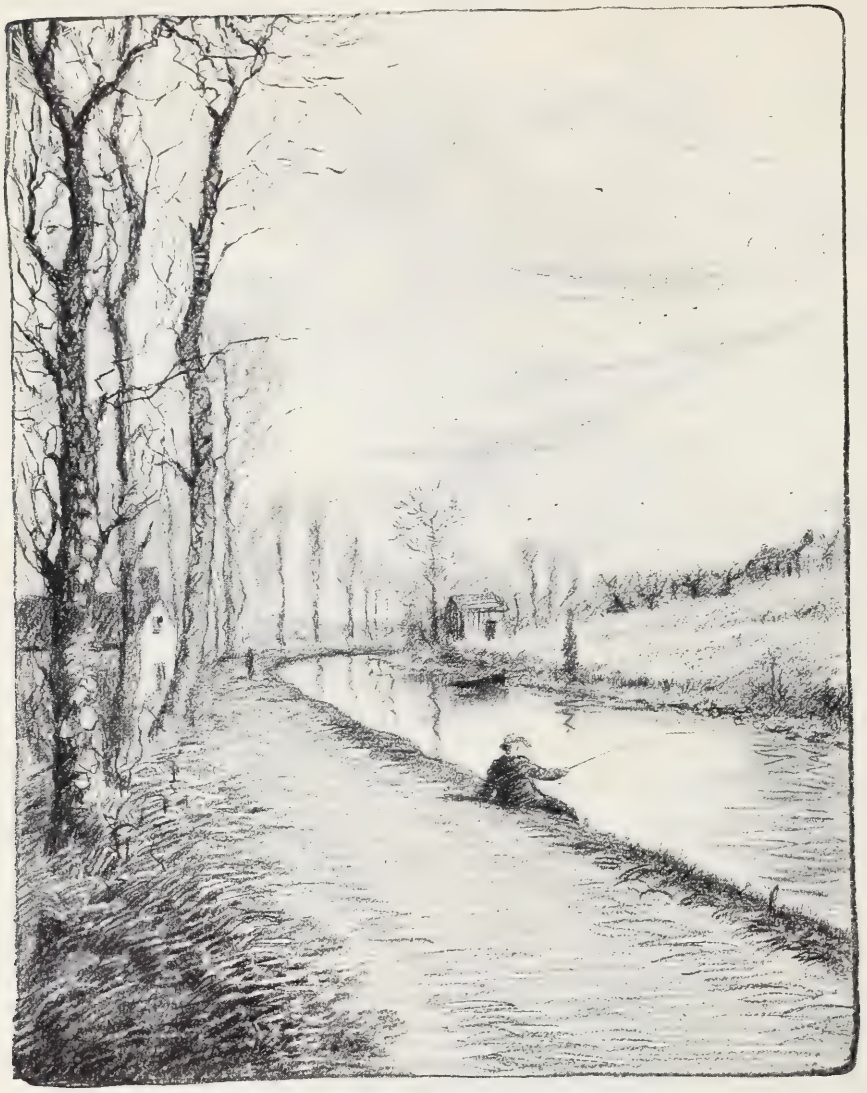
AN OLD-TIME SUSPENSION BRIDGE



THE QUIET WATER HAS NO MORE ARDUOUS TASK THAN THE FERRYING ACROSS OF SUMMER CLOUDS

man has first made and grown tired of, she is twice an enchantress, strangely combining in one charm the magic of a wistful, all but forgotten past with her own sibylline mystery.

The symbol of that combined charm is that poppy of oblivion of which Sir Thomas Browne so movingly wrote; but though along that old canal of which I am thinking and by which I walked a summer day, no poppies were growing, the freshest grass, the bluest flowers, the new-born rustling leafage of the innumerable trees, all alike seemed to whisper of forgetfulness, to be brooding even thus in the very heyday of the mad young year over time past. And this eloquently retrospective air of Nature made me realize, with something of the sense of discovery, how much of what we call antiquity is really a trick of Nature. She is as clever at the manufacture of antiques as some expert of "old masters." A little moss here and there, a network of ivy, a judicious use of ferns and grass, a careless display of weeds and wild flowers, and in twenty years Nature can make a modern building look as if it dated from the Norman Conquest. I came upon this reflection because, actually, my canal is not very old, though from the way it impressed me, and from the manner in which I have introduced it, the reader might well imagine it as old as Venice and no younger than Holland, and may find it as hard to believe as I did that its age is but some eighty years, and that it has its romantic being between Newark Bay and Philipsburg, on the Delaware River.



THE PASSAGE OF A BARGE IS NO LONGER LOOKED FOR

One has always to be careful not to give too much importance to one's own associative fancies in regard to the names of places. To me, for instance, "Perth Amboy" has always had a romantic sound, and I believe that a certain majesty in the collocation of the two noble words would survive that visit to the place itself which I have been told is all that is necessary for disillusionment. On the other hand, for reasons less explainable, Hackensack, Paterson, Newark, and even Passaic are names that had touched me with no such romantic thrill. Wrongfully, no doubt, I had associated them with absurdity, anarchy, and railroads. Never having visited them, it was perhaps not surprising that I should not have associated them with such loveliness and luxury of Nature as I now unforgetably recall; and I cannot help feeling that in the case of places thus unfortunately named, Nature might well bring an action for damages, robbed as she thus undoubtedly is of a flock of worshipers.

At all events, I believe that my surprise and even incredulity will be understood when my friend the artist, whose drawings add beauty to my truth, told me that by taking the Fort Lee ferry, and trolleying from the Palisades through Hackensack to Paterson, I might find—a dream canal. It was as though he had said that I had but to cross over to Hoboken to find the Well at the World's End. But it was true, for all that—quite fairy-tale true. It was one of those surprises of peace, deep, ancient peace, in America, of which there are many, and of which more needs to be told. I can conceive of no more suggestive and piquant contrast than that of the old canal gliding through water-lilies and spreading pastures, in the bosom of hills clothed with trees that scatter the sunshine or gather the darkness, the haunt of every bird that sings or flashes strange plumage and is gone, gliding past flowering rushes and blue dragon-flies, not

"Flowing down to Camelot,"

as one might well believe, but between Newark and Philipsburg, touching Paterson midway with its dreaming hand.

Following my friend's directions, we had met at Paterson, and, desirous of finding our green pastures and still waters with the least possible delay, we took a trolley running in the Newark direction, and were presently dropped at a quaint, quiet little village called Little

Falls, the last we were to see of the modern work-a-day world for several miles. A hundred yards or so beyond, and it is as though you had entered some secret green door into a pastoral dream-land. Great trees, like rustling walls of verdure, inclose an apparently endless roadway of gleaming water, a narrow strip of tow-path keeping it company, buttressed in from the surrounding fields with thickets of every species of bush and luxurious undergrowth, and starred with every summer flower.

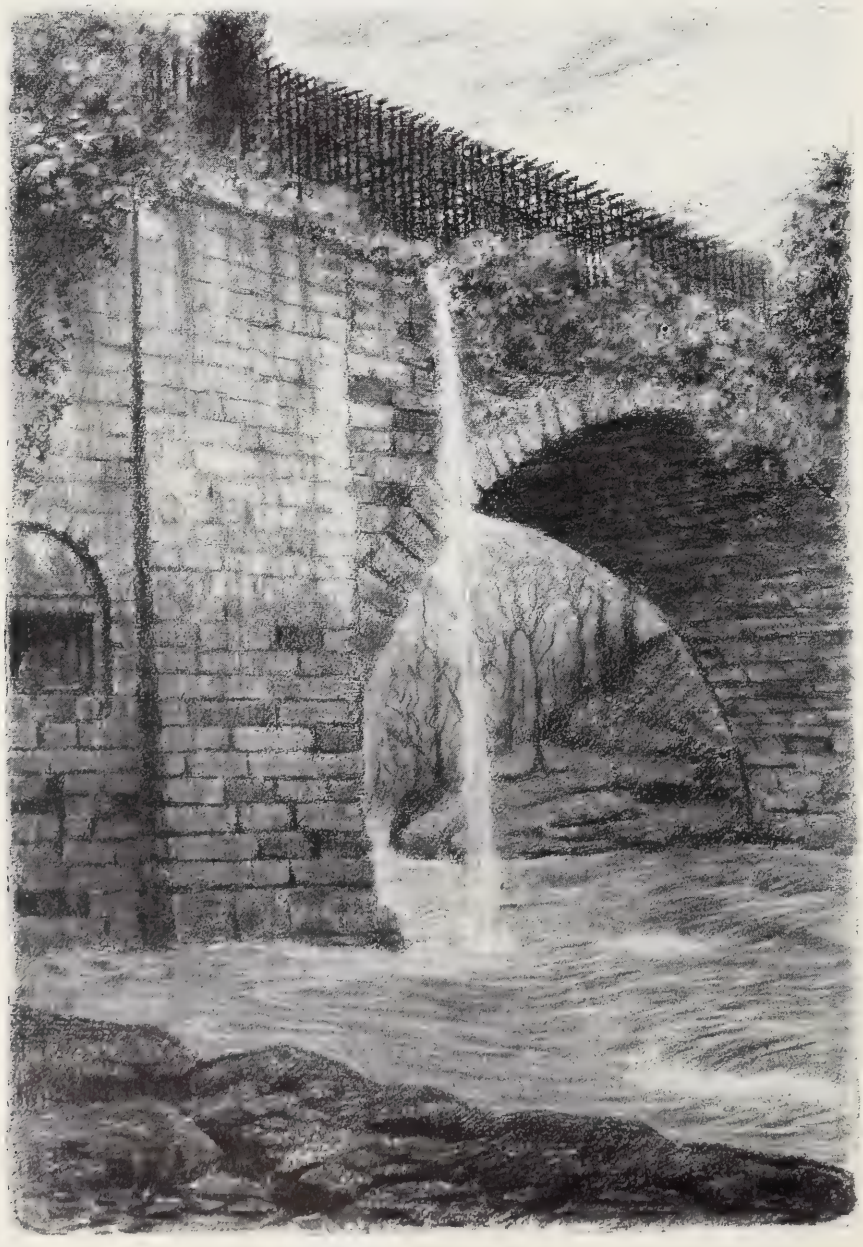
Presently by the side of the path one comes to an object which seems romantically in keeping with the general character of the scene—a long block of stone, lying among the grasses and the wild geraniums, on which, as one nears it, one descries carved scroll-work and quaint, deep-cut lettering. Is it the tomb of dead lovers, the memorial of some great deed, or an altar to the *genius loci?* The willows whisper about it, and the great elms and maples sway and murmur no less impressively than if the inscription were in Latin of two thousand years ago. Nor is it in me to regret that the stone and its inscription, instead of celebrating the rural Pan, commemorate the men to whom I owe this lane of dreaming water and all its marginal green solitude: to wit — the "MORRIS CANAL AND BANKING CO., A.D. 1829," represented by its president, its cashier, its canal commissioner, and a score of other names of directors, engineers, and builders. Peace, therefore, to the souls of those dead directors, who, having in mind their banking and engineering project, yet unconsciously wrought, nearly a century ago, so poetic a thing, and may their rest be lulled by such leafy murmurs and swaying of tendriled shadows as all the day through stir and sway along the old canal!

A few yards beyond this monumental stone there comes a great opening in the sky, a sense of depth and height and spacious freshness in the air, such as we feel on approaching the gorge of a great river; and in fact the canal has arrived



WILLOW-TREES ALONG THE BANK

at the Passaic and is about to be carried across it in a sort of long, wooden trough supported by a noble bridge that might well pass for a genuine antique, owing to that collaborating hand of Nature which has filled the interstices of its massive masonry with fern, and so loosened it here and there that some of the canal escapes in long, ribbon-like cascades into the rocky bed of the river below. An aqueduct has always seemed to me, though it would be hard to say why, a most romantic thing. The idea of carrying running water across a bridge in this way—water which it is so hard to think of as imprisoned or controlled, and which, too, however shallow, one always associates with mysterious depth —the idea of thus carrying it across a valley high up in the air, so that one may look underneath it, underneath the bed in which it runs, and think of the fishes and the water-weeds and the water-bugs all being carried across with it, too—this, I confess, has always seemed to me very marvelous. And I like, too, to think that the canal, whose daily business is to be a "common carrier" of others, thus occasionally tastes the luxury of being carried itself; as sometimes one sees on a freight-car a new buggy, or automobile, or sometimes even a locomotive, being luxuriously ridden along—as though out for a holiday —instead of riding others.



The Aqueduct at Little Falls

And talking of freight-cars, it came to me with a sense of illumination how different the word "Passaic" looks printed in white letters on the gray sides of grim produce-vans in begrimed procession, from the way it looks as it writes its name in wonderful white waterfalls, or murmurs it through corridors of that strange pillared and cake-shaped rock, amid the golden pomp of a perfect summer day. For a short distance the Passaic and the canal run side by side, but presently they part company, and mile after mile the canal seems to have the world to itself, once in a great while finding human companionship in a shingled cottage half hidden among willows, a sleepy brick-field run on principles as ancient as itself, shy little girls picking flowers on its banks, or saucy boys disporting themselves in the old swimming-hole; and

"Sometimes an angler comes and drops his hook
Within its hidden depths, and 'gainst a tree
Leaning his rod, reads in some pleasant book,
Forgetting soon his pride of fishery;
And dreams or falls asleep,
While curious fishes peep
About his nibbled bait or scornfully
Dart off and rise and leap."



THE FISH LIE GLITTERING IN THE SHALLOW POOLS

Once a year, indeed, every one goes a-fishing along the old canal—men, women, boys, and girls. That is in spring, when the canal is emptied for repairs, the patching-up of leaks, and so forth. Then the fish lie glittering in the shallow pools, as good as caught, and happy children go home with strings of sunfish—"pumpkin-seeds" they call them—catfish, and the like picturesque unprofitable spoils, while graver fisher-folk take count of pickerel and bream. This merry festival was over and gone, and the canal was all brimming with the lustral renewal of its waters, its depths flashing now and again with the passage of wary survivors of that spring battue.

It is essential to the appreciation of an old canal that one should not expect it to provide excitement, that it be understood between it and its fellow-pilgrim that there is very little to say and nothing to record. Along the old tow-path you must be content with a few simple, elemental, mysterious things. To enter into its spirit you must be somewhat of a monastic turn of mind, and have spiritual affiliations, above all, with La Trappe. For the presiding muse of an old canal is Silence; yet, as at La Trappe, a silence far indeed from being a dumb silence, but a silence that contains all speech. My friend and I spoke hardly at all as we walked along, easily obedient to the spirit of the hour and the place. For there were so few of those little gossipy accidents and occurrences by the way that make those interruptions we call conversation, and such overwhelming, golden-handed presences of sunlit woodlands, flashing water-meadows, shining, singing air, and distant purple hills—all the blowing, rippling, leafy glory and mighty laughter of a summer day—that we were glad enough to let the birds do such talking as Nature deemed necessary; and I seem never to have heard or seen so

many birds, of so many varieties, as haunt that old canal.

As we chose our momentary camping-place under a buttonwood-tree, from out an exuberant swamp of yellow water-lilies and the rearing sword-blades of the coming cat-tail, a swamp blackbird, on his glossy black orange-tipped wings, flung us defiance with his long, keen, full, saucy note; and as we sat down under our buttonwood and spread upon the sward our pastoral meal, the veery-thrush—sadder and stranger than any nightingale—played for us, unseen, on an instrument like those old water-organs played on by the flow and ebb of the tide, a flute of silver in which some strange magician has somewhere hidden tears. I wondered, as he sang, if the veery was the thrush that, to Walt Whitman's fancy, "in the swamp in secluded recesses" mourned the death of Lincoln:

"Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings to himself a song."

But when the veery had flown with his heartbreak to some distant copse, two song-sparrows came to persuade us with their blithe melody that life was worth living, after all, and cheerful little domestic birds, like the jenny-wren and the chipping-sparrow, pecked about and put in between-whiles their little chit-chat across the boughs, while the bobolink called to us like a comrade, and the phœbe-bird gave us a series of imitations, and the scarlet tanager and the wild canary put in a vivid appearance, to show what can be done with color, though they have no song.

Yet, while one was grateful for such long, green silence as we found along that old canal, one could not help feeling how hard it would be to put into words an experience so infinite and yet so undramatic. Birds and birds, and trees and trees, and the long, silent water! Prose has seldom been adequate for such moments. So, as my friend and I took up our walk again, I sang him this little song of the Silence of the Way:

"Silence, whose drowsy eyelids are soft leaves,
And whose half-sleeping eyes are the blue flowers,
On whose still breast the water-lily heaves,
And all her speech the whisper of the showers.

"Made of all things that in the water sway,
The quiet reed kissing the arrowhead,
The willows murmuring, all a summer day.
'Silence'—sweet word, and ne'er so softly said

"As here along this path of brooding peace,
Where all things dream, and nothing else is done
But all such gentle businesses as these
Of leaves and rippling wind, and setting sun



A Plane where Boats are raised to a higher Level

"Turning the stream to a long lane of gold,
Where the young moon shall walk with feet of pearl,
And, framed in sleeping lilies, fold on fold,
Gaze at herself like any mortal girl."

But, after all, trees are perhaps the best expression of silence, massed as they are with the merest hint of movement, and breathing the merest suggestion of a sigh; and seldom have I seen such abundance and variety of trees as along our old canal — cedars and hemlocks and hickory dominating green slopes of rocky pasture, with here and there a clump of silver birches bent over with the strain of last year's snow; and all along near by the water, beech and basswood, blue-gum and pin-oak, ash, and even chestnut flourishing still, in defiance of blight. Nor have I ever seen such sheets of water-lilies as starred the swampy thickets, in which elder and hazels and every conceivable bush and shrub and giant grass and cane make wildernesses pathless indeed save to the mink and the water-snake, and the imagination that would fain explore their glimmering recesses.

No, nothing except birds and trees, water-lilies and such like happenings, ever happens along the old canal; and our nearest to a human event was our meeting with a lonely, melancholy man, sitting near a moss-grown water-wheel, smoking a corncob pipe, and gazing wistfully across at the Ramapo Hills, over which great sunlit clouds were billowing and casting slow-moving shadows. Stopping, we passed him the time of day and inquired when the next barge was due. For answer he took a long draw at his corncob, and, taking his eyes for a moment from the landscape, said in a far-away manner that it might be due any time now, as the spring had come and gone, and implying, with a sort of sad humor in his eyes, that spring makes all things possible, brings all things back, even an old slow-moving barge along the old canal.

"What do they carry on the canal?" I asked the melancholy man, the romantic green hush and the gleaming water not irrelevantly flashing on my fancy that far-away immortal picture of the lily-maid of Astolat on her strange journey, with a letter in her hand for Lancelot.

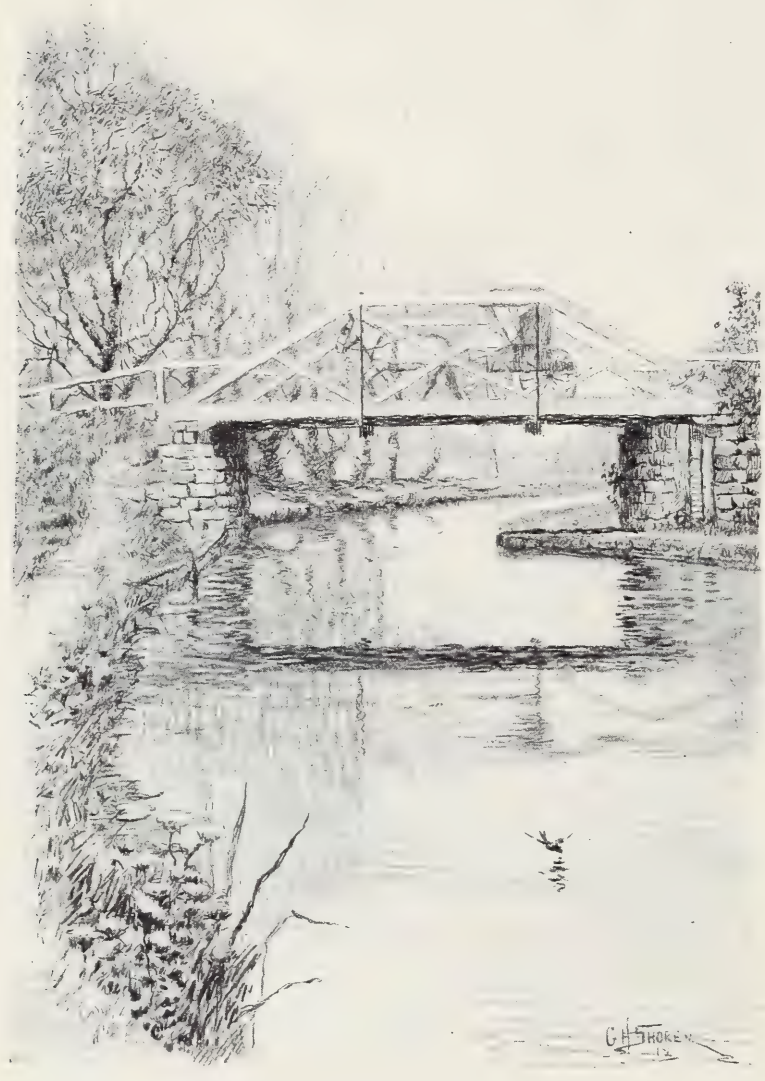
"Coal," was his answer; and, again drawing at his corncob, he added, with a sad and understanding smile, "once in a great while." Like most melancholy men, he seemed to have brains, in his



THE TOLL-KEEPER'S COTTAGE BY THE LOCK

way, and to have no particular work on hand, except, like ourselves, to dream.

"Suppose," said I, "that a barge should come along, and need to be drawn up this 'plane'—would the old machinery work?" and I pointed to six



Where Time and Tide wait for All

hundred feet of sloping grass, down which a tramway stretches and a cable runs on little wheels—technically known, it appeared, as a "plane."

Then the honor of the ancient company for which he had once worked seemed to stir his blood, and he awakened to something like enthusiasm as he explained the antique, picturesque device by which it is still really possible for a barge to climb six hundred feet of grass and fern—drawn up in a long "cradle," instead of being raised by locks in the customary way.

Then he took us into the old building where, in the mossed and dripping darkness, we could discern the great waterwheels that work this fascinating piece of ancient engineering; and added that there would probably be a barge coming along in three or four days, if we should happen to be in the neighborhood. He might have added that the old canal is one of the few places where "time and tide" wait for any one and everybody—but alas! on this occasion we could not wait for them.

Our walk was nearing its end when we came upon a pathetic reminder that, though the old canal is so far from being a stormy sea, there have been wrecks even in those quiet waters. In a backwater whispered over by willows and sung over by birds, a sort of water-side graveyard, eleven old barges were ingloriously rotting, unwept and unhonored. The hulks of old men-of-war, forgotten as they may seem, have still their annual days of bunting and the salutes of cannon; but to these old servitors of peace come no such memorial recognitions.

"Unwept and unhonored, maybe," said I to my friend, "but they shall not go all unsung, though humble be the rhyme"; so here is the rhyme I affixed to an old nail on the moldering side of the *Janita C. Williams:*

"You who have done your work and asked no praise,
Moldering in these unhonored waterways,
Carrying but simple peace and quiet fire,
Doing a small day's work for a small hire—
You need not praise, nor guns, nor flags unfurled,
Nor all such cloudy glories of the world;
The laurel of a simple duty done
Is the best laurel underneath the sun,
Yet would two strangers passing by this spot
Whisper, 'Old boat—you are not all forgot!"

Purple and Fine Linen

BY EDNAH AIKEN

MRS. WILSON, the wife of the caterer, happened to be in the store when the telephone rang. Her husband had not returned from his solemn daily expedition to the great markets. Miss Giles had left her desk to go to her early lunch. Outside these three, no other was allowed to take an order for the firm. It was on such careful attention to detail that Wilson had built up his trade in the city that loves hotels. Wilson's patrons were among those who preferred to have turkey taste as if it had been cooked in a home kitchen rather than disguised, richly, elsewhere. This was the first order that had come to them from the great Wilson house on the Avenue. As she jotted it down, Mrs. Wilson, wife of the caterer, wondered what her husband would say.

He said it immediately. Then judicially he read the order. His wife, whose smooth talents had helped to upbuild "Wilson's Home Catering Establishment," added that she had paved the way for a refusal of the order, saying that it was very late, past eleven, and her husband not in the store, so that perhaps it would be impossible to fill the rush order.

Wilson's face grew red. A rush order not filled in his establishment? What made her think that he would not take an order from the other Wilsons? He himself rang up the big house.

"You, see, Jennie," he turned at length from the telephone, "it isn't as I have forgotten. But it would be bad business. I couldn't refuse an order from people on the Avenue."

"No," murmured his wife, trying to subdue a look of memory.

"It would be bad business," Wilson was reassuring himself. "And it is good to have them have to come to us, the Wilsons who think they're so grand, to have them come suing, please can we help them out? Home flavor! I'll show them what home flavor tastes like! They'll say they've never tasted terrapin before. Think they're so fine! An American putting on such side! It makes me sick. I'd lay a fiver that my family's older than his. There's Wilsons buried in the Denford graveyard in the old country for more years than any American can count. I'd like to show them some of the old silver when it comes, or the old four-poster bed—"

"Do you think we will ever get any of those things, Will?" She had been hearing of the grand things that would be theirs when the old man died over there, ever since their mutual life began. "He's been dead now three years. It looks as if we are going to be bamboozled out of everything. We're so far away."

"They're fighting over the money, the house, and the land." Wilson was running over the list of orders on the pad. "I wrote the other day I didn't want the house and I had money enough of my own. What I wanted was something that my children could take pride in, that they'd know that their people hadn't always been caterers—some of the old silver, f'rinstance."

"If they've any sense, they will be very glad that their father was a clerk in a caterer's establishment before he married into the firm!" retorted Mrs. Wilson.

"There, Jennie, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings!" Her husband gave a mollifying pat to the shoulder as it passed him. "New York does make a snob of one, always talking about old families. American aristocracy! The Wilsons! Who'd they be, I'd like to know, if they went to England!"

A few minutes later Mrs. Wilson could hear the voice of her lord in the regions back of the store. Her Wotan had dropped his spear to an enemy; had lost, for that day, at least, his godship. She thought of the other family

on the Avenue. Americans could be aristocrats! That was her husband's failing, he had such a contempt for American pretensions.

"I wonder if he'll go himself to the other Wilsons' to-night." She wondered it so often that it finally asked itself:

"Are you going to the other house to-night?"

Wotan allowed himself a burst of irritation. "Go to that man's house? Not if my name's William Stetson Wilson."

"No, *because* your name's William Stetson Wilson!" choked his wife.

He looked at her solemnly. Sometimes it struck him that his American wife was growing flippant.

"Go to his house; make a little order seem as important as that? I wouldn't put my foot in his house. Outrageous he is, an American putting on such airs—an American! I've got that banquet for the Shriners to-night. I'll send Thomas to the other house."

The other Wilsons moved in that circle whose center was birth; its radius, wealth. One could not get into it without an acknowledged pedigree, nor keep within its boundaries without money. There was nothing common about the Wilsons, their friends said, except their name, and enough generations had distinguished that to make it imposing. Moreover, Wilson had many illustrious names in his genealogy, including Jefferson and Washington, and Mrs. Wilson had been a von Hoock—Betty von Hoock of *the* von Hoocks.

Wilson, for the first years of his married life, was the poor, tolerated relation of the von Hoocks. Betty had made a romantic mesalliance. But the brains of the Jeffersons and the other sturdy American forefathers speedily told, and corporations were now paying him an enormous salary that he might not use his brains, or the brains of the Jeffersons, against them. His wealth, his acknowledged ancestry, and the great name of old Peter von Hoock would have given them a place in the much-talked-of fashionable set. But the big lawyer chose to identify his young family with the more exclusive and solid circle, the aristocracy of intellect. One met at the house on the Avenue, or at the "Crest," the Wilsons' summer home in the Adirondacks, the men and women who stood for success in the world of brains and culture: college professors who had risen above academic drill, college presidents, authors who were not bohemians, musicians who were conservative citizens, diplomats.

The children, coming along, were adding their share to the aristocratic atmosphere. Peter was closing his last brilliant year at Yale; Aline's beauty and brain made her a central figure at college. Marion, still at home, had a voice which would have made the fortune of a poor girl.

When John C. Beveridge came back to pay his own country a visit, it was inevitable that Wilson, who had enjoyed the hospitality of his distinguished countryman abroad, should plan to entertain him. Wilson had suggested asking him to spend the summer at the Crest. Betty had said it would be nice, but they must remember that this was to be Aline's summer, and Peter's—a young people's summer. If one had the Honorable Beveridge at the Crest all summer, one would have to live up to it; President Fairfax and his wife would have to be asked, and President Doremus, from the other college, and the friend from Washington; the summer would have to be given up to grandeur and diplomacy.

"Mrs. Favart has asked to bring a guest to the Crest this summer." Betty, caressing his sleeve with her cheek, raised her eyes to her husband's. He smiled down on her, seeing through her attempt to make this casual.

"Why shouldn't he come? Is he a convict, or has he club-feet? Why should I be asked for permission? Isn't the home yours? Confess, Betty!"

"Your prejudices—she knows how you feel about titles."

"A title?" frowned her husband, and then smiled at the childish conspiracy. "Mrs. Favart has always a title in her pocket! It's ridiculous in an American."

"But how can she help it, with her sister a duchess?" demanded his wife, holding on to the hand he was withdrawing. "They all bring letters to her. This case is very different. It's not a fortune-hunter. It's the young

Duke of Denford. His people want him to see the world; he is to spend the summer in America. You know how he will be run after. Mrs. Favart wants him to meet the right sort—she wants him to know Peter and Aline—"

"I'll have no dukes in my house!"

Mrs. Wilson would not argue it out with him. She remembered the matter of the crest. Years ago, the von Hoock medieval motto had been discarded from the trousseau supply of stationery. It had to remain on the inexhaustible supply of linen that had been embroidered for the von Hoock mesalliance, but its use was discouraged by the head of the family, and for that reason it was as unworn as when she was married. Mrs. Wilson dropped the subject of the Duke of Denford, and went back to the Honorable Beveridge.

"I'd like to give him a dinner," acknowledged Wilson, "if you were not so busy preparing to shut up the house."

"We have two weeks yet; that's easy," smiled Betty, loving above all things in life to earn her husband's praise of her managership. "Ask him to set his date, and I'll do the rest." But she hoped fervently that the Hon. Mr. Beveridge would set an early date. Several of the servants had to be sent ahead to the Crest to get it in readiness.

The Hon. Mr. Beveridge threw consternation into her soul by responding that the twentieth was the only night he had free. Mrs. Wilson told this to her husband at the table. The family were to leave for the Crest on the twenty-first.

"Of course, then, it's impossible. I'll give it at the club."

"At the club! Not while I'm housekeeper! It is all arranged—I have sent out the cards. Of course, the linen has to go up to the Crest ahead of us, but I can keep enough out, and carry it up in our trunks if necessary. Two of the maids will have gone, but I can get extra trained service."

"But it won't have to be a caterer's dinner?" inquired her husband. "They all taste alike. I want Beveridge to have one of Hannah's dinners; I've bragged of her terrapin."

"Oh, Hannah will get the dinner!" declared his wife, and thought that she was telling the truth.

An hour before luncheon, on the morning of the twentieth, Mrs. Wilson was brought the distressing news that her cook was ill. The family doctor was called, and Hannah was hurried off to an operation for appendicitis. It was nearly noon before Mrs. Wilson could think of her dinner. She determined that it was to go on. And she thought of the other Wilson. Mrs. Favart had said of him that he was "like a lie—splendid for social emergencies!" She rang up Wilson's.

That evening as she surveyed her dignified table Mrs. Wilson had a right to her feeling of pride. No one could guess that to-morrow the house would be swiftly shrouded in linen; that only that morning there had been no cook; that yesterday two of the housemaids had gone. Aline, her color as deep as the Killarney roses which banked the gleaming table, was reaching to her first state function; Peter, grown into his father's youthful image, was talking with unawed freedom across the board with the great Mr. Beveridge. The mother thrilled with pride over her children, who were claiming so regally their inheritance of poise and significance. She tried to exchange a surreptitious glance of content and gratulation with the man who made all this possible, but he was talking with Mrs. Favart. Mrs. Wilson heard him say:

"Hannah's terrapin is always good. But I agree with you, this time she has excelled herself."

It was too good to miss. "But it isn't Hannah's!" The exclamation reached the other end of the table.

"Not Hannah's!" Wilson smiled at a suspected joke. He could not be fooled in Hannah's terrapin.

The dinner was advanced enough to permit it, so Mrs. Wilson told of the catastrophe that had befallen Hannah that morning. "So it really is a Wilson dinner," she ended.

"You don't mean that you did it!" exclaimed Beveridge.

"I'm not clever enough for that. I can do camp cooking, but that's not terrapin! The joke lies," she explained, "in having to call in our foe to help us

out. My husband crossed swords with him not long ago. I was a little afraid that he would take out his revenge in our emergency by giving us the ordinary boneful variety of terrapin."

"It is one of our crosses," supplemented Wilson, who could always be relied on to do good team-work, no matter how unprepared, "that the only caterer worthy of his hire has our name. That is what Mrs. Wilson meant when she said it was a Wilson dinner." His smile across the Killarney roses and the gleaming, crystal-covered table cried "Bravo, helpmate!" to Betty. "It is really amusing. I get a hurry-up call on the telephone from Mrs. Favart. She wants to speak to me at once. And through the receiver comes the request, 'Will I please send three gallons of cream to the house that afternoon at four—pistache and mocha.'"

"We are always being called up here at home, too," contributed Betty. "When I complained, our friend made me feel that he had more grievances against us—he is quite convinced that we have taken orders here as if this were the store, and that he has lost trade through us. You see, when people are in a hurry they don't look for the word 'caterer.'"

"You have the same initials?" Beveridge was smiling down into Mrs. Wilson's piquantly distressed face.

"Worse!" broke in the host. "When I ordered my whole name put in the telephone directory, the caterer had the same idea. He had put in *his* full name —William Stetson Wilson."

"And then," Peter contributed, "the governor got hot, and he went to the telephone and demanded what sort of joke that was. He roared at the caterer —you could have heard him on Broadway. Wilson said he had a right to use his own name; as good a right, perhaps, as the governor—I believe he suggested a better, didn't he, dad?"

"Yes, I believe he did boast of his old English family."

Wilson was turning toward Beveridge with another subject, when the son persisted. "But, Dad, the cream of the story, when you suggested that he change his name!"

The irritation had softened into an after-dinner story. "He suggested that I change mine! That there were more W. S. Wilsons buried in some little English village or other than an American could acknowledge! That he might cook mushrooms, but that he wasn't one!"

"So it rests," cried Mrs. Favart, when the laugh had subsided, "that I still ring up Will Wilson for ice-cream for my sewing-circles!"

"It takes several generations to turn out such terrapin," Beveridge took his opportunity, "so I am inclined to think that what the fellow claimed was true."

"Wait till you try Hannah's!" suggested Mrs. Wilson. "And no one could accuse her of ancestry! You will eat hers at the Crest this summer, Mr. Beveridge."

"I am counting on that pleasure," he assured her. "Miss Aline and I are already planning tramps together."

While the smokers lingered over their politics and liqueurs, Mrs. Wilson told Mrs. Favart that she had done her best about the young Duke of Denford, but that she had never seen her husband more determined about anything.

Mrs. Favart tapped her friend on the shoulder with her fan. "Well, we'll have to give up the plan, but I must confess I am sorry. I should love to have him see Aline when he comes back from his hunting trip in California. Think how he'll be run after by every mother in the land. I'd like him to see Will Wilson's family. It seems incredible that anybody really refuses to meet the Duke of Denford. But it's just like Will Wilson. And I love him, too, for it," she added, "though it makes me yearn to circumvent him!"

It was so ridiculous that she had to tell the young nobleman himself when he came back, brown and hardened from his weeks in the high Sierras. He found it piquant as well as unbelievable. And then he saw Aline's pictures; taken at the Crest in khakis, with a knife thrust through her belt, her revolver in its holster slung at her side, her hat framing the loveliest face he had seen; taken at college, with her intent look on; taken in her grand robe in which she had been presented three years before.

"She was in England, and I didn't know it." The next day he called on Mrs. Favart again, and explained to her

quite conclusively that he was going to meet Aline Wilson before he went back to England. "If she looks like her picture, I'm not going to lose one opportunity in a lifetime," he added.

Mrs. Favart found the bronze boyishness very interesting, as it stood six feet high. "I can't do anything to help you. I'm afraid of Will Wilson. I wouldn't lose the entertainment of his dinners, the privilege of the Crest, even to get you an introduction to the prettiest girl — the prettiest girl, with snap, I mean, snap and soul—in two continents."

The Denford jaw shut. "You spoke of her brother."

"Yes—Peter. I wanted you to meet him, too."

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't meet Peter?" demanded Denford. "See here, Mrs. Favart, have the brother here. Introduce me, as say—well, the name that is mine, too—Gordon. I'll do the rest. Will you do that much for me?"

"You are thinking that you are in love," said Mrs. Favart, shrewdly, "because of a picture. But you are not. You are born hunters, you Gordons. You went to the Sierras to hunt hard game; you're going to hunt Aline Wilson—"

"I'm going to the Crest! Yes!" said the Denford mouth.

He went to the Crest before the month was out.

"The fates willed it!" Mrs. Favart always shruggingly resisted the implication of responsibility. "If Peter does like to dine here, and if Denford happened to be coming that same night, why, how can I be thought to have had anything to do with it? And they took such a fancy to each other that I wasn't at all surprised to hear that Peter had wired up for permission to bring a friend when he went back on Saturday. My postponement of my visit had really nothing to do with that, not in the least!" But nobody believed her. For who had introduced Denford to Peter as Gordon?

Denford had known Aline but three days when he told her that she was not going to be introduced to New York society that winter. They had stopped for a rest on their way home from their tramp through the Adirondack woods. Aline sat on a rock, the trees and a small brook forming a wonderful background for the picture Denford was making a permanent impression of. One instant of silence, and she knew. It was not at all as she had planned. The thrill of joy that she expected, the consciousness, were not there. A solemnity subdued her. This was her life, it was calling her; this her man. He looked at her, and despite the resolution, the mastery, there was awe in his eyes, too.

On the way home, she tried to recover gaiety with him. "We don't know who you are!" she told him. "I am satisfied, but perhaps father won't be. Will you be willing to live over here? Father would never let one of his daughters live anywhere but in America."

Denford said that he would be willing to live anywhere with her, but that unfortunately he had obligations, purposes, some ideals, too. And then he told her who he was. Aline cried as though the feud of Capulet and Montagu had arisen to part them.

Denford took her in his arms and held her close. "There is only one chance of happiness, Aline, and that is to marry the man or woman who can keep the love—*keep* the love—they have won. And that's the reason I'm not going to let anything, big or little, stand in the way of my marrying Aline. And, goodby," Denford said, after he had kissed her.

"You're going?" cried Aline.

"I'm going," he said, "to devote myself so to that patriotic father of yours, so that when I say I'm going he will ask me to stay. We won't see much of each other for a while, my dear. I'm going to win your father."

It was progressing according to his prophecy; it might have gone according to his lordly prediction had not the visit of Beveridge been hastened. Mrs. Wilson did not think to tell Aline, who could not warn Denford. The two men met as they were going in to dinner on Beveridge's first evening at the Crest. The distinguished American spoke warmly of the young Englishman to his host when they were seated at the merry table.

"He is altogether the best type of

Englishman. I like him very much; I was fond of his father, the older Denford—"

"Denford, Gordon?" queried Wilson.

"It is like a Denford to travel incognito," said Beveridge, ignorant of the storm he was arousing.

The storm broke in Mrs. Wilson's bedroom when her husband came up from the smoking-room. Peter was summoned. Both Mr. Wilson and his wife decided that Aline was not to be brought into the matter.

But Aline came in just then to say good night to her mother. She saw with concern the three closeted together. What had Mr. Beveridge said? Her rout was complete; she looked like a Juliet under sway yet of the Capulet fear.

The next day, Wilson found his Betty alone for a moment. "I think we'll leave the Crest earlier this summer." Though it was couched tentatively, she understood it as orders, as determination. "As soon as Beveridge goes—next Monday, he tells me—my business is going to call me back to town. And you have to open the house for me. Later, you can go with Peter and the girls to the seaside, or wherever you wish."

"Monday!" gasped Mrs. Wilson. She could not plan so fast. "But there are guests coming Saturday for a week—"

"You must telegraph them. You might get some of the people you expected during the rest of the season for a few days this week. Get in as many as you can. We should have it as gay as we can—for Beveridge—and for Aline," he added.

Mrs. Wilson never proved her managerial capabilities so fully as during that crowded week. Each luncheon, each dinner, was a function, stately and distinguished. The days were crowded, yet Aline was carefully guarded. Denford was not given a chance with Aline, nor with Wilson himself, who was an icy mountain of courteous remoteness. Denford chafed, it was easy to see, at the blank wall of politeness. But he would not leave. Aline was bewildered, it could be seen, by this mysterious "business" which was breaking up their beautiful summer.

Mrs. Wilson had late conference with her husband: whether Aline would remain with her during Monday while she closed up the house, or whether the two girls would go down with their father on the morning train.

"When is Denford going?" asked Wilson.

"He hasn't said. Perhaps Peter knows."

It developed that Denford had arranged with Peter to take a walking trip of several days before returning to New York. Her husband had never before seen his Betty in a state approaching panic. He had not as yet discovered that her sympathy lay with the imperious Denford. Above all things, Betty yearned not to offend her lord. Yet if she should be left alone with the young Englishman—and Aline—!

"Don't go down Monday morning," she begged him. "You can explain it to Mr. Beveridge—matters at the Crest—"

"But I have to go early. I have made appointments at the office."

She was murmuring an inventory of the things to be done after the guests left.

"But you have always attended to that alone before!" Wilson was puzzled by this manifestation of helplessness in his proudly capable helpmate.

"We shall go down with you, whether it's Monday or Thursday." Mrs. Wilson set her lips. She would not answer for the consequences if she were left with that Englishman.

Betty gave Peter his injunctions. He was to see that Kate and Lena did their work conscientiously; that the bedding chests were tightly shut; the house locked after they were gone; the linen box securely nailed, and carefully marked, "From the Crest," as well as to the New York house. She would be broken-hearted to have anything happen to that linen. Instead, she spoke first of Denford, and everything else was forgotten for the moment.

Peter mentioned his father with disrespect. "Dad's all kinds of a dub if he doesn't see that Denford's the finest fellow Aline will ever have a chance to meet. They don't make them every day. He's a man as well as a duke!"

"That doesn't necessarily mean a good husband," put in Betty, weakly.

Her son stared at her. "A fine fellow doesn't make a fine husband? Then what does? Oh, come off, mother. You're as much in love with him as Aline is."

Mrs. Wilson trembled. "Do you think—she is in love with him?"

"Do I think she's in love with him?" Peter whistled. "And if Denford isn't daffy about Aline, then I'll eat my hat. I think the governor's carrying patriotism and fine feeling a bit too far. Between you and me, I think he's afraid of what people might say."

Of course, this could not be allowed to go unprotested, even if she had been thinking exactly the same thing. His father never in his life had quailed before public opinion!

"It's caught him at last, then," insisted Peter. "He hates all this newspaper rot about American girls angling for titles. He isn't willing to know that this is an exceptional case; and you're just as bad as the governor! You're hearing what all the mothers will say—that you bagged him here, and kept him all summer, disguised as a plain Englishman, and gave no other girl a hint!"

Mrs. Wilson's color grew deep. Of course that was what everybody would think, if they were too far-sighted to say it.

Sunday afternoon, while Wilson was showing Beveridge the stables, and Mrs. Wilson had answered the latest household summons, the two escaped, Denford and Aline. Though they wandered home two hours later from different directions, no one was in the least deceived. Nor that they could shake hands so calmly on Monday morning; nor that Denford's face was so unruffled as he stood with Peter on the broad steps of the Crest and waved the family down the winding mountain road towards the station.

Mrs. Wilson's last injunction to Peter was whispered over the carriage back. "Don't forget to lock up the house. And be sure to send that linen to-day. We shall be needing it. And mark it carefully. You'll come down Thursday?"

"We'll see you Thursday."

But on Thursday she got a wire saying that Peter would stay a while longer.

She showed the despatch to her husband. "It's from the Crest station. I hope that they have not gone back to the house. Two men alone, you know how they'd leave it!"

"It's queer that the linen doesn't come, either," Mrs. Wilson calculated for a minute. "This is Thursday. It should have been here two days ago. I'll telegraph to-morrow if it doesn't come."

A telegram in answer, signed Peter, said that the box had been duly shipped on Monday.

The following week she sent another: "Am having to buy table linen. Please make inquiries at the office." That brought an answer the same afternoon acknowledging spirited inquiries at the Crest office; that they had promised to send tracers for the missing box. "He says nothing about coming back!" puzzled Betty.

"Had you asked him?" laughed her husband.

"Perhaps I didn't! I've been so worried about that linen. It's the collection of a whole lifetime, all my monogrammed and the von Hoock sets—"

"Then I hope it's lost!" The Wilson democracy was noticeably fiercer since the Denford invasion.

Mrs. Wilson said hurriedly that she would wire Peter that very day. Her telegram was a labored triumph of ten words: "Have not learned anything about linen when coming distracted mother."

Peter's answer was that he had done all in his power from that end; that he had written to New York, as it was clearly a case of steal. Probably some one had forged the receipt which the express company held.

By the time three weeks had passed, the loss of the linen had assumed secondary importance to the continued absence of Peter.

"I'll write myself to-night," declared Peter's father. "Something may have happened."

The answer the next morning came from Denford himself. "Peter had a

bad fall three weeks ago. All right now. Am bringing him down to-night."

The Wilson home was hurled into hysterical speculation. What had happened? Wilson took the family doctor to the train. The entire Wilson family, including Hannah, was watching when the four men got out of the automobile.

"It's his foot," sobbed Betty. "He's on crutches!"

"See his arm!" cried Marion. "It's in a sling."

Aline saw nothing of crutches or sling. She had had a smile from Denford; she saw that he was not coming in.

On the sofa, the family crying and laughing over him, Peter proved Denford's qualities as a diplomatist in allowing him to tell the story. "He's a trump, mother," declaimed Peter. "It's up to him that I'm here at all. The team bolted. It was so sudden, I got tangled up in the reins. I thought I was gone. I thought I was under the wheels. He must have jumped like the devil. When I woke, yelling, I was in my room at the Crest and he was setting my arm."

"My boy!" Betty was shuddering, crying. Had he had a doctor? Was it done right?

Dr. Jaines interrupted them: "It's probably all right, Mrs. Wilson. Denford told me that he got a man from Brookford late that night. Talbot's a good man. I've heard of him. But Denford had the arm set before Talbot got there, while Peter was unconscious."

"Not by a long shot!" growled Peter, remembering the pain. "But he was a trump! Talk of men! Why, he's taken care of me, nursed me—"

"How in the world did you live, my darling boy?" crooned Betty.

"He cooked for us both, said he loved it. He would not let me frighten you by sending for a servant. He called it a lark."

"We owe him deep gratitude!" said Betty.

"I don't think you'll be let off as easily as that!" said Peter. Aline was creeping out of the room.

Later, Mrs. Wilson remembered the linen. "That explains it! The linen had not been sent!"

"Oh no, that was all straight goods he sent you in those telegrams. He got the linen off that night. It was thrown out on the road, in the mud. Denford rolled it under a tree, and picked it up when he went to the station after Dr. Talbot. Haven't you heard anything from it yet?" demanded Peter.

"No, but that's nothing now, my darling boy!" caressed Betty.

The next day came, but no Denford. The second day it became obvious, even to Wilson, that Denford was giving him the opportunity to do the right thing.

"Send for Aline," her father said that night.

Aline, in a white, flowing gown, came in with the air of a superb Antigone set to tragedy.

"Do you think you have treated your parents fairly, Aline?" Gently her father questioned her, his baby Aline! "Secretly, surreptitiously, meeting a man who has sneaked into our house?"

"Sneaked!" broke from Aline. "Denford! I think it's my family that has been acting unfairly. You would have treated a hod-carrier better! I think it's snobbish to make such distinctions, to be afraid to be polite to any one because he was born to inherit a title! Afraid of what people will say of you, of you and your patriotism and your pride! Where would Peter be if it had not been for the man who *sneaked* into our house?" She swept out of the room.

Wilson looked Denford up at the British club. He capitulated handsomely.

It was decided that Aline need not be required to have a New York season. Her début would be made at her engagement dinner—her entrance and her exit, for her marriage was to be private. Denford had expressed himself as to the spectacle of a public wedding.

The Wilsons found it difficult to get the dinner-list down to fifty: Hannah could never carry it. Mrs. Wilson remembered the Wilson terrapin, and sent for the caterer.

He had been reading the paper. The Duke of Denford to marry a daughter of the other Wilson! Why, they'd

grown up side by side, he might say, for generations, the Gordons and the Wilsons—were buried in the same graveyard. He talked to his wife of a proud equality, but the telephone summons carried him to the Fifth Avenue house in his every-day humility.

He waited for Mrs. Wilson in the Louis Quinze reception-room. It gave him an undefined pleasure to see how small the room was, after all. And the chairs, too, were absurd. He could remember some black-walnut chairs in the old house in England that were chairs! And tables made of mahogany that you could lean on, not gilded sticks as 'd crack if you looked at them! He heard the swish of silken skirts in the hall, and found himself bowing obsequiously to the descendant of the von Hoocks.

When the courses were disposed of he asked his patron what she would need. He carried only the best; no private house need be ashamed to use it.

Mrs. Wilson acknowledged carelessly to enough silver and porcelain for such a large company, the carelessness impressing Wilson. It escaped him that her statement was a little unsteady when she said that she had, or would have, enough linen.

She jotted down another note in her note-book. "See about linen. Make them rush monogramming."

She stood up, dismissing the caterer. "I think that is all, Mr. Wilson."

He interposed his portly form between her and the door. She noticed that his face was very red.

"If I may be so bold—" He had not planned this obsequious introduction. "I have read that the dinner is in honor of your daughter's wedding—"

Her pause, her surprised "Yes?" did not deter him. He would establish his identity that day or burst.

"I wanted to say—as you need have no fears of your dinner. If ever it's said I put out a fine dinner, it will be that one. I have some sentiment about it. We come from the same place, the duke and I. Our families have lived in the same county for generations. Have been buried in the same churchyard. You can see the name of William Stetson Wilson on a dozen headstones when you go over to visit your daughter. You won't think, then, that the English Wilsons are what you might call mushrooms, though it is my business to cook them!"

"I'm sure it's a very necessary business," murmured Mrs. Wilson.

Wilson was working himself up to what was perhaps his only opportunity. "One man's opportunity is a profession and a rich wife; another's is like mine, the cooking business. Oh, I know! I know how people feel! I have some feeling myself. I know how my own people feel. They're ashamed of my trade. They insult me when they get the chance. But they'll get no more chances!"

Mrs. Wilson took another step toward the door—a very small step, remembering that dinner!

"When my uncle died over there without a will they all started to fight over his money. I said, I don't want any of his money. You need it, I said; the cooking business supplies my family. But send me something that I can show 'em—my children—as I wasn't always what I am. Send me some old silver, or a four-poster bed. There was an old coffee service that I can see my grandmother pouring coffee from—"

"Will you excuse me?" ventured Betty. "The automobile—"

"And what did they send me? At last the box came, from Denford. Slapped together, looked as though it had been through the wars. What do you suppose they sent the black sheep of the family? Without a word—just dirty linen!"

"Linen?" almost screamed Mrs. Wilson. "Embroidered linen?"

"I don't know whether it was embroidered or not. I wouldn't touch it, wouldn't let my wife touch it—"

"What did you do with it?" The two Wilsons faced each other, as equals at last, on the level of a common excitement.

"Do with it?" He glared at her as though she were one of the offending relatives. "I nailed that cover on and shipped it back to them. I wouldn't write; I wired: 'Sending box. Have no use for it. Divide it among yourselves.' Dirty linen! Just because they know I am a caterer!"

Capitalizing Character

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS

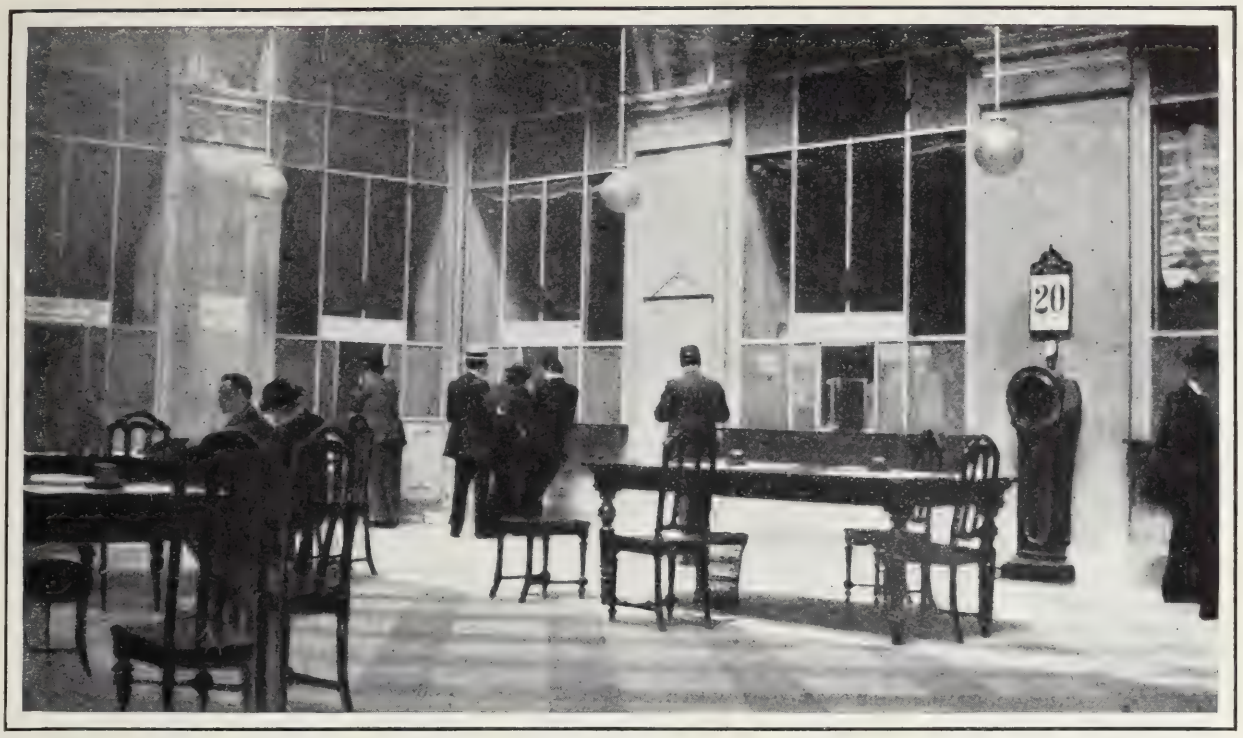
WHEREVER one travels through the north of Italy he sees large or small groups of workingmen, skilled or unskilled, with no padrone to drive them, making roads, carting the gravel from beds of torrents, constructing steam railways for the government, erecting big apartment-houses for the working people to live in, extending their operations to every sort of trade by organizing themselves into co-operative societies to undertake big contracts. Binding themselves together to work for themselves and for one another, paying their own wages, carrying the responsibility of properly fulfilling their contract, and depositing a fund to guarantee its completion, they eliminate the intervening contractors entirely, saving the middleman's profit to divide among themselves in proportion to the amount of work which each man has contributed and to the existing wage scale for his trade. Having now become their own employers, they have in their own work eliminated the strike.

The labor co-operative society is the latest and farthest advance of collectivism to-day, and some forms of it in Italy are unique. Ask these laborers about their work, how they are holding together, how they secured the contract and the necessary guarantee to obtain it, how they have been able to purchase all the machinery required to carry it out, and they will tell you that there is a co-operative bank in the neighboring city to which they belong, with which their contract is deposited, and which advances them from month to month the necessary funds for equipment, supplies, and wages.

Based on assets which had previously been of negligible value to the laborer in the securing of credit—namely, character, thrift, the ambition of every man to get on, his normal impulse to produce the greatest within him, mere numbers which, joined together with their small mites of money, are no more to be despised than a Rothschild singly—there have arisen in Italy a host of Banks of the People—*Banche Popolari*—a veritable army of co-operative savings and loan societies which have given to individual members a credit service previously inaccessible if not impossible, and which now are extending their operations to reliable co-operative groups of workmen. Owned and operated by the people themselves on the most democratic lines, the power is diffused by the single vote which each member wields, irrespective of the number of shares he holds.

Formed with limited liability, the issue of shares unrestricted—the price not more than ten dollars and often only four—these banks invite the membership of every one, from the line of real poverty to the edge of wealth. The service of the administration boards elected by the general meeting is voluntary and unpaid, though in some larger banks a sum is set aside out of the profits as an honorarium. The keynote is responsibility of all the units, and business is largely done on personal surety, by the simple indorsement of one or two men for another. Nine hundred such banks to-day are giving to persons or groups of every calling—day laborers, clerks, mechanics, tradesmen, manufacturers, farmers, merchants, and professional men—an enormous convenience in loans and discounts with so small a percentage of loss as to seem incredible.

The founder of this system, Luigi Luzzatti, went as a young man to Germany to study the work of Schulze-Delitzsch, and became a great believer in the possibility of the application of personal surety to the needs of the average poor city dweller. The crying need of some new system of credit was unmistakable. Luzzatti began his work



The Public Room in the People's Bank of Milan

about 1862, traveling in northern Italy to sow the seeds of co-operative banking. He found in the societies of mutual aid among the workingmen, called Friendly Societies in England, which flourish in Italy now as they did then, fertile soil for this seed. The workingmen members of these associations, first at Lodi and later at Milan, were the first converts to this idea. Under their own charter they could not establish a bank, but they found in the co-operative credit society a ready recourse, and their individual members supported them.

Early in December, 1865, Luzzatti called his friends about him to sign the application for a charter for the People's Bank of Milan. There was a total capital of one hundred and forty dollars subscribed at this preliminary meeting. Luzzatti decided to call another meeting later in the month to get some of the commercial people together. In January the bank went to work with a capital of five thousand, four hundred dollars.

In spite of the prospect of a long uphill fight, a war with Austria which immediately broke out, and a commercial panic which as quickly developed, fortune favored the little co-operative credit society of Milan. At the news of the war every one who had silver or gold money hoarded it. Paper money went down so fast that the savings-bank, which had a great deal, had lost eight hundred lire before it realized the catastrophe which had befallen the city. Every day seemed pregnant with disaster. Before it could overtake them the little *Banca Popolare* announced that it would issue bonds of the bank for one lira, two lire, five lire, and so up to a thousand lire, to any one who brought good securities not likely to depreciate and deposited them. The bank gave up to eighty per cent. of their value and promised to redeem the collateral at par when the war was over, and accept them in deposits and the repayment of loans.

The communal government met at once and agreed to receive these bonds as currency at full value. The messengers from the big banks came hurrying with bundles of first-class securities; private individuals who had consols or any standard investment that met the terms established by the bank brought them to the little one-room depository. The presses ran day and night turning out the bonds no bigger than an ordinary bank-bill. The panic in Milan was stopped, and they were comparatively

prosperous all through the war, the little bonds of the People's Banks passing readily from hand to hand until the foreign troops evacuated Venice and peace was declared. Every afternoon at the close of business the *Banca Popolare* posted up outside its door its balance-sheet, so that all the people might read it and see that it was sound.

It was no wonder that desirable new members came rapidly to the *Banca Popolare*, that the capital increased in that first year to forty-three thousand dollars, and its membership to eleven hundred. Its business during the year amounted to two million dollars, and mounted in eight years to two hundred million. The first year, and every year since, it has paid a dividend to its shareholders. Since then it has never stopped growing, no matter how the market stood or whether the other banks of the city were or were not in trouble. Organized mainly for the business of short-time loans, usually three months with one renewal, and discounts at reasonable rates of interest, it has emptied the terra-cotta vases, previously the "piccolo" savings-banks of the populace, and put the money at interest in the people's bank.

At the general meeting in March, 1913, the officers of the bank reported a membership of more than twenty-seven thousand, a net increase of five hundred in the year, two thirds of whom hold but a single share. With more than two hundred thousand shares outstanding, the bank had a capital of two million, two hundred thousand dollars. With an aggregate of deposits and savings, pledged on time, and current accounts all amounting to thirty-four million dollars, the greater part of which is used in active operation, the *Banca Popolare* had a turn-over for the fiscal year of six hundred million dollars; an increase of five million, and an average each business day of nearly two million dollars. The reserves amount to one million, one hundred thousand dollars.

Out of its profits the bank has never failed to divert a considerable percentage to divers good causes, either charity or work for civic betterment. It has been foremost in bringing Italian banking out of "the economic middle-ages," and raising its standard to that of Europe. It supplanted the usurer, and demonstrated that personal surety is good collateral, and commercial papers such as dock warrants, bills of lading, orders



THE FARMING COUNTRY AROUND VITERBO FINANCED BY THE PEOPLE'S BANK



A typical woman Depositor and Member of the People's Bank

on public work, an assignment of one-fifth of wages on a contract, are perfectly negotiable for a loan. It has led the way for the succession of People's Banks which sprang up from the Alps to Sicily. Three of these banks, Milan, Padua, and Novara, together do in a year a turn-over of a billion dollars.

If the statement of the bank's finances looks prosperous and the tale of its operation successful, the comparative status, morally and socially, of its members, were statistics available to show it, would be equally impressive. These banks are built up in a way which makes a community strong. Luzzatti was happy in emphasizing a point which Schulze-Delitzsch wilfully ignored—the primary essential of having members of "moral worth." Co-operative banking, even with limited liability, is a species of financial weaving whose strength lies in responsibility. The thread, which is human character, must be scrutinized unremittingly, for the durability of the cloth depends on the selection of good strands. Acceptance of each proposed new candidate is therefore only given upon investigation which brings reasonable assurance of his honesty and thrift.

The scheme of government for the bank is on the lines of a small republic, with a general meeting which has all the legislative power. This chooses a *consiglio*, or council, to which it delegates its authority for the year. The council elects the director, vice-director, and the cashier, who are permanent officers and salaried. The general meeting also elects the committee of discount, the committee of risks, the *Sindaci*, and the *Probiviri*. The committee of discount in some banks is only three or four members, but in large banks fifteen to forty, volunteers who take on the duties in turn. With this unsalaried body lies important work, calling for the greatest prudence. They have charge of the secret record, the *castelletto*, often a roomful of card-catalogues and ledgers which contain the "safe credit value" of every member within which he may borrow without requiring especial con-

sideration of the loan. To the information obtained when he joined the bank are added in the private files comments on his dealings with the bank, general notes offered by other members from time to time, and upon all this is based the calculation of the sum for which he has the confidence of the bank, sometimes without a surety, but at the outside with only one. Sometimes the committee of risks supplements the work of the discount committee. If the recorded estimate for any member should decline while a loan is out to him or to any one for whom he is surety, the debtor is called upon to make up the difference, either by reducing the loan, securing another surety, or depositing collateral with the bank, on pain of the withdrawal of the loan or refusal to renew.

The *Sindaci*, the supreme authority to approve and make loans and discounts valid, are, in a word, the supervising committee. There are from three to five members, and one is told off to serve each day. On the decision of the *Sindaci* the bank may always decline to make a loan or discount a bill. No explanation is ever given. Any disagreement arising between a member and the bank, however, may be referred, as a last resort, to the *Probiviri*, the board of arbitration.

Three things attest the fact that the scheme of organization which Luzzatti worked out on the principle of character has been successful. First is the record of exceedingly few failures. The three foremost extend over a period of forty years, the first at Brescia, where the bank tied up its capital in mortgages, a business the People's Banks agreed afterward not to handle with their active funds; another at Genoa, due to what might be called malpractice; the latest at Florence, a young bank that was never strong. Luzzatti called it a suicide. The second point is the extremely small losses in the individual banks, a percentage which is much less than in ordinary commercial banks. In Lombardy, of which Milan is the chief city, the average of all the banks is six-hundredths of one per cent.; the *Banca Popolare* of Bologna loses only ten centimes in a thousand lire.

The most remarkable proof, however, is the fact that Italy, without that searching government inspection which exists in Germany, without any but voluntary accountancy and inspection, since the People's Banks have themselves no organized system of control, has kept her institutions in good condition. Italy suffers from the same trouble which a brilliant Belgian, referring to his own country, characterized as an "infection of localism," and, as though it were a reflection on their honor, they have refused to favor legislation which would enforce national inspection. They have preferred to suffer from whatever mistakes they have made rather than tolerate anything which seems to be an attack on their autonomous control.

The decentralization which renders these banks as nearly self-contained as is consonant with safe and reasonable development and makes them independent of dictation, has a distinct relation to the immense numbers who deposit in them, now amounting to three-quarters of a million people. This great group seem to think they need no help between them and the money market other than that which can be obtained from ordinary sources by the big banks discounting the bills for the smaller ones, to allow them to turn over more readily their limited capital, insuring the "well-mobilized portfolio" of bills for discount and loans for short credit which one commentator declares to be their secret of success. They are content that as a system they have been able to loan money as low or lower than other banks, keeping down in their own towns the current rate by refusing to raise theirs.

The "infection of localism" shows also in the way banks extend. When a strong demand is felt from surrounding districts, branches or *succursales* are set up, with managing officers answerable for the conduct of the business of the parent bank. Viterbo, on the edge of the Roman Campagna, a town still surrounded by its twelfth-century walls, is a good example of this. With eight sub-stations in villages in which the members have subscribed eighty or a hundred shares, the bank is able to



THE CO-OPERATIVE BANK OF MILAN
Which finances the co-operative railway builders at Reggio-Emilia

cover practically the whole Campagna north of the Tiber from Rome to Florence; all the business is handled at the head office, the notes and bills for discount are sent in by the local member of the committee of discount.

Naturally, however, throughout the whole system Luzzatti's ideas and opinions have been held high, and his personality has been of incredible value in binding the banks to one general set of practices. Full-brained, warm-hearted, humorous, imaginative, with wonderful magnetism and a trick of imbuing other people with enthusiasm, he has the power, not to be undervalued, of charming the government, if not to concurrence, to compromise with his beliefs. Until 1883, when the first co-operative statute was passed, the banks had to masquerade as limited liability corporations with limited shares. In that year, in accordance with the plan he proposed, the present satisfactory co-operative law was passed. Luzzatti has always been at Rome, on guard against unwise state interference or favor. It is noteworthy that he has never been out of public life in fifty years; that he has been premier, and to-day, still a cabinet minister, is one of the strong and honored men of Italy.

In the light of the varied purposes which the banks constantly serve, the humbleness of the accounts is striking. Maria Pedraglio, a housewife, borrowed eighty dollars, her husband and one surety signing her note for three months. The signora owned three shares in the bank. With the money she set up a pastry shop. She had a good stand, her Neapolitan cream cakes were famous, she was thrifty, and her success brought back the money to the bank and a new current account in addition.

The name of a broom-maker turning up in the *castelletto* file, brought out the story of a man borrowing five hundred lire. He gave two sureties. Neither of them was known to the bank, and the information about them was scanty. The granting of the loan hung fire until a member of the *Consiglio*, seeing the application, said that he



THE RAILWAY STATION AT REGGIO-EMILIA BUILT BY CO-OPERATIVE WORKMEN

knew the man and would vouch for him. The note was annotated "Dr. Perrugia if required." The broom-maker, having obtained the money at five per cent., immediately invested it in new machinery to double his output, as he knew he could sell more brooms if he could produce them. A doctor borrowed to buy an equipment for X-ray treatment, there being no other in town. More picturesque was the old potter who made characteristic Italian faience, and, borrowing enough money to buy a larger and modern kiln, bettered his ware, enlarged his output, and consequently increased his income.

All these loans were given on simple notes of hand, secured only by one or two signatures. Many of the borrowers have nothing to pledge which could be called security in the ordinary sense. They do not own land or bonds or valuables. But they appreciate their loan, and repay promptly. There is little trouble from the source of repayment, because in a co-operative institution the stigma attaching to the failure to meet obligations is peculiarly effective. Social ostracism is invited; publicity governs such affairs. If members turn their moral coats or shirk their contracts, they are forced to resign.

Besides their service to members, many banks set aside every year from their net profit a fund from which to make what are called honor loans—small loans not ordinarily more than twenty dollars to non-members who after investigation prove worthy and in need of capital for productive use. The money is given without security, on the honor of the applicant, bearing either no interest or merely a nominal amount. Women, sweated workers, buy sewing-machines thus to gain a livelihood.

In an ancient town in the province of Venetia an old saddler sighed for lack of new equipment. Sitting outside the door on his bench in the cool of the evening, with his awl and his waxed threads he slowly fastened a buckle on the end of a strap. For years he had worked just as patiently, and as he thought of the time it took and the new methods for doing the work, he said aloud: "If I had a machine now, to sew these straps, I could double my output."

The words fell on interested ears. One of his neighbors passing at the moment turned and saluted him.

"Cheer up, old Pietro, you can easily get a machine, and not only double but quadruple your output. Do you know the *Banca Popolare?*"

"No," answered Pietro. "I have

seen the building once, but I have never been inside."

"Well, then, to-morrow morning leave your bench here and come down with me to the place where they have the machines and pick out the one you want. We will see what it costs, and I will take you then to the *Banca Popolare*, where I am a member, and introduce you. You can make an application for an honor loan for enough to buy your machine, and the bank will take your word that you will repay it within a year because I will tell them that you are honest and thrifty."

The old man glimpsed a vista of prosperity. It was not a week before the machine was set up in his shop, and with his wife he was filled with great joy in inspecting it. He found the promise of increased capacity was warranted, and the loan went back to the bank in much larger instalments than the lira a week required. Then he joined the bank and thereafter he could borrow when necessary, and could discount his bills if the debtor, not ready to pay cash when he delivered a piece of work, acknowledged his debt with a surety who was acceptable to the committee. The saddler then had immediately his money to put into new stock.

It is certainly the best-educated poor and the middle-class people who have found in the *Banche Popolari* a powerful lever with which to lift themselves. There are, however, institutions among the People's Banks which do reach practically every individual who has productive use for credit. The Co-operative Bank of Milan, while carrying on the same sort of business as the *Banca Popolare*, gives credit also to a large extent to co-operative societies of workingmen. It now does a business of a hundred million dollars in a year. In Bologna, besides the premier *Banca Popolare* of Italy, there is also a co-operative bank, much smaller, and called affectionately by members of it the *Banchina*—"the little bank." Still a step lower is the Society of Manual Workers, which belongs entirely to the workingmen, has shares of five lire, and, having savings deposits of three hundred thousand lire besides its capital and reserves, it lends its members about that much every year.

This co-operative spirit extends to all sorts of labor. Quaintly enough, this began in Italy with the long strings of jogging, primitive carts one sees upon the white Italian roads. The Apennines yield up masses of gravel to the persuasion of little rivers which sweep it down with torrential force and spread it along the lowlands to the Adriatic. From the river-beds, almost empty at dry seasons, the gravel men fill their little carts with



THE RAILWAY AT MILAN UNDER CONSTRUCTION BY CO-OPERATIVE WORKMEN

large or small stone for road building, the ballasting of railways, the mixing of concrete to be employed in bridges, the erection of dwellings or office buildings, and carry it directly to the scene of construction, or store it along the wayside for future orders. Believing that they could operate their own work of constructing and repairing the highways without a contractor, the carters of one district in the province of Bologna formed a co-operative society, binding each man to pool his interests with the others, agreeing on a basis of work and profits, and electing officers to carry on their business, obtain the contracts, and superintend the work. They had some success, and immediately the carters of all the surrounding districts organized similarly. Consequently there was competition for the jobs.

Every society experienced difficulty in obtaining money with which to pay the expenses of labor while the work was in progress. The *Banchina* saw the solution of their problem. It brought all the carters of the province into one Central Federation, a big co-operative society, whose distinct duty was to assume and execute all the contracts, apportion the work obtained between the various groups, and be answerable for keeping them in order. The provincial and communal orders for the construction and repair of all the roads in the province and in the cities, and the gravel supplies for all the buildings, were handled through the responsible federation. Having this to deal with, the *Banchina* could accept the contract as security, and make advances month by month to pay for labor and needed supplies, collecting the payments at the appointed time. The membership of the *Banchina*, as a result, increased to ten thousand workingmen, and its savings increased in a much larger proportion.

Proving successful with the carters, the *Banchina* encouraged the wall-builders and the allied trades who are engaged in the construction of houses and the supply of materials to follow suit. Bricklayers, masons, cement-workers, and other craftsmen engaged in supplying material or taking part in the construction, were organized according to their trades. The wall-builders also formed a Provincial Federation, admitting no one who was not actually working at his trade and skilful, but fixing the shares at one lira, twenty cents, so that any member of the trade can join. They maintain an administrative office where legal and technical counsel is available, and a special officer is required to maintain sufficient working equipment at strategic points.

They have, besides, undertaken voluntarily employer's liability, setting aside from their profit five per cent. for temporary or permanent relief to those injured at work. Ten per cent. is added to the reserve, which increases their own guarantee and working fund. Five per cent. is set aside to maintain a trade school, which they urge all those in the wall-builder trades who are not sufficiently skilled, to attend. The balance is divided among the workingmen according to the amount of wages they have earned during the carrying-out of the contracts. It is interesting to see that the incentive of owning their own jobs has held these co-operatives together through bad times, as well as through success, for nearly ten years.

The most surprising and ambitious advance of labor co-operatives is in the execution of large contracts for the construction of two new lines of railroad for the government, undertaken entirely by artisans and laborers of the required trades. The first of these is a branch line of thirty kilometers from Reggio-Emilia up into a hilly country to the commune of Ciano. The province was intrusted with the subletting of the contract, and awarded it to the Association of Co-operative Workers. They had to complete the railway for about six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, on the government estimate, for which they deposited a guarantee fund of forty thousand dollars, increasing it to seventy thousand as the work advanced.

The work of construction, completed in 1912, involving some difficult engineering, was successfully handled, although it cost somewhat more than the original estimate. The government engineers who made the report on which the amount of the contract was fixed now admit that it was probably too low. Nevertheless, the co-operators them-



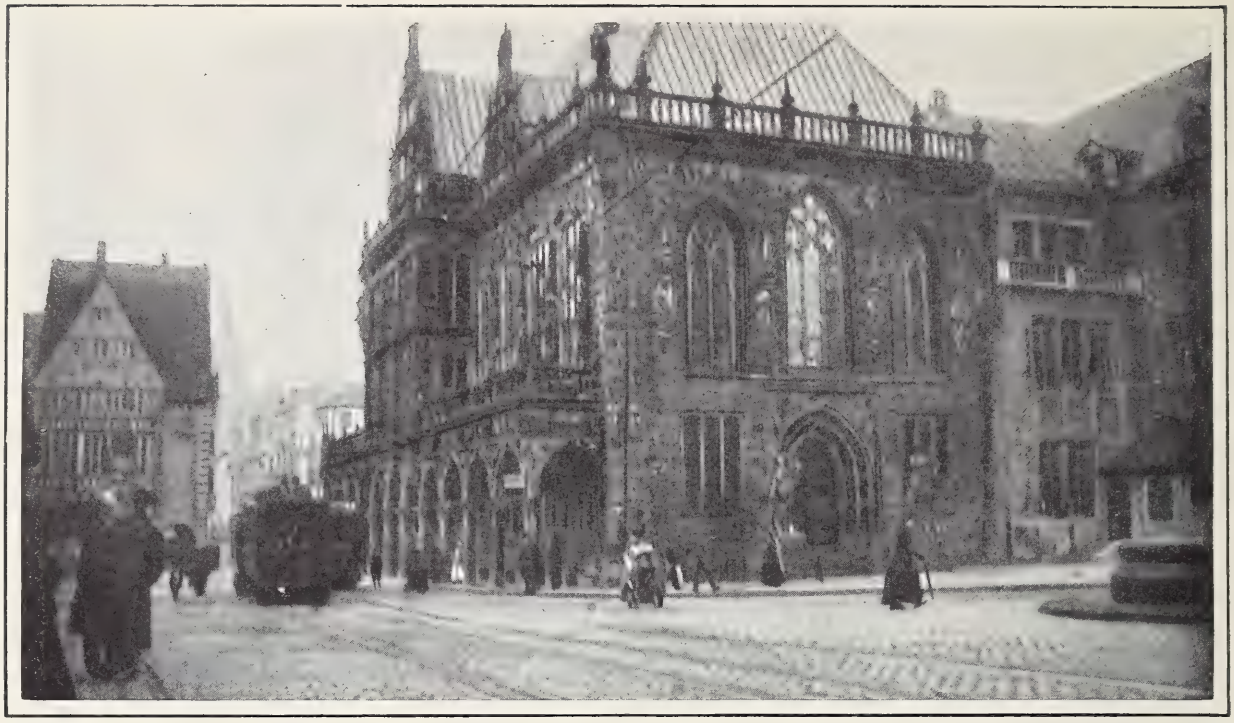
WORKINGMEN'S APARTMENTS AT MILAN
Built by Co-operative Workmen with funds set aside from the profits of the People's Bank

selves, not used to handling such large credit as they had to have, overlooked economies. After depositing their guarantee fund they had only twenty thousand dollars of their own left to begin on. They had, however, two very good sources to rely on, the Co-operative Bank and the National Institute of Credit in Milan, each of which has a *succursale* in Reggio-Emilia. Month by month they advanced funds for wages and material, and collected at the end of each period of over-turn from the province. The workingmen learned the difficulties of capital as well as its advantages, and they are now using their new experience in the operation of the road, which they have leased for seventy years.

Still larger in extent is the construction of a new railway terminal in Milan for the trains from the east and southeast—a forty-million-dollar task. The National Railway administration had decided to build a fine new central station and a railroad extending fifty miles from the city. The province allotted the contract to the Milan Federation of Co-operatives of Production and Labor, who deposited it with the National Institute of Credit for Co-operatives, commonly called the Workingman's Bank.

With this bank behind them and their own not inconsiderable capital and reserves and accumulation of construction equipment, the Co-operative Craftsmen employed a very able chief engineer who selected the assistant engineers for the various sections of the work, and a general director who is an officer of the National Institute of Credit. They furnished superintendents and foremen from their own forces, allotted the parts to the several trades, and went to work on the task for which ten years was allowed them. The first task was to construct the elevation out through the city, extending across the open country for a considerable distance. For several miles beyond the station this consists of big concrete arches with a heavy flooring of reinforced concrete and strengthening side walls of the same material. From the end of that it is carried on a solid filling of earth many miles farther. In the course of this elevation there are of course many concrete bridges over roads and streams, and long concrete tunnels through which side tracks or main lines cross the right of way.

For four years this work has progressed steadily, the men working with a pride in their own skill, so that the part which stands completed is a testimony



THE PROVINCE HOUSE AT REGGIO-EMILIA
In which the railway contracts and credit arrangements with the co-operative workmen are made

to their efficiency. Big areas for manufacturing have been laid out in the plains on the edge of the city. The roads are platted over them; the track-laying co-operatives have laid miles of narrow-gage lines on which the construction trains are operated; the gravel co-operatives, with their steam dredges, load trains of dump-cars with earth and rock for the filling which they are excavating between the roads. There is no way of telling from the way the work is going on that it is not a job in the hands of a successful railroad builder; yet it is simply an increasing body of workingmen who are trying individually and collectively to show that they are as capable of managing their own jobs as the private contractor. When the elevation is done they will build the tracks, the interlocking switches, and all the details of a complete terminal system.

The great division of co-operative masons who are at work on the station, one of the largest parts of the contract, are armed with much experience. They are also erecting homes for working people out of a fund the *Banca Popolare* sets aside every year for this purpose.

How far the federation will succeed in the end one cannot predict, but the reputation of the separate groups for efficiency is well grounded and business men of Milan have faith in them. How far they have succeeded in the first four years it is possible to determine, for their work has kept up to a high standard and they have stayed within the bounds of their credit. In the third week of May the sheet from the bank's *castelletto* bearing a record of the credit allotted to these workingmen showed for the part of the month then elapsed that they had drawn for wages, material, and current expenses of operation ninety thousand dollars, which was proportionate to the instalment due the bank from the province at the end of May.

When forty thousand iron-workers were out in sympathy for a small union demanding recognition and union wages, leaving Milan practically strikebound, the Cooperative Craftsmen, having no one but themselves to strike against, went calmly on with their work.

Democracy financing itself is a matter of financial moment not alone for its first service but for the possibility it affords to collective industrial undertakings. In co-operative banking lies a source of enrichment, not only of material wealth but of character and the education of the common man to the management and investment of a common trust.

A Homespun Wizardry

BY ALICE BROWN

"AIN'T you got a lot of old-fashioned furniture!" said Alonzo Street.

He had been up in the shed chamber after a piece of leather to mend the bellows, and he had been gone so short a time that Aunt Fellows looked up from the kettle where she was testing the potatoes in the stew and frowned at him, as nearly as she could compass it. She was a large, soft, and sandy woman who went about clump, clump all day in cloth shoes and managed to do a good deal of work; and she never could see how Alonzo, the stepson of brother Hiram from the state of Maine, come to help her and her husband through the winter, could be in one place and then in another before you could turn round. Alonzo was not the wiry, cat-like creature one expected to move fast. He was a great, broad-shouldered fellow with a strong crop of yellow hair and direct, kind, blue eyes; but he used his feet, Aunt Fellows told him, as if he were dancing. At the mention of the old furniture her blond face fell, and she looked for a moment as if she were going to cry.

"That's Alma's," said she. "'Most that whole year 'fore she was sick she spent drivin' round the country pickin' up old things. An' then she come in one day an' took to her bed, an' she says, 'Mother, I ain't goin' to get up no more.' An' she ain't been up since, except as you see her a little while every day to make her bed an' save me steps."

"Sho!" said Alonzo. "Don't she take any interest in the furniture?"

"Why, no," said Aunt Fellows, beginning to dish out the stew and frowning over the steam that came up in her face. "She don't take no interest in anything. That's the way 'tis. So doctor says. He's told me the name o' the disease, but I don't need nobody to tell me. I've seen it before when I wa'n't more'n eighteen myself. She's in a decline, 'Lonzo, she's in a decline."

"Hold on," said Alonzo. "There she is comin'."

He began to regard his leather thoughtfully and whistle. Alma opened the door that shut off the kitchen from the stairs, and stepped in with an impulsive haste, as if she wanted to get it over. She was dark and slender, with brown eyes richly fringed and a pointed chin. Alonzo used to wish she would use her teeth for something besides her spare eating. He would have liked to see them bared in a frank laugh; for once he had caught her yawning when she thought nobody was by, and the inside of her mouth looked to him like a jewel casket, all red velvet and ivory. She wore to-day a dark-blue dress made with the utmost plainness, and immediately on entering she girded herself with an apron.

"Give me the platter, mother," she said. "I'll carry it in."

But Alonzo had dropped his leather and was before her.

"I'm the head waiter in this house," said he. "Your mother 'n' I made this stew. She put it together an' I smelt of it all along the line. We ain't goin' to have any interference with our broth."

He was always pelting her with silly talk. But she wouldn't catch and throw back the ball. She wouldn't even smile.

Just then father came in from the shed, and they sat down to dinner. Father was thin and dark like Alma, and he wore nowadays a thick, worried scowl between the brows because his girl was "'pindlin'." When he was in the room with her he watched her with hurried glances "like a link," Mrs. Fellows said, because she had asked him for goodness' sake not to stare at Alma and make her think she wouldn't live the day out. So father abandoned his staring, but the "link" glances were beyond his

control. Alonzo, according to his custom, talked all through the meal, foolishly sometimes, laughing at his own folly, and then giving father a chance at argument on some topic that demanded good, hard sense. But wherever the wind of his talk went, it couldn't raise a ripple on the face of the silent girl. She ate a little, languidly, and that because father begged her, in a hurried beseeching, as if he were afraid mother would catch him and tell him not to be too exciting, to "eat a morsel even if she didn't feel to." When the meal was three-quarters over, Mrs. Fellows realized that she herself felt "as nervous as a witch, 'Lonzo did clatter on so." She almost thought it was bad for Alma to have him in the house, with his great laugh and his challenging voice. But when it began to seem to her that she couldn't bear to sit there a minute longer hearing Alonzo say foolish things, the meal was over, and she could draw a long breath. When they rose from the table father went out to harness, and Alonzo sat down with the bellows.

"Alma, don't you do a dish," said Mrs. Fellows. "I'll put away the butter an' things, but you let the dishes set just as they be till we get home."

"You goin' to the street?" Alma asked, with no interest. She was piling dishes in a painstaking, serious way, as if even that took more will than she could summon.

"Yes. Father's got to go to the blacksmith's, and I think I might as well pick me out a linin' for that new quilt. It looks like snow to me."

She disappeared into the bedroom to don her all-wool, and Alma went slowly on picking up dishes. Yet when they were in neat piles she seemed to have no further interest in them; and mother, coming out with her shawl to warm lest the cold of the best room should chill her at the outset, nodded in relief.

"That's right," said she. "You leave the dishes. I shall be home 'fore dark."

Alma lay down on the kitchen lounge and shut her eyes. But when she heard the sleigh-bells jangling out of the yard she got up and, with no



"Don't she take any Interest in the Furniture?"

change in her painstaking way of doing a task too heavy for her, began to wash the dishes. Alonzo, coming whistling in to his bellows-mending, found her at the sink.

"Hullo!" said he. "Good girl! Don't you want I should wipe?"

Alma shook her head. She seemed to have just strength enough to put into her task.

"All right," said Alonzo. "But I used to help mother. She was laid up half the time while I was a boy."

"So she was," said Alma, with a sudden interest. "It was her nerves, too, wa'n't it?"

"Oh yes," said Alonzo, cheerfully, as if it didn't make much difference what it was so long as you were sick. "An' she'd never got over it either if I hadn't studied on it an' found out what's the matter."

"Why, that's the matter," said Alma. "Doctor says so—nerves."

"What's nerves, anyhow?" said Alonzo, as if he were laying ghosts. "*I* don't know. But I know this. Make anybody have a good time enough, an' they can't stop to think whether they've got nerves or not."

"Good time!"

Her face quivered, and she let her idle hands rest on the edge of the pan. Alonzo glanced up at her and then, as if he didn't intend to meet that mood in her, went on:

"Yes. Mother never'd had a good time. Do you remember my father?"

"No," said Alma. "I never saw him."

"Well, he wa'n't my own father, you know. Mother was married twice. I don't remember my real father at all. But near's I can make out, they were both alike. Good men as you ever see in your life; but they'd both of 'em set themselves a job, an' 'twas the same kind o' job. 'Twas to see how much they could rake an' scrape an' save before they were underground. An' 'twas up to mother to help. Here—you give me that towel."

Alma was really tired now, and he saw it. She noted with approval that he washed the leather smell from his hands before he began to wipe the plates, and he wiped with a deft despatch. Alma sat down in the rocking-chair and watched him. It didn't seem to matter who wiped the dishes so long as mother was spared. But she wanted to hear the rest of the story, and that Alonzo seemed to know.

"I studied on it a good deal while I was growin' up," said he. "I'd keep



ALONZO COMING IN, FOUND HER AT THE SINK

sayin' to myself, 'Mother works like a dog; but she don't want to. I don't believe there's a livin' thing mother wants to do.' Then I wondered why. There were plenty o' things I wanted to do, so many I couldn't get round to 'em. I was a good deal of a numskull, an' I studied on it a long time; but one day, quick as a streak o' lightnin', it flashed into my head. 'Why,' I says, 'mother ain't interested in doin' things because there ain't anything interestin' to do.' Well, I couldn't do anything about it as things were then; but pretty soon father died, an' the first thing I did after the funeral was to say, 'Mother, you look like the dickens in that old chocolate

calico. You come up to the store with me and pick you out a blue one.'"

"What 'd she say?" Alma inquired. There was a faint gleam of interest in her eyes.

Alonzo laughed.

"'Why,' she says, 'Lonzo, I'm ashamed of you. An' your father ain't been gone a week.' 'Well,' says I, 'mother, you ride over to the store with me an' pick you out a blue calico, or I'll go alone an' buy you a red one. An' how'd you feel then?'"

"What 'd she say to that?" asked Alma, with an augmented interest.

"Oh, she went, all right, after a week or two. An' when I got her started we had a real good time, mother an' me. Mother was pretty near a well woman up to the last three months of her life."

"I used to like pretty things," said Alma, musingly. "I don't like 'em now, though. What's the use?"

Alonzo had finished his plates, baking-dishes and all, and now he carried them into the pantry in assorted piles; and Alma, watching him from her chair, wondered to see how unerringly he found the places where they lived. Then he came back, wiped out the sink with the proper cloth, and hung up his dish-pan most triumphantly.

"Why," said he, betaking himself to his low chair and the litter of leather and tools beside it, "that's all the use there is to pretty things."

"What?"

"To keep us alive. Make us take an interest."

"Take an interest in what?" said Alma, scornfully.

"Livin'. Why, it keeps me alive to think maybe some day I'll have a better fiddle than that miserable little contraption I've got up-stairs. Keeps me alive, I tell you. Clothes, too—women's clothes. I'm as lively as a girl when your mother puts on that worked collar an' cameo pin. Oh no, don't you go to markin' down pretty things an' sayin' they're no good. They be."

Alma glanced involuntarily down at the apron over her dark dress. At least, the woman in her said, the apron was a check. Alonzo was laughing now, rather shamefacedly.

"I don't hardly dare to ask you," he said, "but there's somethin' I wish you'd let me do."

Alma took fright. Perhaps father had told him to persuade her to a walk. Perhaps mother wanted her to take some new kind of medicine.

"I just love pretty things," said Alonzo. "I hate homely ones, an' I can't bear to live with 'em. An' I hate that pine bureau in my room."

Alma thought he was a little crazy now. To hate a pine bureau was what she herself had heartily done before she gave up the difficult business of living; but she never knew a six-foot man to show like sensitiveness.

"I hate to speak of it," said Alonzo, "'specially to your mother. Seems if it would be kind of impudent, in her house an' all. But up in the shed chamber this mornin' I come on some old furniture."

"No! no!" cried Alma. Her face was twisted into a grief he saw in the one glance he took, and determined he would not see again. "Don't you speak to me about the things up there. Don't you speak to me."

"'Tis kind of fresh," said Alonzo, quietly. "But there's one bureau there that's 'most all to pieces. Should you be willin' to ask your mother if I could glue it up an' put on a coat o' somethin' or other an' rub it down, an' have it up in my room?"

"Take anything you want to," said Alma, breathlessly, "every single thing that's up there. Only don't let me see 'em, that's all."

"Then I'll tell your mother I'm goin' to work on the bureau," said Alonzo, pleasantly, as if there were no question of excitement in the air. "Warm days I can work on it up where 'tis. Yes, I can set up that little salamander your father had to dry the plaster when your room was fixed. Seems terrible childish for me to be so set on an old-fashioned bureau; but I be, and that's all there is to it."

Alma was trembling.

"I've been set on it myself," she said. "But that's over now. I've no use for bureaus nor anything else."

She got hastily up, and with her face turned away from him ran up the stairs. Alonzo thought he heard a sound of

crying in the room above, and he whistled loudly the "White Cockade." But when he thought the crying had had time to die down, his whistle died, too, and he worked very soberly until uncle and aunt drove in.

The next morning Alma did not come down-stairs at all, and Aunt Fellows looked very serious.

"Ain't she so well?" Alonzo ventured to ask at dinner-time; and Aunt Fellows, looking puzzled, shook her head and answered, sadly:

"Somethin's upset her. She says she don't want to be disturbed, an' when she's hungry she'll slip down to the cupboard. But I guess I'll carry her up a tray."

"That's right," said Alonzo, cordially; "a good, heavy one."

"Why," said Aunt Fellows, frowning now, in her perplexity, "doctor said I wa'n't to do it. He said if she got in the habit of eatin' up there she'd give up the more."

"There's somethin' in that," said Alonzo. "But seems to me he might ha' gone a step further. Alma's a good girl, an' if you should go up puffin' an' blowin' under a heavy tray she'd come down the sooner."

"Yes," said Aunt Fellows, thoughtfully, "Alma's a good girl."

"An' don't you let uncle lift a finger to the tray, an' don't you let me," Alonzo counseled her. "You jest make it good an' heavy an' puff on the way."

"Well," said Aunt Fellows, "seems 's if there's some sense in that; but I dunno's I want to go playin' tricks on Alma jest because she's down an' can't help herself."

"Got to," said Alonzo, cheerfully. "If she was down with a fever an' wanted to drink out o' the ink-bottle because there wa'n't no water in the room, wouldn't you tell her the ink-bottle's empty?

"Why," said Aunt Fellows, "I never heard of anybody's cravin' ink."

Alonzo laughed. Then he whistled.

"Say, aunt," said he, when he had finished the "Road to Boston," "should you jest as soon I'd do over that old bureau in the shed chamber?"

"Why," said Aunt Fellows, aghast, "that's Alma's bureau. That was the first piece she bought when she begun ridin' round the country pickin' up old things."

"Sho!" said Alonzo. "Well, she don't seem to be takin' much interest in it now."

"Why, no," said Aunt Fellows, "that's



HE WALKED SLOWLY, KICKING THE SNOW AS HE WENT

jest how it is. She said she never wanted to see the things ag'in, an' so your uncle an' I we agreed we'd let 'em set there an' never once mention 'em."

"There!" said Alonzo. "I thought so. 'Twon't hurt Alma, an' 'twon't hurt you. Might as well let me fiddle with it. I'm possessed to get at it. There's somethin' about that bureau that's bewitched me."

"Well," said Aunt Fellows, doubtfully, "don't seem as if it 'd do any harm. I'll speak to father."

Uncle saw no harm in turning a broken-ankled bureau into a shiny one that sat square on its feet. He even thriftily considered that if Alma was not going to prize the things any more they might be sold for at least as much as she gave for them to pay the doctor's bill. So Alonzo set up the salamander in the shed chamber, and on snowy days, when he and uncle couldn't get into the woods, glued and rubbed and polished, and whistled always at his work. And one day as he came down hot and breathless, for the salamander had been impetuous, he saw a red sleigh in the yard and a personable young man getting into it.

"Who's that?" he asked Aunt Fellows.

She was standing by the kitchen table, her hand on it as if she needed some support, and her tired face was pink. Aunt Fellows looked younger by ten years.

"That's Ellery Williams," said she. It had not been possible to keep the triumph out of her voice. The tones of it glowed and throbbed with more emotion than Alonzo had ever connected with Aunt Fellows. "He's the son of our representative. He's been out West lookin' after some kind of a mine for his father. We ain't seen him for quite a while."

Alonzo seemed hardly to listen to her. He was sniffing like a cat that suspects the presence of her favorite herb.

"What's that," said he. "Seems 's if I know that smell."

"It's violets," said Aunt Fellows. Her voice had gathered an added shade of richness. "I took 'em out o' the box. I've jest carried 'em up to her."

"Oh!" said Alonzo. "Smells to me like a funeral."

"Why, 'Lonzo," said Aunt Fellows, "I should think you'd be ashamed to say a thing like that. Smells to me"—she continued, and a triumph too high to be controlled lifted her voice again—"smells to me like suthin' else."

"A weddin'?" asked Alonzo. He, too, had emotions he couldn't at the moment quell. "Don't you be too sure o' that."

Just then uncle came in. He had been standing in the road watching the whirling progress of the sleigh.

"Well, father," said Mrs. Fellows, in her voice of exultant prophecy, "what d'you think o' that?"

"I dunno," said uncle. He seemed to be quite dazed by sleigh and violets. Then he gathered himself to meet the moment. "I guess," said he, "ain't but one thing *to* think."

That noon Alma did not come down to dinner. The heavy trays had been reaping their result now for over a week, and she had been stepping down for a part of every meal. But to-day when she failed to come her mother was not depressed. She nodded at father across the table.

"Too much excitement," she said. "I guess it's kinder tired her out; but some ways o' bein' tired's better'n bein' rested. Don't you say so, father?"

That afternoon father told Alonzo he might as well harness up, for he'd got to get the colt sharpened, and mother thought she'd go, too. Alonzo did it with extreme haste, and when they had driven out of the yard he stood watching them as father had watched the young man. Only there was no relief on Alonzo's face. It was very grave. When the last jingle of bells had died on the air, he walked slowly into the house, kicking the snow as he went, as if even his feet had some doubt in themselves of the way they'd better go. He ran up the stairs to the shed chamber and looked critically about. It was very warm. He had had a fire there that morning, and the salamander still sent out a pleasing heat. Alonzo tucked in another stick. Then he got the broom and dust-pan and carefully brushed up some chips and the dust of old wood. There was a last year's cobweb on the

window, and he pulled it down and gave the panes a brush.

"There!" said he. As well as he could manage it his stage was set.

He went down into the kitchen and then up the kitchen stairs. It was very quiet before Alma's door. He could imagine her sitting, her violets in her hand, in a trance of happiness. Alonzo knocked, and then because he had never knocked at her door before, he was frightened.

"Who's that?" said Alma.

"It's me," said Alonzo. Now that he heard his own voice his courage all came back. "I want you to come down-stairs. I've got to show you somethin'."

There was a silence, long enough, he thought, for her to open the door if she were coming. But her voice came finally, very gentle, as if she meant to persuade him not to urge her.

"Why, 'Lonzo, I don't feel to."

"You got to," said Alonzo. "If you ain't able to walk down-stairs when I ask you to, I'll come in an' carry you down."

"Why, 'Lonzo," said the gentle voice, "you ain't hurt you? You ain't cut yourself choppin'?"

"No," said Alonzo. "I ain't cut me, but I'm hurt, an' hurt mighty bad. An' you get up out o' bed an' stir yourself an' come down-stairs to see to me."

With that he tramped down into the kitchen, and stood there breathless. But he was not going to let himself be afraid. There was a soft, flying rush behind him, and Alma came, pinker than he had seen her, from her hurrying, and her pretty face looked earnest with concern.

"I wa'n't abed," she told him. "Where d'you hurt you?"

Alonzo shut the stair door and stood with his back to it.

"I'm hurt," said he, "because nobody's told me there was a feller thinkin' he had a right to come swellin' round here buyin' you violets. I'd ought to been told."



"I'M HURT," SAID HE; "I OUGHT TO BEEN TOLD"

The faint color went out of her cheeks. Her mouth trembled. She looked ill indeed.

"Don't," she said.

"If there is anybody 't you like," said Alonzo, working himself a little

deeper into the passion he really felt, "I'd ought to know it. For you're goin' to like me."

Alma was too entirely surprised to heed her own disturbing heart.

"Why," she said, "I do like you."

"Yes," said Alonzo, scornfully; "so does your mother. So would your grandmother 'f you had one. But you ain't goin' to like me that way. You're goin' to like me more'n all creation an' kingdom come. You an' I ain't any blood relation, Alma, an' sure as a gun you're goin' to marry me."

Alma's mouth was open with amazement. He thought how pretty the pink inside of her lip must be, and almost hated her instead of loving, because he knew the scent of violets must hang about her face.

"I didn't mean to open this up to-day," he said. "I just meant to get you down-stairs an' into the shed chamber to see what you thought o' my bureau. But his comin' out of a clear sky an' his violets—I ain't got any violets. I've only got a bureau. You come up with me, Alma, 'n' see it."

She had got back a little composure now.

"I ain't ever goin' to set eyes on that furniture again," she said. "I told you so in the beginnin'."

"Yes, you are, too," said Alonzo, roughly. "What kind o' fool talk is that? What is there about that furniture more'n any other that it ain't to be looked at? Here! You take this shawl." He snatched Aunt Fellows's blanket shawl from the nail and flung it about her. "An' if you're too weak to go, as sure as I'm a livin' man I'll carry ye."

Alma threw the shawl back to him. He thought she was repudiating all shawls and the quest with them, and wondered what his next move could be.

"You give me my own shawl," she bade him, in the first tone of temper he had heard from her. "That red one there."

Alonzo complied, in innocence of reasons. He was an astute young man, but even he did not suspect that red was more desirable than gray. Alma went quite meekly now. He opened the kitchen door for her; but she had a wholesome sense of his being behind her. At the stairs she hesitated.

"Run along," said he. "It's cold down here. Don't you like the stairs? I should admire to carry ye."

At that she fled very lightly up and into the shed chamber. Once over the sill, she did forget that the furniture there before her was but the ghostly evidence of a bitterly remembered time. For in the forefront stood the bureau, rich in its dull polish and resplendent in old brass.

"Oh, 'Lonzo," said she, "I never see such a sight in my life."

Alonzo glowed with pride.

"Ain't that a beauty?" said he. "You were terrible clever to pick up such nice pieces."

The shadow fell again upon her face.

"To-morrer you an' father move it into your room," she said. "Now le's go down."

"Why, I ain't goin' to have it in my room," said Alonzo, as if in tender patience at her foolishness. "I jest said that to get a wedge in so's I could come up here an' work an' you not stop me. I've done the bureau, an' I'm goin' to do the chairs an' table an' the desk. An' they're all yourn, darlin' dear. Course they're yourn."

Alma turned and faced him. She had grown stiff from head to foot, and her teeth chattered as if with cold.

"Look here," she said. "You might's well know what this furniture means to me. I thought I was goin' to marry the man that come here to-day, an' I've always been bewitched over old furniture; an' I drove round the country pickin' it up to furnish my house. See?"

"Yes," said Alonzo, quietly. "I see. I thought 'twas some such way as that."

"Do you know what made me think I was goin' to marry him?" she went on, in a torrent of broken words. "'Twa'n't because he asked me. No. 'Twas because he took me round to places, an' he come here to see me, an' I was a poor little ignorant fool, an' I got it all up. I got it up myself. What do you think o' me now?"

"I'm awful glad you picked up the furniture," said Alonzo, cheerfully. "An' glad I know how to do it over. We'll have it in our house, an' every time you see the bureau you'll laugh an' say to

yourself, 'That's the first piece 'Lonzo done over. Ain't it grand?'"

Alma was staring at him as if she did not yet fully understand what manner of man he was.

"Why, 'Lonzo," she said, "I never see anybody like you."

"No," said Alonzo, "I never see anybody like you neither—so pretty nor so soft nor so just right every way."

"An' there's worse to tell you," said Alma. She was not crying now, but looking at him with wide eyes that besought forgiveness. "He kissed me, 'Lonzo. Three times he kissed me. An' I never so much as thought he'd done that if he didn't mean—" Her voice failed her piteously.

Alonzo felt the veins swelling in his forehead and the hunger of his hands to strike. But he spoke very evenly and with great gentleness.

"There's only one cure for that."

"What is it?" asked Alma, turning on him her grieving look.

"Why," said Alonzo, "you forget about it. An' I don't see how you can manage it unless you let somebody else kiss them kisses all away."



"What under the Sun you got there?"

He had not meant to do it. He had seen possession of her a long way off, after she was quite strong again and laughter had come back to her lips and the blood to her cheeks. But he walked over to her where she was leaning against the bureau and took her into his arms, and Alma leaned against him and cried in a way that made him swallow hard and wish his throat didn't hurt him so.

"Don't you forget we ain't any blood relation, will you, honey? You see, it ain't as if we were strangers. All through mother's sickness I used to think of you same as I'd seen you goin' to school, your braid down your back. But I couldn't come cause I had to take care o' mother."

"Was that what you came for?" she asked, in her pretty, childish way.

"Yes," said Alonzo. "I wrote to your father an' said I wanted to hire

out for the winter. But there's no more need o' my workin' out than the cat needs two tails. I come courtin', darlin' dear, that's what I come for. You ain't goin' to let me go back without any luck, now be you?"

Alma laughed a little here, and he wiped her face with his big handkerchief. But she still had her troubles.

"I don't know what you'll think o' me, though," she said, "off with one an' on with another quick as this."

"Did you see him yesterday?" he asked her, suddenly.

She withdrew from him and faced him angrily.

"No," said she, "'course I didn't."

"Did you want to?"

"No."

"Where's his violets?" said Alonzo, hurting himself because the fragrance of them had hurt him so.

She looked him in the face with a perfect honesty.

"I put 'em in a tumbler," she said, "an' set 'em on my table. I didn't smell of 'em—not once, because he'd touched 'em. But they're real pretty. I couldn't take it out o' them."

Alonzo laughed at that and said she was a good girl to be good to violets. And they went down-stairs and sat by the kitchen fire, his arm about her, and planned how they would furnish their living-room in the spring. But when father and mother came jingling into the yard, Alonzo went out to unharness, and mother found Alma quite briskly putting wood into the kitchen stove.

"Why," said Mrs. Fellows, "you've got a high color. You ain't feverish, be you?"

"No," said Alma. "I feel real well."

Mrs. Fellows heaved a sigh.

"Yes," said she, "I b'lieve you're goin' to be all right now." She laughed a little. "I guess, though," she said, slyly, "it took hothouse flowers to do it."

Alma said nothing to that, and presently father and Alonzo came. But it was by way of the shed chamber, and they brought between them, with a ponderous care, the antique bureau.

"For mercy sake!" cried Mrs. Fellows, when she heard the confusion of their march. She threw the door open. "What under the sun you got there?"

Father was one whom no change of circumstance could waken to the queerness of things.

"'Lonzo says Alma thought she'd have this up in her room," he said, unmoved. "Mebbe we'd better try the front stairs."

So the bureau went triumphantly up, and Alma's little pine one was banished to the store-room, and because it was all done so quietly no one was very much surprised. But next morning Aunt Fellows, frying bacon for breakfast, had her shock in the vision of a pretty Alma coming down the stairs, clad in bright blue, with a fine lace ruffle at her neck.

"My soul!" said her mother, "you ain't goin' to get up to breakfast, be you?"

"Yes," said Alma. "I've laid abed long enough."

Father and Alonzo were coming in from the shed, and Alma did not look at them. She was busy settling the coffee. But Alonzo knew she would have looked up if she hadn't known it was her lover gazing at her.

"My, ain't that a handsome color!" said he. "I never see such a blue out of a gardin-bed in June."

"Don't need but one thing," said Mrs. Fellows, hurrying on the biscuits and speaking with her motherly slyness. "That's a bunch o' violets pinned on in front."

"I ain't got any violets," said Alma. "They were on my bureau last night; but this mornin' they were froze."

A Forgotten Slavery of Colonial Days

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COULD we draw the curtain which conceals the life of prehistoric people, we should see that the servant problem is as old as the human race. Indeed, if it were possible for extremes to meet, cave-dwellers and denizens of twentieth-century sky-scrapers would doubtless converse sympathetically on this never-ending problem. Its existence is due to the universal desire of man to use the strength of others for his own profit and pleasure — an unchangeable trait of human nature.

During the colonial period of our history, service was performed in the main by two classes—the negro slave and the indentured white servant. The white servant, a semi-slave, was more important in the seventeenth century than even the negro slave, in respect to both numbers and economic significance. Perhaps the most pressing of the early needs of the colonists was for a certain and adequate supply of labor. It was the white servants who supplied this demand and made possible a rapid economic development, particularly of the middle and Southern colonies. In 1683 there were twelve thousand of these semi-slaves in Virginia, composing about one-sixth of the population, while nearly two-thirds of the immigrants to Pennsylvania during the eighteenth century were white servants. Every other colony made greater or less use of them, and it is likely that more than half a million persons were of this class during the colonial period.

Such a wide-spread and important institution has great significance for the social and economic history of Europe and America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Moreover, the story is full of human interest because of methods used to supply the demand, similar to methods in the slave-trade; the classes of people from which some servants were drawn — convicts, paupers, and dissolute persons of every type; the stormy life of many servants, and the troublesome moral and social problems which their presence engendered, such as intermarriage with negro slaves; the runaway criminal servants, and their influence on moral standards and on other phases of life in the colonies.

White servitude developed rapidly because of favorable conditions—a large demand for servants coupled with a large supply. The economic theory of European states in the seventeenth century called for a large population in their colonies, in order that trade and commerce might develop rapidly. The colonists were to supply food and raw materials, and the home country was to develop manufactures. Means, therefore, must be devised, first, to attract settlers who would develop the economic resources of the colonies, and, second, to provide them with an adequate supply of labor. There were vast areas of rich virgin lands, which in the Southern and middle colonies were usually granted in a manner to promote rapid increase of population and extension of cultivated tracts. This method was known as the "head-right" system. Any one emigrating was rewarded with a gift of land—about a hundred and fifty acres. Since labor was needed to clear and work this land, any one importing a servant was entitled to an additional allotment, a "head right." To induce laborers to emigrate, a similar allotment was promised to them after each had served a term of years as a servant. Thus free land solved the two most pressing problems mentioned above.

Fortunately, the enormous demand for white servants came when economic conditions had created a large supply.

In the sixteenth century English agriculture was giving way to sheep-raising, so that a few herders often took the place of many farm laborers. As a result, the unemployed, the poor, and the criminal classes increased rapidly. Justices, who were land-owners, had the power to fix the maximum wages of farm laborers. Sometimes they made them very low, hardly a shilling a day; for the lower the wage the greater the profits of the tenant farmer, and therefore the greater his ability to pay higher rents demanded by the land-owner. Thus, while wages remained practically stationary, wheat multiplied in price nearly four times in this period, 1500–1600. In other words, a man worked forty weeks in 1600 for as much food as he received in 1500 by working ten weeks. To prevent scarcity of farm laborers, the statute of apprentices (1563) forbade any one below the rank of a yeoman to withdraw from agricultural pursuits to be apprenticed to a trade. Moreover, the poor laws passed in this period compelled each parish to support its poor, and provided penalties for vagrancy. Thus the farm laborer had no chance to better himself. Conditions were almost beyond description, and in dear years people perished from famine. Sheffield in 1615, with a population of 2,207, had 725 relying on charity, 37.8 per cent. of the population. As a result the colonies were regarded as a convenient dumping-ground for undesirable citizens. Velasco, the Spanish minister in England, wrote his sovereign, 1611, "Their principal reason for colonizing these parts is to give an outlet to so many idle, wretched people as they have in England, and thus prevent the dangers that might be feared of them."

It is evident that if this surplus population could be transferred to the American colonies, both the mother-country and the colonists would profit. One of the earliest proposals was made by Sir George Peckham, 1582. He declared that there were such great numbers living in penury and want that they might be willing to "hazard their lives and serve one year for meat, drinke, and apparell only without wages, in hope thereby to amend their estates." It was natural for men and women, in order to secure free transportation to America, to bind themselves by written contract, called an indenture, to serve some individual for a term of years.

There were three main classes of servants. One who entered into such a contract with an agent, often the shipmaster, was called an indentured servant. The shipmaster reimbursed himself, on arrival in America, by selling the time of the servant to the highest bidder. The second class included the "redemptioners," or "free-willers." They signed no contract beforehand, but were given transportation by the shipmaster with the understanding that on arrival they were to have a few days to indenture themselves to some one to pay for their passage. Failing this, the shipmaster could sell them himself. The free-willer then was at a great disadvantage. He had to bargain in competition with many others, and was so much at the mercy of the buyer or shipmaster that laws were passed by several colonies limiting his time of service and defining his rights.

The third class consisted of those forced into servitude, such as convicts, felons, vagrants, and dissolute persons, and those kidnapped or "spirited" away by the so-called "spirits" or "crimps." Convicts were often granted royal pardon on condition of being transported. For example, Charles I. in 1635 gave orders to the sheriff of London to deliver to Captain Thomas Hill or Captain Richard Carleton nine female convicts for removal to Virginia, to be sold as servants. At an early date judges imposed penalties of transportation on convicted criminals and others. Thus Narcissus Luttrell notes in his diary, Nov. 17, 1692, that the magistrates had ordered on board a ship lying at Leith, bound for Virginia, fifty lewd women out of the house of correction and thirty others who walked the streets at night. An act of Parliament in 1718 gave judges still greater power by allowing them to order the transportation of convicts for seven years, known as "His Majesty's seven-year passengers," and, in case the penalty for the crime was death, for fourteen years. Those agreeing to transport convicts could sell them as servants. From London prisons, especially Newgate and the Old Bailey, large numbers were sent

forth, the latter alone supplying not far from 10,000 between 1717 and 1775. Scharf, the historian of Maryland, declares that 20,000 felons were imported into that colony before the Revolution. At least nine of the colonies are known to have received felons as servants, so that the total number sent was not far from 50,000. Lists of felons ordered transported were often printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine;* one of May, 1747, numbering 887. Remembering this, perhaps, Dr. Johnson said in 1769, "Sir, they are a race of convicts, and ought to be content with anything we may allow them short of hanging."

The colonists became alarmed as early as 1670. At that date Virginia passed an act prohibiting the importation of convicts. The preamble speaks "of the great number of felons and other desperate villains sent hither from the several prisons of England." Later, communications which appeared in the newspapers show great indignation. One writer speaks of the practice as a "vile importation" and comments particularly on the bad moral effects of such persons. Even at an earlier date Lord Bacon had commented on the injustice and fallacy of this policy as follows: "It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people and wicked, condemned men to be the people with whom you plant." And Benjamin Franklin, in reply to the arguments of British authorities that it was necessary to get rid of convicts, asked whether Americans for the same reason would be justified in sending their rattlesnakes to England! For a brief period Great Britain listened to the complaints of the colonists, confirmed the Virginia Act of 1670, and made it apply to other colonies. But in 1718 Parliament in effect repealed it by the act of that date mentioned above, and throughout the eighteenth century convicts were a never-failing source of supply for white servants. In this connection it has been suggested that American genealogists in search of missing data to complete their family tree would find a rich mine of unexplored material in the archives of Newgate and Old Bailey, the latter filling one hundred and ten manuscript volumes!

The reasons for sending so many convicts were several. It is obvious why Great Britain was particularly anxious to rid herself of this class of her population. Criminals were not only unproductive, but entailed a great expense on the country. Economists urged their transportation, while others argued that in a new country many criminals would forsake their old habits and become good citizens. Some of the colonists were certainly not averse to convicts as servants, since their term of service was longer. The committee of trade for New York even petitioned the authorities, 1693, to send them all the prisoners who were to be transported from Newgate. It should be remembered, too, that the word felon in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries conveyed a different meaning from that at present. The penal code of England in 1600 provided a death penalty for four hundred offenses, many of which were of a trivial nature, and even just before the American Revolution Blackstone states that there were one hundred and fifty capital crimes. Thus many persons called "felons" were less objectionable as servants than might be supposed, and there was good reason to expect that a number would become respectable when transported.

One of the most interesting sources of supply was kidnapping. The profits gained by such practices were so great that this developed as a regular business in London and seaport towns like Bristol. "Spirits" would pounce on all classes of persons and entice them on board ships bound for the colonies, and even children were induced to go by offers of sweetmeats. The county court records of Middlesex give evidence of this practice. A record for Nov. 7, 1655, states that Dorothy Perkins accuses Christian Chacrett, *alias* Sacrett, "for a Spirit, one that taketh upp men and women and children and sells them on a shipp to bee conveyed beyond the sea, having entised and inveagled one Edward Furnifull and Anne his wife with her infant to the waterside and put them aboard the shipp called *The Planter* to be conveyed to Virginia." Parliament passed an act in 1671 providing a death penalty for this crime.

Analogous to the spirits were the "newlanders," or "soul-sellers." The

great German immigration to America in the eighteenth century developed this class of agents, who traveled up and down the Rhine valley, persuading peasants to sell their belongings and migrate to the colonies. They pretended that they were rich merchants from Philadelphia, dressed in costly clothes, and wore wigs and ruffles. They would seek acquaintance with a merchant in Holland and agree with him upon a sum for every person persuaded to remove. They described Pennsylvania as a land of Elysian fields flowing with milk and honey, where gold and silver could be picked up on the hills, and servants could become independent and live like noblemen. The simple German peasant would often sell his belongings and trust himself to the mercy of the soul-seller. Many were forced to become servants by indenture, because the excessive charges imposed for transportation from the Rhine valley to the port of departure used up their small capital.

The voyage over often repeated the horrors of the famous "middle passage" of slavery fame. An average cargo was three hundred, but the shipmaster, for greater profit, would sometimes crowd as many as six hundred into a small vessel. Picture to yourself several hundred people of all ages with only six feet by two allotted between-decks for one adult person, with no privacy whatever, wearing the same clothing for the whole voyage—from four weeks to four months or even more—and often lying flat for whole days at a time when the ship was tossed by terrific storms. Imagine the vile atmosphere in an unventilated space containing hundreds of people, many ill with all manner of contagious diseases, living and dead side by side, without medical attendance, moaning and shrieking, praying and crying, and perhaps crazed by famine and thirst. John Harrower, an indentured servant, describing in his diary a scene between-decks during a storm, says, "There was some sleeping, some daming, some blasting their leggs and thighs, some their liver, lungs, lights, and eyes, and for to make the scene the odder, some curs'd Father, Mother, Sister, Brother." When food ran short it was doled out at the rate of three ounces of bread a day. Mittelberger, an eyewitness, says that spoiled biscuit were given the passengers, "dirty and full of red worms and spiders' nests." When such vile stuff called food was lacking, rats and mice were eaten.

The mortality under such circumstances was tremendous, sometimes more than half of the passengers dying of hunger and privation. Children from one to seven rarely survived. Mittelberger says he saw thirty-two little children thrown into the ocean during one voyage. It must be remembered, of course, that a safe, short passage of thirty days was not uncommon. Still, conditions were so terrible that several colonies passed laws regulating food, the number of passengers to be carried, and care of the sick. Philadelphia and other ports were exposed to constant dangers from contagious diseases. Sickness continued after landing, so that much legislation was necessary respecting quarantine, inspection of vessels, and the building of pest-houses.

When the vessel finally made her port, no one was permitted to leave unless the passage had been paid for. The sick and old always fared worst, the very ones whose misery ought to have been relieved first. Parents were forced to sell their children to service, perhaps never to see them again. Husband and wife were often separated. Children under five were sometimes given away to serve until they were twenty-one. "Soul-drivers" would purchase fifty or more servants from the captain of one of these ships, and drive them through the country like a drove of cattle, offering them for sale to the highest bidder. They were protected in part, however, first by their indenture, which specified the term of service, lodging, food, and apparel; and, second, by "freedom dues," which were provided for by law, and included such things as clothing, corn, a gun, and sometimes a fifty-acre tract of land.

Most of the servants were unskilled laborers, though many artisans and some in the professions bound themselves to service. The following advertisement in the Virginia *Gazette* for March 28, 1771, will give one an idea of their occupation.

Just arrived at Leedstown, the
Ship *Justitia*, with about one Hundred
Healthy Servants.

Men, Women and Boys, among which are many Tradesmen — viz. Blacksmiths, Shoemakers, Tailors, House Carpenters and Joiners, A Cooper, a Bricklayer and Plaisterer, a Painter, a Watchmaker and Glaizer, several Silversmiths, Weavers, a Jeweler, and many others. The Sale will Commence on Tuesday, the 2d of April, at Leeds Town on Rappahannock River. A Reasonable Credit will be allowed, giving Bond with Approved Security to

THOMAS HODGE.

The advertisements for runaway servants are numerous, give descriptions of their appearance and dress, mention little peculiarities, and bring before us vividly the personality of these servants. Richard Kinnersley, an English servant-man, had "a pretty long visage of a lightish complexion, and thin-flaxen hair; his eye tooth sticks out over his lower teeth in a very remarkable manner." James Murphy, an Irish servant-schoolmaster, was "somewhat long visaged, with sharp nose, much pitted with the small pox, flaxen hair, reddish beard, sometimes ties his hair behind with a string, a very proud fellow, loves drink and when drunk is very impudent and talkative, pretends much, and knows little, was sometime in the French service and can talk French." Then there was the fat pock-broken tailor with a "hard look," the carpenter who wore his own black hair, the convict servant-woman who could knit and spin, the shoemaker and fiddler who "loves to be at frolicks and taverns and is apt to get in liquor and when so is subject to fits."

The variety of dress was astonishing. We read of cinnamon-colored vests, blue, green, and yellow coats, with brass buttons, and breeches with silk puffs. Shoes were of all styles, square-toed and peeked-toed, with buckles and without. An Irish runaway servant-man, Daniel Macdonald, had "a double-breasted cape-coat, with white metal buttons, a little flowered on the top, an ozenbrigs shirt, tow-linen trousers, and an old jacket of a bluish color, good shoes, and large white buckles, had no stockings except he stole them."

The general character of the servants varied in different colonies according to the class from which they came. Of course, not much could be expected of the criminal classes. On the other hand, there were honest artisans and German peasants, seeking a new home for wife and children. The runaway servants represented the worst element, and frequently had stolen horses, clothing, or silver. One was described as "so prodigious a lyer that if observed he may easily be discovered." A tract published in London in 1708, entitled "The Sot Weed Factor or a Voyage to Maryland," is a poem by a tobacco agent, Ebenezer Cook, describing the manners and customs of the ruder elements of Maryland society at this date. In picturing a coarse group of female servants who had gathered about the fireside to play games, he says:

"To fire-side I did repair;
Near which a jolly Female Crew,
Were deep engag'd at *Lanctre-Looe;*
In Night-rails white, with dirty Mein,
Such Sights are scarce in *England* seen;
I thought them first some Witches bent,
On Black Designs in dire Convent.

. . . . . .

"We scarce had play'd a Round about,
But that these *Indian* Foes fell out.
D—m you, says one, tho' now so brave,
I knew you late a Four-Years Slave;
What if for Planter's Wife you go,
Nature designed you for the Hoe."

The main work of the servant was to clear the land and cultivate the crop, though artisans, of course, worked at their trades. Boucher asserts that two-thirds of the persons employed as schoolmasters in Maryland just before the Revolution were either indentured servants or convicts. A letter from Washington's overseer complains of the fact that his servants were difficult to manage because of a liking for liquor. The "Sot Weed Factor" makes one of the female servants "who passed for a chamber maid" speak thus:

"In better Times, e'er to this Land
I was unhappily Trapann'd;
Perchance as well I did appear,
As any Lord or Lady here,
Not then a Slave for twice two Year.
My cloaths were fashonably new,
Nor were my Shifts of Linnen Blue;
But things are changed, now at the Hoe,
I daily work, and Barefoot go,

In weeding Corn or feeding Swine,
I spend my melancholy Time.
Kidnap'd and Fool'd, I thither fled,
To Shun a hated Nuptial Bed,
And to my cost already find,
Worse Plagues than those I left behind."

Interesting phases of the institution of white servitude appear in the laws regulating their status. Unlike the slave, the white servant could bring suit for justice. The court could order his freedom or lessen his term of service. It could require the master to provide the servant with medical attendance, see that freedom dues were paid, and that he had sufficient food and clothing. On the other hand, his time belonged to his master, and severe work could be exacted. His privileges and freedom of movement were restricted. He could not absent himself from his master without permission. He could be whipped for disobedience. He was not allowed to buy or sell anything without leave. Tavern-keepers could not entertain him or sell him liquor. He could neither marry without his master's consent, nor could he vote or hold office, but he could be sold or seized to satisfy an outstanding debt.

The treatment and condition of servants varied widely in different colonies and at different periods, depending on the nature of the work and the character of the servant and the master. In general, their treatment was better in New England and the middle colonies than in the Southern. Harrowing tales of cruelty and abuse of white servants are common, but the same kind of treatment was meted out to servants in England during this period. In the court records of Middlesex County, England, 1673, we find that Thomas Tooner was cited to answer to the charge of inhumanly beating his female servant with knotted whip-cords, so that "the poor servant is a lamentable spectacle to behold." The lash was likewise the usual mode of correction in the colonies. Eddis, writing in 1769–77, declares that servants in Maryland groaned beneath a worse than Egyptian bondage. Runaway servants were severely punished, and elaborate laws were passed to secure their arrest and punish all who aided them to freedom.

Some perplexing moral problems were caused by white servants. The question of intermarriage between servant and slave arose, as well as that of restraining looser relations between these classes. Nearly all the colonies were forced to pass laws to prevent such relations between servants, between free men and servants, and between negro slaves and servants. A great increase of illegitimate mulatto children in the eighteenth century is one evidence of low moral standards. In Virginia the parish vestry books record large sums expended for the support of such children. Laws were passed to prevent intermarriage of black and white. For example, the preamble of the Virginia Act of 1691 states that it was enacted "for the prevention of that abominable and spurious mixture which hereafter may increase in this dominion as well by negroes intermarrying with English or other white women as by their unlawful intercourse with one another." A Maryland act provided that the children of a servant-woman resulting from intermarriage with a negro slave should be slaves to her master for life. But since unprincipled masters urged the marriage of their servant-women to slaves, the law was repealed. Nevertheless, miscegenation continued.

It is obvious that the economic significance of the white servant was very important. Benjamin Franklin said in 1759, "The labor of the plantations is performed chiefly by indentured servants brought from Great Britain, Ireland, and Germany, because the high price it bears cannot be performed in any other way." Free labor on a wage system was impossible, because of both high wages and scarcity of labor. Few would work for hire when land could be had for almost nothing. The certainty of supply, the power of control, its economy, and the large profits resulting, made the system superior to other forms until the negro slave was imported on a large scale. John Pory, of Virginia, wrote in 1619 that "one man by the means of six servants hath cleared at one crop [tobacco] a thousand pounds English . . . our principal wealth consisteth of servants."

Socially the white servant was an important factor in helping to build up a

landed aristocracy in the South, because he made possible the cultivation of extensive areas of land. But in the course of a few years he became a free citizen and owner of a small estate. Thus was developed a yeoman class, a much-needed democratic element in the Southern colonies, while at the same time settlers were secured for the back-lands, where they were needed to protect the frontier. Nevertheless, they did not form a distinct class after becoming freedmen. Some were doubtless the progenitors of the "poor white trash" of the South, but it is likely that environment rather than birth was the main factor in producing this class. While comparatively few rose to prominence, yet there are some notable examples to the contrary. Two signers of the Declaration of Independence, George Taylor and Mathew Thornton; Charles Thompson, the Secretary of the Continental Congress; and General Sullivan, of Revolutionary War fame, had all been white servants. It is certain also that many became successful planters, and perhaps the majority respectable and desirable citizens.

On the whole, the effects of the institution were beneficial. Great Britain was relieved of her undesirable citizens; many German peasants were given the opportunity to better their condition; the colonies were supplied with laborers for the rougher work, and servant-artisans supplied wants impossible to meet in any other way. That the white servant was useful, even after the Revolution, is seen by the fact that large numbers continued to come to Pennsylvania, where the institution existed until 1831. By that time various causes were leading to its abolition. Opposition developed in Europe because of the drain of the labor supply to America. In the South the negro slave had tended to supplant the white servant, while in the North labor-saving machinery was doing so much of his work that he was no longer needed.

By the Curb

BY JAMES STEPHENS

THERE was a sparrow in the street,
And he was not a bit afraid;
He flew between a horse's feet,
And ate his supper undismayed:
I think the horse knew very well
The bird came for the grains that fell.

For his eye was looking down,
And he danced the corn about
In his nose-bag, till the brown
Grains of corn were tumbled out;
And I fancy that he said,
"Eat it up, young Speckle-Head."

The driver soon came back again,
And he climbed into the dray;
Then he tightened up the rein,
And the sparrow hopped away;
But when the horse's ribs were hit,
The sparrow didn't care a bit.

A Change of Masters

BY PEARCE BAILEY

DR. MICHAELIS was being piloted down Fifth Avenue through the fog. His little limousine, swung by big springs on a long and heavy running-gear, moved forward gently with the southbound line, which was checked at intervals as trucks and carriages crossed the Avenue or melted in the stream of traffic. He sat in a corner, relaxed and introspective, with one elbow half out of the open window, for although it was January, the afternoon was very warm. During a momentary gap in the compact procession a yellow taxicab, launched by an ambitious driver, shot in abreast of him, grazing his mud-guards and, squeaking, stopped short as the whole line halted obedient to the blue Colossus at Forty-second Street. It carried a woman with black eyes, who suggested youth freed from the trammels of its inexperience. She wore a fur-trimmed cloak, and black hat with white feather curling down one side, and this feather trembled when she saw Michaelis so close to her; but, pressing her lips together, she leaned across the short space which separated her from him, and touched his arm with a little air of ownership. It was the free act of a moment, quickly ended, and before he fully took her in she was drifting away from him; for a trilling whistle had pierced the mist, gears were clanking everywhere, and all cars but his and a huge limousine ahead of it, one of whose tires had exploded with a pistol-shot report, were moving south.

Leaning out of the window, he cried: "Sylvia! Sylvia!" but the yellow taxicab, like a log in the stream, drew relentlessly away, as she stood, dim in the growing darkness, turning and looking back, waving half reluctantly; he heard her call, "*Bon chien chasse de race*," and she was gone.

He motioned his driver excitedly, but they were pocketed by the crippled car ahead, and the vehicles moving past were too jealously closed up to be broken into. After several minutes of restless, fuming delay, he was free and across Forty-second Street, but then the other cars had scattered. His machine, wakened from its lethargy, started in swift pursuit, dodged in and out, skidding at times for yards, overtook a dozen other cars, and just below Thirty-fourth Street missed a fat policeman by a hair. But the taxicab had been swallowed up by the great city, and at the Farragut monument he canceled a visit in Ninth Street from his day-book, turned, and went slowly uptown again, still searching from both windows.

Sylvia Dare! It was fifteen years ago that he saw her last, like a speck on the upper deck of the steamer, with her "swarthy man" towering over her. She must have a master, she always used to say, and had hit on this Rumanian prince just as Michaelis finished his year of being a needy student in Vienna. Her last fluttering good-by, as the great vessel warped from the pier, seemed to carry to him a reproach and a promise, but as they had both agreed that everything should stop then and there, he had not heard directly from her since, except perhaps once, five years ago, when a postal card from one of the cafés that brighten the river at Budapest came to him, bearing the single line, "*Bon chien chasse de race.*" He had not been sure that it was in her handwriting. But now she was here in the same place with him; free, perhaps; anyway, plainly inviting as—it flashed over him—she must have been before.

After years of observation in stifling dispensaries, packed with those ill and those who fancied themselves so, of learning in laboratories what trace the microscope can show of the real reason why things go wrong, of analysis of

ill-directed human motives which create the half of all disease, he had finally won out, as far as his profession was concerned. He was established and even sought for in those disorders where self-consciousness betrays itself, and where ugly spots in character may be washed away by a properly directed stream of interest. He had learned the way to make fluttering hearts march evenly, and to put neurotic women on their feet without sacrificing the approval of their husbands, by methods made public in his book on *Relapsing Personalities*, which was in its third edition and had been translated into French. But he had never ceased to think of Sylvia Dare, and she had found him, after all these years, distinguished, somber, and impersonal, still brooding on the blunder of his life in letting her, who had so much to give and who gave so generously, escape him.

Her home had never been in New York, and thinking of the quickest way to get news of her, Dangerfield occurred to him.

Dangerfield, just back from three years at the French embassy, fleckless at 6 P.M., true test of the man of leisure, was in the club's big foyer, drinking a long glass of apple brandy. He was bubbling over with reawakened patriotism, and it took Michaelis several minutes to get him on to Continental topics. But he was led there finally.

"Whom do you suppose I saw last month in Paris?" he said. "The Princess Marinesco—you know, Sylvia Dare; you remember that little forceful way of hers. Poor Sylvia! She found her master. The fellow was a brute, like most of those royalized Rumanians. Let's see, how long has she been gone? Fifteen years? Gad! time flies! She doesn't look it. She hasn't turned a hair. She might have, for they say the prince pulled her about the house by it before he finished. His valet shot him, finally. 'Self-defense,' the valet said. They hung him, anyway."

That was all Dangerfield knew, and as the club was filling up with cocktail-drinkers, Michaelis left it, forgot his car, and walked home through the misty night. Fifth Avenue, almost stripped now of its panting engines, stretched silently before him, dim and glistening, lined with a double row of violet lights, the farthest floating in the air like twin balloons. Soon he was at the spot where she had called to him an hour before, with the well-remembered quickness and defiance, and, as always, lurking behind them a whispered promise of surrender. He was bound for the evening by professional obligations he could not shirk, but which he met mechanically, saved from error only by a long habit of being right. Through a dreary interview over a wheezing millionaire, at which the physician who called him in consultation did the talking, and through a three-hour meeting of a medical society, over which he presided by the ill-luck of being its vice-president, he kept picturing to himself what his life might have been with her warm sympathy; and imagining, with her vigorous personality to fire his energies, a far different success from the material one he had.

The next morning a hand-delivered letter, topping the pile that awaited him, did away with his plans for finding her. "Dear Carl," it ran, "I need you sorely. Come to me. Till then I am here—and yours, Sylvia."

He had read it twice, standing up, before he called his assistant, Lynnhart, an intense young man with round shoulders and deep-set eyes.

"Busy day, Doctor," Lynnhart said, holding out the appointment card.

"Can't see any one," Michaelis jerked out. Lynnhart looked at him sidewise. "Let me see," Michaelis muttered, scanning the lined paper. "Schenck? Tell him the solution isn't ready. Mrs. Gildersleeve—that awful woman—telephone her I am sick—out of town—anything. I'll see Watrous for two minutes. Mrs. Sniffens—oh! you see her, Lynn."

He did away with all of them and half a dozen others, and in a few minutes was humming up Fifth Avenue to her hotel, through a sparkling atmosphere, for the hopeless fog of the day before had vanished.

At the open door of her little salon he stood for a moment, wavering, powerless, paying the penalty of years of repression, while she, gasping his

name, pushing aside her breakfast-table, came running to him. He met her half-way and caught her wrists, pulling them to his sides, looking down into her face.

"Sylvia," he whispered, "the same Sylvia, and free again, thank God."

She trembled and ceased smiling. "The prince is dead," she said. This from her lips fired him still further, and tightening his grasp, he drew her toward him, but she was in a different mood and turned away, shaking her head.

"No, no—not now," she said; "there is something else first—something different. Oh, my dear, why should something always come between us?"

He did not seem to understand at first, and tried to put his arm around her, but she freed herself and put her black-bordered handkerchief to her face, leaving him nonplussed, uncertain, till she turned, metamorphosed, smiling again, the handkerchief crumpled in her hand.

"Oh, come," she said, "truce—for a moment, anyway," and led him playfully to a chair beside a divan into which she nestled. She launched a battery of questions at him, about his friends, his way of living, his daily routine. She knew pages of *Relapsing Personalities* by heart, and had heard of many of his famous cures. He did not try to keep up with her, feeling his way, worried, the lover lost in the physician who could not help speculating as to why she was so restless, so ill at ease, with fingers interwining and strong limbs never still under her morning gown.

"But why so nervous?" he asked at last, quieting her ring hand which had no rings on it. "It surely isn't that—I can't flatter myself?"

"Flatter yourself?" she interrupted. "How could I flatter a career like yours, a great name like yours—"

"What there is of it you have done!"

"I have done? I? Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean," he said, leaning over her, "that what there is of good in me is you, that my work is really yours; without your image, without the memory of your free spirit breathing life into it— I mean, Sylvia—"

He stopped short in alarm, feeling instinctively for her pulse—for she had sunk back in the pillows, pale, shrunken, her hand clutching her heart.

"Quick!" she gasped, her breathing labored, "my medicine—in the napkin—with the hypodermic syringe—two pellets. Don't stop to boil the water."

Without questioning, he went as she directed, shook two tiny pellets from a glass cylinder into a spoon, melted them and drew the solution up into a small transparent syringe. In less than a minute he was back again and deftly forced the shining hypodermic needle into the arm which lay bared for him. The effect was magical. She made a low sound of satisfaction, threw her head on her arm like a child going to sleep, while her lips glistened red again, a faint flush tingeing her pallor. Michaelis waited until her restlessness had quieted and her breathing had become regular, and then, putting up his watch, went over to the breakfast-table, pulling his mustache, his forehead wrinkled. He picked up the little vial, turned it to the light, studied its finely printed label, and looked sharply over toward the divan. She was watching him lazily, with half-closed eyes, and seeing the question in his face, nodded yes to it.

"How long have you been taking it?"

She beckoned him to the divan beside her, but he moved reluctantly, and chose the chair, embarrassed and ill at ease, like a man controlled by something beyond himself.

"It did not begin until years after I was married. Oh, years and years! It was only four years ago. What I went through before—but that is neither here nor there. This began it."

She held out her left arm, which was crooked just above the wrist. "You see, it never got quite straight again. As he had been drinking, it took some time to get a doctor, and even after it was set the pain was so terrific the doctor gave me an injection. Of course, he repeated it, and—and so the wretched thing went on."

"But you must have known," Michaelis said, like a parent reproving a wayward child.

"I didn't at first. Once, after a week or so, I asked him if so much morphine wasn't dangerous. 'Not in surgery,' he laughed. 'We use it all we like." He was an *ancien interne des hôpitaux*, straight as a string, and I trusted him. Oh, Carl, you know the rest of it."

But he was now distant, formal, impersonal, trying to be the critical clinician who must find the right way and point it, even when it leads away from him.

This dismayed her, and, leaning toward him, she threw her arms about his knees, the wide sleeves of her gown touching the floor. He patted her shoulders, soothed her, and then gently released himself, urging her to tell him everything.

So she continued: "The young doctor came so often the prince became unreasonable, insane (you know what drinking men are), jealous, and forbade him the house. That was when it really began, for then I got my own outfit—Oh, must I go on? You know the story—every doctor knows it."

It was the same old story, morphine, comforter, then friend, until it changes to the brutal master, keeping its solitary, friendless slave at its feet in trembling expectation and obedience.

"I often stopped it for a week, once for thirteen days, but then, after some quarrel, the pain at the wrist would begin again. I would see the little needle shining in its case, so sure to blot out pain—and all the other things—"

"Yes, of course," Michaelis said, coldly, "but, now he is dead, why now?"

"I have tried, oh, so many times—and cannot."

Michaelis muttered, as though to some third person: "That's the brutal part of it. It rots the will so, blots the vision. It kills purpose, honor, truth—"

Catching the look of pain in her face, he stopped, while she, getting up impulsively, put both her hands on his broad shoulders, pressing them to the back of his chair, and sat down on his knee.

"Carl Michaelis," she said, "look me in the face. Is untruth there?"

He looked at her with effort, but the desire his muscles rebelled at was lurking in his eyes. "Sylvia," he said, slowly, "you might be steeped in lies, and I would never know it."

"And yet you doubt my truth—doubt me?"

He lifted her gently to the divan and stood over her. "You don't understand—you can't. You can't know or hate this thing as I do. It isn't you I doubt, but you are no longer you. A fiend has got a hold on you, perverted you, and you love him. Can't you see? It is as though you were my wife and were living with some beast who had alienated you, and while you belong to him how can you belong to me? And belonging to him, how can I trust you or believe you?"

"Oh," she said, pushing his arm from the back of the divan and sitting upright, her indignant eyes brilliant against the pallor of her face, "you are cruel, unfair. Why should you treat a physical weakness as though it were something immoral — something unclean?"

His wrists twitched with a gesture half of reproach, half of defense. "I can't help it; my experience makes me see it so. There is very little physical about it, anyway. You go away with one master, get rid of him, and take another. You haven't missed the first one much, I fancy, but when it comes to this one—"

Recognizing at last the personal motive behind the change in him, she got up with a little cry of joy and clasped his head with her hands, sinking her slim fingers in his hair, her wrists showing the tendons as she held his head firmly so he could not avoid looking down at her.

"You," she said, "a man of science, my lover, and jealous of a drug! Oh, Carl, listen! Every word I say is true. This thing has its hold on me in one way only. My character, truth, everything about me, they are not changed; they are as they always were; my vision—but free me, and you shall see the vision. No, the effect is on my body. Why, you have just seen it. It's here. This terrible gnawing anguish here." She released him and sank back on the divan, her hand to her heart.

He leaned over her anxiously, felt

her pulse, and swung away, sneering. "Oh, I know," he said, "the cardiac form. But the morphine habit takes a thousand different physical forms. It shows itself as pain when it really is desire. It can begin with the wrist and end up with the heart, or anywhere. But all forms mean the same thing. They all mean that the person lives for one thing, and for nothing else, cares for nothing if he can't have that. It's regression; it's vice; it's a dissolution of the self."

He was pacing up and down, drunk with the spirit of his own pronouncements, while, alert again, she watched him as a prisoner watches when he listens to the words of his indictment.

"Not with me," she cried. "Cure my heart and you can trust my self. Don't you suppose I hate the thing as much as you do? Don't you suppose I've tried?" She waited for an answer, but, getting none, went on, tremulously: "I have done all I could—all any woman, or man, either, could. I haven't failed; it's been the doctors who have failed; they come fast enough up to the danger line, but then they balk—refuse to see it through. The prince was hardly buried before I had the interne back to cure what he had brought about. He tried ten days, and then, 'threatened heart failure,' he said, and gave it up. Mickulitz in Prague might have done it, but he fell ill, and his assistant was a mouse. Raynaud in Paris tried, less than a month ago. He stopped in twenty-four hours, and told me never to try again. 'Keep on using it in moderation,' he said."

"In moderation, yes," Michaelis repeated, still pacing, his hands in his pockets to keep them still.

"And now," she said, "Carl, it's for some one who won't fail himself and who won't fail me; some one who loves me too much to fail me."

Michaelis started and tried to look away, but it would have taken a stronger man than he was to avoid her eyes. "I! Oh no! don't ask me that. I couldn't. I will arrange everything—see to everything—but I can't do it myself."

"But you are the only one in the world who can." She turned toward him, stretching out her arms, but he shook his head.

"But if you love me as you say you do, tell me why not, please?"

"That's the reason—because I love you." He went to her, took both her hands, spontaneous again, while she looked pleadingly at him. "Dear love, forgive me. I have been unfeeling, hard, cruel. Forgive me. But I hate it so; my profession makes me; but now I hate it ten thousand times more than ever. You do not understand. The roots of this horrid thing go into your heart, your mind, your soul—everywhere. Could I stand by and see you lacerated as they are pulled out one by one? It must be done by some stranger, some one who could forget—laugh about it, even—some one who really doesn't care. But I?—could I refuse you, when I saw you, hunted, tortured, turning your big eyes and asking me—"

"But I won't ask you," she interrupted, eagerly, tightening the grasp that still held them together.

"You wouldn't have to ask me; I would know, and I could no more refuse you— There are better men than I am, anyway. I will get Jackson, or, better still, Smythe. Smythe is fine! Scientific! Strong as an ox, and then he has been through it himself and knows what it means."

She freed her hands and threw herself face downward, sobbing, in the pillows. He put his arms about her.

"Oh, dear, dear Sylvia," he said, "have pity on me. Don't ask me. It's not a lover's work. It's a butcher's work. It's a brutal, cruel, unfeeling mastery. I would know your wishes unexpressed. You couldn't hide them so deep I wouldn't know them. I would weaken, fail; I would—I would give in—do anything—rather than see you suffer."

"Then," she said, sitting up dry-eyed, "if you refuse there is no one, can be no one. It must be some one who loves me enough to endure with me—suffer with me. Anybody else would fail. He would be like the others—he would give it up when the real struggle came. It would be so much easier."

He tried to reassure her, to encourage her; told her of Dr. Smythe's wonderful

cures. But she had become impatient, listened no longer, and got up, pushing him aside. With a quick, nervous movement, as she walked across the room, she took from her bosom a little gold frame which held his photograph, taken as a child, which she had fancied and he had given her years ago. Placing it face downward on the mantelpiece, she turned on him, the vigor of some great male ancestor behind her.

"That has always been there since you gave it to me. But I'll carry it no longer till I'm free. If I must have a master I'll not have more than one—and my master must serve me. Now—if you love me—prove it."

Michaelis walked past her to the window and looked out over the Park, at its lakes, its dotted evergreens, its long, curving driveways over which motor-cars were crawling, and far beyond, on the heights, at a white marble structure where he had made his first successes in therapeutics.

He turned and went over to the door. Sylvia, still challenging, had not quitted him with her eyes, but it was not until he had picked up his hat and coat and stood with the door half open that he turned and met them.

"To-morrow, at three," he said, quietly, as he went out.

The next afternoon, clear and crisp, his motor swept her up through the Park. She had taken half her usual quantity of the drug, and sat back deep in the soft cushions, pale and languid, eluding observation. At Seventy-second Street a rustic arbor, with thick vine trunks lacing through its peeling frame, caught her eye. The odor of wistaria came to her, memory of fifteen years ago, a night in June, two days before her wedding, when she had sat there an hour with Michaelis. It had always been a moving recollection. But now all she imagined or wished was for some one to take her and cradle her, without motive or desire, as this gentle, undulating motor was doing.

The little car, cutting the air gaily, shot up a sharp incline and, gracefully rounding the curved entrance to the hospital, slid gently under its white porch. Before it had fully come to rest Lynnhart opened its shining door.

"I'm Lynnhart," he explained, "the chief's assistant."

He carried her hand-bag, the only luggage, through the arched hallway, till the elevator door clanged behind them like the portal of a jail. On reaching a room marked "reserved" he handed the bag to a young woman with brown, curly hair, on top of which a tiny cap floated like a cobweb.

"Miss Morse will unpack it for you," Lynnhart said, gallantly.

"I see," Sylvia said, "you don't trust me."

The young doctor stammered awkwardly. "It isn't that, really it isn't. Don't be offended, please. But you see, in things like this—it's only a kind of game, you know—we don't trust anybody, we don't even trust ourselves."

Sylvia nodded knowingly as she removed her wrap and, turning the pockets inside out, handed it to the nurse, saying, "In a moment you'll undress me, won't you?" She stepped back a little, and made them both a low courtesy. "Now, friends and enemies," she said, "come on."

In the treatment of this case Michaelis reversed his usual form. He had always recommended to his students instruments of accuracy, of precision, delicate evaluations and comparisons. But he himself, too often, perhaps, brushed them aside, striving for something out of sight, out of reach, which he fancied he could reach and remedy without scaled measurement or material aid. But with Sylvia every instrument was called into service—the glittering cardiograph to register each fluttering of the heart, pulse-measuring mechanisms, and many others, filled with mirrors, batteries, and complicated springs. Everything was recorded and every record was written in a yellow-covered book, carefully charted, studied, and compared, and then locked up. And Michaelis, in his visits, which, contrary to his custom, he never made alone, preserved the calm mathematical exterior of the man of science with all his magnetism collected in his instruments and all his personal buddings frozen up.

Lynnhart, who admired most the psychic in him, neither understood nor approved this way of doing things.

"Never saw him treat a case like this before," he said one night to Hodgson, house physician, over a mug of beer. "He treats it like a proposition in geometry."

"How old is he now?" the younger man inquired, wiping a fringe of foam from his blond mustache.

"Rot! It isn't age. It's some queer streak. Something's up with him; he hasn't seen a patient in his office for a week."

The drug was slowly but inevitably withdrawn by diminutions slight in themselves, but which, taken together, soon became substantial. Sometimes, compelled by an alarming symptom or some acute distress, amounts omitted would have to be replaced. But with the re-establishment of balance they were withdrawn again, and others with them.

From the first Sylvia had shown signs of great physical prostration, and more than once Lynnhart had been obliged to call his chief in haste. Her energy and co-operation had merged into a state of restless apathy, later becoming drowsiness, until finally she was never either wide awake or fast asleep.

After four weeks, when the drug had been reduced to almost nothing, a Sunday morning was computed to be the day for the final test. The hour for the customary dose came and passed away without its being given, and for some time Sylvia showed no signs of special illness, but at five o'clock collapsed. She could not answer questions, and although the electro-cardiograph showed motion in all chambers of the heart, no fingers were deft enough to detect the pulse at the wrist. Stimulants, restoratives, heat, and all the various remedies were instantly made use of, but without effect. Michaelis was pacing up and down the room, his jaws working, his hands clenched tightly, when Lynnhart came up to him, walking with him, following him, saying, "For God's sake, chief, give her some morphine!"

Michaelis shook him off.

"Only try it—an eighth—a quarter—that is nothing; it will give her a chance; then begin the cure again—to-morrow—next day—as soon as this is over."

Without looking Michaelis answered: "No, no. It's now or never. But it's too much to carry, too much for any man to carry."

Lynnhart, standing by Michaelis but looking at the bed, his homely face convulsed, at last said, "Please excuse me—but this is awful. May I call Smythe?"

He dashed from the room without waiting for an answer, and was almost instantly back again with Smythe, the other physician to the hospital, who happened to be on his rounds.

Smythe was a man of fifty, seeming years younger, whose honest blue eyes looked so straight ahead they sometimes missed things lurking on the side. Square of jaw and of shoulder, he made his decisions promptly, and action soon followed; with him it was black or white, A or not A, plus or minus, with no place for half-way measures. Lynnhart told him the history and read the records, while Michaelis stood by the bedside, seeing only Sylvia.

Smythe cleared his throat and stroked his powerful knotted neck, a trick he had made use of for years, unknown to himself, to call attention to his manly fiber. He listened to the heart and shook his head, raised the eyelids to meet a dull stare; lifted an arm, which, when he released it, fell back lifeless on the bed.

"Well," he said, looking about as though appealing to a larger audience, "is there any question, any doubt? Cardiac asthenia from lack of morphine. Heart won't beat without its tonic. Ergo, give it to her."

"But—" Michaelis objected.

Smythe showed a little glitter of anger in his clear eyes.

"'But'?" he repeated. "There is no room for 'buts.' It's as plain as day. The cardiac form of morphinism. Morphine is indispensable. Try this fresh solution on her and she'll be around in twenty minutes. See if she isn't."

Michaelis mechanically took the bottle which Smythe pressed on him. "But I promised to cure her," he said.

The consultant's face broadened with astonishment. "Cure her? Man alive, are you crazy? Can't you see the woman is almost dead? It's nip and tuck even now, but a quarter of morphine may save her. If that doesn't—" He stopped, snapping his fingers in the air.

The two men walked to the door, Smythe looking back at Sylvia.

"Incurable—more's the pity. Must have been a fine-looking woman," and, leaving, he patted Michaelis's arm. "Don't take it so hard, old man," he said. "It's not your fault, but it would be if you kept on. We doctors have no right to jockey with life and death."

Lynnhart went with him toward the elevator, while Michaelis, hanging the sign "Do not enter" outside the room, went in and shut the door. He listened to the heart again, and the sweat started on his forehead; whispered in her ear, and got no answer. He sat a moment irresolute, then taking a hypodermic from his pocket he drew the syringe half-full of the solution of morphine and lifted up her sleeve. Her bare arm, tapering to a round wrist, lying motionless and turned slightly outward, seemed to carry a mute appeal, a trusting confidence. It recalled his steady vision of her, with right hand beckoning in the air, pointing onward, upward. And this brought another picture of the woman he loved as the hopeless slave to a treacherous drug; a recluse, an egotist, condemned for her short span of life to unsatisfying and suicidal self-indulgence.

For some minutes he sat there, held motionless by two sets of conflicting impulses. Then he touched his lips to her forehead and, righting himself, pressed the piston of the syringe, and sent a tiny stream of fluid sputtering across the room.

He fell on his knees to the floor, both arms extended, beside her, holding her outstretched hand. He waited an hour, perhaps longer; he never knew how long. At last a quiver ran through her eyelids, a bit of dusky color mounted to the cheeks, and her hand, which had lain so long still in his, gave a faint pressure. Her lips moved, and he put his ear close to them, and of the few words she murmured one sounded to him like "master." Then she turned away and dropped off to sleep.

He began to pace the floor, coughing at intervals, wiping his face with his handkerchief, dusting lint from his coat, until finally, in answer to the electric bell, Lynnhart stood framed in the doorway. Michaelis held up his hand in warning.

"The crisis is over," he said. "You watch her; I sha'n't be back till eight."

Lynnhart, his horselike face bursting into smiles, reached the bed in a step and grasped her wrist. "By George!" he cried, unable to contain himself, "that did the trick."

Michaelis coughed. "It's a tricky drug," he said, as he went out and closed the door.

God's Will

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

GOD meant me to be hungry,
So I should seek to find
Wisdom, and truth, and beauty,
To satisfy my mind.

God meant me to be lonely,
Lest I should wish to stay
In some green earthly Eden
Too long from heaven away.

God meant me to be weary,
That I should yearn to rest
This feeble, aching body
Deep in the earth's dark breast.

The Coryston Family

A NOVEL

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER XIII

MARION ATHERSTONE sat sewing in the cottage garden. Uncertain weather had left the grass wet, and she had carried her work-table into the shelter of a small summer-house, whence the whole plain, drawn in purple and blue on the pale grounding of its chalk soil, could be seen—east, west, and north. Serried ranks, line above line, of purplish cloud girded the horizon, each circle of the great amphitheater rising from its shadowy foundations into pearly white and shining gray, while the topmost series of all soared in snowy majesty upon a sea of blue, above the far-spread woods and fields. From these hills the Dane in his high clearings had looked out upon the unbroken forests below, and John Hampden had ridden down with his yeomen to find death at Chalgrove Field.

Marion was an Englishwoman to the core, and not ill-read. From this post of hers she knew a hundred landmarks, churches, towns, hills, which spoke significantly of Englishmen and their doings. But one white patch in particular, on an upland not three miles from the base of the hills, drew back her eyes and thoughts perpetually.

The patch was Knatchett, and she was thinking of Lord Coryston. She had not seen him for a week; though a stout packet of his letters lay within, in a drawer reserved to things she valued; but she was much afraid that, as usual, he had been the center of stormy scenes in the north, and had come back embittered in spirit. And now, since he had returned, there had been this defiance of Lady Coryston, and this planting of the Baptist flag under the very nose of the old church of Coryston Major. Marion Atherstone shook her head over it, in spite of the humorous account of the defeat of Lady Coryston which her father had given to the Chancellor, at their little dinner of the night before, and those deep laughs which had shaken the ample girth of Glenwilliam.

. . . Ah!—the blind was going up. Marion had her eyes on a particular window in the little house to her right. It was the window of Enid Glenwilliam's room. Though the church clock below had struck eleven, and the bell for morning service had ceased to ring, Miss Glenwilliam was not yet out of bed. Marion had stayed at home from church that she might enjoy her friend's society, and the friend had only just been called. Well, it was Enid's way; and, after all, who could wonder? The excitement of that huge meeting of the night before was still tingling even in Marion's quiet, Conservative veins. She had not been carried away by Glenwilliam's eloquence at all; she had thought him a wonderful, tawdry, false man of genius, not unlikely to bring himself and England to ruin. All the same, he must be an exhausting man for a daughter to live with; and a daughter who adored him. She did not grudge Enid her rest.

Ah, there was the little gate opening! Somehow she had expected the opener —though he had disappeared abruptly from the meeting the night before, and had given no promise that he would come.

Coryston walked up the garden path, looking about him suspiciously. At sight of Marion he took off his cap; she gave him her hand, and he sat down beside her.

"Nobody else about? What a blessing!"

She looked at him with mild reproach.

"My father and the Chancellor are gone for a walk. Enid is not yet down."

"Why? She is perfectly well. If she

were a workman's wife, and had to get up at six o'clock, get his breakfast and wash the children, it would do her a world of good."

"How do you know? You are always judging people, and it helps nothing."

"Yes, it does. One must form opinions—or burst. I can tell you, I judged Glenwilliam last night, as I sat listening to him."

"Father thought it hardly one of his best speeches," said Marion, cautiously.

"Sheer wallowing claptrap, wasn't it! I was ashamed of him, and sick of Liberalism, as I sat there. I'll go and join the Primrose League."

Marion lifted her blue eyes and laughed—with her finger on her lip.

"Hush! She might hear." She pointed to the half-open window on the first floor.

"And a good thing, too," growled Coryston. "She adores him—and makes him worse. Why can't he *work* at these things — or why can't his secretaries prime him decently! He makes blunders that would disgrace an undergraduate—and doesn't care a rap—so long as a hallful of fools cheer him."

"You usen't to talk like this!"

"No—because I had illusions," was the sharp reply. "Glenwilliam was one of them. Land!—what does he know about land?—what does a miner—who won't learn! — know about farming? Why, that man—that fellow, John Betts"—he pointed to the Hoddon Grey woods on the edge of the plain—"whom the Newburys are driving out of his job, because he picked a woman out of the dirt—just like these Christians!—John Betts knows more about land in his little finger than Glenwilliam's whole body! Yet, if you saw them together, you'd see Glenwilliam patronizing and browbeating him, and Betts not allowed a look in. I'm sick of it! I'm off to Canada with Betts."

Marion looked up.

"I thought it was to be the Primrose League."

"You like catching me out," said Coryston, grimly. "But I assure you I'm pretty downhearted."

"You expect too much," said Marion, softly, distressed, as she spoke, to notice his frayed collar and cuffs and the tear in his coat pocket. "And," she added, firmly, "you should make Mrs. Potifer mend your coat."

"She's another disillusion. She's idle and dirty. And Potifer never does a stroke of work if he can help it. Moral—don't bother your head about martyrs. There's generally some excellent reason for martyrizing them."

He broke off, looking at her with a clouded brow.

"Marion!"

She turned with a start, the color flooding her plain, pleasant face.

"Yes—Lord Coryston!"

"If you're so critical of my clothes, why don't you come and look after them and me?"

She gasped—then recovered herself.

"I've never been asked," she said, quietly.

"Asked! Haven't you been scolding and advising me for weeks? Is there a detail of my private or public life that you don't meddle with—as it pleases you? Half a dozen times a day, when I'm with you, you make me feel myself a fool or a brute. And then I go home and write you abject letters—and apologize—and explain. Do you think I'd do it for any other woman in the world? Do you dare to say you don't know what it means?"

He brought his threatening face closer to hers, his blue eyes one fiery accusation. Marion resumed her work, her lip twitching.

"I didn't know I was both a busybody—and a Pharisee!"

"Hypocrite!" he said, with energy. His hand leaped out and captured hers. But she withdrew it.

"My dear friend—if you wish to resume this conversation—it must be at another time. I haven't been able to tell you before; I didn't know it myself till late last night, when Enid told me. Your mother—Lady Coryston—will be here in half an hour—to see Enid."

He stared.

"My mother! So *that's* what she's been up to!"

"She seems to have asked Enid some days ago for an interview. My father's taken Mr. Glenwilliam out of the way, and I shall disappear shortly."

"And what the deuce is going to happen?"

Marion replied that she had no idea. Enid had certainly been seeing a great deal of Arthur Coryston; London, her father reported, was full of talk; and Miss Atherstone thought that from his manner the Chancellor knew very well what was going on.

"And can't stick it?" cried Coryston, his eyes shining. "Glenwilliam has his faults, but I don't believe he'll want Arthur for a son-in-law—even with the estates. And of course he has no chance of getting both Arthur and the estates."

"Because of your mother?"

Coryston nodded. "So there's another strong man—a real big 'un!—dependent, like Arthur and me—on the whim of a woman. It'll do Glenwilliam nothing but good. He belongs to a class that's too fond of beating its wives. Well, well—so my mother's coming!" He glanced round the little house and garden. "Look here!"—he bent forward peremptorily—"you'll see that Miss Glenwilliam treats her decently?"

Marion's expression showed a certain bewilderment.

"I wouldn't trust that girl!" Coryston went on, with vehemence. "She's got something cruel in the eyes."

"Cruel! Why, Lady Coryston's coming—"

"To trample on her? Of course. I know that. But any fool can see that the game will be Miss Glenwilliam's. She'll have my mother in a cleft stick. I'm not sure I oughtn't to be somewhere about. Well, well, I'll march. When shall we 'resume the conversation,' as you put it?"

He looked at her, smiling. Marion colored again, and her nervous movement upset the work-basket; balls of cotton and wool rolled upon the grass.

"Oh!" She bent to pick them up.

"Don't touch them!" cried Coryston. She obeyed instantly, while, on hands and knees, he gathered them up and placed them in her hand.

"Would you like to upset them again? Do, if you like! I'll pick them up." His eyes mocked her tenderly, and before she could reply he had seized her disengaged hand and kissed it. Then he stood up.

"Now I'm going. Good-by."

"How much mischief will you get into to-day?" she asked, in a rather stifled voice.

"It's Sunday—so there isn't so much chance as usual. First item"—he checked them on his fingers—"Go to Redcross Farm, see Betts, and—if necessary—have a jolly row with Edward Newbury—or his papa. Second.—Blow up Price—my domestic blacksmith—you know!—the socialist apostle I rescued from my mother's clutches and set up at Patchett, forge and all—blow him up sky-high for evicting a widow woman in a cottage left him by his brother, with every circumstance of barbarity. There's a parable called, I believe, 'The Unjust Servant,' which I intend to rub into him. Item No. 3.—Pitch into the gentleman who turned out the man who voted for Arthur—the Radical miller—Martover gent—who's coming to see me at three this afternoon, to ask what the deuce I mean by spreading reports about him. Shall have a ripping time with him!"

"Why, he's one of the Baptists who were on the platform with you yesterday." Marion pointed to the local paper lying on the grass.

"Don't care. Don't like Baptists, except when they're downtrodden." A vicious kick given to a stone on the lawn emphasized the remark. "Well, good-by. Shall look in at Coryston this afternoon to see if there's anything left of my mother."

And off he went whistling. As he did so the head and profile of a young lady richly adorned with red-gold hair might have been seen in the upper window. The owner of it was looking after Coryston.

"Why didn't you make him stay?" said Enid Glenwilliam, composedly, as she came out upon the lawn and took a seat on the grass in front of the summer-house.

"On the contrary, I sent him away."

"By telling him whom we were expecting? Was it news to him?"

"Entirely. He hoped you would treat Lady Coryston kindly." Then, with a sudden movement, Marion looked up from her mending, and her eyes—

challenging, a little stern—struck full on her companion.

Enid laughed, and settling herself into the garden chair, she straightened and smoothed the folds of her dress, which was of a pale-blue crêpe and suited her tall fairness and brilliance to perfection.

"That's good!—I shouldn't have minded his staying at all."

"You promised to see Lady Coryston alone—and she has a right to it," said Marion, with emphasis.

"Has she?—I wonder if she has a right to anything," said Enid Glenwilliam, absently, and lifting a stalk of grass, she began to chew it in silence, while her gaze wandered over the view.

"Have you at all made up your mind, Enid, what you are going to say?"

"How can I till I know what *she's* going to say?" laughed Miss Glenwilliam, teasingly.

"But of course you know perfectly well."

"Is it so plain that no Conservative mother could endure me? But I admit it's not very likely Lady Coryston could. She is the living, distilled essence of Conservative mothers. The question is, mightn't she have to put up with me?"

"I do not believe you care for Arthur Coryston," said Marion, with slow decision; "and if you don't care for him you ought not to marry him."

"Oh, but you forget a lot of things!" was the cool reply. "You simplify a deal too much."

"Are you any nearer caring for him—really—than you were six weeks ago?"

"He's a very—nice—dear fellow." The girl's face softened. "And it would be even sweeter to dish the pack of fortune-hunting mothers who are after him, now, than it was six weeks ago."

"Enid!"

"Can't help it, dear. I'm made like that. I see all the ugly, shabby little sides of it—the 'scores' I should make—the snubs I should have to put up with—the tricks Lady Coryston would certainly play on us. How I should love fighting her! In six months Arthur would be my father's private secretary."

"You would despise him if he were!"

"Yes, I suppose I should. But it would be I who would write his speeches for him then—and they'd make Lady Coryston sit up! Ah!—didn't you hear something?"

A distant humming on the hill leading to the house became audible.

Marion Atherstone rose.

"It sounds like a motor. You'll have the garden quite to yourselves. I'll see that nobody interrupts you."

Enid nodded. But before Marion had gone half across the lawn she came quickly back again.

"Remember, Enid," her voice pleaded, "his mother's devoted to him. Don't make a quarrel between them—unless you must." Enid smiled, and lightly kissed the face bending over her.

"Did Lord Coryston tell you to say that?"

Marion departed, silenced.

Enid Glenwilliam waited. While the humming noise drew nearer she lifted the local paper from the ground and looked eagerly at the account of the Martover meeting. The paper was a Radical paper, and it had blossomed into its biggest head-lines for the Chancellor: "Chancellor goes for the Landlords"—"Crushing attack"—"Tories writhe under it"—"Frantic applause!"

She put it down, half contemptuous, half pleased. She had grown accustomed to the mouthings of party politics, and could not do without them. But her brain was not taken in by them. "Father was not so good as usual last night," she said to herself. "But nobody else would have been half so good!" she added, with a fierce protectiveness.

And in that spirit she rose to meet the stately lady in black whom the Atherstones' maid-servant was showing across the garden.

"Miss Glenwilliam, I believe?"

Lady Coryston paused and put up her eyeglass. Enid Glenwilliam advanced, holding out her hand.

"How do you do, Lady Coryston?"

The tone was gay, even amused. Lady Coryston realized at once she was being scanned by a very sharp pair of eyes, and that their owner was, or seemed to be, in no sort of embarrassment. The first advantage, indeed, had been gained by the younger woman. Lady Coryston had approached her with the formality of a stranger. Enid Glen-

william's easy greetings suggested that they had already met in many drawing-rooms.

Miss Glenwilliam offered a seat.

"Are you afraid of the grass? We could easily go indoors."

"Thank you. This does very well. It was very kind of you to say you would see me."

"I was delighted—of course."

There was a moment's pause. The two women observed each other. Lady Coryston had taken Marion's chair, and sat erect upon it. Her face, with its large and still handsome features, its prominent eyes and determined mouth, was well framed in a black hat, of which the lace strings were tied under her chin. Her flowing dress and scarf of some thin black material, delicately embroidered with jet, were arranged, as usual, with a view to the only effect she ever cared to make, the effect of the great lady, in command—clearly—of all possible resources, while far too well-bred to indulge in display or ostentation.

Enid Glenwilliam's blood had quickened, in spite of her apparent ease. She had taken up an ostrich-feather fan—traditional weapon of the sex — and waved it slowly to and fro, while she waited for her visitor to speak.

"Miss Glenwilliam!—" began Lady Coryston—"You must no doubt have thought it a strange step that I should ask you for this conversation?"

The tone of this sentence was slightly interrogative, and the girl on the grass nodded gravely.

"But I confess it seemed to me the best and most straightforward thing to do. I am accustomed to go to the point, when a matter has become serious; and I hate shilly-shallying. You, we all know, are very clever, and have much experience of the world. You will, I am sure, prefer that I should be frank."

"Certainly," smiled Enid, "if I only knew what the matter was!"

Lady Coryston's tone became a trifle colder.

"That I should have thought was obvious. You have been seeing a great deal of my son, Miss Glenwilliam; your —your friendship with him has been very conspicuous of late; and I have it from himself that he is in love with you, and either has asked you, or will ask you, to marry him."

"He has asked me several times," said the girl, quietly. Then, suddenly, she laughed. "I came away with my father this week-end, that I might, if possible, prevent his asking me again!"

"Then you have refused him?" The voice was indiscreetly eager.

"So far."

"So far? May I ask—does that mean that you yourself are still undecided?"

"I have as yet said nothing final to him."

Lady Coryston paused a few seconds, to consider the look presented to her, and then said, with emphasis:

"If that is so, it is fortunate that we are able to have this talk—at this moment. For I wish, before you take any final decision, to lay before you what the view of my son's family must inevitably be of such a marriage."

"The view of Lord Coryston and yourself?" said Miss Glenwilliam, in her most girlish voice.

"My son Coryston and I have at present no interests in common," was Lady Coryston's slightly tart reply. "That, I should have thought, considering his public utterances, and the part which I have always taken in politics, was sufficiently evident."

Her companion, without speaking, bent over the sticks of the fan, which her long fingers were engaged in straightening.

"No!—when I speak of the family," resumed Lady Coryston, "I must for the present, unfortunately, look upon myself as the only sure guardian of its traditions; but that I intend to be—while I live. And I can only regard a marriage between my son and yourself as undesirable—not only for my son—but first and foremost, Miss Glenwilliam for yourself."

"And why?"

Laying down the fan upon her knee, the young lady now applied her nimble fingers to smoothing the white and curling tips of the feathers.

The color rushed into Lady Coryston's lightly wrinkled cheeks.

"Because it rarely or never answers that persons from such different worlds, holding such different opinions, and with such different antecedents, should

marry," she said, firmly. "Because I could not welcome you as a daughter—and because a marriage with you would disastrously affect the prospects of my son."

"I wonder what you mean by 'such different worlds?'" said Miss Glenwilliam, with what seemed an innocent astonishment. "Arthur and I always go to the same dances."

Lady Coryston's flush deepened angrily. She had some difficulty in keeping her voice in order.

"I think you understand what I mean. I don't wish to be the least rude."

"Of course not. But—is it my birth, or my poverty, that you most dislike?"

"Poverty has nothing to do with it—nothing at all. I have never considered money in connection with Arthur's marriage, and never shall."

"Because you have so much of it?" Lifting her broad, white brow from the fan on her knee, Enid turned the astonishing eyes beneath it on the lady in black sitting beside her. And for the first time the lady in black was conscious of the malice lurking in that soft voice of the speaker.

"That, perhaps, would be your way of explaining it. In any case, I repeat, money has nothing to do with the present case. But, Miss Glenwilliam, my son belongs to a family that has fought for its convictions—"

At this the younger lady shot a satiric glance at the elder, which for the moment interrupted a carefully prepared sentence.

Enid was thinking of a casual remark of her father's made that morning at breakfast—"Oh, yes, the Corystons are an old family. They were Whigs as long as there were any bones to pick on that side. Then Pitt bought the first Lord Coryston—in his earliest batch of peers—with the title and a fat post—something to do with the navy. That was the foundation of their money—then came the Welsh coal—et cetera."

But she kept her recollections to herself. Lady Coryston went on—

"We have stood for generations for certain principles. We are proud of them. My husband died in them. I have devoted my life to them. They are the principles of the Conservative party. Our eldest son, as of course you know, departed from them. My dear husband did not flinch; and instead of leaving the estates to Coryston, he left them to me—as trustee, for the political faith he believed in; that faith of which your father has been—excuse my frankness, it is really best for us both!—and is now the principal enemy. I then had to decide, when I was left a widow, to whom the estates were to go on my death. Painful as it was, I decided that my trust did not allow me to leave them to Coryston. I made Arthur my heir three months ago."

"How very interesting!" said the listener behind the fan. Lady Coryston could not see her face.

"But it is only fair to him and to you"—Arthur's mother continued with increased deliberation—"that I should say frankly, now that this crisis has arisen, that if you and Arthur marry, it is impossible that Arthur should inherit his father's estates. A fresh disposition of them will have to be made."

Enid Glenwilliam dropped the fan and looked up. Her color had gone.

"Because—Lady Coryston—I am my father's daughter?"

"Because you would bring into our family, principles wholly at variance with our traditions—and I should be false to my trust if I allowed it." The conscious dignity of pose and voice fitted the solemnity of these final words.

There was a slight pause.

"Then—if Arthur married me—he would be a pauper?" said the girl, bending forward.

"He has a thousand a year."

"That's very disturbing! I shall have to consider everything again."

Lady Coryston moved nervously.

"I don't understand you."

"What I *couldn't* have done, Lady Coryston, would have been to come into Arthur's family as in any way dependent on his mother!"

The girl's eyes shone. Lady Coryston had also paled.

"I couldn't of course expect that you would have any friendly feeling toward me," she said, after a moment.

"No—you couldn't—you couldn't indeed!"

Enid Glenwilliam sprang up, entered

the summer-house, and stood over her visitor, lightly leaning forward, her hands supporting her on a rustic table that stood between them, her breath fluttering.

"Yes—perhaps now I could marry him—perhaps now I could!" she repeated. "So long as I wasn't your dependent—so long as we had a free life of our own—and knew exactly where we stood, with nothing to fear or to hope—the situation might be faced. We might hope, too—father and I—to bring *our* ideas and *our* principles to bear upon Arthur. I believe he would adopt them. He has never had any ideas of his own. You have made him take yours. But of course it seems inconceivable to you that we should set any store by *our* principles. You think all I want is money. Well, I am like anybody else. I know the value of money. I like money and luxury, and pretty things. I have been sorely tempted to let Arthur marry me as he has once or twice proposed, at the nearest registry office, and present you next day with the *fait accompli*—to take or leave. I believe you would have surrendered to the *fait accompli*—yes, I believe you would! Arthur was convinced that, after sulking a little, you would forgive him. Well, but then—I looked forward—to the months—or years—in which I should be courting—flattering—propitiating you—giving up my own ideas, perhaps, to take yours—turning my back on my father—on my old friends—on my party—for *money!* Oh yes, I should be quite capable of it. At least, I dare say I should. And I just funked it!—I had the grace—the conscience—to funk it. I apologize for the slang—I can't express it any other way. And now you come and say, 'Engage yourself to him—and I'll disinherit him *at once*.' That makes the thing look clean and square!—that tempts the devil in one—or the angel—I don't know which. I like Arthur. I should get a great many social advantages by marrying him, whatever you may do or say; and a thousand a year to me looks a great deal more than it does to you. But then, you see, my father began life as a pitboy!—Yes, I think it might be done!"

The speaker raised herself to her full height, and stood with her hands behind her, gazing at Lady Coryston.

In the eyes of that poor lady the Chancellor's daughter had suddenly assumed the aspect of some glittering, avenging fate. At last Lady Coryston understood something of the power, the spell, there was in this girl for whom her son had deserted her; at last she perceived, despairingly perceived, her strange beauty. The long, thin mouth, now breathing scorn, the short chin, and prominent cheek-bones denied Enid Glenwilliam any conventional right indeed to that great word. But the loveliness of the eyes and hair, of the dark brows, sustaining the broad and delicate forehead, the pale rose and white of the skin, the setting of the head, her wonderful tallness and slenderness, these, instinct as the whole woman was, at the moment, with a passion of defiance, made of her a dazzling and formidable creature. Lady Coryston beheld her father in her; she seemed to feel the touch, the terror of Glenwilliam.

Bewilderment and unaccustomed weakness overtook Lady Coryston. It was some moments before, under the girl's threatening eyes, she could speak at all. Then she said, with difficulty:

"You may marry my son, Miss Glenwilliam—but you do not love him! That is perfectly plain. You are prepared none the less, apparently, to wreck his happiness and mine, in order—"

"I don't love him? Ah! that's another story altogether! Do I love him? I don't know. Honestly, I don't know. I don't believe I am as capable of falling in love as other girls are—or say they are. I like him, and get on with him—and I might marry him; I might—have—married him," she repeated, slowly, "partly to have the sweetness, Lady Coryston, of punishing you for the slight you offered my father!—and partly for other things. But you see there is some one else to be considered—"

The girl dropped into a chair, and looked across the table at her visitor with a sudden change of mood and voice.

"You say you won't have it, Lady Coryston. Well, that doesn't decide it for me—and it wouldn't decide it for Arthur. But there's some one else won't have it."



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"YES—PERHAPS NOW I COULD MARRY HIM!"

A pause. Miss Glenwilliam took up the fan again, and played with it, considering.

"My father came to my room last night," she said, at last, "in order to speak to me about it. 'Enid,' he said, 'don't marry that man!—he's a good-enough fellow—but he'll drive a wedge into our life. We can't find a use for him—you and I. He'll divide us, my girl—and it isn't worth it—you don't love him!" And we had a long talk—and at last I told him—I wouldn't—I *wouldn't!* So you see, Lady Coryston, if I don't marry your son, it's not because you object—but because my father—whom you insulted—doesn't wish me to enter your family—doesn't approve of a marriage with your son—and has persuaded me against it!"

Lady Coryston stared into the face of the speaker, and quailed before the flash of something primitive and savage in the eyes that met her own. Under the sting of it, however, she found a first natural and moving word, as she slowly rose from her seat:

"You love your father, Miss Glenwilliam. You might remember that I, too, love my son—and there was never a rough word between us till he knew you."

She wavered a little, gathering up her dress. And the girl perceived that she had grown deadly white, and was suddenly ashamed of her own vehemence. She too rose.

"I'm sorry, Lady Coryston. I've been a brute. But when I think of my father, and those who hate him—I see red. I had no business to say some of the things I have said. But it's no good apologizing. Let me, however, just say this: Please be careful, Lady Coryston, about your son. He's in love with me—and I'm very, *very* sorry for him. Let me write to him first—before you speak to him. I'll write—as kindly as I can. But I warn you—it 'll hurt him—and he may visit it on you—for all I can say. When will he be at Coryston?"

"To-night."

"I will send a letter over to-morrow morning. Is your car waiting?"

They moved across the lawn together, not speaking a word. Lady Coryston entered the car. Enid Glenwilliam made her a low bow, almost a courtesy, which the elder lady acknowledged; and the car started.

Enid came back to the summer-house, sat down by the table, and buried her face in her hands.

After a little while, a hurried step was heard approaching the summer-house. She looked up and saw her father. The Chancellor's burly form filled up the door of the little house. His dark, gipsy face looked down with amusement upon his daughter.

"Well, Enid, how did you get through? Did she trample on you?—did she scratch and spit? I wager she got as good as she gave! Why, what's the matter, my girl? Are you upset?"

Enid got up, struggling for composure.

"I—I behaved like a perfect fiend."

"Did you?" The Chancellor's laughter filled the summer-house. "The old harridan! At last somebody has told her the truth. The idea of her breaking in upon you here!—to threaten you I suppose with all sorts of pains and penalties, if you married her precious son. You gave her what for. Why, Enid, what's the matter?—don't be a fool, my dear! You don't regret him?"

"No." He put his arm tenderly round her, and she leaned against him. Suddenly she drew herself up and kissed him.

"I shall never marry, father. It's you and I, isn't it, against the world?"

"Half the world," said Glenwilliam, laughing. "There's a jolly big half on our side, my dear, and lots of good fellows in it for you to marry." He looked at her with proud affection.

She shook her head, slipped her hand in his, and they walked back to the house together.

CHAPTER XIV

THE state of mind in which Lady Coryston drove home from the Atherstones' cottage would have seemed to most people unreasonable. She had obtained — apparently — everything for which she had set out; and yet there she was, smarting and bruised through all her being, like one who has suffered intolerable humiliation and defeat. A woman of her type and class is so well sheltered as a rule from the roughnesses

of life, so accustomed to the deference of her neighbors, that to be handled as Enid Glenwilliam had handled her victim destroys for the time nerve and self-respect. Lady Coryston felt as if she had been physically as well as morally beaten, and could not get over it. She sat, white and shaken, in the darkness of a closed motor, the prey of strange terrors. She would not see Arthur that night! He was only to return late, and she would not risk it. She must have a night's rest, indeed, before grappling with him. She was not herself, and the violence of that extraordinary girl had upset her. Conscious of a very rapid pulse, she remembered for a moment, unwillingly, certain warnings that her doctor had given her before she left town. She shrank physically, instinctively, from the thought of any further emotion or excitement that day—till she had had a good night. Ever since the angry scene with Arthur three weeks before she had been conscious of bodily and mental strain.

Which perhaps accounted for the feeling of irritation with which she perceived the figure of her daughter standing on the steps of Coryston House, beside Sir Wilfrid Bury. Marcia had come to her that morning with some tiresome story about the Newburys and the divorced woman Mrs. Betts.

The car drew up at the steps, and Marcia and Sir Wilfrid awaited it. Even preoccupied as she was, Lady Coryston could not help noticing that Marcia was subdued and silent. She asked her mother no questions, and after helping Lady Coryston to alight she went quickly into the house. It vaguely crossed the mother's mind that her daughter was depressed or annoyed —perhaps with her? But she could not stop to think about it.

Sir Wilfrid, however, followed Lady Coryston into the drawing-room.

"What have you been doing?" he asked her, smiling, taking the liberty of an old friend and co-executor. "I think I guess!"

She looked at him somberly.

"She won't marry him! But not a word to Arthur, please—not a word—till I give you leave. I have gone through—a great deal."

Her look of weakness and exhaustion did indeed strike him painfully. He put out his hand and pressed hers.

"Well, so far, so good," he said, gravely. "It must be a great relief to your mind." Then in another and a lower tone he added, "Poor old boy!"

Lady Coryston made no reply except to say that she must get ready for luncheon. She left the room just as Sir Wilfrid perceived a rider on a bay horse approaching through the park, and recognized Edward Newbury.

"Handsome fellow!"—he thought as he watched him from the window—"and sits his horse uncommonly well. Why doesn't that girl fly to meet him? They used to in my days."

But Newbury dismounted with only a footman to receive him, and Marcia did not appear till the gong had rung for luncheon.

Sir Wilfrid's social powers were severely taxed to keep that meal going. Lady Coryston sat almost entirely silent and ate nothing. Marcia, too, ate little and talked less. Newbury indeed had arrived in radiant spirits, bringing a flamboyant account of Marcia's trousseau which he had extracted from a weekly paper, and prepared to tease her thereon. But he could scarcely get the smallest rise out of her, and presently he too fell silent, throwing uneasy glances at her from time to time. Her black hair and eyes were more than usually striking, by contrast with a very simple and unadorned white dress; but for beauty, her face required animation; it could be all but plain in moments of languor or abstraction; and Sir Wilfrid marveled that a girl's secret instinct did not save her from presenting herself so unattractively to her lover.

Newbury, it appeared, had spent the preceding night in what Sir Wilfrid obstinately called a "monkery"—*alias* the house of an Anglican brotherhood or Community—the Community of the Ascension, of which Newbury's great friend Father Brierly was Superior. In requital for Newbury's teasing of Marcia, Sir Wilfrid would have liked to tease Newbury a little on the subject of the "monkery." But Newbury most dexterously evaded him. He would laugh, but not at the hosts he had just quitted;

and through all his bantering good temper there could be felt the throb of some deep feeling which was not allowed to express itself. "Damned queer eyes!" was Bury's inward comment as he happened once to observe Newbury's face during a pause of silence. "Half in a dream all the time—even when the fellow's looking at his sweetheart."

After luncheon, Marcia made a sign, and she and Newbury slipped away. They wandered out beyond the lake into a big wood, where great pools of pink willow-herb, in its open spaces, caught the light as it struck through the gray trunks of the beeches. Newbury found a seat for Marcia on a fallen trunk, and threw himself beside her. The world seemed to have been all washed by the thunder-storm of the night before; the odors of grass, earth, and fern were steaming out into the summer air. The wood was alive with the hum of innumerable insects, which had become audible and dominant with the gradual silencing of the birds. In the half-cut hay-fields the machines stood at rest; rarely, an interlaced couple could be dimly seen for a moment on some distant footpath of the park; sometimes a partridge called or a jay screamed; otherwise a Sabbath stillness — as it seemed to Marcia, a Sabbath dreariness —held the scene.

Newbury put up his arms, drew her down to him, and kissed her passionately. She yielded; but it was more yielding than response; and again he was conscious of misgiving as at luncheon.

"Darling!—is there anything wrong—anything that troubles you?" he said, anxiously. "Do you think I've forgotten you for one moment, while I've been away?"

"Yes—while you were asleep." She smiled shyly, while her fingers caressed his.

"Wrong!—quite wrong!—I dreamed of you both nights. And oh, dearest, I thought of you last night."

"Where—when?" Her voice was low —a little embarrassed.

"In chapel—the chapel at Blackmount—at Benediction."

She looked puzzled.

"What is Benediction?"

"A most beautiful service, though of late origin,—which, like fools, we have let the Romans monopolize. The Bishops bar it, but in private chapels like our own, or Blackmount, they can't interfere. To me, yesterday evening"—his voice fell—"it was like the gate of heaven. I longed to have you there."

She made no reply. Her brow knitted a little. He went on:

"Of course a great deal of what is done at places like Blackmount is not recognized—yet. To some of the services—to Benediction, for instance—the public is not admitted. But the brothers keep every rule—of the strictest observance. I was present last night at the recitation of the Night Office—most touching!—most solemn! and—my darling!"—he pressed her hand, while his face lit up—"I want to ask you—though I hardly dare—would you give me—would you give me the greatest joy you could give me, before our marriage? Father Brierly—my old friend—would give us both Communion, on the morning of our wedding—in the little chapel of the Brotherhood, in Red Street, Soho, —just us two alone. Would it be too much for you, too tiring?" His voice was tenderness itself. "I would come for you at half-past seven—nobody but your mother would know. And then afterward — afterward! — we will go through with the great ceremony—and the crowds—and the bridesmaids. Your mother tells me it's to be Henry the Seventh's chapel,—isn't it? But first, we shall have received our Lord, we two alone, into our hearts—to feed upon Him forever!"

There was silence. He had spoken with an imploring gentleness and humility, yet nevertheless with a tender confidence which did not escape the listener. And again a sudden terror seized on Marcia—as though behind the lover she perceived something priestly, directive, compelling — something that threatened her very self. She drew back.

"Edward! — ought you — to take things for granted about me—like this?"

His face, with its "illuminated," exalted look, scarcely changed.

"I don't take anything for granted, dearest. I only put it before you. I talked it over with Brierly—he sent you a message—"

"But I don't know him!" cried Marcia. "And I don't know that I want to know him. I'm not sure I think as you do, Edward. You assume that I do —but indeed — indeed — my mind is often in confusion—great confusion—I don't know what to think—about many things."

"The Church decides for us, darling —that is the great comfort—the great strength."

"But what Church? Everybody chooses his own, it seems to me! And you know that that Roman priest who was at Hoddon Grey the other day thinks you just as much in the wrong as —well, as he'd think me!—*me*, even!" She gave a little tremulous laugh. Then, with a quick movement she sat erect. Her great, dark eyes fixed him eagerly. "And, Edward, I've got something so different, so very different to talk to you about! I've been so unhappy—all night, all to-day. I've been pining for you to come—and then afraid what you'd say—"

She broke off, her lips parting eagerly, her look searching his.

And this time, as she watched him, she saw his features stiffen, as though a suspicion, a foreboding ran through him. She hurried on.

"I went over to see Mrs. Betts, yesterday, Edward. She sent for me. And I found her half mad—in despair! I just persuaded her to wait till I'd seen you. But perhaps you've seen her—to-day?" She hung on his answer.

"Indeed, no." The chill, the alteration in his tone were evident. "I left Blackmount this morning, after matins, motored home, just saw my father and mother for a moment—heard nothing—and rode on here as fast as I could. What is there fresh, dearest? I thought that painful business was settled. And I confess I feel very indignant with Mrs. Betts for dragging you—insisting upon dragging you—into it!"

"How could she help it? She's no friends, Edward! People are very sorry for him—but they fight shy of her. I dare say it's right—I dare say she's deserved it—I don't want to know. But, oh, it's so miserable—so pitiable! She's *going!*—she's made up her mind to that —she's going. That's what she wanted to tell me—and asked that I should tell you."

"She could do nothing better for herself, or him," said Newbury, firmly.

"But she's not going, in the way you proposed. Oh no, she's going to slip away—to hide. He's not to know where she is—and she implores you to keep him here—to comfort him—and watch over him."

"Which of course we should do."

The quiet, determined voice sent a shiver through Marcia. She caught Newbury's hand in hers, and held it close.

"Yes, but Edward!—listen!—it would kill them both. His mind seems to be giving way. I got a letter from her again this morning, inclosing one from their doctor. And she—she says if she does go, if decent people turn her out, she'll just go back to people like herself —who'll be kind to her. Nothing will induce her to go to the Cloan Sisters."

"She must, of course, be the judge of that," said Newbury, coldly.

"But you can't allow it!—you *can't!*—the poor, poor things!" cried Marcia. "I saw him too, Edward—I shall never forget it!" And with a growing excitement she gave a full account of her visit to the farm, of her conversation with Mrs. Betts, of that gray, grief-stricken face at the window.

"He's fifty-two. How can he start again? He's just torn between his work —and her. And if she goes away and hides from him, it 'll be the last straw. He believes he saved her from a bad life —and now he'll think that he's only made things worse. And he's ill—his brain's had a shake. Edward—dear Edward!—let them stay!—for my sake, let them stay!"

All her soul was in her eyes. She had never been more winning—more lovely. She placed her hands on his shoulders as he sat beside her, and leaned her soft cheek against his.

"Do you mean—let them stay on at the Farm?" he asked, after a pause, putting his arms round her.

"Couldn't they? They could live so quietly. She would hardly ever leave the house—and so long as he does his work—his scientific work—need anything else trouble you?—need you have any other relations with them at

all? Wouldn't everybody understand—know you'd done it for pity?"

Again a pause. Then he said, with evident difficulty, "Dear Marcia—do you ever think of my father in this?"

"Oh, mayn't I go!—and *beg* Lord William—"

"Ah, but wait a minute. I was going to say, my father's an old man. This has hit him hard. It's aged him a good deal. He trusted Betts implicitly, as he would himself. And now—in addition—you want him to do something that he feels to be wrong."

"But, Edward, they *are* married! Isn't it a tyranny"—she brought the word out bravely—"when it causes so much suffering!—to insist on more than the law does?"

"For us there is but one law—the law of Christ!" And then, as a flash of something like anger passed through his face, he added, with an accent of stern conviction, "For us they are *not* married—and we should be conniving at an offense and a scandal if we accepted them as married persons. Oh, dear Marcia, why do you make me say these things? I *can't* discuss them with you!" he repeated, in a most real distress.

She raised herself, and moved a little farther from him. A passionate hopelessness—not without resentment—was rising in her.

"Then you won't try to persuade your father—even for my sake, Edward?"

He made no reply. She saw his lip tremble, but she knew it was only because he could not bear to put into words the refusal behind.

The silence continued. Marcia, raising her head, looked away into the green vistas of the wood, while the tears gathered slowly in her eyes. He watched her, in a trouble no less deep. At last she said, in a low, lingering voice:

"And I—I couldn't marry—and be happy—with the thought always—of what had happened to them—and how—you couldn't give me—what I asked. I have been thinking it out for hours and hours. I'm afraid, Edward—we—we've made a great mistake!"

She drew her hand away, and looked at him, very pale and trembling, yet with something new—and resolute—in her aspect.

"Marcia!" It was a sound of dismay.

"Oh! it was my fault!"—and she clasped her hands in a gesture at once childish and piteous—"I somehow knew from the beginning that you thought me different from what I am. It was quite natural. You're much older than I, and of course—of course—you thought that if—if I loved you—I'd be guided by you—and think as you wish. But, Edward, you see I've had to live by myself—and think for myself—more than other girls—because mother was always busy with other things—that didn't concern me—that I didn't care about—and I was left alone—and had to puzzle out a lot of things that I never talked about. I'm obstinate—I'm proud. I must believe for myself—and not because some one else does. I don't know where I shall come out. And that's the strange thing!—Before we were engaged, I didn't know I had a mind!—" She smiled at him pitifully through her tears. "And ever since we've been engaged—these few weeks—I've been doing nothing but think and think—and all the time it's been carrying me away from you. And now this trouble. I *couldn't*"—she clenched her hand with a passionate gesture—"I *couldn't* do what you're doing. It would kill me. You seem to be obeying something outside—which you're quite sure of. But if *I* drove those two people to despair, because I thought something was wrong that they thought right, I should never have any happiness in my heart—my *own heart*—again. Love seems to me everything!—being kind—not giving pain. And for you there's something greater—what the Church says—what the Bible says. And I could never see that. I could never agree. I could never submit. And we should be miserable. You'd think I was wicked—and I—well!"—she panted a little, trying for her words—"there are ugly—violent—feelings in me sometimes. I couldn't hate *you*—but—Edward—just now—I felt I could hate—what you believe!"

The sudden change in his look smote her to the heart. She held out her hands, imploring.

"Forgive me! Oh, do forgive me!"

During her outburst he had risen, and was now leaning against a young tree

beside her, looking down upon her, white and motionless. He had made no effort to take her hands, and they dropped upon her knee.

"This is terrible!" he said, as though to himself and half consciously—"terrible!"

"But indeed—indeed—it's best." Her voice, which was little more than a whisper, was broken by a sob.

The minutes seemed endless till he spoke again; and then it was with a composure which seemed to her like the momentary quiet that may come—the sudden furling of the wind—in the very midst of tempest.

"Marcia—is it really true? Couldn't I make you happy? Couldn't I lead you to look at things as I do? As you say, I am older, I have had more time to think and learn. If you love me, wouldn't it be right that—I should influence you?"

"It might be," she said. "But it wouldn't happen. I know more of myself—now. This has made me know myself—as I never did. I should wound and distress you. And to struggle with you, would make me hard—and bad."

Another silence. But for both it was one of those silences when the mind, as it were, reaps at one stroke a whole harvest of ideas and images which, all unconsciously to itself, were standing ready to be reaped—the silences, more active far than speech, which determine life.

At the end of it, he came to sit beside her.

"Then we must give it up—we must give it up. I bless you for the happiness you gave me—this little while. I pray God to bless you—now and forever."

Sobbing, she lifted her face to him, and he kissed her for the last time. She slipped off her engagement ring and gave it to him. He looked at it with a sad smile, pressed his lips to it, and then, stooping down, he took a stick lying by the log and scooped out a deep hole in the mossy, fibrous earth. Into it he dropped the ring, covering it again with all the leafy "rubble and wreck" of the wood. He covered his eyes for a moment, and rose.

"Let me take you home. I will write to Lady Coryston to-night."

They walked silently through the wood and to the house. Never in her whole life had Marcia felt so unhappy. And yet, already, she recognized what she had done as both inevitable and past recall.

They parted, with just a lingering look into each other's eyes and a piteous murmur from her—"I'm sorry!—oh, I'm *sorry!*"

At the moment when Marcia and Newbury were crossing the formal garden on the west front of the house, two persons in Lady Coryston's sitting-room observed them.

These persons were—strange to say—Lady Coryston and her eldest son. Lady Coryston, after luncheon, had felt so seriously unwell that she had retired to her sitting-room, with strict injunctions that she must be left alone. Sir Wilfrid and Lester started on a Sunday walk; Marcia and Newbury had disappeared.

The house, through all its innumerable rooms and corridors, sank into deep silence. Lady Coryston was lying on her sofa, with closed eyes. All the incidents of her conversation with Enid Glenwilliam were running perpetually through her mind—the girl's gestures and tones—above all, the words of her final warning.

After all, it was not she—his mother—who had done it. Without her it would have happened all the same. She found herself constantly putting up this plea, as though in recurrent gusts of fear. Fear of whom?—of Arthur? What absurdity! Her proud spirit rebelled.

And yet she knew that she was listening—listening in dread—for a footstep in the house. That again was absurd. Arthur was staying with friends on the farther side of the county, and was to leave them after dinner by motor. He could not be home till close on midnight; and there would be no chance of her seeing him till the following morning, after the arrival of the letter. *Then*—she must face him.

But still the footstep haunted her imagination, and the remembrance of him as he had stood, light and buoyant, on the floor of the House of Commons, making his maiden speech. In April—and this was July. Had that infatuation



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HER HELPLESSNESS THAT TOUCHED HIM

begun even then, which had robbed her of her dearest—her Benjamin?

She fell into a restless sleep after a while, and woke suddenly, in alarm. There was somebody approaching her room—evidently on tiptoe. Some one knocking—very gently. She sat up, trembling. "Come in!"

The door opened—and there was Coryston.

She fell back on her cushions, astonished and annoyed.

"I said I was not to be disturbed, Coryston."

He paused on the threshold.

"Am I disturbing you? Wouldn't you like me to read to you—or something?"

His tone was so gentle that she was disarmed—though still annoyed.

"Come in. I may perhaps point out that it's a long time since you've come to see me like this, Coryston."

"Yes. Never mind. What shall I read?"

She pointed to a number of the *Quarterly* that was lying open, and to an article on "The Later Years of Disraeli."

Coryston winced. He knew the man who had written it, and detested him. But he sat down beside her, and began immediately to read. To both of them his reading was a defense against conversation, and yet to both of them, after a little while, it was pleasant.

Presently, indeed he saw that it had soothed her, and that in spite of her efforts to keep awake she had fallen fitfully asleep again. He let the book drop, and sat still, studying his mother's strong, lined face in its setting of gray hair. There was something in her temporary quiescence and helplessness that touched him; and it was clear to him that in these last few months she had aged considerably. As he watched, a melancholy softness — as of one who sees deeper than usual into the human spectacle—invaded and transformed his whole expression; his thin body relaxed; his hands dropped at his side. The dead quiet of the house also oppressed him—like a voice—an omen.

He knew that she had seen Enid Glenwilliam that morning. A little note from Marion Atherstone that afternoon spoke anxiety and sympathy. "Enid confesses she was violent. I am afraid it was a painful scene." And now there was Arthur to be faced.

A movement in the garden outside diverted his attention. He looked up and saw two figures—Marcia and Newbury. A sight which roused in him afresh—on the instant—all his fiercest animosities. That fellow! — and his creed! That old hidebound inquisitor, his father!

Well!—he peered at them—had she got anything whatever out of young Tartuffe? Not she! He knew the breed. He rose discreetly, so as not to wake Lady Coryston, and standing by the window, he watched them across the garden, and saw their parting. Something in their demeanor struck him. "Not demonstrative, anyway," he said to himself, with a queer satisfaction.

He sat down again, and tossing the *Quarterly* away, he took up a volume of Browning. But he scarcely read a line. His mind was really possessed by the Betts's story, and by the measures that might be taken—Marcia or no Marcia!—to rouse the countryside against the Newburys, and force them to bow to public opinion in the matter of this tragedy. He himself had seen the two people concerned, again, that morning—a miserable sight! Neither of them had said anything further to him of their plans. Only Mrs. Betts had talked incoherently of "waiting to hear from Miss Coryston." Poor soul!—she might wait.

Twenty minutes passed, and then he too heard a footfall in the passage outside and the swish of a dress. Marcia!

He opened the door.

"Don't come in. Mother's asleep."

Marcia stared at him in amazement. Then she stepped past him, and stood on the threshold surveying her mother. Her pathetic look conveyed the instinctive appeal of the young girl turning in the crisis of her life to her natural friend, her natural comforter. And it remained unanswered. She turned and beckoned to Coryston.

"Come with me—a moment." They went noiselessly down the staircase leading from Lady Coryston's wing, into a room which had been their school-room

as children, on the ground floor. Marcia laid a hand on her brother's arm.

"I was coming to speak to mother. I have broken off my engagement."

"Thank the Lord!" cried Coryston, taken wholly aback. "Thank the Lord!"

He would have kissed her in his relief and enthusiasm. But Marcia stepped back from him. Her pale face showed a passionate resentment.

"Don't speak about him, Corry! Don't say another word about him. You never understood him, and I'm not going to discuss him with you. I couldn't bear it. What's wrong with mother?"

"She's knocked over—by that girl, Enid Glenwilliam. She saw her this morning."

He described the situation. Marcia showed but a languid interest.

"Poor mother!" she said, absently. "Then I won't bother her with my affairs till to-morrow. Don't tell her anything, Corry. Good-by."

"I say, Marcia—old woman—don't be so fierce with me. You took me by surprise," he muttered, uncomfortably.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. Nobody in this world seems to be able to understand anybody else—or make allowances for anybody else. Good-by."

Coryston had long since departed. Lady Coryston had gone to bed, seeing no one and pleading headache. Marcia, too, had deserted Sir Wilfrid and Lester after dinner, leaving Sir Wilfrid to the liveliest and dismalest misgivings as to what might have been happening further to the Coryston family on this most inexplicable and embarrassing day.

Marcia was sitting in her room by the open window. She had been writing a long letter to Newbury, pouring out her soul to him. All that she had been too young and immature to say to him face to face she had tried to say to him in these closely written and blotted pages. To write them had brought relief, but also exhaustion of mind and body.

The summer night was sultry and very still. Above a bank of purple cloud she looked into depths of fathomless azure, star-sprinkled, with a light in the southeast prophesying moonrise. Dark shapes of woods — the distant sound of the little trout stream where it ran over a weir, a few notes of birds, were the only sounds; otherwise the soul was alone with itself. Once indeed she heard a sudden burst of voices far overhead, and a girl's merry laugh. One of the young servants, no doubt, on the top floor. How remote!—and yet how near.

And far away over those trees was Newbury, smarting under the blow she had given him — suffering — suffering. That poor woman, too, weeping out her last night, perhaps, beside her husband. What could she do for her—how could she help her? Marcia sat there hour after hour, now lost in her own grief, now in that of others, realizing through pain, through agonized sympathy, the energy of a fuller life.

She went to bed, and to sleep—for a few hours—toward morning. She was roused by her maid, who came in with a white face of horror.

"Oh, miss!—"

"What is the matter?"

Marcia sat up in bed. Was her mother ill?—dead?

The girl stammered out her ghastly news. Briggs the head gardener had just brought it. The head foreman at Redcross Farm, going his rounds in the early hours, had perceived a light burning in the laboratory. The door was locked, but on forcing his way in he had come suddenly on a spectacle of horror. John Betts was sitting—dead—in his chair, with a bullet wound in the temple; Mrs. Betts was on a stool beside him, leaning against his knee. She must have found him dead, have taken up the revolver, as it had dropped from his hand, and after an interval, long or short, have deliberately unfastened her dress. The bullet had passed through her heart, and death had been a matter of seconds. On the table was lying a scrap of paper on which were the words in John Betts's handwriting, "Mad—forgive."

And beside it a little twisted note addressed to "Miss Marcia Coryston." The foreman had given it to Briggs. Her maid placed it in Marcia's hands.

She tried to read it, but failed. The girl beside her saw her slip back, fainting, on her pillows.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Island of Chincoteague

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

THE attitude of most island folk toward their sea is that of the primitive savage toward his god, whom he fears, craves forgetfulness of, and if he loves, loves perforce. Men need the sea, which gives generously, but takes a heavy toll of the bodies of drowned fishers and the hearts of sad wives. When the hours of fishing are over, island people usually turn their backs and pay an unsought homage to the earth in little gardens, sheltered against the angry, scouting winds of the sea.

But if she is a bitter step-dame to most of the land she rules, the sea has taken for a favorite child the Island of Chincoteague. She cherishes the islanders from babyhood to old age, offering them her choicest fruits, asking of them only the lightest labor, tempering the winds, subduing the tidal waves, so that almost nobody is sick or poor, and even the old are not sad. And from babyhood to old age they love her and belittle the earth, so that their gardens are few, and tended, if tended at all, by women and girls, who, more conservative than the men, are carrying out the Old World tradition that the fruits of the earth shall sustain man.

Chincoteague is counted as part of the eastern shore of Virginia, that peninsula which bounds the Chesapeake Bay. The island, which is nine miles long by perhaps a mile and a half wide, is sheltered not only by the long mainland to the west, but to the east by Assoteague, which is called an island, but which is really a slim peninsula running up through Maryland. There is scarcely any place in the country where the traditions are older; but they are not, as in the other parts of Virginia, the traditions of the aristocrats whose ancestors came early to Jamestown and who can show old tombstones, old silver of King Charles's time, and old chairs made in the reign of Queen Anne. Behind the voice and views of the average Southern aristocrats there is always the flavor of another land and other sentiments than our own. But these Chincoteague people have kept the flavor of American pioneer conditions, of a simple living that made its own precedents and accepted its own ideals without consciousness that these might have limitations.

Moreover, in other parts of Virginia, poverty is housemate with gentility. The silver was more plentiful before the war; many of the chairs were sold to buy food. One sees high-bred faces touched with the inalienable shadow of privation and sacrifice, and often with a sorrow that reaches beyond the personal. But in the fortunate island there is nothing of this. Living has come easily always; simplicity, primitiveness have gone hand in hand with standards of plenty. The great national crises, the Revolutionary War and the Civil War, have apparently left no impressions of grief; they have afforded not one tale of death, no fireside tragedy, only some humorous tales and a few flattering pensions. Some gracious chance has lined out for these people a pleasant plane of living marked only faintly with any crossing of evil or pain.

It is supposed that the eastern shore of Virginia began to be settled as early as 1615, for the records show that in 1622 there was a population of seventy-six whites. The planters started at the lower end of the peninsula and extended upward along the watercourses, each finding some wide creek so as to have a landing of his own. Old dim traditions still hold of the visiting that was carried on by boat among families who would travel a whole day to see one another and prolong a call for weeks. But for some decades no one sought Chincoteague. The island has never been a great plantation, nor has it ever sheltered any of the famous families of the South.

Some of the islanders vigorously oppose the tradition that Chincoteague was originally settled by convicts, but the evidence tends in that direction. In the old days a planter was allowed fifty acres of land for each settler he introduced. In 1687 Captain Daniel Jenifer brought over a number of convicts, perhaps seven, perhaps thirty-five, and in return Chincoteague and Assoteague were patented to him. Twice the patent of Chincoteague lapsed, but finally, in 1692, twenty-five hundred acres of the lower half were given to John Robbins and twenty-five hundred of the upper half to William Kendall, and from these two men almost all the people now on the island got their titles. For more than a century only a few people lived on the island whose old names still survive—Jesters and Birches, Thorntons, Bowdens, and Wheeltons. Seventy years ago, the oldest inhabitant says the settlers numbered five hundred. Then, the story goes, an islander was cast away from a fishing-boat on the New Jersey coast, and a few families, lured by his stories of the island paradise, came down to settle. After the Civil War others came, so that the population must have reached a thousand. Since then the islanders have multiplied rapidly. There are now more than three thousand, about a thousand being children of school age.

This is not so surprising as it seems, for the people marry early, the girls sometimes at the age of fourteen, the men at eighteen, and they have large families. One woman is pointed to as the mother of eighteen children; another was a grandmother at thirty. In such a kindly climate it would be strange indeed if life did not flourish. The very hens and turkeys have larger families than can be seen elsewhere. These people are encompassed by the poetry of life—by the three most ancient cries in the world: the cry of the sea-bird, the call of the wind, and the sighing of the sea. Yet they live according to a happy prose kept resolutely in their blood by the strong Anglo-Saxon strain in them, which has come down as unchanged perhaps as in any community in the world. And allowing for surface changes, they live much as their fathers did.

Surface changes, however, there have been. Fifteen years ago when one went to Chincoteague one crossed from Franklin City in a little steam-yacht. The flat, green marshes gave way to the sea; then Wallop's Island sprang into view, and then out of the mists came shaping the slim foot of Assoteague, and west and north of it the long, blue line that was Chincoteague. The line widened, darkened; the upper side defined itself into the plumes of magnificent pines, the lower side into a long street of houses sitting by the sea. On closer approach these houses showed the color of a city in a child's fairy-tale—buff and pink, blue and dun, white and red and yellow. Here and there in the water tall stakes or slim, waving branches of trees marked the sites of oyster-beds. Clustering close to the many docks were weather-beaten schooners and sail-boats and lighters and row-boats, the whole of a peaceful holiday effect.

Once on the dock, in those old days one was greeted with smiles, if not words, by a number of inhabitants to whom a stranger was so much of an agreeable rarity that he seemed like a household guest. One walked a few steps and looked up and down a slightly irregular street paved with oyster-shells, a street with somehow a shirt-sleeves or Mother-Hubbard-wrapper effect, but very appealing in its homely and comfortable quality. One entered the hotel, which needed painting and sweeping, but one didn't mind. One had to find the proprietor, who was not expecting a traveler. A baby on the stairway smiled and dropped its cracker—and the cracker stayed there five days. One went into the dining-room in which there was but a single long table loaded (although the month had no "r" in it) with all sorts of sea food. Never was a more opulent table; never a more kindly set of people than the few men who sat about it, exchanging personal repartee and eating heartily. Obeying some sort of premonition, one crimped the edges of one's napkin to be sure of getting it again; one didn't for fifteen meals, but one had all the others. One wandered in the streets, and a perfect stranger offered to lend a row-boat, and upon acceptance half a dozen kindly people saw one off with

warnings to avoid the oyster-beds. One drifted into a shop where the stock was arranged in hit-or-miss fashion on the shelves, the boxes half open and the contents peeping over the edges. It took the proprietor some time to find what one wanted; he laid the box out on the counter, and there it still lay a month later, the dust leisurely sifting in. There was no mayor and no prison, and, after the first rage, people forgave easily whatever crime was committed. Never surely was there such tolerance.

That was fifteen years ago, and on revisiting one feared at first that the island was changed. One crossed the same water, but now in a gasoline-launch that screamed and pounded out the wonders of advanced civilization. The same green flats were there, the same mist that shaped itself into Chincoteague Island with the gay-colored houses. But over the oyster-beds were reared at intervals square boxes for watchmen who guarded the stock of the sea. Around the docks were no longer the few water craft with weather-beaten holiday faces, but many large, neat schooners, and instead of the row-boats and lighters everywhere were gasoline launches. One walked along the dock and people only looked casually; no longer are tourists rarities. One reached the hotel, and a chambermaid met one and led one up to the register. But she had a long memory, for as she showed one to one's room she said:

"Things hain't like they were when you came before. We have a bath-room now; you can lie right down in the tub and let the water go all over you." She pushed contemptuously aside a lamp that stood on the table and explained, "We have gas, of course; we just keep a lamp in case." At the door she added: "If you want to telephone to any of your friends you can. We could have a telegraft if we wanted, but I reckon the telephone is quicker."

Quicker! Had haste come to Chincoteague!

She lingered in the doorway hospitably. "Want anything more?"

"I'll ring if I do, thank you."

The pang was unconsciously delivered, but she surely should have been spared it!

"We hain't got no bells yet," she admitted, reluctantly. "You'll have to holler over the banisters." Then she made a struggle for supremacy. "We got two five-cent theaters; be sure you go to-night." Her parting shot was: "We got five ladies' lodges now besides all the men have, and a mayor, and an iron pen to jail 'em."

The dining-room was enlarged and full of small tables, and evidently a clean napkin was intended for each meal. But, at any rate, the gas wouldn't burn, and the bath-room was out of repair, and the people who went to the five-cent theater were the same happy-go-lucky folk of years before. Three-quarters of a mile of Chincoteague has indeed been incorporated into a town for the sake of law and order, and the population within the limits pay fifteen per cent. of taxes and give their affairs into the hands of a council of six, and a mayor, a clerk, and a sergeant.

It is by the largess of the sea that the islanders live. This is not the strenuous toil of fishing so much as the gentler work with oysters and clams. There is a shoal abreast of Chincoteague about seven miles out which drives the fish off shore, so that most of the fishing is done in the deep sea. Nowadays many tourists come down in the autumn for the bluefish and the mackerel, and in winter for cod. In the traps great sturgeons are caught, sometimes weighing as much as two hundred and fifty pounds, and there is abundance of trout and halibut, roach, perch, and flounders. But the real sea harvest is oysters and clams. There are always people to whom the past is the only golden age, and even in Chincoteague there are old men who say that in the days when there were no oyster laws, and no hundred and fifty watch-towers in a long chain from the island to Cape Charles, and when the oysters multiplied the best way they could—then there was more than a man could gather, and no neighbors that had to be kept from stealing. Yet most of the inhabitants consider the laws a protection and a benefit.

Clamming and oystering almost seem like door-yard occupations. Each householder living by the shore has riparian rights as far down as the low-tide mark.

In his sands the clams are much surer produce than garden stuff, and are raised with almost no personal trouble to himself. Beyond, lie the oyster "meadows" which the government rents to the islander for fifty cents an acre. Oyster-shells (or "rock") are washed clean and "planted," and from the 20th of March to the middle of September the spawn comes to the surface and catches on the rough substance. It is considered better to plant, if possible, in shallow water for the sake of sunlight twice in twenty-four hours. If a thousand bushels of unshucked oysters are planted, in two years they double. The planters have to reckon on some losses. Perhaps the young oysters "sand" or "mud" or refuse to grow. Perhaps the transplanting, done a few months before the oysters are ready to sell, may have unfortunate results. Perhaps the market fails, and the islanders lose fifty thousand dollars in the season—to them a great sum. But on the whole, oysters are a safe investment; a man with an acre should make from three hundred to five hundred dollars a season, besides what he gets from clams and from the once scorned "scallops," which now bring a dollar and a half a gallon.

The time was when almost every householder in Chincoteague had his plot of water, but by degrees the acreage has passed into the hands of just a few people. Perhaps a man would have a year of bad luck and would sell his rights for some ready money, or perhaps he would think that he could make steadier money by working for one of the large planters by the day. There are now about forty planters on the island, a dozen of them large and the rest small. No one is colossally rich; the greatest man commands possibly three hundred thousand dollars; most of the other "rich" men are worth from twenty to forty thousand dollars, which they have made in twenty or twenty-five years. The population is growing, and the acreage of water stands still, but so far the sea promises an abundant living to all her island children.

Those who work for the planters are called "tongers," because they get the oysters out of two or three fathoms of water with tongs. In shallow water they manage it with feet and hands. They are paid on the average twenty-five cents a bushel for the oysters they bring in, and it goes without saying that they appropriate for themselves anything from a peck to a half-bushel. The oysters are divided according to size into three classes: primaries, culls, and culenteens. Formerly the oysters were "drinked," or put into fresh water to whiten and "plumpen." There seems to be a pure-food law against this now, but some planters maintain that oysters should be "drinked" to purify them, and that without such fresh water they will not live to reach Baltimore or Philadelphia.

Work with the oysters lasts only about seven months a year, but clamming continues all the year round. It is here that the small man can make a comfortable living even if he works only half a week. Perhaps a further reason, besides a natural love of leisure, why the islanders do not like to spend many days in succession at any of this work is that the tide affects their habits. Sometimes they breakfast at four and sometimes at nine; they do not like to rise early. Some of them have a special gift for clamming. They recognize immediately the little key-like holes made by the clams and can quickly dig them out; or, in their own vernacular, such a man is "right quick to sign and wade them out." There are stories of a man who sometimes makes seven dollars a day clamming at one tide. Many a little boy stays out of school to earn fifty cents or a dollar a day, which he is allowed to spend as he pleases. The clammer sells to the island dealer, who pays by the hundred and according to size—the three-hundred size or four-hundred size, reckoned really by the number which fill a sack.

Thus every one in Chincoteague mints the sea into treasure ample for his use. And money comes in other ways. The government furnishes at least fifty thousand dollars a year, for there are four life-saving stations close at hand: on Wallop's Island, on Assoteague, on Pope's Island, and at Green Run, each with a crew of eight men whose families, as a rule, live on Chincoteague. Besides these are the people from the two neigh-



En route to Chincoteague

boring light-houses and the light-ship, who spend their money and their holidays on Chincoteague. Then there are thirty or more old Federal soldiers who draw pensions.

For even in the Civil War the islanders showed their characteristic curious mixture of a *laisser-faire* attitude and a tendency to take enough care for the morrow to be sure of a good living. Chincoteague was one of the first places to be visited by the Federal troops, and something like forty men enlisted; but the island luck held, and it seems that they saw no active fighting. Some houses flew the Confederate flag, two or three men joined the Southern forces; a few sympathizers put out the light-house lamp, but it was promptly lighted again by islanders who wanted permits for their oyster-boats to run up to Pennsylvania and New York. The Federal soldiers tore up a few fence stakes belonging to old ladies and demolished the benches of the Methodist Church. A negro company came, but even they were not resented deeply. Chincoteague is almost the only part of Virginia where there are no wounds left, physical or mental, to mark the signs of a civil war. Since there is so much comfort, no real poverty, and very little sickness, it is no wonder that Chincoteague has been called the Island Paradise.

A seeker for causes might argue that the comfortable attitude of the natives toward living and work and even crime is due in part to their ancestry and in part to the ease with which any man can get a living. One or two outsiders, emigrants or travelers, imbued with a spirit of gain, deplore the fact that there is no cotton factory or shirt factory on Chincoteague; the reason is that there is no man who will work ten hours in a factory. Even the laborers who are supposed to carry on the work of the two saw-mills take holiday whenever they please. The oysterers and clammers, working two or four days a week, can usually, besides earning their living, save enough to buy a home and to keep it neatly painted, but their ambition rarely extends beyond this. They like to talk in their free hours about smart boats and horse-races, and to tell stories of the tourists, growing numerous now,



A WILD-DUCK FARM

who come down for deep-sea fishing and to shoot brant or various kinds of duck and shore birds. They are deeply interested in one another's personal affairs, especially love affairs. It is almost impossible for any one on the island to conduct a love affair secretly. Sometimes they so prolong their days of loafing that they can no longer run bills at the shops, and then they have to respect the shopkeeper's scruples and go to work again.

It is said that a few of the younger people are getting ideas of saving. Perhaps this is due to the advance in educational ideas. In the old days there was no public school at all; there was a private school conducted, when a teacher could be found, for four months a year, and there was a literary fund (kindly term) collected for students who could not afford to pay. About half of the older people on Chincoteague cannot read or write. Nowadays, however, there is an excellent central school with four teachers, and in other parts of the island three primary schools. Various shops sell magazines and books, and a boy cries a Philadelphia newspaper in the streets. Yet he generously tells most of the news in it, and in any case it is bought chiefly for the weather predictions.

In certain ways the people of Chincoteague show a moral strictness. They do not believe in cards or dancing. Their six churches, four white and two colored, are well attended. They believe in a personal God who rewards and punishes, and a personal devil who pesters, and they keep Sunday with the sternness of Scotch covenanters. Indeed, church and prayer-meetings are their chief social relaxation; to church they wear their best clothes, and very fine they are, and here, especially in the Baptist Church, they have revivals, when their emotions rise high, and they shout and dance to the glory of the Lord. One of the most poetic memories one could possess would be the vision of a negro revival on Chincoteague at night before the religious feeling ran too high. The meeting is held in a clearing in the great pine woods through which time has gone so grandly. The more earthly light is given by great pitch-pine torches flaring at the four corners of the in-

closure. The soft negro voices sing plaintively:

"Leanin', leanin', safe and secure from all alarm;
Leanin', leanin', leanin' on the everlasting Arm."

The tender, soft-throated music, the deep dome of the sky against which are defined the solemn, still trees, the large Southern stars, the subdued sounds of birds and insects, and the flames flickering over the devoted, dull faces—it all forms a harmony gracious to the soul.

When the outside world hears of Chincoteague, it is usually on account of the half-wild horses that roam over the stretches of the island and of Assoteague: strong, shaggy, small creatures, somewhat larger than Shetland ponies, who plunge boldly into the salt water when they want to swim to some little toothsome islet of marsh grass. These animals are supposed to have been cast away on Chincoteague from some wrecked vessel in the eighteenth or perhaps the seventeenth century, and, in the course of time, to have degenerated in size.

They came to a good haven, for there are five different kinds of natural grass to feed them, and for drink little pools of slightly brackish water in the sands. Some of the cleverest ones make little reservoirs for themselves by digging with their hoofs.

They belong to a few of the islanders, who own from one to seventy-five each. Once a year in July the horses are rounded up in Assoteague and in Chincoteague and are driven down into the town, where they are penned, and the colts are branded. Then some of them are sold to men from the mainland who will give as much as a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five dollars for a "stylish" horse. When the horses are fed with oats and their rough coats are properly curried, they present a very attractive appearance. They are very strong and long-lived; one old inhabitant boasts of a mare, most prolific of colts, which lived to be forty years old and worked almost to the end. No wonder they are hardy, fending for themselves, as they do, and having no other shelter than the pine and myrtle trees. It is a pretty sight to see them roaming past the magnolia-trees of the marsh or through the noble pine woods in the interior of the island, while their little fellow-creatures, the mocking-bird, the cardinal grosbeak, the oriole, and the marsh-wren fly past them fearlessly.

Except through the horses, and through the fishing and shooting stories of a few tourists, Chincoteague is un-



THE SHORE AT EBB TIDE

known, and to the casual spectator its annals seem simple enough. Yet when one talks to the older inhabitants, the past and the present seem to blend together to form an impression of common but significant living. They tell of the time when the girls and women helped the men fish, and when they spun and wove, and perhaps there is lament that to-day the women do not even knit stockings. Then the women wore simple garments of dyed homespun and the men short jackets and trousers, with long-tailed coats for Sunday. One old man mentions a time, ninety years ago, when his father bought five hundred acres of land for five hundred dollars, and when many of the neighbors belonged to the Quaker faith, though every one went to the same church on the rare occasions when a preacher could be had from the mainland. Another speaks of the old days before the islanders gave full allegiance to the sea, depending then on the land, raising corn and wheat and rye, apples and pears, which lasted a long time and were larger than one sees nowadays. And such cooking, done in Dutch ovens! Sea food was as now, but one could buy any amount of it for a few cents; salt-rising bread; crackling bread made at hog-killing time; corn-bread hung up all night on a crane; thick Johnny-cake baked on a board; great pot-pies made of goose and chicken cooked together and hanging on the crane; puddings every day; honey that they made vinegar from; and dried beef which they had killed in the autumn. The children hunted for plovers' eggs and marsh-hens' eggs, much better than the gulls' eggs the people eat now.

In those early days they had log houses a story and a half in height, boarded outside, plastered inside, and supported on great cedar blocks. Most of the houses had great hearths which would hold logs as large as a man, and fine brick chimneys; the poorer people, however, had "andiron" chimneys made of lime and laths. In 1840 there were about five hundred people living in twenty-six houses. They did not build more, for in those times the young people would "win away" to Delaware and Pennsylvania.

They tell of the time when there was a forest on the island a mile long and



THE FRESH-WATER POND



A Fishing-boat and Crew

half a mile wide, and the logs were so valuable that the man who bought them to sell again was able to light his pipe with a hundred-dollar bill! There are stories of old George Connor, the hermit of little Piney Island, who had traveled all around the world, but found the pines and the sea better company than people. Their great curiosity was the old Guinea negro, Ocher Binney, said at his death to be a hundred and thirty years old, the tattooed son of an African prince; stolen by Arabs and sold in Virginia, he was freed at last to live with other free people on the fortunate island, for there were no slaves in Chincoteague till just before the war—a fact due perhaps to the Quaker traditions. And yet the old life they talk of, with their quaint phraseology, such as, "It weren't the custom," "Ten head of children," "I was then seven year old, just in my eight"—this old life is only the life of to-day translated, as it were, into slightly older dialect. The past and the present are as unified as the eastern and western waters, rising and falling in deep suspiration on each side of the island.

One old man can send his memory back especially far in the past, and, repeating the stories of his grandfather and great-grandfather, he speaks of the Revolutionary War almost as if it were an event of yesterday. He loves to talk of ancient times, sitting erect in his tall chair against a background of old-fashioned wall-paper with narrow lines of flowers running up and down in widely separated stripes. His white hair is combed straight back and his nose is aquiline. One could almost fancy that the white hair is fastened in a queue behind. It is a Revolutionary face. It would not be hard to believe that he had lived in his great-grandfather's time.

This man's memory is a storehouse of the common, every-day living of the island, and the little tragedies loom especially large to him, though he has no adequate feeling for the wars. He speaks as if he remembers the hurricane of 1822 which made prey of the island, formed a great tidal wave, capsized a house or two, drowned five people, and terrified several into moving to the mainland. He knows every detail, it would seem, of the four murders that have happened in one hundred and twenty years, and even talks about the first one as if he had been an eye-witness. One can see the great New York "bully" (pugilist) in his silver sleeve-links and silver shoe-

buckles, who could carry in his arms to the mill a horse-load of corn and who challenged Tunnell, "of powerful manhood," to a fight. He makes one see the bully drinking rum, and the great Tunnell, enraged at last, saying he wanted no liquor, but just the heart's blood of his enemy; the "second," "supple as an eel," who made a ring with his foot and said that any one who crossed it would lose his sight of the sun; then the fight, "right to the tumble," the bully falling at last with the cry that he was not only whipped but killed.

He makes one see the desolate young man who committed the second murder, killing his friend over a girl, and, in spite of acquittal, thereafter finding life on the fortunate island too melancholy. On the last murders, which led to the departure from Chincoteague of the Sanctificationists, he touches briefly, as if he did not like to think of blood being shed in the name of religion.

His favorite story is of the four islanders who fought in the Revolution, two of them serving among Washington's life-guards.

"Them two, Chase and Smallwood, were at Yorktown and wonderin' how much longer the irregular fightin' would last. Yere stood Lafayette and Washington watchin', and somehow yere come a shell they were not expectin', and dirt flew into their bosoms.

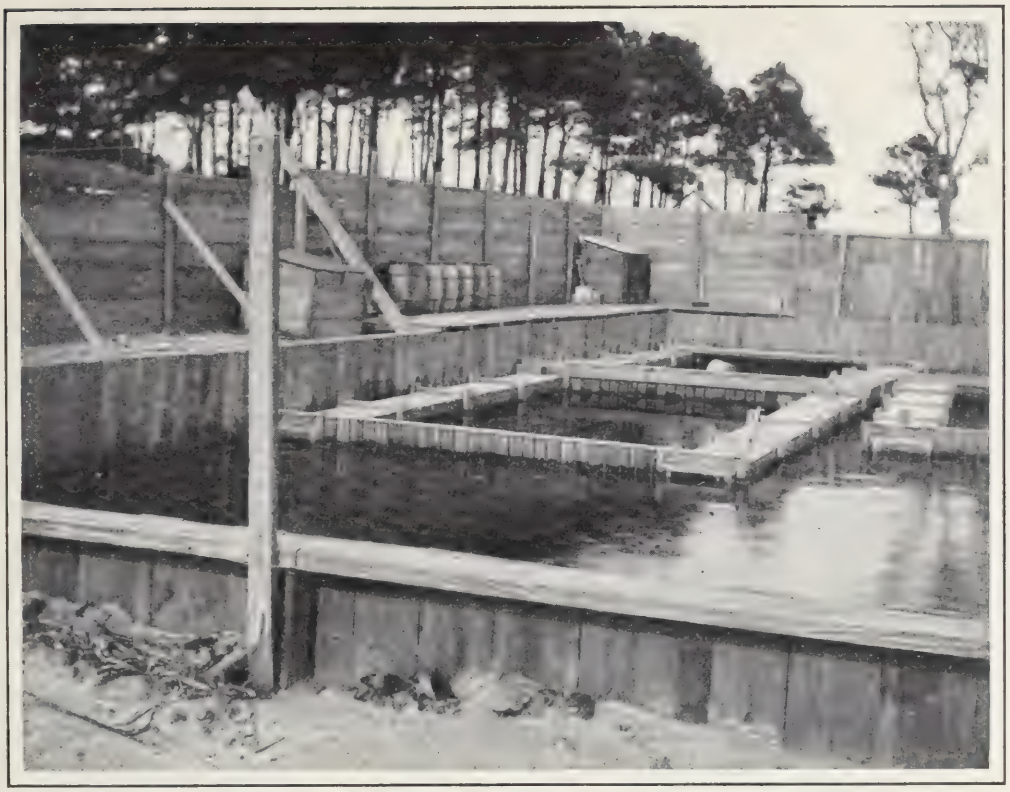
"'A leetle too close, General,' says Lafayette.

"'Give no heed to a little dirt,' says Washington.

"So yere come the redcoats, closer and closer till you could see the buckles on their shoes, and Chase and Smallwood they didn't like it, not knowin' what it meant. Washington then made these yere life-guards present arms and fire blank cartridges into the air. Then Cornwallis and his staff come out with a little white flag. Washington started out with his guards and met them. Cornwallis handed his sword point foremost, and Washington turned his head away and all were still as death. Then Cornwallis gave the sword handle foremost. Washington took it and was quiet a minute, studyin' what to say. Then he gave Cornwallis the sword and said, 'Take that as a memorial and never draw it again to fight America.'



WILD PONIES SUCH AS THESE ROAM THE STRETCHES OF THE ISLAND



An Oyster-box

"Afterward Smallwood and Chase saw the river was filled with the French fleet. Washington gave them three days' feastin' and casks of liquor, with the understandin' that if one man got drunk nobody else could taste anything. Chase had had just one little sup, with the intention of takin' several more, when he looked up to see two soldiers fightin'. Him and Smallwood were so mad they like to killed them both.

"At last the troops were dismissed. Washington stood there about to enter his carriage, but first he turned to Chase, and, handin' him the old torn flag, gave him a dollar to carry it to Mount Vernon. So the war was well over before Chase won home."

A simple tale and simple people. They do not see life in a large historical perspective; their sense is not epic; they cannot generalize further than the limits of their commonplace axioms of religion and morality. They have increased their freedom by reducing their wants, and for them life has few complexities. Birth, a little work, marriage, quiet home life, and again a little work, and after many years death; withal a faith in God and in the future He grants them in time and in eternity. Surely it is a sufficient heritage. Surely the sea and their own traditions and ideals have given them a certain wealth of content which is lacking to many more sophisticated communities.

The Case of Frederick

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

I MUST mention in the beginning that Frederick lived in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in one of the middle-sized cities with which this happy state abounds. The well-known firm for whom he worked had recently put up an office building of conspicuously subdued elegance that proclaimed their prosperity. Their business brought them in contact with the "best people" of their community. In Hartfield when a parent uttered the words, "John is with Peabody & Emerson," it was as though he had handed the listener a certificate of John's morals, brains, and the position of his family in the community. Frederick was the flower of the young manhood in the employ of this illustrious firm.

Six years out of Harvard, twenty-eight years old, clean-cut, well-dressed, looking as much as possible like every other young business man of education, Frederick sat before his desk in his office. He was of the pure blond Saxon type, even to his glinting hair and his humorous but choleric blue eyes; and because of his powerful build and short, heavy neck, he did not look his height. If ever there was a man set in his cast with cement it was Frederick. If ever a man proclaimed his cast by his bearing and appearance, Frederick accomplished this. There was no man in the world whom Mr. Peabody or Mr. Emerson would have suspected less of possessing the possibilities of breaking that most important commandment, "Thou shalt not diverge." Frederick would have been the last person to imagine such a thing about himself. In fact, he would have been quite incapable of imagining anything about himself, for in common with his kind any exercise of the imagination was excessively painful to him.

But Thought and the food for Thought lie about us everywhere, and with every thought the possibility of divergence in individuality; no one can count himself perfectly safe. The Thought that led to the events that made this story possible was a simple one. Frederick was bending over to sign his letters, and the Thought went:

"How this confounded collar cuts my chin!"

Every time Frederick bent over his desk his neck bore the mark of his labors in a bright red line. Like most well-to-do Americans, Frederick had been almost entirely sheltered from any physical discomfort; therefore the inexorable and unbending collar ate into his disposition. Then there wandered through his brain an irresponsible reflection, of the kind he had no business to have:

"Why the deuce shouldn't I wear a soft collar?"

Now the answer to this is obvious to any well-regulated mind. Young business men of the epoch of which I am writing do not wear soft collars in the winter time. It makes no difference if they have short necks and their chins therefore suffer in contact with high turn-over collars. Every young business man in America, wears a collar of the stamp I have described. They do not deviate. The great steam-roller which we call civilization has smoothed out all vagaries in masculine dress.

Frederick had been steam-rollered, Heaven knows. Public school, Exeter, Harvard, and home had worked harmoniously to produce a young American as much like all other young Americans as his unyielding collar was like theirs, and yet each day, as the collar sawed into Frederick's clean-shaven, pink chin, the Thought grew and throve, until it bore the preposterous resolve:

"By Jove, I will!"

When Frederick went home that night it was as if this resolve had made his eyes to see. He swung briskly down the brightly lighted streets, and all at once it seemed to him that the world was mad—stark, staring mad. In this cold winter weather he saw girls and women with glimpses of white, low-cut blouses showing beneath their furs. Scarcely a grown man or woman in the crowd walked erect, for the sharp wind blowing around the corner clawed at their hats and they bent almost double to meet the blast, clutching their head-wear with one cold hand. Scarcely a human being had shoes or stockings appropriate for the season. Only the girls young enough to wear knitted caps, and some of the workmen, were dressed with any relation to the weather. During that brief moment of insight Frederick reflected upon other details of women's attire and men's.

"Why do they do it?" grumbled Frederick.

Why, why, be uncomfortable, he wondered, open-eyed as a dweller from Mars beholding a vast human folly for the first time. Then the utter irrationality of a whole city full of people paying money to buy things with which to make themselves uncomfortable struck his sense of humor, and he laughed aloud.

The worst thing with thought is its tendency to materialize into action. The morning after his revelation Frederick appeared in the dining-room of his home clad in a soft shirt. There was no more prosperous sight in the world than the Lodge's dining-room, especially on a bright winter morning. The sun shone in through the large double bay-window. Outside, the snow sparkled, and inside the table-cloth shone white as the snow; silver glittered, glass and mahogany shone. Everything was immaculate, from the shining coffee-urn to Frederick's delicately beautiful mother, the nails of whose delicately faded hands shone also, and on whose fingers glittered one or two rings of severe beauty. Frederick's two sisters, his brother of school-boy age, and his widowed aunt made up the rest of the company. He bade them all a cheerful good morning, and with an unusual sense of well-being took his seat when his mother peered around the coffee-urn at him and remarked: "Why, Frederick, dear, have you no shirts?"



"How this Collar cuts my Chin!"

"This is a shirt I'm wearing, isn't it?" he inquired, briskly.

"Keep it on, then," his brother William advised him. Ignoring this, his mother explained, "Stiff shirts, Frederick dear, I mean, and collars."

"Those high collars hurt my chin," Frederick explained.

"I know, dear," his mother answered, patiently. "I've often heard you say so."

"So," Frederick went on, "I'm going to wear a soft shirt."

"But Frederick, my dear boy," his mother remonstrated, "you look so *unkempt*."

"Unkempt" was the word of Frederick's boyhood. He had been brought up on it. Even now it made a flush come to his face. His sister Louise joined in: "You're not going down to the office in that shirt, are you?" while Phyllis remarked, "Why, what will Mr. Peabody say?"

"He'll say 'naughty, naughty!'" William suggested. Frederick, turning to Louise, replied:

"No, Louise, certainly not to the office. I merely put this on as a species of *peignoir*, as it were."

"But you look so queer, and nobody does it," the two girls cried.

"Really, if I were in your place, Frederick," his mother rapped out in calm, even tones, accustomed to command—"if I were you I really would run up-stairs and change it."

His aunt, a relic of the mid-Victorian period, who made one think of billowy corsets and of bustles, leaned forward and peered near-sightedly at Frederick through her thick-rimmed glasses.

"I remember," said she, "when it was fashionable for young men to wear rolling collars and bow ties, with loose, flowing ends—at the esthetic period, you know, after the Oscar Wilde lectures. Then it was quite the thing. Those loose, flowing ties always were so pretty and more appropriate, I think, too, with the rolling collar."

"That sounds good to me," Frederick answered, belligerently. "I should like to have lived in a time when people were not afraid to dress as they chose."

"I'm glad, Frederick," his mother interposed, swan-like and superior, "that you live at a moment when young men are afraid to make asses of themselves."

Frederick looked at his watch, perceived that it was late, and dashed to his office. By the time he arrived he had forgotten the collar, but the brief and surprised glance of his stenographer, a statuesque and handsome though lean young woman of thirty, told more things to him than his combined family. She never glanced at his collar again, and looked anywhere but at Frederick, over his head and all about him, until he almost shouted at her, "Stare at it; stare at it, if you want to."

The glance of his employer was surprised and interrogatory. The men in the office chaffed him. Frederick could have turned the conversation, but at lunch he found himself again enlarging on the uselessness of modern raiment.

By evening he was sore and self-conscious, and it was with a feeling of refuge that he turned toward the house of his beloved at tea-time. The only reason that Frederick was not already engaged had been the ardor of his approach. Frederick had thrown himself into the business of love-making with such abandon that with deep instinct Ruth had realized that it would have been unkind to have been won too easily and that it was perfectly safe to play at the charming game of reluctance. Ruth played this part with a finished exquisiteness. And while all her impulse was to throw herself into Frederick's outstretched arms, instinct taught her not to; her dark and ardent eyes, therefore, proclaimed the things that her mouth denied.

Irrationally, young men expect young girls whom they love to hand out to them the mood they want. It is wholly a matter of chance if the unconquered maiden gives them this or something entirely different. The dusky wood-nymph, Ruth Brinton, only had for poor Frederick:

"Why, Frederick! For Heaven's sake, what's that you've got on your neck?"

"Why," said Frederick, frostily, "have I anything on my neck I shouldn't have?"

"Certainly not," Ruth answered, in a tone which matched Frederick's.

"If you object to a soft collar, Ruth, perhaps I'd better go."

She caught him up quickly. "It isn't your collar, it's your tone," she began.

"I'd certainly better go," said Frederick. "My tone was unconscious; I couldn't help it. I could have changed my collar to please you. Good-by."

"If this is all his love amounts to, if this is all the strain it can bear—" thought Ruth, bitterly, as she wept tears which were high temper and which she considered were the tears of love disappointed and disillusioned.

On his way home Frederick dropped off his car in front of a department store. Impetuously he was pressing his way past the crowd for the purpose of buying the flag which should proclaim his freedom. Frederick was going in to purchase a soft, loose tie. So do thoughts, once unloosed, sweep you out of your course. From unostentatiously wearing a shirt and collar which did not make him uncomfortable, Frederick intended to proclaim to the world that he was going to wear that shirt and its more appropriate loose tie just as long as he "jolly well felt like it." Frederick ran his flag to earth at last in an obscure corner of the ladies' furnishing department. He bought half a dozen.

When, next morning, Frederick knotted on his loose, flowing tie and surveyed himself in the glass, he had for a moment all the heady joy that the early Protestants must have felt. He felt as if he had cut through a thousand invisible strings of convention that had fettered him. He felt that he and freedom walked hand in hand at last. He braced himself for the stare which he knew awaited him. His two sisters exchanged a glance which meant, "Don't let's notice him at all." But his mother, dainty and crisp, correct in every detail as her shining breakfast-table, said in her delicately modulated voice:

"Really, Frederick, dear, a joke is a joke. *William* is of the age to run things into the ground, not you."



"IF YOU OBJECT TO A SOFT COLLAR, PERHAPS I'D BETTER GO"

"Sure," said William "I'd run it into the ground quick enough. I'd run it into the ground with a spade. I'll do it for Frederick any minute."

"Apparently you took my little joke about men fearing to make asses of themselves *au grand sérieux*, my dear boy," his mother went on soothingly. "You shouldn't have been vexed, Frederick. You can't mean really to go to the office with that bizarre neck arrangement."

Said Frederick, in a tone as bland as his mother's—"asses" in their vocabulary was a terrible simile—"If you wish to see a town full of asses, mother dear, go down and stand on the corner of Main Street."

"How so?" inquired his mother; she was easily drawn, poor lady.

Thus urged, Frederick mounted his hobby. Said he: "I call every one an ass who makes himself uncomfortable with clothes—every one. And as far as I can see, except for some working people, this means all of us. I say we're a nation of asses."

"*I'm* not uncomfortable," said Phyllis. "I gave up wearing corsets."

"You wear skirts," Frederick retorted, bitterly. "And when I think of skirts it makes me sick! Skirts, the most useless garments, the dirtiest, the most immodest, the most unsuited for their purpose—especially when I think of them trailing through snow and dirt, hoisted around ankles covered with noisome slush, and when I think that every single woman in this land wears skirts!—when I think about skirts—"

No one can attack the sanctity of womanhood and go unpunished in this country. William laughed loud and derisively. Frederick's aunt murmured: "But we have always worn skirts, my dear." The girls contributed: "What would you have us wear? I suppose you'd like to see us in harem skirts"; while his mother brought forth: "Are you quite calm this morning? Are you sure you feel well, my dear boy?" in a tone used to checking childish waywardness.

All this maddened Frederick further. Savagely he said to his brother, "Leave the table if you're going to laugh like a hyena," and to his sisters, "Harem skirts? Yes, I'd be proud to see a sister of mine in a decent, modest costume like that. The more I think about our customs in matters of dress, the less I can understand them," he went on. "I assure you the world seems to me mad—staring mad. And now because I make myself comfortable, because I refuse to let my neck be severed from my head by the sharp edge of a collar—"

He paused a moment. "Do you know, mother, if a man wanted in a single day to rise to the pinnacle of notoriety in this country—do you know all he need to do? Not to discover something wonderful or paint something wonderful. No. All he would need to do would be to wear a cutaway coat with the buttons sewn on in front instead of behind!"

"Are you thinking of trying it?" his mother inquired, dryly.

"By Jove, I'd like to," said Frederick, and left the table.

The four ladies were left together. For a few moments that portentous family silence which precedes a counsel of its women folk brooded in the room. It was Louise who brought before them the thought that had lurked in the background of each mind and which each one of Frederick's female relatives had hated to look squarely in the face. She voiced it thus: "Do you think Frederick really is *well*, mother?" while Phyllis elaborated it further with: "I've never known any one to act so strangely."

"You know," his aunt contributed, with that irrelevancy which so irritated her nieces, "what he said about the buttons was perfectly true. It does seem odd that if a man wore his coat wrong side before it would create such a hubbub."

"Why should anybody want to wear his coat wrong side before?" demanded his mother. "Frederick's conversation has been unbalanced, to say the least."

Again silence brooded.

"What do you think *is* the matter with Frederick?" Louise asked.

With an attempt at lightness her mother replied, "Why, Louise, I don't suppose there is anything the matter with Frederick. But I think that all of us should refrain from irritating him.



He unfolded the Theory of Clothes to his first sympathetic Listener

Let us not oppose anything he says. Treat him with consideration, and get him to go out with you as much as you can. Perhaps he has been overworking."

For a week's time they pursued this policy. If the conversation turned to clothes, and Frederick was riding his hobby with a certain degree of morbid intensity, they changed the subject with an irritating nimbleness. When he made himself comfortable by a cap which pulled over his ears, and waterproof shoes, and woolen socks, they said nothing. They even refrained from noting the challenge in his tone with which he announced the fact that he was having a new suit of clothes made. And when William asked, pertly, "Striped or polka-dotted?" his mother gave him a glance of significant warning. Except for the flowing tie, the cap and shoes, Frederick seemed normal enough.

Besides, at the house of a friend he had met a kindred soul in the person of a girl named Eleanor Paine. When he had first been introduced she had asked, "Are you an artist?"

"No," Frederick answered. "If you are referring to my tie, I am merely the martyr for a cause."

At which he unfolded the theory of

clothes, which he had been elaborating, to the ears of his first sympathetic listener. Eleanor clapped her hands together and cried, "Oh, lovely!" and showed throughout an adorable mixture of good sense and of humor. Humor suited her especially. She had two very superior dimples. We know how sore Frederick was from his treatment at the hands of Ruth, who, since that fatal afternoon, had made no sign. That is, Frederick thought she hadn't. She had treated him with a conspicuous amount of distinguished coldness, which should have led him to understand how wounded she was. But feeling that he was the one offended, Frederick failed to read the omens aright. And upon seeing him talking with Eleanor Paine, Ruth threw herself into a flirtation with one of his former rivals, a man whom Frederick happened to dislike. This gave him the opportunity that he wanted for a final spiritual break with Ruth.

So his friendship with Eleanor grew until he confided the secret of his new suit. She laughed and said, "That will make some fuss in the office, won't it?" And she further asked, "Are you really going to wear that soft tie next time you have to go to Boston on business?"

For it was Frederick who, because of his social graces, was the favored young man who was sent to Boston from Hartfield, on various business matters, and whose duty it also was to pilot thither certain up-state customers, intent on amusement.

Peabody & Emerson, furthermore, had



"I THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER TO TENDER MY RESIGNATION AT ONCE"

a long time been playing with an idea which they called, "Our Boston office," and when this dream came true it was understood that Frederick was to have charge of it. By this you may perceive that Eleanor Paine's question about the soft tie was one of more than casual interest. It was the only question in his present course that worried Frederick. He dreaded the advent of the out-of-town customer. In fact, Frederick, though he did not put it into words to himself, had embarked upon that battle which of all battles is most dear to the soul of man when once he has undertaken it. He was fighting against Error and Superstition. Had he not come of a race whose only mode of persuasion was the clenched fist, he might have founded a new band of freedom. He might have delivered men from the slavery of collars, have helped to clothe this whole shivering nation in proper winter clothing, to substitute warm caps for hats. But poor Frederick was only a young business man, whose only eloquence was that of business talk; whose only outward symbols of the great thought surging within him were his loose tie and soft shirt, his warm cap and big shoes, and who, moreover, was confronted by the approaching specter of the out-of-town customer.

So disturbed was he about this and as to what course to take, that the advent of his new suit of clothes failed to give him the sardonic pleasure it should have given.

It chanced as he gained the office that day that he met Mr. Peabody going in.

"Good morning, Frederick," said that gentleman, in a hearty, matter-of-fact tone which strove to deny that the firm's favorite had anything out of the ordinary in his appearance. "There are two important men coming in to see us to-day. Halloway, from New Hampshire, you know. Step into my office. I'd like to have a little talk with you before they come."

Moodily, Frederick divested himself of his comfortable overcoat. He was wondering now if a spiritual comfort was not worth all the physical comfort in the world. As he walked toward Mr. Peabody's office his boots seemed to clump noisily; his soft tie hurt him more than ever had his high collar. In fact, Frederick felt sore. It is not an easy thing to realize that for three weeks all your friends have thought you were a fool.

"Frederick," began Mr. Peabody, "about Halloway. You'd better lunch with him. I would myself, but it will make me late for a directors' meeting. And—er—Frederick, if you wish to go home and—er—make any alterations—" the old man blushed furiously—"in your—er—toilet, you know, Frederick, why—"

These words, said so hesitatingly, meant so kindly, set afire all of Frederick's smoldering resentment against mankind.

"Mr. Peabody," he said, swiftly, "when I entered your firm I did not realize that it meant I should be dictated to in—personal matters. I think it would be better under the circumstances for me to tender my resignation at once."

His spirits rose as he said these words. Now he was fighting something real at last; not the mere shadow of public opinion, but public opinion in its vested rights. Just here Mr. Peabody's eyes traveled over Frederick's new suit, and from embarrassment his expression gave way to one of wonder and then of deep concern.

"Why, Frederick," he said, in soothing tones, "of course I'm not dictating to you." He spoke as one trying to calm a fractious child. "Let's leave the Halloway matter over. If we lunch early, I dare say I can see him myself."

"I still tender my resignation," said Frederick, moodily. It didn't suit him to be humored.

"We'll talk about it later," said Mr. Peabody, still soothingly.

He sought the office of Mr. Emerson, where the two remained in solemn consultation, and as Mr. Peabody came out of his partner's door he was heard to say, "Though I'd rather give my right hand than believe it true."

Frederick, however, left the office and went to find Eleanor Paine, and went with her on an all-day walk in the country. It was a glittering, soul-uplifting day, such as one finds in New England in midwinter. For the mo-



He looked with small Satisfaction at Tarvis, who leaned back and laughed

ment Frederick felt as if he had been released from human bondage, and, having now his way to make in the world, he looked upon this moment as an auspicious one to offer himself in marriage to Eleanor. Being in that high mood in which the gods deny man nothing, he naturally was accepted.

Late that afternoon Mr. Peabody presented himself at Mrs. Lodge's. They were friends from childhood, which made the matter he had come to discuss no easier.

"Have you seen Frederick since morning?" he inquired of his hostess after they had finished their preliminary greetings. "Well, then I must tell you myself that Frederick insisted upon resigning because I suggested that he should—well, perhaps make his toilet more conventional before lunching with an important customer."

"Oh, Mr. Peabody—the unfortunate boy!" cried Frederick's mother. She sat in her usual attitude of elegant correctness and only her voice betrayed her emotion.

"May I ask you, Mrs. Lodge," went on Mr. Peabody, "have you observed anything—odd—in Frederick's conduct lately—has he been irritable at home?"

"He's been inclined to be, if the talk came upon clothes."

"The men in the office," Mr. Peabody pursued, "say he is what they call 'batty' on the subject. I thought it just a young man's fad, until his extraordinary conduct this morning—and then, Mrs. Lodge, my eyes traveled over his clothes. Frederick has had a new suit made and he has had all the buttons put upon the left side and the buttonholes on the right, while the sleeve vents are upon the upper instead of the un-

der side of the cuff." There are some things a man may not do in this world. Frederick wantonly and with malice aforethought had done one of them.

The old friends looked the specter in the face again. Mrs. Lodge sat in her same polite pose, correct for a lady entertaining a visitor, but she shivered.

"It may be nothing, nothing at all," said kind Mr. Peabody, "but a young man's freak—a practical joke, so to speak. On the other hand, Frederick may be on the verge of a—a nervous breakdown. Mr. Emerson tells me that a son of a friend of his saw Frederick standing on the corner of Main Street about three weeks ago laughing aloud at nothing. That in itself has no significance, but in consulting a physician I feel you ought to be in possession of all the facts."

"But how make him see a physician?" wailed Mrs. Lodge.

"I knew of a similar case where a young man needed to be—under observation, where a young physician impersonated a distant relative visiting from the West. Have you no distant relatives in the West, dear Mrs. Lodge, or the son of an old friend, perhaps? There's a young fellow of my acquaintance—a nerve specialist and—er—alienist, named Tarvis, for whom I could telegraph at once."

For Frederick the week that followed was one of high rapture. Eleanor and he planned how they should go West and begin life anew in a free environment, away from a convention-ridden community. But with an ever-insistent clarity there came to Frederick's mind the vision of how easy marriage would have been for him had he only remained with Peabody & Emerson. The wild, free West, indeed, was not what he longed for. All he had wanted was to have his neck comfortable in the little old East. And now see where this yearning had led him!

"Dash it all," he would think to himself, "I wish Eleanor wasn't quite so idealistic," meaning by this that her idealism closed the door for him on any retreat to his former position. When it came to a choice between marrying Eleanor at once and collars, there was no room in his mind for any doubt; but she had first admired him for his free and haughty spirit, so there he was.

He welcomed the arrival of an unknown cousin with enthusiasm. He hoped he'd prove a good fellow that he could perhaps talk things over with—not out and out, but in that decorous roundabout way in which youth communicates with youth. Tarvis and Frederick took to each other at once. Tarvis had a frank address, a merry eye and open face, and he accepted Frederick's invitation to go to the theater in Boston with enthusiasm.

By the time they were settled at table after the theater Tarvis knew him well enough to ask, "What made you get your clothes built with the buttons on the wrong side?"

"Because I was a fool," Frederick replied, with gloom. My collar hurt my neck, so I wore a soft one. The family raised such a row, I got a loose tie. The fellows joshed me till I thought I'd give them something to josh me about." Thus lucidly did Frederick explain his case, and he looked with small satisfaction at Tarvis, who leaned back and laughed and laughed. But as he spoke these words Frederick saw his conduct as the world—his world—would have seen it.

During their talk the next morning Eleanor said, looking at Frederick shyly: "Do you know, there's one thing I've always wondered, Fred, and that is how you'd look in a regular collar. You look so awfully sweet in evening clothes."

"You're coming to lunch at the house to-day, aren't you?" said Frederick. "I'll put one on to show you."

"Oh, will you, Fred?" cried Eleanor. "I've always wanted to ask you, but I was afraid you'd think I was disloyal."

"Pooh!" Frederick protested. "If it pleased you at all I'd wear one all the time—every day in the week."

"Oh, Fred!" cried Eleanor, showing both her dimples at once.

Thus it was that that talented young alienist, Dr. Tarvis, entered the drawing-room just in time to hear Eleanor saying: "Oh, Fred, I think you're perfectly grand in collars like this. Don't ever wear those old soft things again, will you?"

To which Frederick replied fervently: "Indeed I won't."

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

WE lifted rather wandering eyes from our newspaper as one of our favorite authors came in, and said, "Either there has been a superabundance of murders this season, or else the whole business of murder has begun to pall upon us. Here is a murder story, of a type which we would once have devoured with avidity, but now we have scarcely stomach for the scare-heads." We held up the page which we had been listlessly perusing, and which the author glanced at with eyes as jaded as our own.

"Yes," he said, "that is a good murder—a good average American murder: four homicides and one suicide. It is even beyond the average; there is an uncommon, though not unprecedented completeness in the murderer's turning the revolver on himself and expiring under arrest on his wife's body after shooting her and their children. The opportune arrest is the novelty." He had taken the details in from the scare-heads, and had no doubt received the same impression as ourselves, from the pictures which accompanied the narrative. "What do you think is really the reason you don't care for it?"

"Why, that is the question we were asking ourselves. Could it be the over-publicity which seems to attend all the human events of our day? We note in ourselves a similar indifference to the facts and faces in divorce-suits."

"Isn't it much the same sort of thing as to the over-publicity of it and in its psychological quality? In a way isn't a divorce both homicidal and suicidal?"

"It may become so," we mused aloud, "by our straining a point, and imagining that the parties to it die to their old selves—are never the same afterward. But it doesn't cover so much ground as a comprehensive murder. In a divorce there are only the husband and wife."

"There are the co-respondents."

"To be sure, the co-respondents. But in the case of incompatibility and desertion and cruelty there are none."

"That is true," the author admitted. "What are the other human events which you find yourself indifferent to?"

We thought a moment. "Well, defalcations, with or without abscondence, do not move us in the old way. Accidents, large or small, no longer have their former allure; we rather shun them than otherwise. They have a monotony: the sinking of ships, the blowing-up of steam or dynamite or the caving-in of mines; or the collapse of buildings; or the panic crush in burning theaters; or the conflagration of cities; or the explosion of powder-mills; or falls from lofty scaffoldings; or fatal capsizings in rowboats; or death-wounds from unloaded guns; or Fourth of July celebrations: the list is long, but not so much varied from year to year as to pique curiosity. The aeroplane has now come in to add its mortal precipitations from air-pockets, and its deadly mischances from breaks of every sort in its mechanism; but its casualties have scarcely more claim upon our curiosity than the calamities of the automobile which daily kills and maims those in it and in its way without winning the eye to the sanguinary record in the morning paper. There is now and then an earthquake, but after San Francisco and Messina, what earthquake can hold our interest? Somehow the facts have been overdone, or they have been too redly painted in the press. The pictures that accompany them have added to their weariness.

"It used not to be so. The time was when a horror of any sort, physical or moral, had its specific physiognomy, its peculiar temperament, which one remembered for days, weeks, even years. But now it has gone so far that one forgets not only the present horror, but the horrors of the past."

"Yes, that is true," the author said, and we saw the light of professional interest dawn upon his face. "Something might be made of that."

"In a short story?"

"Well—"

"Don't say a two-number story! They are never satisfactory. But what is your idea?"

"Oh, something very inchoate, as yet. Suppose a man who has always had the habit of the morning paper, as we have; and he would get to confusing the successive horrors until he came to believe that the reporters and editors were palming off the old ones as fresh. That could be one step. Then he comes to forgetting the disasters and sins and shames that he has battened on for so long, or by a sort of psychological alchemy he begins transmuting them to their antithetical events. A very hideous murder, like this one here, is remembered as a joyous birthday celebration; an extremely offensive divorce becomes a happy bridal with every circumstance of hope and promise; the collapse of a sky-scraper has turned to the unveiling of a monument to a famous architect; the wreck of an ocean liner becomes the launching of a hundred-thousand-ton steamer rendered absolutely safe by the devices of science; a cruel defalcation survives as a millionaire's devotion of his money to the welfare of the men who earned it for him. And so on. Of course, the thing will have to be very lightly treated, so as not to become mechanical or academic."

"And what," we asked, "will be the moral—the hidden lesson?"

"Why, I think it would be more artistic to leave the reader to infer it. What would your own inference be?"

"Well, you'll think us rather literal, rather prosaic, but what do you say to some such suggestion for the future of journalism as the gradual suppression of shocking news, or the compression of disagreeable facts to a small space in the type of the advertisements?"

"The objection to that is that advertisements are now so charmingly written that many people habitually read them; I do, for instance; and a typographical resemblance in the disagreeable facts might lead one to read them unawares."

"There is something in that," we admitted. "But the facts might be presented without the meretricious attraction of their scare-heads and the pictures of the *dramatis personæ*. In the English papers you find murders treated as events of very little general interest."

"That is true," he said. "But on the other hand divorces down to the last scandalous detail are treated as of the greatest importance."

"Then the question occurs, which are more depraving to the reader: murder cases or divorce cases?"

"No, I thought the question was what kind of horror was remembered longest, or whether with the lapse of time one was distinguishable from another, or whether they were not finally convertible."

"Ah, that would be a curious inquiry," we said. "Perhaps in the ultimatum of personality, here or elsewhere, there will remain of things that have happened only a dim impression, a sort of blur; or an impalpable dust, such as it is believed the journals of our day, printed on wood-pulp paper, will fall into in no very long time. This impalpable dust of yester-decade's newspapers may embody to the future some such record of our present life as is intimated in our more mystical moments now from a previous life. In the return of faith, when religion and science seem to be making friends again, the notion of pre-existence is coming into favor. Sir Oliver Lodge has the effect of willingly accepting it as evidence of our immortality. It is not a new thing; whenever we work forward, or round to, or back to a belief in the life hereafter, we begin to believe in the life heretofore. Plato argued it convincingly; and in fact the one is as easy to imagine as the other. Our memories of that anterior immortality, which haunt us 'like glimpses of forgotten dreams,' are possibly such as will follow us from this world into the next—"

"Ah, memories, memories!" the author broke in. "Do you recall what Tolstoy says in the reminiscences which he furnished his biographer Birukoff? 'Generally, people regret that individuality does not retain memory after death. What happiness that it does not!

What an anguish if I remembered in this life all the evil, all that is painful to the conscience, committed by me in a previous life. And if one remembers the good, one has to remember the evil too. What happiness that reminiscences disappear with death, and that there only remains consciousness, a consciousness which as it were represents the general outcome of the good and the evil. With the extinction of memory we enter into life with a clean white page upon which we can write afresh good and evil.'"

"Wonderful! like everything he says. And do you believe that consciousness — personality — can persist without memory?"

"I am not saying that, at least not without an *if*. If we lived before this, and still persist individually without remembering anything more of our preexistence than we do, it seems possible that we can live again as obliviously. But if Tolstoy's hope isn't true, his despair is. Remembering the sins that we can't expiate with our remorse, *that* is the worm that dieth not, *that* is the fire which is not quenched, *that*, as Tolstoy says, is hell."

We moved uneasily in our Easy Chair; it seemed that this awful despair must be true. All that we could say was, "Well, perhaps we haven't lived before this."

The author went on: "Swedenborg says—I wish one could know whether Tolstoy ever read him; but he seems to have been ignorant of a vast number of things pertinent to the great things he was always thinking of—Swedenborg says that nothing is ever forgotten. Most things drop from the outer natural memory in the course of life, but there is an inner spiritual memory of all that the man did or said or thought. After the man's death, when the angels are sent to recall him to consciousness in the life eternal, they 'explore' this receptacle for him, and make him know from its contents what he was and is. He is not so unhappy, though; he is not in the agony that Tolstoy felt himself in when exploring his memory; he goes freely and willingly away to the companionship of the good or the bad, which forms his heaven or hell. But as for the inner memory, absolutely nothing is lost upon it or from it. For that reason the whole of terrestrial literature exists in the spiritual world, and can be always read there from the memories of those who have read it here."

This was too much. "And all those murders, divorces, suicides, defalcations, disasters, which form nine-tenths of the day's news remain through eternity in the memories which received them almost unknowingly?"

"Something like that."

"Then one ought to be more careful than ever of what one reads."

"Or what one writes. One hopes that one's rubbish is forgotten by those who read it, and one seems for the most part to have forgotten it oneself. But to be brought to book in that fashion after death, really gives a new conception of eternal punishment. I suppose the verbatim remembrance of one's best would not be bliss exactly, but one's worst, one's commonplace, one's fake sentiment or cynicism, one's wretched bids for sensation in the reader, one's covert appeals to passion, to appetite, to folly—perhaps one had better have to face the recollection of theft or forgery or arson, or any of the many forms of falsehood. In fact, untruth to nature in literature is one of the worst forms of falsehood. If remembering and suffering are one, as Tolstoy says, and if remembrance is a condition of individual existence hereafter, as Swedenborg implies, one should look to every word as anxiously as to every act."

"You are talking now of literary art," we made him observe, "but the infinitely vaster bulk of printed matter is not literature at all; it does not pretend to be that; it does not pretend to be so much as what calls itself journalism; it is merely the report of daily events, current history, shapelessly flung together without method or manner, and with no purpose except to seize and hold the reader. We have suggested that the cruder and dreadfuler events should be presented with the modesty of advertisements, and you remind us that advertisements are now too attractively written; you propose instead a sort of allegory in the form of a story, a fable of transmutation with no practicable application to the circumstances."

"But you, on the other hand," the author retorted, "what do you really want? To be more interested in the things which you say do not interest us any longer?"

"No, certainly not."

"Then perhaps you merely wish to know why you are not interested?"

"That would be more like."

"Then I will venture two conjectures. One is that we are growing old, and that things no longer *bite*, as they used."

"Bite?"

"Yes, on the mental palate. One day, after I began turning gray, I found myself at breakfast with a contemporary, eating radish after radish with an immunity from pain which we noticed at last. 'These are radishes, all right,' I said, 'but I thought radishes *bit*.' 'So they did,' he said, 'when the biter was young. Now that the biter is old, they don't. Even the horse variety of radish no longer bites; mustard itself scarcely brings the tears into my eyes, and I used to weep copiously from it.' Upon reflection I perceived that he was right. Probably those murders, accidents, divorces, which are as Dead Sea fruit on our palates, insipid or worse, are of keen relish to those whom the radish, both horse and human, bites and the mustard forces to shed the unavailing tear."

"Well, we don't absolutely refuse your conjecture. What is your other one?"

"That we live in a world full to repletion of so many facts, the accumulations of our many years, that there is no room in it for current incidents. When these try to force their way in, they cause us not only that sort of weariness, almost nausea, which we have owned, but positive suffering."

"Yes," we reflected, "we really suffer. Then we ought to be glad that the defect, the fault, is in our palsied taste, our plethoric experience. Supposing we say that we find both of these conjectures of yours convincing, are you able to say that you find any great comfort in them yourself?"

"Not the greatest. I don't know that I'm myself convinced of them yet. One doesn't like to be thought or declared old, even by oneself. I would much rather blame the order of events, their want of variety, their shameless repetition of stale horrors. I should like to say that if this monotony of the facts in the newspapers continues, I shall have to begin reading their editorials."

"Wouldn't that be rather extreme?"

"It might seem so to the writers," the author admitted.

"Very well, then," we said, "we have a confession to make. We were forced some time ago to begin reading the editorials."

"And well?"

"Well, we found them not so bad as before we began reading them."

"They have improved?"

"We don't go so far as that. They are better than the news, though not yet so attractive as the advertisements. By the way," we turned briskly to the fresh consideration, "we took up the habit of reading magazine poetry some time ago. You've no idea how not bad it is. The short stories may be praised quite as unstintedly. Do you suppose that we could venture upon the popular novels?"

"I don't know," the author said, "I never wrote one."

"That was why we asked you. We knew you would be so unprejudiced."

"I haven't read them because I haven't been able to write them," the author replied. "But I have heard them talked over by those who have read them, and I should say they were a good deal like what has driven you to reading the editorials."

"Oh no!"

"I won't be positive; but it appears to me that they repeat themselves—that they have no more originality than daily history."

"Why, but," we expostulated, "it is only a few months ago that we strongly urged popular fiction to renounce itself and cultivate contemporary history in its different forms!"

"I can't help that," the author replied. "Now you find that it could gain nothing by doing that. Contemporary history is wholly lacking in originality, and you ought to be candid enough, upon the confessions you have been making to me, to withdraw your advice to fiction: to own that it cannot be drier or duller or more tautological than fact, let it do its worst."

EDITOR'S STUDY

PERHAPS it is the complexity of our modern life, in the stage which we have reached, that gives it so much the appearance of looseness and confusion. It is not, as in physical evolution, a well-ordered complexity; we have to take account not only of such conditions as heredity and environment, but of those flowing from the freedom of the human will, resulting in a kind of disarray impossible in natural phenomena. In the march of humanity the ranks are scattered, even those in the van swept forward in lines divergent or conflicting, while, of those following, the vast majority seem massed together rather than in line, inert, sullen, or reactionary. The lack of organization is latent disorder, more discouraging to progress than open reaction.

To-day, through the wide diffusion of intelligence, the laggards in the march have, in various degrees, been quickened, becoming responsive to the leading currents of its movement, and the disorder is more extensive and attended by a greater variety of disturbing casualties. In reality the disorder is lessened by its diffusion.

We are fond of representing human development in terms of forward motion, as of an army or a procession. The *élan vital* is not signified in its true nature by such metaphors. The changes which make for humanism, however intense the creative activities involved, are more like what takes place in chemical solutions or in organic growths than like the onrush of a torrent. They are human and therefore dramatic, both subjectively and in outward representation. But even in the drama there is leisure. The actors take time to dress for their parts, and then wait for their cues.

For the moment we will take our cue from their dressing. For, whether we look at human life as a procession, a pageant, or a drama, its investment is objectively its most impressive feature, not merely to the eye, but to the mind, in conception, memory, and imagination. It is the dress of action as of thought, and we call it habit. It is the insignia of class and office; the outward note of the changing fashions which indicate passing whims of fancy,—the note also of the deeper turns of disposition and tendency. To say that costume connotes custom and that symbolism is the investment of faith and philosophy is but to follow the line of thought made vividly familiar by Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*.

Though we do not wish entirely to ignore these subtle correlations and must indeed frequently recur to them, linking manners with morals and with things deeper than formal ethics, as closely in the interpretation of present tendencies as we would if considering those of any past epoch, yet the outward and visible investment of the living human drama in any period has an interest on its own account and for itself alone, else so many people would not care for archæology; and this interest is one of the strongest stimulants of our historic sense. For the majority of mankind, certainly of womankind, clothes are more interesting than the philosophy of clothes. While the body is more than raiment, the raiment is more in evidence, be it ever so diaphanous, and is usually the object of more attention and solicitude.

For some time the peculiarities of feminine attire have been the occasion of a solicitude to moralists that is not exactly like that which the Puritan feels at the revival in the community of a sensuous scheme of life that he has unwisely and unnaturally repudiated. The concern is farther-reaching, more broadly ethical, these current phenomena being associated with others in the past, like those of æsthetism in the last generation, which seemed to threaten, if they did not actually lead on to moral

disintegration. The new fashion in dress was judged, too, by things which came along with it, more minatory and repugnant to delicate taste and sound judgment, like the tango and turkey-trot dances and suffragette atrocities. We are forced by it into an ethics of clothes and, we may say, into a philosophy of them, when we find it even correlated, though most illogically, with formlessness in literature, with post-impressionism and futurism in art, and with inattention to religious services.

The correlation with anything like formlessness is surely illogical, for it was the old fashion in dress which the new has displaced that made woman seem limbless, making a point of formlessness. The new style defines the form, making the most of it. It is there that the complaint against it really lies; it seems like a reversion to paganism—that is, to the classic paganism of the Greek and Roman, and to the Christian who adheres to the primitive type of his faith, that reversion means going to pieces in a corruption like that which the zealous Israelite imputed to the whole Gentile world, and which the early Christian believed could only be blotted out by the conflagration of the planet.

We are very far from that first reading of the Gospel, which so soon had to be translated into another meaning more conformable to its spirit. When it was found that the earth was not to be destroyed within the first Christian generation, the words of the Master came back to His followers with a truer interpretation. They had plenty of time for the establishment and even for the organic embodiment of the new culture which was being cherished in their hearts and was unfolding itself to their minds. Christianity had leisure, even for the conversion of the world.

This leisure meant the assimilation as well as the conversion of the pagan world. Confined to its original Eastern habitat, Christianity as an ascetic social organization (a contradiction of terms) would soon have gone to pieces. It owed its integrity, in "lasting habitations," to union with the world rather than separation from it. This union was "for better, for worse," and the fact that it was not ruinous to Christianity, but rather the upbuilding of both itself and society, is the most convincing illustration of its eternal power and truth.

Thus classic paganism and the Roman Empire, which were themselves doomed to disintegration as the two great entities of the ancient world, were the indispensable conditions of the organic integrity of Christianity, the dominant power of modern life and society. There were values of paganism, intellectual, esthetic, and practical, which Christianity could assimilate advantageously, and without danger so long as its life grew out of its own central principle; and this assimilation enabled it to mold the Northern races into a finer humanism than if it had met these races with only its Oriental, its Semitically derived investment. These same Northern races, Christianized, while they participated in the immense benefits of the Renaissance and of Catholic cosmopolitanism, by their reaction against these, in insisting upon their own nationalities and vernaculars, contributed their part in the sane constitution of modern Christendom.

So long as Christianity lives and grows from its central principle of human sympathy, we need not fear because of the disintegrations incident to so changing and fluent life as we of to-day are living. Accordingly, when one sounds a note of alarm as to the disintegrating tendencies of current thought and feeling, such, for instance, as comes to us in Professor Santayana's *Winds of Doctrine*, he must begin with Christianity itself, showing how through its own modernism it is going to pieces. To establish his position, the Professor postulates a Christianity by its essential character and principle so separate from the world that to blend with its currents involved its own destruction. Such a Christianity would never have even attained any integrity to be dissolved; it would have been a dissolute ecstasy in the beginning, doomed to an early and fatal disillusionment. In his treatment of current philosophic tendencies, Professor Santayana is more at home, and there is no extant treatise in this field so replete with brilliant but genial irony. In standing for clearer

analysis and definition and for the objectivity of truth, his criticism will appeal to many minds bewildered by whatever is indefinable and seeking some fixed and tenable stability against the flowing currents of modern thought and sentiment; indeed, it might lead to some revision of detail by those he antagonizes, but hardly to recantation.

For ourselves, we look for stability in the fluent rather than in the fixed; and there are disintegrations which stimulate our hope rather than excite our apprehension.

But our well-dressed woman and what she wears has been too long neglected. She certainly stands for something definite, at least for a costume that is clearly defining. To see it at its best we should give it a natural environment, such as it would have at a gay lawn party, where it should show itself in a variety suiting the matron and the girl of all ages. What a delightful surprise if the spectacle suddenly burst upon the vision of one seeing it for the first time, having by some happy seclusion been saved from the observation of the crude and awkward stages through which the new style had passed before reaching this fascinating consummation. Then there should be lawn-tennis playing alongside, showing how fitly the new fashion lends itself to freedom of movement. Surely girls at play never before seemed so supple, so altogether charming. One recalls the Greek maidens who freely took part with young men in the races and other athletic contests.

Is our satisfaction, from this gracious disclosure of beauty in its own outline, too hedonistic and more befitting a pagan sensibility? But the effect is quite different from any which actual paganism at its brightest ever produced. Everything esthetic in paganism, in its Greek type, at least, was sharply and nakedly definite, while here the illusion is perfect in its veiling.

The new fashion is not only alluring, but so sensible and in every way preferable to that which it has displaced that adverse criticism of it is based not so much upon antagonism as upon apprehension. The moralist is reasonably afraid of what may follow from a direct appeal to the senses—the effect is so vividly real. To him the moving-picture show seems far more dangerous, and to be more rigidly censored, than the most realistic novel of passion. He insists that but for the recent changes in feminine costume the new style of dances and "trots"—which, even if he could bring himself to call graceful, he cannot refrain from calling vulgar—would never have been thought of. What is to come of it? he asks, concerning every new allurement, as he did a century ago concerning the minuet. That is why we are not permitted an unalloyed satisfaction in any vivid fresh investment, however innocent in itself. We must consider its tendency and its correlations. If Rossetti depicts visions beyond our dreams we are diverted from them to behold the sequel of impressionism in the repellent decadence of the æsthete and the insane vagaries of the extreme "futurist."

A tendency, especially a modern tendency, is not a single stream; it is a complex of many currents from different sources and taking various directions; and even as a whole it seems to have halts and recessions, or if in some eminent and leading strain there is a steady advance, other strains seem lax and feeble or else violently discordant. And there are many ways in which modern society suffers change. Some movements break up riotously, while others, deeper and more determinant, pass like summer into autumnal divestiture for a new springtime investment. There is an infinite complexity of disintegration for the integrity of Christendom, its quickness of life and ever-increasing purpose.

Therefore we do not fear change. The promise of its rising side is not belied by any fault or decrepitude of its decadence. The apparent formlessness in modern life and literature, like that intuitionalism in philosophy against which Professor Santayana most vigorously wields his Damascene blade, is an essential feature of the investment in which content dominates contour; it is a distinctive characteristic of Christianity as contrasted with classic paganism—of a culture which is informed by the spirit and which recognizes the miracles and mystery of life. It is not a sign of decadence, but of creation.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Idiotic Inventions of Professor B. House

BY BARRY GILBERT

THE CHRONOMATIC GOLF-BALL

HOW queer it is that no one sees
The daily opportunities
About his path, to put his name
Forever in the Hall of Fame!
If nothing else the Prof. had done
Inventively, except this one,
For this the name *of* "House" should be
Embalmed throughout eternity.

The golfer who in jungles tall
Has pawed and hunted for his ball
Five minutes, as the rules allow,
Without success, no longer now
Need hunt a bit. He sets the clock
Imbedded in the ball. The shock
Upon the plunger makes it start
As through the air it flies. The part
On top's a bell. The hand is set



"A loud alarum fills the skies"



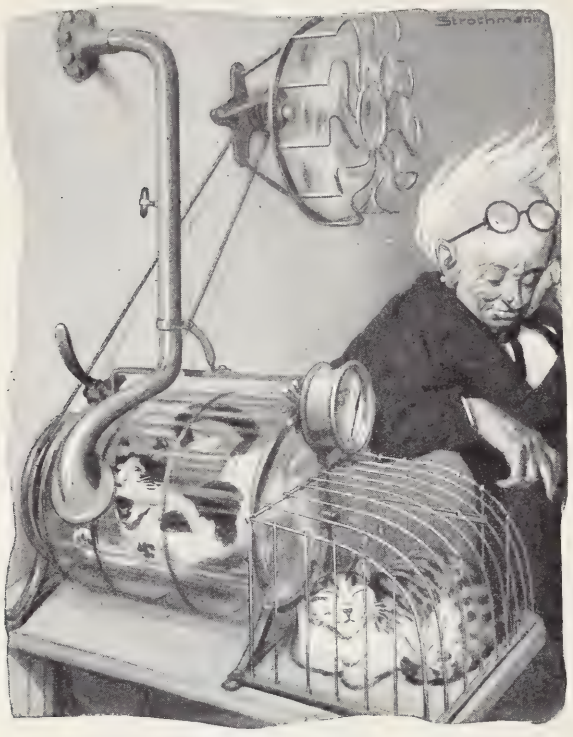
"The knife's as harmless as a spoon"

To give the player time to get
To where the ball is lying and
Five minutes more, before the hand
Explodes the bell, and if by then
The ball's still lost beyond your ken,
A loud alarum fills the skies
And leads you where your golf-ball lies.

THE SAFETY KNIFE

THE Safety Knife, as all may see,
Will have wide pop-u-lar-i-ty.

How often at Delmonico's,
Or other places where one goes,
Some boob, imperiling his life
By swallowing his table-knife,



"*May take a cat-nap or a snooze*"

Some city boor or rural dunce,
By fearful gastronomic stunts,
Has made us all affrighted feel
And spoiled the pleasure of our meal!
For such as these, night, morn, and noon,
The Safety Knife's a perfect boon.
Insertion much beyond an inch
The bar prevents. We need not flinch.
He cannot cut, or scratch, or jab
His throat or palate. He can't stab
His tonsils. All are quite immune.
The knife's as harmless as a spoon.

Thus Science daily problems reaches,
And quietly good manners teaches.

THE CATELECTRIC FAN

TWICE ten Niagaras every day
Of cat-power's lost and thrown away.
A frightful economic waste!
A master mind the problem faced—
A wise and scientific man—
And soon devised a simple plan
To utilize this mighty force
(A second Samuel F. B. Morse).
A simple and a useful plan—
The Wireless Catelectric Fan!

With two cat-power, one at ease
May have a cool, continuous breeze;
May take a cat-nap or a snooze,
Or, poet-like, may woo the *Mews*.
Low, high, or intermediate speed
May each be had as one may need.

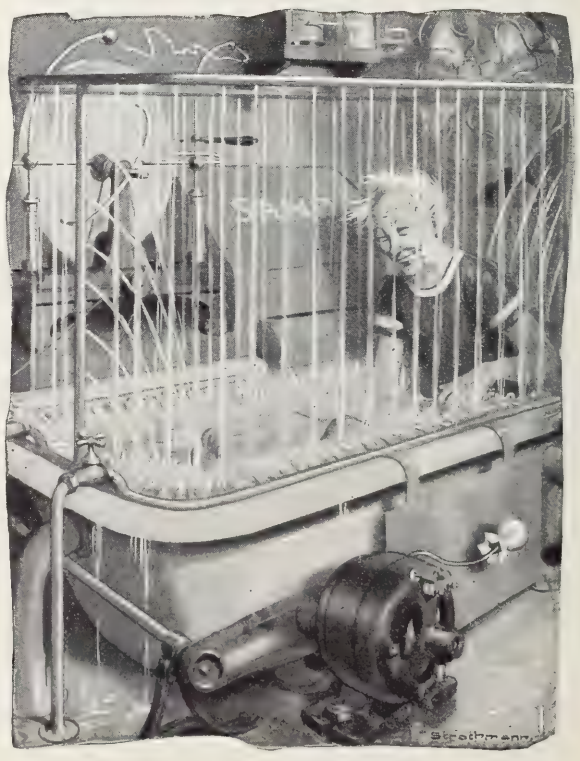
Just shift the cat, and not the gears,
In case the cat fatigued appears,
While should the motor yowl and bawl,
The pipe removes the caterwaul.

NATURE'S TRUE BATH

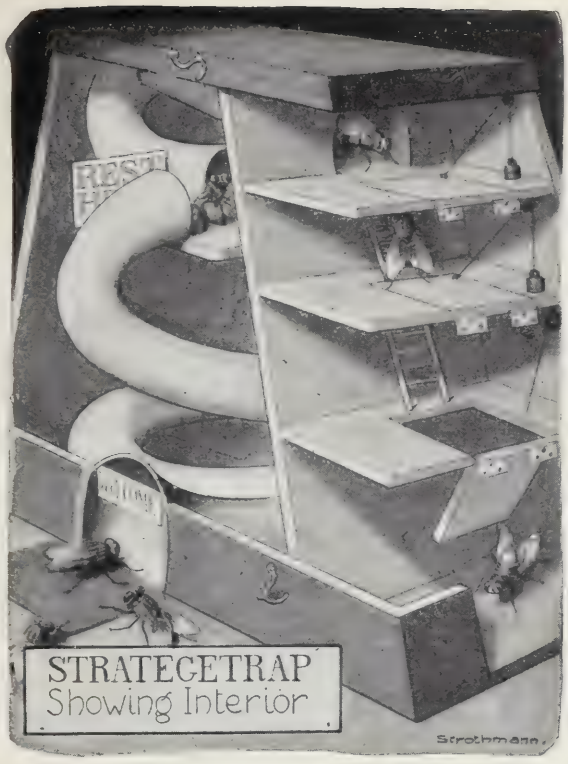
THE nearer that one can conform
To Nature's ways, the nearer norm-
Al will one be. So we are taught.
The Prof. elaborates this thought,
And offers to the world a path
To health and vigor, Nature's Bath.

The elemental forces each
Has fullest play. The ocean beach
Is reproduced. One sits on sand.
Cyclonic blasts come from the fan!
From overhead a torrent pours
As bad as any out-of-doors,
While all around the bath-tub's rim
A lusty deluge squirts with vim;
The crashing thunders loudly roll,
The lightnings flash from pole to pole!

A tempest rages—such a rain,
Such blinding, dreadful hurricane
As wild Valkyries never rode—
All reproduced here—*à la mode*.
The primal forces have full sway
Exactly as in Noah's day.
Upon you Nature pours her wrath,
And when you're through, you've had *some bath!*



"*The primal forces have full sway*"



"To catch him one needs strat-e-gy"

THE STRATEGETRAP

THE fly's as nimble as the flea.
To catch him one needs strat-e-gy.
All learned men now recognize
This principle in catching flies,
But strange it is that no one but
Professor House has ever put
The principle to actual test
To thus exterminate the pest.

(*Directions for Using*)

The fly, before him, sees "Come In."
Quite curious, he does, and then
Begins the spiral round to climb,
And gets more curious all the time!
Upon the platform now he rests.
Then to the top. The slide he tests;
Beholds a trap-door!! Carefully
He passes through. The ladder, he
With confidence descends. And now
In jocund mood, for he knows how,
The second trap-door joyously
And jubilant he opens. He
Climbs down the ladder number two.
He finds a third door, and steps through
Complacent and without a care.
But ah!!! There is no ladder there!!!!
No Strat-e-gy did he expect.
And so he falls and breaks his neck!!!!!

THE SLIDEOSCRATCH

TO scratch a match may seem to you
A very simple thing to do.
But that's because you've failed to see
How hard it can be made to be.

The principle that up till now
All have employed has been, somehow,
To move the match. The Prof. has long
Condemned this principle as wrong,
Too simple e'er correct to be
In scientific theory.
A much more complicated plan,
And hence more scientific, than
The present one, would be to scratch
The rubbing surface on the match.
A stroke of genius this device,
As every one will recognize.

(*Directions for Using*)

Insert the match. Drop the handle-bar,
And hold it firmly. Pull the car
Along the runway toward the right.
The friction will the match ignite.
Reverse the handle. Lift the catch.
Undo the clamp. Remove your match.



"The friction will the match ignite"

Some day Professor House will take
A fortnight off and try to make
Some betterments that will result
In methods still more difficult.



His Day Off

Misapprehension

LITTLE Jack's mother was very fond of flowers, and he delighted in bringing them to her. One day he ran in with a great armful of white roses and violets.

"Why, Jack," said his mother, in consternation, "it's a *wreath;* where *did* you get it?"

"I got it off the door-bell next door, mamma," answered little Jack. "I guess they put it there 'cause they didn't want it any more."

The Peace Movement

THE Sunday afternoon quiet of the elder members of the Reynolds' family in the living-room was broken in upon by sharp words from the den adjoining.

"You sha'n't hang it there!"

"I will, too!"

"I'll take it down!"

"I won't let you!"

"I will, too!"

"You won't!"

By this time mother and older brother interfered, preventing a tussle. While mother was settling the dispute, older brother brought the cause in to the rest of the family—a beautifully illumined Sunday-school card bearing the words "God is Love."

Friends

MRS. W. (*at the matinée*): "Well, I declare, there's actually somebody in the world plainer than I am! Look right over yonder— But, no—see if you can find her."

MRS. Y. (*after searching diligently*): "I can't find her."

An Unselfish Motive

WHEN little Margaret passed her plate the third time for chicken her mother said:

"My dear, you must not eat so much chicken. I am afraid you'll be ill."

"Well, mother," said Margaret, "I'm not eating this because I want it. I'm collecting the bones for Fido!"

Force of Habit

TWO traveling men reached a small place in Alabama late one evening and found that there was no room to be had at the hotel. The proprietor did not want to disappoint them, as they were regular patrons, so he told them that he would send some bedding over to an old church he had just bought and make them as comfortable as possible there.

About midnight the whole town was startled by the furious ringing of the church bell. An old colored man was sent by the proprietor to see what was the matter. Soon he came shambling back.

"Massa Boss!" he exclaimed. "Massa Boss! Jes' cam' yo'self. 'Twan't nothin' but de gemmen in pew twenty-six ringin' fo' a drink!"

Introspective

AT a "tea" four-year-old Jack was consuming more candy than his mother thought wise.

But "Jes' one more piece, muvver," he pleaded.

"Well, one more peppermint," conceded his mother, indulgently.

Jack picked up a chocolate.

"Jack, what did I tell you?" reproved his mother.

With a radiant smile Jack turned to her and chirped, "Maybe, jes' maybe 'is has pep'mint inside."

The Supply Failed

YEARS ago it used to be the custom of the country folk to work out their taxes by boarding the teacher, which meant that from time to time he was supplied from various quarters with food.

One day a boy named Elisha Anderson sought the teacher and said:

"Say, teacher, my pa wants to know if you like pork?"

"Indeed, I do," was the reply. "Say to your father that there is nothing in the way of meat I like better than pork."

Some time elapsed and there was no pork from Elisha's father, a fact that in no way surprised the teacher, for the old man was known throughout the country as a tight proposition. Nevertheless, one afternoon the teacher asked the boy:

"How about that pork, Elisha, that your father promised me?"

"Oh," answered the boy, "the pig got well."

Forearmed

MR. COOKE was a traveling man, and was slightly injured in a railroad accident. One of the officials of the road went to his home to break the news gently to Mrs. Cooke.

"Madam," he began, "be calm! Your husband has met with a slight—that is to say, one of the drive-wheels of a passenger locomotive struck him on the cheek, and—"

"Well, sir," interrupted the woman, "you needn't come around here trying to collect any damages of me. You won't get a cent! If your company can't keep its property out of danger, it 'll have to take the consequences. You should have your engines insured."

Granny Shay

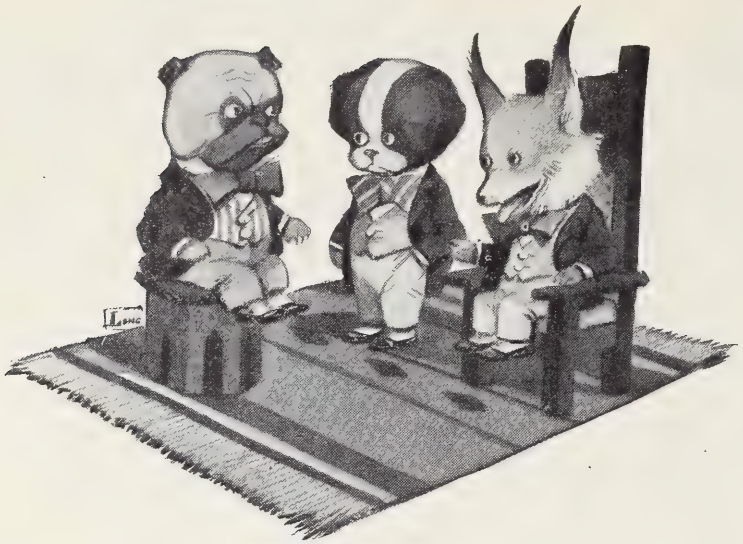
I WENT to call on Granny Shay.
I took some honey and some tea,
And said I hoped that she was well.
She said she was obliged to me,
And that she'd soon be eighty-five,
And felt as chipper as could be.
And so, to be polite, I said
"You don't look more than *eighty-three*."
"*Humph!*" said Granny Shay to me.

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT.



MISTRESS: "*Watching the leaves fall, Thomas? Rather a sad sight, isn't it?*"

THOMAS: "*Turr'ble, mum, turr'ble; ev'ry blame one of them to be swep' up an' burnt.*"



MR. BULL. "*She turned up her nose at me when I asked her to be mine.*"

MR. COLLIE. "*She certainly didn't have any advantage over you in that respect.*"

Barren Ground

ELIZABETH and Amelia were chatting about a young man whom they both knew.

"I can't make anything of young Ralston, he's so stupid," said Elizabeth.

"Why, I don't think so," said Amelia. "He has a lot in him when you know him."

"Has he?" rejoined Elizabeth. "Well, then, I'm sure it's a vacant lot."

Noisy

MRS. MARSDEN'S only recommendation to society was the great wealth left her by an uncle.

"I attended the new theater last evening," she announced to a member of the smart set, whom she happened to meet one morning.

"Indeed!" said the social leader. "How are the acoustics of that theater?"

"The what?" queried Mrs. Marsden.

"The acoustic properties?" replied the other woman.

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Marsden, quickly—"the acoustic properties. Why, do you know, it struck me they were rather gaudy."

As He Liked It

MRS. KING was not accustomed to marketing, and knew nothing about it. One morning, shortly after the return from the wedding journey, she called at the market.

"You may send a nice piece of roast beef," she said to the butcher.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"And," went on the young woman, with emphasis, "please have it very rare. My husband prefers it that way."

Rapid Transit

"MR. LANE called again this morning, sir," said the new office-boy as Mr. Stuart entered the office.

"Did you tell him I'd gone to Europe, as I told you to, Edward?" asked Mr. Stuart.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy. "I told him you started this morning."

"That's a good boy," said Stuart. "And what did he say?"

"He wanted to know when you'd be back," replied Edward, "and I told him 'after lunch,' sir."

Something Needed

LITTLE Emily was playing one morning with her dolls.

"Mother, I want some water in a bowl," she said; "I am going to christen my doll."

"I wouldn't do that, dear," replied the mother. "That would be trifling with a sacred subject."

"Well, then, give me some wax to waxcinate her with, mother," said the little girl. "She's old enough now to have something done to her."



"*Say, mommer, I got the job. Two bones a week an' a uniform wid brass buttons.*"

Encumbered

ROBERT had two little playfellows who were spending the afternoon with him. They finally began boasting about their parents and belongings.

"My father," bragged Robert, "is going to build a fine house with a steeple on it."

"That's nothing," exclaimed Louis, scornfully. "My father has just built a house with a flagpole on it."

Sherman, who had been listening intently, was silent for a moment, then burst forth, triumphantly:

"Gee, that's nothing. My father is going to build a corking house with a mortgage on it."

The Real Thing

MR. VOELKER was very fond of trout fishing, and each year tried to have at least a week of good sport. The day before he was to start on his long-looked-for vacation his wife, smiling joyously, entered the room, extending toward her husband some sticky, speckled papers.

"For goodness' sake, Laura," he exclaimed, "what on earth are you doing with those old fly-papers?"

"Why, I saved them for you from last summer, Jeff," she replied. "You know you said you always had to buy flies when you went fishing."

A Definition

"WHO can describe a caterpillar?" asked the teacher of a group of young nature students.

"An upholstered worm," spoke up one of the youngest in the class.

The Hero of the Team

IT was little Ruth's first time at a ball-game, and she was intensely interested in the different players. It was plainly seen, however, that the catcher, with his mask, breast-protector, and big mitt, was the hero in her admiring eyes.

"Which player do you like best, Ruth?" asked her father.

The expected answer, expressed in an unexpected way, came without hesitation:

"I like him best—that big man wif the dog face on."



"How much are you giving him?"
"Ten cents; and don't forget that you owe me a nickel—this is a Dutch treat."

The Reason

MR. JENCKS was visiting in the country, and near by lived a centenarian. One morning Mr. Jencks strolled over for a chat with the old man.

"To what do you attribute your longevity?" inquired the young man.

"To the fact," replied the old man, conclusively, "that I never died."

He'd Go With Her

WHEN little Philip and his mother took a trip to the mountains the car was so crowded that there were only two vacant seats, facing each other. She placed Philip on one seat and sat down opposite, saying, "Mamma will ride backward, as it does not make her sick."

Philip immediately began to cry, and the mother, much alarmed, asked if he were sick.

"No," sobbed Philip, "but I don't want you to go backward, mamma; I want to go to the same place that you go."

Destructive

ANN, aged four, accompanied her mother to the butcher shop. As she saw the sawdust-covered floor she exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, how many dolls this butcher has broken!"

The Day of Days

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I'M very fond of certain days
That come around each year.
There's July fourth, I love to praise
It for its pleasures dear.
And Christmas Day is sweet to see,
But past all shade of doubt
The Day of all the Days to me
Is Susan's Sunday out.

There's no one in the kitchen then
To watch and ward the cake
There's no one by to stop me when
A slice of pie I take.
There's nobody on hand to mar
My joy with sudden shout
When I get at the cookie-jar
On Susan's Sunday out.

The place is quiet as can be,
And on the pantry shelf
Stand rows of sweet preserves for me
To go and help myself.
The cat's the only one I know
Who's anywhere about
When at the marmalade I go
On Susan's Sunday out.

My father's reading hard up stairs,
And mother's at her nap,
And sister's walking out somewheres
With some good-looking chap,
While I am sitting cool and calm
Far from the noisy rout,
Up to my neck in currant-jam
On Susan's Sunday out.

On New Year's Day and Christmas Day
I always get my share;
Thanksgiving Day is very gay,
And Labor Day is fair;
But not a one that I can find
Is worth a Brussels sprout,
Or holds a candle, to my mind,
To Susan's Sunday out!



The Arrowplane



Painting by George Harding Illustration for "Australian Bypaths"

TAKING THE TRAIL TO THE GOLD-FIELDS IN THE EARLY DAYS

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXVII NOVEMBER, 1913 No. DCCLXII

A Diplomat's Wife in Washington

1875-1878

BY MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

After living many years in France, the author of these letters, an American by birth, returned to this country and in 1875 married the newly appointed Danish Minister to Washington. The picture which she gives of social life at the Capital during President Grant's administration is both vivid and amusing. And these letters and others which are to follow, written from various courts, giving as they do the writer's personal impressions of many men and women, both American and European, who have already taken their places in history, will be found of even more fascinatingly intimate interest than her earlier letters from Paris during the Commune and those describing her visits to the Court of Napoleon III.

WASHINGTON, *November, 1875.*

DEAR MOTHER,—After my hurriedly written letter of the 24th you will know that we have arrived here safely. My first introduction to my first post as diplomat's wife was made unwittingly by a gentleman walking with a friend just behind me. "Who is that gentleman?" said he, indicating Johan. "That? That is the Minister of Denmark." I, struggling with an arm-load of flowers culled from well-intentioned friends at different stations on the road, my maid and Johan's valet bringing up the rear with the overflow of small baggage, passed unnoticed. Now we are quite established here, and I have already commenced my diplomatic duties. There seems to be no end of card-leaving and card-receiving, and a list of rules on etiquette (the Ten Commandments of a Diplomat) as long as your arm. I never knew of anything so confusing. I try to remember the things that I must do and the things that I must not do. How many cold shower-baths of reproval have I already received; how many unruly things have I already done! We are invited to many dinners, lunches, and entertainments of all kinds. I am knee-deep in engagements, actually wading in them. The engagement-book you gave me is already overfilled.

We were very much amused at the collection of newspaper cuttings you sent us. Johan thought the one describing him as "a massive blonde of magnificent proportions, whose pure heart and clean hands had won all hearts in Washington" (previous to winning mine), was much too personal. "The medals (his

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prized decorations) were not his fault, and should not be laid up against him, and as for the gold key which he wears on his back, it is considered a great honor, as few Danes have had it conferred on them, being, as it is, the key of the king's own bedchamber, and giving the wearer the privilege of entering there when he likes."

Another one which amused us says "the bride is to be congratulated on having annexed as fine a specimen of a Viking as any one could desire, and, although she has not secured a golden crown for her marble brow, she has secured a name that ought to be good for a '*three-bagger*' on any diamond, and that just to see it written on a hotel register makes any hotel clerk faint." Johan asked me what a "three-bagger" was, but I could not tell him. Then the worst one! "Mr. de Hegermann is envoy extraordinary and parson to his Danish 'nibs.'" Johan was horrified at this *lèse Majésté*. We looked the word "nibs" out in the dictionary, only to find that in cribbage "nibs" meant the knave of trumps. This made matters worse; to call his sovereign a knave—even of trumps—seemed too disrespectful.

It was very nice of Norris, your Cambridge grocer, to placard the fruit in his shop-window in our honor. "Lindencrone beauties" and "the Danish pair" show a certain amount of humor which ought to be applauded. Such a pun goes to my heart. I hope you encouraged him by buying them all and can tell me what a "Danish pair" looks like.

The first thing we unpacked was the bridal carpet we were married on. You do not know how precious it is. It seems that it is absolutely indispensable to every bride in Denmark! It was embroidered by the different female members of J.'s family, each embroidering a square; when all the squares are sewed together it makes a very effective carpet. When old and moth-eaten, it will go down to posterity—otherwise it will stay with us and smell of camphor. In Denmark it appears to belong as much to a wedding as Mendelssohn's march with all the stops pulled out.

It would take more than one letter of mine written on foolscap paper to tell you of our colleagues and friends. I can do it in sections when I have time. But, oh, when can I get the time!

First I will tell you of the great scandal. The scandal of scandals. The Belknap affair. He is Secretary of War and lives right opposite us. We feel unpleasantly near, though it is interesting to see the policemen patrolling the street and delightful to feel safe from burglars. We go every day to the Capitol, and one day we saw Mr. Belknap brought in to the House between two policemen. He sat there facing all his colleagues, quietly stroking his long beard and sometimes actually smiling behind it. I suppose that he has been waiting so long for the bomb to burst that he has become callous. To me it does not seem such an awful thing that he has done. It is something like this: You give Mrs. Belknap some furs and I will give you some contracts. The stories you hear of his trying to commit suicide and kill other people are not true. He looks very blooming and satisfied with himself.

I have had my "audience" (Johan calls it an "audience"; I call it a "call on Mrs. President Grant at the White House"). There was nothing formal or formidable about it. Mrs. Grant and I sat on the sofa together and talked generalities. Johan could not tell me what to expect. He said *his* audience with the President had been a surprise, unprecedented by anything he had ever seen. As it was his first post as Minister, he had pictured to himself that it would be somewhat like the ceremonies abroad —very solemn and impressive. Of course he was in his red gala uniform, with all his decorations. A hired landau brought him to the steps of the White House, which he mounted with conscious dignity. His written speech, nicely folded, he carried in his hand. In Europe there would have been a crowd of gorgeous chamberlains to receive him, but here he found a negro, who, on seeing him, hurriedly donned a coat, and, with an encouraging wave of the hand, said: "Come right along in, sir. I'll let them know you're here, sir." Johan was shown into a room and waited with patience until the President and Mr. Hamilton Fish came in. Mr. Grant was dressed in a gray walking-suit and wore

a colored tie; and Mr. Hamilton Fish (Secretary of State) had evidently just come in from a walk, as his turned-up trousers signified.

Johan read his speech, and the President answered by reading, with some difficulty, a paper which Mr. Fish handed to him at the last moment. After this exchange of formalities Johan shook hands with the President, and without further ceremony he left the room, the door this time being opened by a white servant in black clothes. Mr. Fish at parting casually observed that the weather was fine.



MRS. U. S. GRANT
From a photograph taken about 1876

I was officially presented on their reception days to the wives of all the Ministers, and made my visits to the members of the *Corps Diplomatique*. We were invited to dinner at the White House—a dinner given to the *Corps Diplomatique*. I was taken in by M. de Schlozer, the German Minister, and sat between him and Sir Edward Thornton (the English Minister), who sat on the right of Mrs. Grant. We were opposite to the President. I noticed that he turned his wine-glasses upside down, to indicate, I suppose, that he did not drink wine during dinner. Afterward we amused ourselves by walking in the long Blue Room. The President disappeared with some of the gentlemen to smoke, and was lost to view. The company also faded gradually away. Mrs. Grant did not seem inclined to gaze on us any longer, and appeared to be relieved when we shook her outstretched hand and said, "Good night."

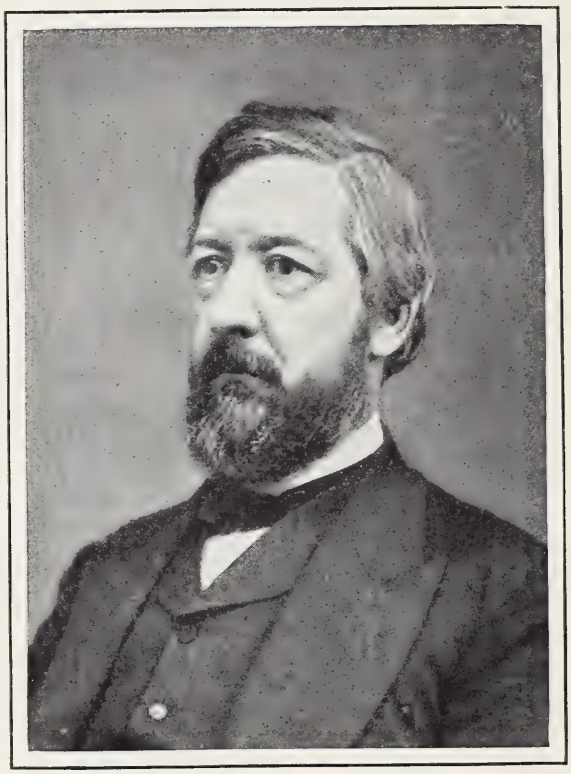
A dinner to which we went, given by the Schiskines (the Russian Minister) in honor of the Grand-Duke Constantine of Russia, was most delightful. The Grand-Duke is very charming, natural, with a sly twinkle in his mild blue eye. He has a very handsome face, is extremely musical, and plays the piano with great *finesse*, having a most sympathetic touch.

After dinner we darned stockings. This sounds queer, but nevertheless it is true. The Schiskines had just bought a darning-machine. They paid eighty-six dollars for it; but to darn, one must have holes, and no holes could be found in a single decent stocking, so they had to cut holes, and then we darned. The Grand-Duke was so enchanted with this darning that he is going to take a machine home to the Grand-Duchess, his august mother.

The darning done, we had some music. M. de Schlozer improvised on the piano, and after the Grand-Duke had played some Chopin, I sang. M. de Schlozer went through his little antics as advance-courier of my singing: he screwed the piano-stool to the proper height (he thinks it must be just so high when I accompany myself); he removed all albums from sight for fear people might be tempted to glance in them; he almost snatched fans from the hands of unoffending ladies, fearing they might use them; no dogs were to be within patting distance, *and no smoking;* he turned all the chairs to face the piano so that no one should turn their backs to it. These are all heinous crimes in his eyes. He would, if he could, have pulled down all the portières and curtains, as he does in his own house when I sing there! What must people think of him?

You ask me, "What kind of a cook

have you?" Don't speak of it—it is a sore subject! We have the black cook from the White House (so her certificate says). She is not what our fancy painted her. Neither is the devil as black as he is painted (I don't know why I associate them in my mind). We had painted this cook white. I shudder to think how the White House must have lived in those years when she did the cooking. Our dinners are simply awful. Although she has *carte blanche* to provide anything and everything she wants, our dinners are failures. I look the fact in the face and blush. Our musical parties are better when I do the cooking and Johan does the serving—I mean when I sing and he fills the gaps. The diplomats groan. "Think," they say, "what a finished cook would do with all the delicious things they have here—all these wonderful birds and meats and vegetables, and only the one sauce!"



JAMES G. BLAINE
When Speaker of the House of Representatives

The charity concert, of which I was "dame patroness," went off with success. We made a great deal of money. M. de Schlozer paid twenty dollars for his ticket. My chorus covered itself with glory and was encored. As the concert finished at ten, we adjourned to the Zamaconas' (Minister of Mexico) first ball, and I hope, for them, their only one. It was one of those *soirées* where people appropriate the forks and spoons. It cost, they say, ten thousand dollars. The assemblage was promiscuous, to say the least. Every one who asked for an invitation got one, and went. The Minister had hired the house next the Legation, and cut doors into it so that there should be plenty of room, but even then there was not sufficient space to contain the crowd of miscellaneous guests. There were two orchestras, but no one wanted to dance. Every one wandered about through the rooms or lolled in the grottoes, which were lighted with different-colored lamps. In every corner were fountains of cologne, around which the gentler sex stood in crowds saturating their handkerchiefs — some of which had cross-stitch initials in red thread. Mirrors were placed at the end of each room to prolong the vista. "Mexico," in enormous letters formed by gas-jets, stood over the entrances. And as for the supper, it was in a room out of all proportion to the gathering! There was no question of getting into it; only prize-fighters and professional athletes could elbow their way through the crowd. The waiters had long since disappeared, frightened at their formidable task. The chairs intended for the guests were utilized as tables on which to put unfinished plates of food and half-empty glasses. Everything that was not spilled on the floor was spilled on the table. Such things as bonbons, cakes, etc., that could be stowed away in pockets, vanished like magic. Gentlemen(?) broke the champagne-bottles by knocking them on the table, sending the contents flying across the room. The lady guests drew out the silver skewers which ornamented the *plats montés* and stuck them in their hair as mementoes of this memorable evening.

DEAR AUNT,—The best way I can

spend this Ash-ful Wednesday is to write a penitent letter to you and beg you to forgive my long silence, but if you could imagine what a life we have been leading, I think that, being the being you are, you would make excuses for a niece who gets up with the sun and goes to bed with the morning star. When that morning star appears, I am so tired I can think of nothing but bed and the bliss of laying my diplomatic body down to rest.

My dear, beloved aunt, you have a dreadful little vice (which is all vice and no *versa*), and that is of sending my letters—written only to you and for your indulgent eye—"*Mein besseres Ich*"—scouring the country. I never know where they are going to bring up. Sometimes (not later than yesterday) one brought up here like a naughty little hen that had come home to roost. It was covered with sarcastic remarks on the margin, certainly not meant for me, but for the next reader. For instance: "If *you* can make head or tail out of this, *I* cannot. Lillie seems to be in a social whirl which has evidently turned her brain upside down," and similar remarks which have wounded me to the quick. I read the letter in question, and it did, I confess, seem very incoherent and awfully conceited. How in future shall I ever allow myself to indulge in my habitual epistolary style?

Dear old Mr. Corcoran (almost blind now) gave a unique banquet in honor of Johan and me. We went first to the theater to see "Rip Van Winkle" played by Jefferson. It was delightful, though I cried my eyes out. From the theater we went to Mr. Corcoran's house for a roasted-in-the-shell oyster supper. Johan, who had never before assisted at such a feast, thought he had got loose among a lot of milkmaids and firemen, each with his bucket and pail, and when he saw the enormous pile of oysters brought in on platters, he wondered how many r's March had in her. However, like a lamb he sat next to his pail, and, after having consumed about a bushel himself, he became quite expert at opening the oysters and throwing the shells in his pail. It was a most amusing and original evening, and the amount of oyster-shells we left behind us would have paved the way to the Capitol.

Another original entertainment I must tell you about. We received a note from General Burnside (Senator from Rhode Island): "Will you come to my codfish dinner on Thursday next?" We of course accepted and went. General Burnside and Senator Anthony are great friends and live together. I never could understand, and never dared to ask, why such a little State as Rhode Island needed

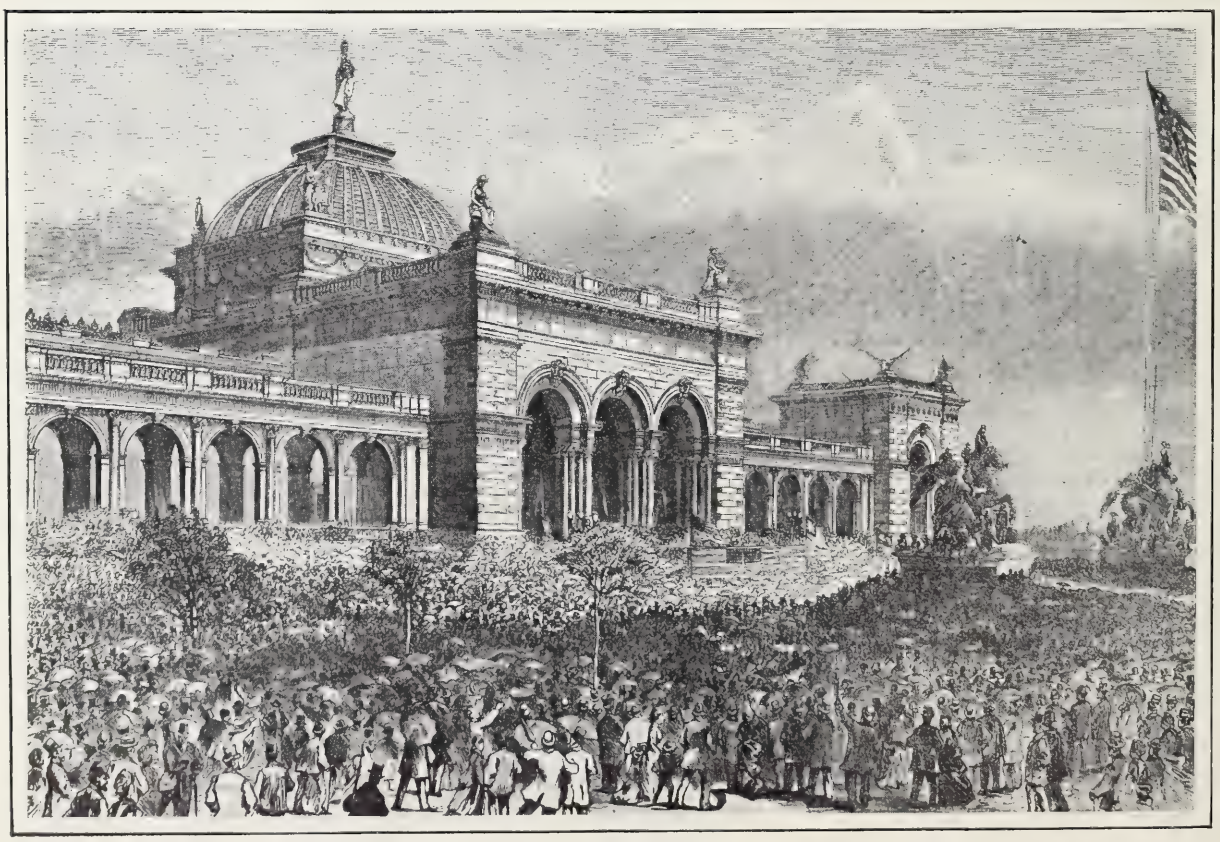


DOM PEDRO, EMPEROR OF BRAZIL

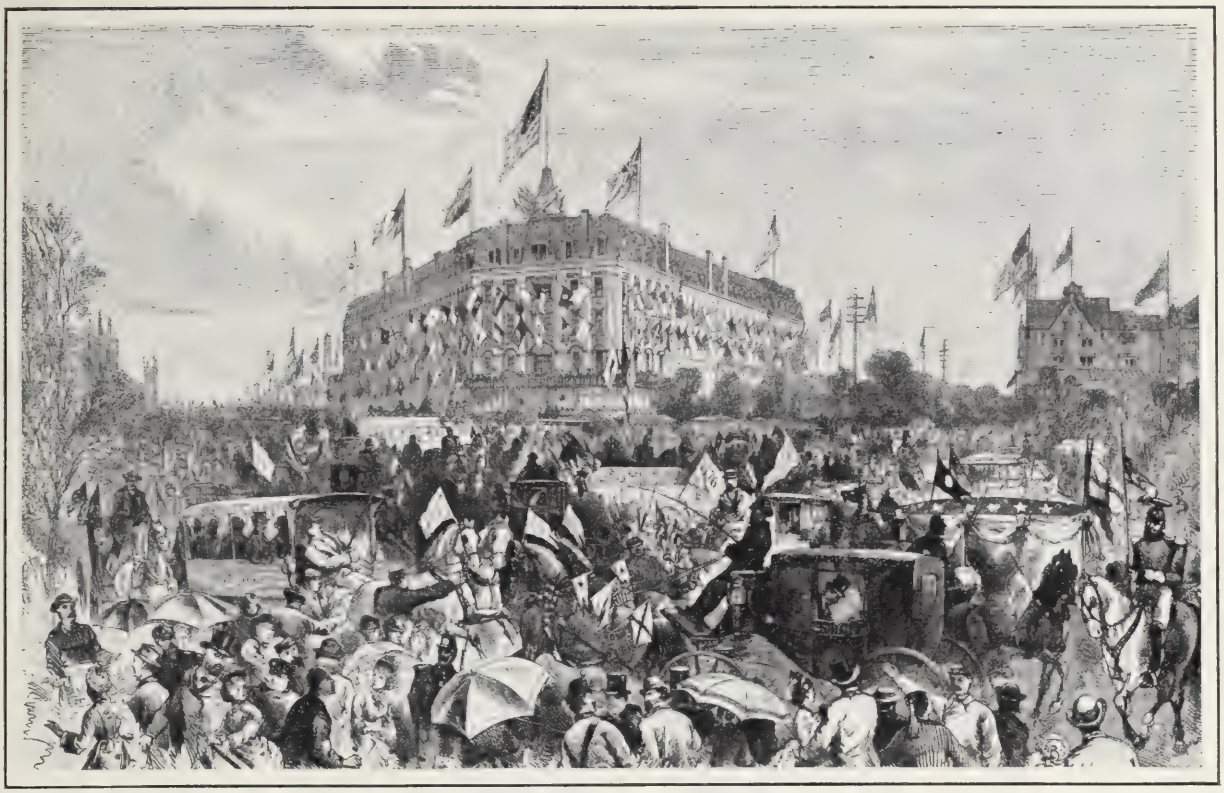
two Senators. However, that is neither here nor there. The other guests were, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Blaine, Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. Lawrence, General Sherman. According to the rules of a codfish dinner, every one was provided with the same amount of boiled codfish, hard-boiled eggs, beets, carrots, and potatoes, and every English sauce ever made. Every one made his own mixture, which was passed about and "sampled." The lucky person who got the greatest number of votes received a beautiful silver bowl. The dining-room was arranged as if it were a camp. There were no ornaments of any kind, and we sat on little iron tent-chairs. You may imagine after we had finished with the codfish that our appetites were on the wane, and we felt that we had dined sumptuously, if monotonously, when, lo! our genial host surprised us with an enormous turkey (reared on his own estate), twenty-seven pounds in weight, with its usual accompaniments of cranberry sauce, sweet-potatoes, and so forth. Mr. Blaine and Mr. Bayard were fountains of wit.

Senator Lamar was to have been there, but sent word at the last moment that he was detained. He is very charming, and a true specimen of the gallant Southerner. He has the kindest face, the sweetest smile, and the longest hair of any Senator. He wrote a poem to me on large, official, Senatorial foolscap paper, beginning "Sweet Songstress," which is a pleasing variation from "Adored Nightingale," or "Lovely Siren." He calls me "bright child of melody"—a fairly grown-up one, I think.

Then another entertainment, a sort of *mardi-gras maigre* feast, was a champagne tea given for us at the Capitol by Mr. Blaine. He had invited a great many of the Senators and Ministers, his wife, and some other ladies. These mighty people talked politics and had prodigious appetites. Sandwiches and cake disappeared in a hazy mist, and they drank oceans of champagne. They took cocktails before, during, and after! I amused myself—as I can't talk politics, and would not if I could—by noticing the ingenuity and variety of the spittoons placed about in convenient spots. The spittoons that tried to be pretty



PRESIDENT GRANT DECLARING THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION OPEN
From "Harper's Weekly," May 27, 1876



THE CRUSH ON OPENING DAY AT THE INTERSECTION OF ELM AND BELMONT AVENUES
From "Harper's Weekly," June 3, 1876

were the most hideous. I liked best the simplicity of the large, open, ready-to-receive ones filled with clean, dainty sand. There was no humbug about them, no trying to be something else; whereas the others, that pretended to be Etruscan vases or umbrella-stands or flower-pots, were failures in my eyes. Why are they ashamed of themselves? Why do they call themselves by the graceful name of "cuspidor"—suggestive of castanets and Andalusian wiles? Why such foolish masquerading? Spittoons will be spittoons—they risk not being recognized. I said as much as this to Mr. Blaine. "You are right," he said, "to fight their battles. Did you ever hear the story about the Western man who was not accustomed to such artistic objects, and said in one of his spitting moods, 'If you don't take that darned thing away, I'll spit in it!'"

I forgot to tell you that the Emperor and Empress of Brazil are here 'doing' Washington — doing it so thoroughly that they have almost overdone it. The Brazilian Minister is worn out. Every day he has a dinner and an entertainment of some kind. The Emperor wants to see everything and to know everybody. No institution is neglected, and all the industries are looked into thoroughly. He goes to the Senate very often and sits through the whole séance, wishing to understand everything. He always tries to get hold of the people who can give him the most information on any subject. Dom Pedro is most popular; one sees him everywhere. At the ball at the English Minister's for their Majesties, a gentleman presented to the Empress said, "*Je suis le Sénateur qui parle français.*" The Empress said to Johan, "I beg of you to keep near me and talk to me so that the '*Sénateur qui parle français*' may be discouraged in his pursuit."

Mr. Bayard's sister, Mrs. Lockwood, said to me, "I never reconcile myself to our women (she always says 'men' and 'women,' never 'lady' and 'gentleman') marrying foreigners, but when I *saw* Mr. Hegermann and *heard* you, I said this marriage must have been made in heaven—it is perfect." Ahem!

MY DEAR AUNT,—Is your heart melted with pity, or does it burst with national

pride, and do you disregard such trifles as heat and exhaustion? I told you in my last letter that the diplomats were invited *en bloc* (at the country's expense) to be present at the opening of the "Centennial Exposition." The country provided good rooms for us at this hotel, where we are invited to spend two days: one of those days was the day before yesterday, and I think that the other will be enough for me, for anything more awful than the heat at the present moment cannot well be conceived. It is as if Philadelphia had said to its friends, "You provide the exposition, and we'll provide the heat." There were carriages placed at our disposal for the opening, and we drove out to the grounds in great style. We were welcomed at the entrance by some officials and ushered to our seats on the red-hot platform, draped with flags. President Grant then entered, accompanied by all his Ministers. After the opening speech by the President, all the church bells in the city began ringing, cannons were fired, the orchestra burst forth with national hymns —"Star-spangled Banner," "Hail, Columbia," etc. People waved handkerchiefs, and the display of patriotism was overpowering. In coming out, after the President had left the tribune, the crowd filled in after him, and we had to fight our way out as best we could.



SARAH BERNHARDT
At the time of her Boston visit

The heat, which no thermometer could register—and there was no shade for the thermometer to register in—and the crowd were something fearful. People were almost crushed to death, and those who did the most crushing were the fat policemen, who stood in every one's way and on every one's toes, and barred the whole procession. Johan looked like an enormous poppy in his red uniform; the sun blazing through the glass roof almost set him on fire (the diplomats were begged to come in uniform and that meant coats padded and buttoned up to the chin). Johan tells fabulous stories of the number of stout old ladies he saved, who all threatened to faint away on his decorations. He says he carried them bodily through the crowd and deposited them on the grass outside, and went back for more. I was miraculously saved. I clasped my arms around the fat body of a policeman, and whispered endearing words with a foreign accent to the effect that a foreigner who had come there at the invitation of the country ought to be saved at any cost. He thought so too, and was very kind and sympathetic, but as I clung to his padded coat and felt his scorching buttons I wondered whether it were better to die crushed than to suffer suffocation. However, we were all saved; even Johan's chamberlain key clung to his back, and his decorations actually stayed in their places, which I think was wonderful, considering the stout ladies. My dress left a good deal of itself behind—only the front breadth held it onto my person; the back breadths were trampled on as far up as people could trample and were dirty beyond words.

A large dinner was prepared for us, where patriotic toasts were drunk galore.

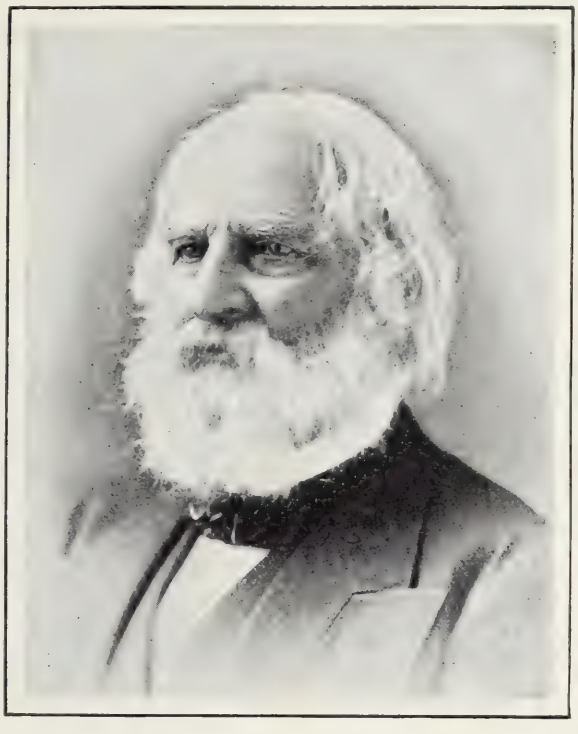
We went out to the grounds the next day and rolled about in what they call "rolling-chairs," and had things explained to us by some nice gentlemen with gold-braided caps.

We will go once more to see what we

left unseen, and then I turn my head toward Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE, *1877*.

MY DEAR SISTER,—Sarah Bernhardt is playing in Boston now, much to Boston's delight. I went to see her at the Tremont House, where she is staying. She looked enchanting, and was dressed in her most characteristic manner, in a white dress with a border of fur. Fancy, in this heat! She talked about Paris, her latest successes, asked after Nina, and finally—what I wanted most to know — her impressions of America. This is her first visit. I found her impressions banal, and she seemed as if cautious about expressing her opinions. She said she was surprised to see how many people in America understood French. "Really?" I answered. "It did not strike me so the other evening when I heard you in 'La Dame aux Camelias.'" "I don't mean the public," she replied. "It apparently understands very little, and the turning of the leaves of the librettos distracts me so much that I sometimes forget my rôle. At any rate, I wait till the leaves have finished rustling. But in society," she added, "I find that almost every one who is presented to me talks very good French." "Well," I answered, "if Boston didn't speak French I should be ashamed of it." She laughed. "Sometimes," she said, "they do make curious mistakes. I am making note of all I can remember. They will be amusing in the book I am writing. A lady said to me, 'What I admire the most in you, madame, *c'est votre température*.' [She meant "temperament".] "What did you answer to that?" I asked. "I said, '*Oui, madame, il fait très-chaud*,' which fell unappreciated." She is bored to death, she says, with the reporters who besiege her from morning till night. One—a woman—who sat with note-book in hand for ages ("*une éternité*," she said) reporting, the next day sent her the newspaper in which a column was filled with the manner she treated her nails. Not one word about "*mon art!*" "Some of my *admirateurs*," she said, "pay their fabulous compliments through an interpreter." She thought this was ridiculous. When I got up to leave, she said, "*Chère* madame, you know Mr. Longfellow?" "Yes," I replied, "very well." "Could you not arrange that I might make his bust? You can tell him that you know my work, and that I *can* do it if he will let me." I told her I would try to get Mr. Longfellow's consent. She was profuse in her thanks in anticipation, but, alas! Mr. Longfellow, when I spoke to him, turned a cold shoulder on the idea. He begged me to assure Sarah Bernhardt nothing would have given him more pleasure, but, with a playful wink, "I am leaving for Portland in a few days, and I am afraid she will have left Boston when I come back"—thus cutting the Gordian (K)*not* with a snap. But, evidently regretting his curtness, he said, "Tell her if she is at liberty to-morrow I will offer her a cup of tea." Then he added: "You must come and chaperon me. It would not do to leave me alone with such a dangerous and captivating visitor." He invited Mr. Howells and Dr. O. W. Holmes to meet her. I wrote to Sarah Bernhardt what the result of my interview was, and gave the invita-



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

tion. She sent back a short "I will come." The next afternoon I met her at Mr. Longfellow's. When we were drinking our tea she said, "*Cher* M. Longfellow, I would like so much to have made your bust, but I am so occupied that I really have not the time." And he answered her in the most suave manner, "I would have been delighted to sit for you, but unfortunately I am leaving for the country to-morrow." How clever people are!

Mr. Longfellow speaks French like a native. He said: "I saw you the other evening in 'Phèdre.' I saw Rachel in it fifty years ago, but you surpass her. You are magnificent, for you are *plus vivante*. I wish I could make my praises vocal—*chanter vos louanges*."

"I wish that you could make *me* vocal," she said. "How much finer my Phèdre would be if I could sing, and not be obliged to depend upon some horrible soprano behind the scenes!"

"You don't need any extra attraction," Mr. Longfellow said. "I wish I could make you feel what I felt."

"You can," she said, "and you do—by your poetry."

"Can you read my poetry?"

"Yes. I read your 'He-a-vatere.'"

"My— Oh yes—'Hiawatha.' But you surely do not understand that?"

"Yes, yes, indeed I do," she said. "*Chaque mot.*"

"You are wonderful," he said, and hastened to present Dr. Holmes, fearing that she might be tempted to recite "*chaque mot*" of his "Hiawatha."

Dr. Holmes was all attention, as also was Mr. John Owen. I thought I caught the latter making notes on his already literary shirt-cuff.

At last the tea-party came to an end. We all accompanied her to her carriage, and as she was about to get in she turned with a sudden impulse, threw her arms round Mr. Longfellow's neck, and said, "*Vous êtes adorable*," and kissed him on his cheek. He did not seem displeased, but as she drove away he turned to me and said, "You see I did need a chaperon."

Johan has just come home from Boston bringing incredible stories about having talked in a machine called telephone. It was nothing but a wire, one end in Boston and the other end in Cambridge. He said he could hear quite plainly what the person in Cambridge said. Mr. Graham Bell, our neighbor, has invented this. How wonderful it must be! He has put up wires about Boston, but not farther than Cambridge—yet. He was ambitious enough to suggest Providence. "What!" cried the members of the committee. "You think you can talk along a wire in the air over that distance?" "Let me just try it," said Bell. "I will bear half the expense of putting up the wire if you will bear the other half."

He was ultra-convinced of his success when, on talking to his brother in Cambridge from Boston in order to invite him to dinner, adding, "Bring your mother-in-law," he heard distinctly, but feebly, the old lady's voice: "Good gracious! Again! What a bore!"

There is also another invention called phonograph, where the human voice is reproduced, and can go on forever being reproduced. I sang in one through a horn, and they transposed this on a platina roll and wound it off. Then they put it on another disk, and I heard my voice—for the first time in my life. If that is my voice, I don't want to hear it again! I could not believe that it could be so awful! A high, squeaky, nasal sound; I was ashamed of it. And the faster the man turned the crank, the higher and squeakier the voice became. The intonation—the pronunciation—I could recognize as my own, but the *voice!* . . . Dear me!

WASHINGTON.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—We are now having the visit of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. I suppose in Europe she would show to great advantage, but here blackness is at a low premium. There was a large reception for Her Royal Blackness at the White House, where all the diplomats were present. The queen talked with people with the aid of an interpreter. Her remarks necessarily being restricted, she said about the same thing to every one. She was bristling with jewelry, and the large white pearls on her broad, black bosom took on extra splendor. Robert (our colored valet), who was waiting in the corridor, caught

sight of her as she walked by, and remarked when he reached home, to my maid, that he was "surprised that they should make such a fuss over a colored person"; and he attempted to turn his flat nose in the air, but as it is not the kind that turns, it refused.

Robert wears a conspicuous decoration in his buttonhole whenever we have a dinner. The first time Johan noticed it he almost fainted away, as he knows every decoration under the sun, and, thinking it looked like the Légion d'Honneur, he proposed to question Robert about it; but Robert eluded the master's clutch as the door-bell was ringing. Johan was considerably disturbed until he learned the truth, which was that Robert belonged to a reading club—a Browning and Tennyson club—and this was its badge. Our colleagues thought he was the Minister from Hayti!

Dear Mother,—I must tell you the honor which has been conferred on me. I have been admitted into the enchanted circle of the Brain Club. I am an honorary member. Mrs. Dahlgren is the president, and I suppose all the set of intellectuals, "*Les élus des élus*," belong to it. I have only been twice to the meetings. I think I am a failure as far as brains go, but the members like my singing, and I am only called upon to take an active part when the members are falling off their chairs, trying with literary efforts to keep awake.

The first meeting was a ghastly affair. The subject to be discussed was the "Metamorphosis of Negative Matter." You may imagine that I was staggered. I had no more idea what negative matter was than the inhabitants of Mars. They took us alphabetically. When they got to H, Mrs. Dahlgren (who, as president, sat in a comfortable chair with arms to it, while the others sat on hard dining-room, cane-bottomed chairs) turned to me and said, "Has Mrs. *Hegermann* anything to say concerning the Metamorphosis of Negative Matter?" I had on my blue velvet gown, and thought of it fast becoming chair-stamped, and I wondered if negative matter would comprise that. However, I wisely refrained from speech, and shook a sad smile from my closed lips.

H to K had a great deal to say. Every one looked wise and wore an appearance of interest. They slid down to L. Then Mrs. Dahlgren said, "Has Mrs. *Lindencrone* anything to say on the Metamorphosis of Negative Matter?" I answered that I had not discovered anything since the last time they asked me. They were not accustomed to one lady having two names, each beginning with a capital letter.

The members had a beautiful time when they got to R. Up rose a gaunt female who knew all about it, and seemed positive about the "Negative" part. We were pulled suddenly up to time, and some one turned upon poor me and asked if I agreed. I answered hastily, "Certainly I do." Dear me! What had I said? Half the company rose with a bound. "Do you, really?" they asked in chorus. "That is more than we do. We cannot at all agree with a theory which is utterly false from the base." How I wished I knew what the false base had been. Was it the Negative, or the Metamorphosis, or the Matter? I murmured humbly, hiding behind a lame neutrality, that I had mistaken the cause for the effect. They all turned and looked at me with fierce eyes. I think they were staggered at this colossal utterance, for they gave up discussing, and S to Z never had a chance to say anything. Then they adjourned to the supper-room. After having eaten scalloped oysters and chicken salad, no more questions were discussed.

I was asked to sing. I am afraid that I am only looked upon as a bird on these mighty occasions. On the piano-stool I felt myself safe, and I sang. In the middle of my song some heavy person leaning up against a shaky bookcase uprooted it and it fell with a crash on the floor. I halted midway in my song. People rushing in from the supper-room asked, "What is the matter?" "Negative," answered Miss Loring, quick as thought, at which they all laughed. Mr. Brooks, to cover the confusion, said in a loud voice, "This is not the first time Madame Hegermann has brought down the house." There was more laughter, and I sat down again at the piano. Unluckily, I sang "Tender and True." The

lady (a Mrs. Lincoln) who wrote the poem fainted dead away and had to be carried out. The song is about her lover (of fifteen years ago) who had been killed during the war, and wore to the last a knot of blue ribbon she had given him. This threw a still greater damper on the *soirée* than the collapse of the bookcase. I hurried away feeling quite abashed, and as if the disastrous evening was all my fault.

M. de Schlozer is bubbling over with joy, for he has the famous pianist, von Bülow, staying with him at the German Legation. He says von Bülow is most amiable about playing, and plays whenever he is asked. His technique is wonderful and perfect. The ladies in Washington are wild over him, and figuratively throw themselves at his feet. He is giving two concerts here, and everybody has taken tickets. M. de Schlozer gave last evening one of his memorable dinners, followed by music. I know two people who enjoyed it—Schlozer and myself. Schlozer was going to ask Julian Sturgis, but Julian Sturgis had on some former occasion crossed his legs and looked *distrait* or had shown in some such trivial manner that he was bored, which so exasperated Schlozer that he barred him out, and invited Mr. Bayard instead, who perhaps loved music less, but showed no outward signs of boredom.

Von Bülow is not only a wonderful pianist, but a very clever man of the world. He sent me a book written by Wagner about music and wrote on the first page "*Voici un livre qui vous intéressera. De la part du mari de la femme de l'auteur.*" Clever, isn't it? You know that Madame Wagner is the daughter of Liszt. She ran away from von Bülow in order to marry Wagner.

Bülow dedicated a song to me called "Adieu." It is pretty enough to sing when he plays the accompaniment, but otherwise I do not care for it. I sang it after dinner, and every one said it was "charming," but I had the feeling that the ladies were more interested in my toilette than in Bülow's song. I don't blame them, for my dress *is* lovely (Worth called it "*un rêve*"), but I fancy I look like a Corot autumn sunset reflected in a stagnant lily-pond. It is of light salmon-colored satin, with a tulle overskirt and clusters of water-lilies here and there. I could have bought a real Corot with the same money.

We were startled at the Hoffmans' dinner the other evening when a servant appeared and said that there was a sergeant-at-arms sent from the Capitol to order two of the guests (two Congressmen) to follow him back. It seems that the Speaker of the House has the right to command any missing member to come directly to the Capitol in case there are too few members present to form a quorum. This peremptory measure astonished the foreigners who were at the dinner. They said that it was something unknown in other countries.

Mr. Blaine, who is at present Speaker of the House, and Mr. Roscoe Conkling, one of the Senators from New York, are the two most prominent members of the Republican party, but are personally deadly enemies.

Mr. Blaine is an excellent talker, very popular with the ladies. In a drawing-room, he is generally found in a corner, quoting poetry (a specialty of his) to some handsome lady. He knows all the poetry in the world! They say that he is the best Speaker the House has ever known; it is quite wonderful to see the rapidity with which he counts the Ayes and Noes, pointing at each voter with the handle of his club. He grasps a situation in an instant, and gives a quick retort when he thinks it is deserved. Roscoe Conkling is quite a different type. He is very dignified and pompous —perhaps a little theatrical; not at all a society man, and though he may be less vain than Mr. Blaine, he has the appearance of being more so.

Once when walking in the street, a little boy ran up to him and said, "Are you really the great Mr. Conkling?"

"I am," said Mr. Conkling, solemnly, "but," pointing heavenward, "there is One greater than I!"

The foreign Ministers have the "right of the floor," which means they have the right to enter the House of Representatives when they like. On one great occasion a member of the House offered M. de Schlozer his seat, which happened to be between two members, who sud-

denly got up and began the most heated discussion over Schlozer's head. He found the situation dangerous, and wished himself elsewhere. He said he felt like the Biblical baby when the two mothers were wrangling before the great Solomon. However, the storm spent itself in words, and fortunately the disputants did not come to blows.

Johan says he was very much struck the first time he went to Congress by seeing two opposing members who, after bitterly attacking each other for hours, walked quietly away arm-in-arm, obviously the best of friends.

A little incident which occurred in the Senate amused Johan very much. Roscoe Conkling begged a colleague sitting next to him to read out loud something he wished to quote in his speech while he paused to draw a breath. The colleague read, and Conkling, without a word of thanks, took back the book; but when a colored man brought him a cup of tea (which he always takes during his speeches) he stood up and, in a very loud voice, making a solemn bow, said, "I thank you, sir!"

I call that coquetting with the gallery, don't you?

We have been invited to take a trip to California by the railroad company. We transport ourselves to Omaha, then all our expenses are to be defrayed by the lavish company. We have all accepted. Who could refuse such a tempting invitation?

To the Cuckoo

BY HENRIETTA ANNE HUXLEY

DEAR bird of spring, reminder of my youth,
I heard your note this morning, I, so old!
And I forgot the years of stress and ruth,
In spirit carried to the upland wold.

Monotonous your note, but constant, yes—
Like to some lives without a break or change,
Of common lot which every day can bless,
Nor know the tiring of the wings that range.

Yet would I rather be the roving bird
And tire with striving my adventurous wings,
So that I reach the heights where my voice flings
Notes to enchant, clear, ringing and unblurred,
Whose echoes reach the vales, by all men heard.

The Extraordinary Case of Wilfred Wump Brabazon

BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

"YOU may," said the stranger in a remarkably cultured—perhaps a trifle too cultured—voice—"you may, or again you may not, have heard of the strange disappearance of Mr. Wilfred Wump Brabazon, of the Foreign Office, Whitehall, S. W."

I was sitting on a gate enjoying the tranquil beauty of a Devonshire summer evening when the incident that began with these words befell me. I hand it on for what it is worth, leaving you at full liberty to say it is not worth much. At times that is my own opinion. At others I give way to the belief—the incredible, preposterous belief—that there actually is at this moment (unless mischance has overtaken him) a man who—no, it's ridiculous; a sheep that—no, it's impossible. Well, see how it strikes you.

As, then, I sat on this gate, there approached me up the lane a man of shabby-genteel appearance, aged perhaps thirty, wearing a parson's hat above a countenance which, though cadaverous and grossly unshaven, undoubtedly presented signs of good birth, and accompanied by an extremely large and very rough-looking sheep. It was the sheep—by no means a surprising object in a Devonshire lane—that attracted my interest: the sheep and the suggestion it somehow conveyed of accompanying, not of being in charge of, the man.

Having regard to the man's story, the point is significant.



THE MAN CAME QUICKLY BACK TO ME ON TIPTOE

The couple—the companions, as I prefer to put it—passed me side by side. A few paces beyond me the sheep turned toward the hedge and began to browse. The shabby-genteel man watched it for a few moments, then, to my surprise, came quickly back to me on tiptoe, glancing over his shoulder at the sheep as he came, climbed the gate, seated himself on it beside me, and, without any sort of introduction or apology, speaking, as I

have said, in a remarkably cultured—perhaps a trifle too cultured—voice, delivered himself as follows.

"You may," said the shabby-genteel man, "or again you may not, have heard of the strange disappearance of Mr. Wilfred Wump Brabazon, of the Foreign Office, Whitehall, S. W. It occurred three years ago. He left his office at the usual time and in his usual admirable health and spirits one November evening. He was never seen again. It occasioned a tremendous stir at the time. It has since been forgotten. Alas, my dear sir, it has never been forgotten by me."

He paused to wipe each eye separately with the same finger, gave a pathetic little sniff, and continued:

"Wilfred Wump Brabazon was my cousin. Now I wish, first of all, my dear sir, in order to make you fully *au courant* (if I may employ the tongue of our Gallic neighbors) with the facts —I wish first of all to impress upon you, as one gentleman to another, that it was always a mystery to me why my cousin, Wilfred Wump Brabazon, did not die in infancy. You will recollect in the course of your reading having heard that the good die young. Not necessarily. If ever, my dear sir, there was a man consistently, repulsively good, I give you my most solemn assurance that it was my cousin Wilfred Brabazon. Therefore he ought to have died young; he did not. He is alive yet—if you call it alive; your decision as to which, my dear sir, I shall await with profound interest."

He leaned forward with the obvious intention of satisfying himself that the sheep was still occupied, then took up his story.

"Wilfred, my dear sir, was born into this world a model boy. I first met him when I was five, he four. I had at that time a passion for playing with mud and water mixed into a paste. I gave my taste a free hand whenever I escaped



POSITIVELY SOILING TWO PAIRS OF WHITE KID GLOVES BY RECEIVING SO MANY PRIZES

the espionage of my nurse and mother, and the former was no doubt justified in calling me the dirtiest little brat ever she set eyes upon. Tired though I was of hearing the remark, it happened that she repeated it with great vehemence and a most disturbing shaking on the day when my cousin Wilfred first came to stay with us. She told me to look at my dear little cousin. He, she unnecessarily pointed out, had also been playing in the garden, but he had played prettily, and was, in the result, a perfect picture. When she had finished I threw a large handful of my wet mud at the middle of Wilfred's pinafore and said, in what I beg leave to consider my prettily childish way, "Wilfy dirty boy too, now." They slapped me, my dear sir, without reference to my feelings either of pain or of modesty, in a place that later became brutally familiarized with that

operation, and from that day began my intense and awful hatred for my cousin.

"You see, my dear sir, he was always being held up to me as a model. Nothing, I venture to think—and subject, my dear sir, to your correction—inspires greater loathing. As a child they were forever asking me why I was not more like my dear little cousin Wilfred. My intellect was not, at that early period, sufficiently developed for me to point out that it was because our temperaments fundamentally differed. I think they should have seen this for themselves. That may be a harsh conclusion, but I adhere to it. Wilfred, my dear sir, was put into the world with a liking for fat and for vegetables; it was with me a dietetic rule never to touch either. It was Wilfred's nature, when forbidden to do a thing, to refrain from doing so with a sunny smile; my instinct—inherited possibly from some rude forebear—was to lie on the ground and kick and roar very loudly. Wilfred's little sister seems to have been a true playmate and friend to him; mine irritated me beyond belief, and I took no pains to hide the fact. But I could not, in those days, adduce these arguments. My remonstrance took the cruder form of one day giving my nurse's hand a good hard bite. She at once left, on the grounds that she had no experience to befit her for the training of little tigers, but her successor soon learned the hateful formula. Forgive, I pray, the emotion that these recollections force upon me."

He removed the emotion with finger and sniff, and continued:

"As we advanced in life and proceeded to school, matters became worse. At the beginning and end of every term my father, more in anger than in sorrow, would point out to me that Wilfred's schooling never cost his parents a penny. He gained more scholarships than he could fill; they used to pay him the balance in handsomely bound books and cases of mathematical instruments. My schooling, on the other hand, my father said was slowly ruining him. If, he would say, I derived any benefit from the enormous sums he expended on my education, he would not mind. But it was the knowledge that I was a hopeless idler which made so bitter the thought that he, my poor father, would in his old age have to take to work again. I assure you, my dear sir, that, stung by the thought of this appalling contingency, I would go back to school determined at any cost to rescue my parent from the awful doom which confronted him. My dear sir, it was of no avail. Wilfred loved his books. I used to become quite dizzy and faint at sight of mine. It was the old story of fundamental difference in temperament, and there was the old inability of my parents to recognize this, the old goading taunt of throwing Wilfred in my face in and out of season. On prize-day, when I would be getting quite hot with the constant movement entailed in dodging my father, Wilfred would be marching hand in hand with his and positively soiling two pairs of white kid gloves by going up to receive so many prizes. Time passed. So did Wilfred. I, my dear sir, never did. I always failed. In due course (although I warned them) they sent me up with Wilfred for the Civil Service. Wilfred came out top of the list and I went into a bank in the city. I shall here, subject to your approval, blow my nose. I approach the amazing catastrophe which overtook me, and my nasal and achrymal glands are poignantly affected. Pray excuse me."

He blew his nose very quietly in a rag-like handkerchief, glanced apprehensively in the direction of the sheep, wiped his eyes, and proceeded:

"In the bank, my dear sir, I may say, without undue self-aggrandizement, that I did very moderately well. Alas, Wilfred, as my father lost no opportunity of impressing upon me—Wilfred, in the Foreign Office, Whitehall, S. W., was at the same time doing brilliantly. It was on a Friday, as I well recollect, that I received from my parent a letter that was packed with Wilfred from end to end. I brooded over it a good deal in the bank all day. I was consumed with brooding on the same subject when at seven o'clock that evening I entered an omnibus to proceed to my rooms in Holloway. There was, besides myself, but a single other passenger within the vehicle. I beg, my dear sir, your best



"As to the Power, you are now beneath its Influence"

attention at this point of my narrative. The fellow-passenger to whom I have made reference sat opposite me at the end of the bus, farthest from the conductor. I noticed him with some particularity (I am at a loss to explain why, but the fact is significant) and several times I observed his eyes fixed upon me with a look which I beg leave to describe as uncanny. The term is, I apprehend, of Scottish origin. He wore a heavy coat with a vast collar turned up stiffly about his ears so that his face had the effect of protruding from an astrakhan funnel. It was a foreign face—Indian, or perhaps, I thought later, of celestial extraction. It may, my dear sir, have been the effect of the different lights past which we jolted, it may have been the fancy of a brooding state of mind; the fact remains that at one time his face looked to me black, then yellowish, then reddish, then black or yellowish again.

"My dear sir, it was just as I was approximating his countenance to that of the accepted pictures of Mephistopheles—permit me to recall to your mind the late Sir Henry Irving's rendering of the character—that he caught my eye and smiled. I then saw that he was not a bit like Mephistopheles. He was merely an ordinary native of India. But his eyes looked very funny.

"He leaned across and touched me on the knee.

"'A man bothered me a lot once,' he said, 'so I changed him into an ox and the trouble was at an end.'

"Now this, my dear sir, you will admit to be an extraordinary thing for one stranger to say to another in a London bus. I responded to it, 'I beg your pardon?'

"'The Power,' he replied, 'helps me to read thoughts. I read yours. I observe your surprise and can appreciate it. I am, however, afraid that you could not understand the Power and the Ring even if I endeavored to explain them to you.'

"My dear sir, the effect upon me of these very extraordinary remarks took the form—the excusable form, as I venture to believe—that the man was mad. I have always been led to understand that madmen should be humored, and, proceeding on this assumption, I maintained a sympathetic attitude toward what I believed to be his grotesque delusions. He informed me that he was what he called the Seventy-First. Each elder son of his line inherited the Power and the Ring for twenty-one years; each younger, the Power and the Stone. He described his home somewhat vaguely as being behind Tibet, and he confessed,

with transient drooping of the spirits, that he was only a younger son and that the Stone was very much inferior to the Ring.

"'With the Ring,' he said, 'the soul can be elevated. The Stone can only reduce it. Thus I can bring about the transmigration of your spirit into a cat, but I could not transmigrate the spirit of a cat into human form.'

"I replied, meaning to be friendly, that this seemed hard and that he had my sympathy.

"My dear sir, this was a most lamentable mistake on my part. It annoyed him very much. He said that he saw I did not believe. I did not, and I never shall cease regretting the fact. He fixed his eyes direct upon mine, and, try as I would, I could not avert my gaze. I endeavored to call out to the conductor; I tried to move. I could do neither.

"'As to the Power,' he said, 'you are now beneath its influence and you will observe that you are helpless. It was by the agency of the Power that I read your thoughts when I first addressed you. You were thinking with great bitterness of some one who very much annoyed you. You shall now witness the might of the Stone.'

"My dear sir, I was by this time alarmed. His gibberish I did not believe. My inability to move beneath his gaze I attributed to fancy or to a mild hypnotic influence. His correct estimation of my thoughts might quite possibly have been a clever inference from my expression. What alarmed me was that he was, as I believed, certainly mad and clearly quick-tempered. I feared a scene or even an assault, and to mollify him I assured him most earnestly that I was completely convinced.

"'Well, then, I will reward you,' he said. 'You shall witness the might of the Stone. This friend of yours whose existence causes you so much distress shall trouble you no more. The might of the Stone shall transfer his spirit into any shape you please. Into what shall the Stone convey him?'

"It happened, my dear sir, that at that moment we passed a brightly illuminated butcher's shop in which was exhibited—you may possibly have seen such a notice yourself—a placard to the effect that the proprietor, in addition, no doubt, to other sundries of his trade, was well supplied with prime Canterbury lamb. Now you cannot fail, my dear sir, to be familiar with the phenomenon, the highly interesting phenomenon, known as Association of Ideas. By the simplest process of this stimulation of the brain centers I was supplied with an answer to the man's ridiculous offer.

"'Change him,' I replied— Pardon me, my dear sir. At this poignant moment of my recital I positively must once again impose upon your good nature to the extent of relieving the emotional effulgence of my nasal and lachrymal glands."

He performed the operation again, with his former caution and nervous glance in the direction of the sheep, still peacefully browsing at a little distance, and with a gentle sniff resumed the thread of his story.

"'Change him,' I replied, 'into a sheep.'

"He drew from his pocket, my dear sir, what looked to me like nothing so much in the world as a vulgar schoolboy's marble, twisted it thrice between his fingers, announced, 'It is done,' rose to his feet, bowed, walked down the omnibus and dropped out. My feeling, my dear sir, was precisely as if I had awakened from a dream. I roused myself with a little shake and I then laughed aloud at the absurdity of the whole affair. I desire, at this point, my dear sir, to pledge you my most solemn assurance that that was the last occasion on which I ever did laugh. Like the monarch who, as you may recall, suffered the loss of his son in *The White Ship*, I never smiled again.

"The omnibus reached the corner of my street. I alighted, and as I neared my apartments observed a small semicircle of people gathered about the doorstep. On the step stood a sheep. Conceive, my dear sir, my feelings. Nay, on second thoughts I beg you not to attempt the task. I beg you, my dear sir, to defer that effort of the imagination against the moment I shall now proceed to describe. I observed, standing before the sheep, a short man in gaiters carry-

ing a stick, whom I very correctly took to be a drover. He turned as I endeavored to pass him. The action knocked my umbrella from my hand, and in stooping to recover it my head came level with that of the sheep. It is now, my dear sir, that I beg you to imagine the feelings which I can by no possibility describe. In a voice unmistakably Wilfred's, the sheep whispered to me, 'For Heaven's sake get me out of this, Arthur!'

"Such a monstrous abnormality as, my dear sir, I here found myself in the presence of would in any event have caused me a paralyzing shock. Feeling myself responsible for it added a thousandfold to the tumult of my agitation. I staggered back against the railings for support, and I entertain no doubt that my face betrayed the mental and physical condition into which I was thrown. The drover inquired of me if I felt ill. I told him that I did, and inquired of him what he was doing with the poor sheep that occupied my doorstep. With very painful profanity he informed me that he was taking it to the slaughter-house.

"I collapsed, my dear sir, where I stood.

"'I cannot permit it,' I said. 'I really cannot'; to which the drover very roughly responded that, having regard to the fact that it was his sheep, I could not stop it, either. With which, my dear sir, while the unhappy animal in hoarse Wilfred whispers implored me to save it, he shouted, 'Come on, can't yer!' struck it a most dreadful knock with his stick, and, seizing it by the tail, began to pull it back off the step.

"Immediate action was necessary. This sheep was Wilfred Wump Brabazon, of the Foreign Office, Whitehall, S. W. It was my cousin. I was responsible for its plight. Unless I interfered summarily I should be my cousin's murderer. Pulling myself together, I laid a hand on the drover's arm and bade him desist.



I WAS COMPELLED TO LISTEN TO THIS WOMAN'S VIEWS ON FINDING A SHEEP IN HER THIRD-FLOOR FRONT

'Drover, spare that sheep!' I commanded. 'I am a vegetarian,' I said, 'and my principles forbid me to allow this unfortunate creature to be dragged to butchery. How much,' I inquired, 'will you sell it for?'

"The upshot, my dear sir, of the man's reply, divorced of its repulsive obscenities, was to the effect that four blistered pounds would not buy that sheep. I inquired if five—five ordinary pounds—would. I had just received emolument to that extent for a week's diligent labor at my bank. Not to detain you unnecessarily, my dear sir, the drover, after expressing the belief that there were more blistering funny blokes in the world than he had previously reckoned to be the case, and after wondering what I thought I was going to do with it (as to the which I was very far from clear), pocketed my five sovereigns and made off at a speed which advertised some apprehension lest I should change my mind.

"Conceive me, my dear sir, left on the doorstep of a London lodging-house with Wilfred Wump Brabazon, of the Foreign Office, Whitehall, S. W., in the form of a sheep, and with a crowd that had by now thickened out into the roadway and was indulging in much free-handed comment at my expense.

"'Get me inside,' implored the sheep. 'Get me into the house, Arthur. What the blazes has happened to me?'

"'My dear Wilfred,' I expostulated, 'I can't possibly take you in. What on earth would my landlady say?'

"The crowd, as we thus argued, eagerly canvassed the fact that I was (in the vulgar tongue of the people) a-talking to it. The opinion was loudly expressed that I was off what was termed my 'dot,' and popular vote inclined to the belief that a copper ought to be fetched to me. Wilfred, far from aiding me by reasonable discussion of our predicament, announced that he could smell a dog, that for some reason it caused him agitation amounting to sheer panic, and that he would jump down the area in a minute and break his neck unless I got him into safety. I could do no less than I did. I inserted my latch-key, opened the door, and passed into the house at a speed for which Wilfred's head, charged into my back, was responsible. I implored him to control himself. He replied that control was impossible when he smelled a dog, and added that he felt a bleat coming. With his consent I muffled his head in an overcoat taken from the hat-stand, and he therein relieved his feelings in three strange bursts of sound which, in the hall of a London lodging-house, were no less than appalling.

"A door opened in the basement. I implored Wilfred to pull himself together and get up-stairs. He said he thought he could if I pushed, and with my shoulder to his hindquarters we somehow effected the three flights that led to my rooms.

"My dear sir, though normally an abstemious man, I poured out a third of a tumbler of whiskey and drank it in a breath. 'Tell me,' I said, 'what has happened to you.' Wilfred (whose attitude, even at this point, when he could have had no suspicion of my complicity in his calamity, was one entirely of concern for himself and of none for my own predicament) replied angrily that, unless I was a fool, I could see for myself. He had just left the Foreign Office, he said, when suddenly he felt what he described as a sinking feeling, and at the next moment found himself a sheep trotting along with five other sheep. He recognized my turning and made a bolt to my house. 'I feel a bleat coming,' he concluded. 'It's because I'm thirsty, I think. Get me some water.'

"My bedroom communicated by folding doors with the room in which we stood. I dashed therein and filled my bath. Wilfred put his fore-feet into it and drank steadily for about three minutes. I wiped his mouth with a towel, muffled his head in a rug while he relieved himself with an appalling bleat, and we began a conversation which had for me the most unfortunate results. It was clear to me, my dear sir, that no good purpose could be served by telling Wilfred of my encounter with the Power-and-Stone gentleman in the omnibus. My duty was to find him with all speed, and meanwhile, in order to avoid more complications, to throw the onus of the affair upon my cousin.

"'Oblige me, Wilfred,' I therefore said, 'by not trotting up and down like that.

I know you are agitated, but so am I. And the more noise you make the worse my agitation becomes. I do not wish to seem harsh, and I have not the faintest desire to probe into your private life, but it is evident that your present misfortune is the outcome of some secret vice in which you have too freely indulged.'

"'What vice turns you into a sheep, you infernal ass?' he demanded, roughly.

"I replied gravely that I did not know. 'I do not wish to know,' I said. 'You are my cousin. I have never liked you, but now that you are in trouble it is my duty to help you. I do not flinch. I have paid the whole of my week's salary for you; at considerable risk — not to say inconvenience—I am secreting you in my rooms. What more I can do I will do. I propose to board you out in a nice clean stable near here—'

"'I won't go,' he broke in.

"'Where,' I continued, firmly, 'you can get a daily romp in a field. Meanwhile I will try to find a man who I think can restore you to your original form.'

"My dear sir, that was my mistake. I should never have said that. Immediately I mentioned the fact that I knew a man with whom possible remedy lay Wilfred became suspicious. He cross-examined me in the most searching way. I grew confused, contradicted myself, lied, expostulated, to no purpose. The truth came out, and in the struggle which followed I was twice very sharply bitten in the thigh. My landlady, entering with my dinner, found me on the piano.

"I do not know, my dear sir, if you have any experience of the type of female who lets rooms to young men in London. It is a voluble and—to a man of sensitive feelings—a highly distressing type. I was compelled for a full ten minutes to listen to this woman's views on finding a sheep in her third-floor front, and they were by turns of astounding irrelevance to the point at issue, and, when approaching that point, pitched in language of most lamentable hyperbole.

"When at length she paused to draw breath: 'I knew quite well, Mrs. Summers,' I said, 'that you would regard this little sheep as a put-upon. I assure you that I did not bring it here simply because you are a widow, and because you have always tried to keep your house decent. Personally, I am very fond of your little boy, and I cannot for a mo-



I CREPT OUT TO A NEIGHBORING SQUARE TO PLUCK SOME GRASS



THE CABMAN VOWING HE WOULD HAVE THE REST OF HIM OUT IF HE HAD TO CUT HIS THROAT

ment believe that he will be turned out of his job when it becomes known that you have had a sheep in the house. The fact is, Mrs. Summers, this little sheep was once the pet lamb of my family at our home in the country. We all idolized him; he is accustomed to live in the house. As a lamb, he used to sleep on my mother's bed; as a sheep, on the hearth-rug in her room. I don't know how he escaped, but I found him being driven to a slaughter-house and I bought him. Surely you will allow me to keep him here for one night until I am able to send him home?'

"Of course, my dear sir, my words did not actually run so smoothly as that. They were interrupted by Mrs. Summers's spasmodic efforts to have what she called her 'say.' Its torrent broke loose at last, with the upshot that I might keep the sheep for that one night only. On the morrow it, or it and I, would have to go.

"I did not go to bed that night. Wilfred and I sat up indulging in a mutual abuse which, even at this length of time, I find very painful to recall. At a quarter to two I crept out to a neighboring square to pluck some grass. It was raining in torrents, and I was conducted home by a policeman who thought I was drunk. I entertain no doubt, my dear sir, that there is something suspicious, something bizarre, about a man, soaked to the skin, tramping London with two armfuls of wet grass. At eight o'clock I sent a telegram to my office asking a few days' absence, owing to the death of a near relative. At a quarter past nine a four-wheeler arrived, together with an enormous crowd collected to watch me and my sheep enter.

"At seven o'clock, P.M., we were still in the cab, having made a complete tour of Greater London in search of accommodation. We found it at length in a repulsive street off the East India Dock Road. At a house there, inspired by the cabman's astounding abuse of myself, of my sheep, and of the day his blistering luck ever set eyes on us, I informed the occupier that I was newly arrived in London with a marvelous performing sheep which would earn me anything up to one hundred pounds a week on the

music-hall stage. My first week's salary I assured him should be his if he would take us in. He was tempted but disgustingly suspicious. He demanded first to see the sheep perform. I returned to the cab to find Wilfred already half on the pavement, with the cabman vowing he would have the rest of him out if he had to cut his (poor Wilfred's) blistering throat. I put the situation before my cousin and implored him to go through a few tricks in order to save us. With the greatest difficulty, and at the cost to myself of five horrible bites, I persuaded him at last to consent. A ring was formed, and there was exhibited the painful spectacle of Wilfred Wump Brabazon, of the Foreign Office, Whitehall, S. W., in the form of a sheep, and at my words of command, performing such antics as waltzing on his hind-legs, numbering persons by touching them with his nose, and other abnormalities too humiliating to mention.

"In the result, my dear sir, we were admitted to a miserable room on the ground floor. In the morning we were hounded out by our landlord (Wilfred with brutal kicks) in search of a music-hall engagement. In the afternoon we were afoot out of London on a weary tramp to the remoter parts of rural England, which has been our fate ever since. Nothing would—nothing will—induce Wilfred to present himself upon the stage. When starvation stares us in the face he will go so far as a few antics in a village, for which I collect what coppers I may. In the intervals we hide and fight. You see in me, my dear sir, a man the slave of, and brutally terrorized by, a sheep. Wilfred has threatened to bite me to death if I ever betray his secret. Wilfred—"

It was at this point that the shabby-genteel man's amazing story received the illustration that has left me wondering. He broke off short. He uttered a cry of dismay. Unperceived by us, his sheep had approached and was staring at us. It lowered its head and charged the gate. I fell backward; the shabby-genteel man, with a loud and exceeding bitter cry, leaped forward. When I regained my feet and climbed the gate it was to see the shabby-genteel man disappearing at full speed up the road, the sheep in hot pursuit, to hear a most lamentable howl of "Wilfred! Wilfred, don't!" as the sheep's muzzle touched the shabby-genteel man's hindquarters and they passed from view together.

On a Bright Winter Day

BY W. D. HOWELLS

FOOLISH old heart, as glad of wind and sun
And of the lift of yonder unclouded blue,
As if the world's delight had just begun!
Do not you know such joy is not for you?

I know, I know! And yet I know that joy
Like that which maddens in me from the day,
While yet I breathe must find me still a boy:
Off, mocking Fear, and let the young heart play!

The Friendly Rocks

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I FIND there is enough of the troglodyte in most persons to make them love the rocks, and the caves and ledges that the air and the rains have carved out of them.

The rocks are not so close akin to us as the soil; they are one more remove from us, but they lie back of all, and are the final source of all. I do not suppose they attract us on this account, but on quite other grounds. Rocks do not recommend the land to the tiller of the soil, but they recommend it to those who reap a harvest of another sort—the artist, the poet, the walker, the student and lover of all primitive open-air things.

Time, geologic time, looks out at us from the rocks as from no other objects in the landscape. Geologic time! How the striking of the great clock, whose hours are millions of years, reverberates out of the abyss of the past! Mountains fall, and the foundations of the earth shift, as it beats out the moments of terrestrial history. Rocks have literally come down to us from a fore-world. The youth of the earth is in the soil and in the trees and verdure that springs from it; its age is in the rocks; in the great stone book of the geologic strata its history is written.

The rocks have a history; gray and weather-worn, they are veterans of many battles; they have most of them marched in the ranks of vast stone brigades during the ice age; they have been torn from the hills, recruited from the mountain-tops, and marshaled on the plains and in the valleys, and, now the elemental war is over, there they lie waging a gentle but incessant warfare with time, and slowly, oh, so slowly, yielding to its attacks! I say they lie there, but some of them are still in motion, creeping down the slopes, or out from the clay banks, nudged and urged along by the frosts and the rains and the sun. It is hard even for the rocks to keep still in this world of motion, but it takes the hour-hand of many years to mark their progress. What in my childhood we called "the old pennyroyal rock," because pennyroyal always grew beside it, has, in time, crept out of the bank by the roadside three or four feet. When a rock, loosened from its ties in the hills, once becomes a wanderer, it is restless ever after, and stirs in its sleep. Heat and cold expand and contract it, and make it creep down an incline. Hitch your rock to a sunbeam and come back in a hundred years and see how much it has moved. I know a great platform of a rock weighing hundreds of tons, and large enough to build a house upon, that has slid down the hill from the ledges above, and that is pushing a roll of turf before it as a boat pushes a wave, but stand there till you are gray and you will see no motion; return in a century, and you will doubtless find that the great rock-raft has progressed a few inches. What a sense of leisure such things give us hurrying mortals!

One of my favorite pastimes from boyhood up, when in my home country in the Catskills, has been to prowl about under the ledges of the dark gray shelving rocks that jut out from the sides of the hills and mountains, often forming a roof over one's head many feet in extent, and now and then sheltering a cool, sweet spring, and more often sheltering the exquisite moss-covered nest of the phœbe-bird. As a boy these ledges appealed to the wild and adventurous. The primitive cave-dweller in me, which is barely skin deep in most boys, found something congenial there; the air smelled good, it seemed fresher and more primitive than the outside air; it was the breath of the rocks and of the everlasting hills; the home feeling which I had amid such scenes doubtless dated back to the time when our rude forebears were cave-dwellers in very earnest.

The little niches and miniature recesses in the rocks at the side were so pretty and suggestive, and would have been so useful to a real troglodyte. Of a hot summer Sunday one found the coolness of the heart of the hills in these rocky cells, and in winter one found the air tempered by warmth from the same source. To get down on one's hands and knees and creep through an opening in the rocks where bears and Indians have doubtless crept, or to kindle a fire where one fancies prehistoric fires have burned, or to eat black birch and wintergreens, or a lunch of wild strawberries and bread where Indians have probably often supped on roots or game—what more welcome to a boy than that!

As a man I love still to loiter about these open doors of the hills, playing the geologist and the naturalist, or half playing them, and half dreaming in the spirit of my youthful days.

Phœbe-birds' nests may be found any day under these rocks, but on one of my recent visits to them I found an unusual nest on the face of the rocks, such as I had never before seen. At the first glance, from its mossy exterior, I took it for a phœbe's nest, but close inspection showed it to be a mouse's nest—the most delicate and artistic bit of mouse architecture I ever saw—a regular mouse palace; dome-shaped, covered with long moss that grew where the water had issued from the rocks a few yards away, and set upon a little shelf as if it grew there. There was a hole on one side that led to the soft and warm interior, but when my forefinger called, the tiny aristocrat was not in. Whether he or she belonged to the tribe of the white-footed mouse, or to that of the jumping mouse, I could not tell. Was the device of the mossy exterior learned from the phœbe? Of course not; both had been to the same great school of Dame Nature.

Through the eyes of the geologist I see what the agents of erosion have done, how the tooth of time has eaten out the layers of the soft old red sandstone, and left the harder layers of the superposed Catskill rock to project, unsupported, many feet. I see these soft red layers running through under the mountains from valley to valley, level as a floor, and lending themselves to the formation of the beautiful waterfalls that are found here and there on the trout brooks of that region. To one such waterfall, a mile or more from the old schoolhouse, we used to go, when I was a boy, for our slate-pencils, looking for the softer green streaks in the crumbling slaty sandstone, and trying them on our teeth to see whether or not they were likely to scratch our precious slates. In imagination I follow this slaty layer through under the mountains and see where it is cut into by other waterfalls that I know, ten, twenty, thirty miles away. At those falls the water usually makes a sheer leap the whole distance, twenty, thirty, or fifty feet, as the case may be, the harder rock at the top always holding out while the softer layers retreat beneath it, forming in this respect, miniature Niagaras. When near one of these falls I seldom miss the opportunity to climb the side of the gorge under the overhanging rock, and inspect its undersurface, and feel it with my hand. The elements have here separated the leaves of the great stone book and one may read some of the history written there. When I pass my hand over the bottom side of the superincumbent rock I know I am passing it over the contours, the little depressions and unevennesses of surface, of the mud of the old lake or inland-sea bottom, upon which the material of the harder rock was laid down more than fifty millions of years ago.

One thing that arrests one's attention in such a place is the abruptness of the change from one species of rock to another, as marked and sudden as a change in a piece of masonry from brick to stone, or from stone to iron. The two meet but do not mingle. Nature seems suddenly to have turned over a new leaf, and to have begun a new chapter in her great stone book. What happened? There is no evidence in this region of crustal disturbance since the original plateau out of which the mountains were carved was first lifted up in Paleozoic times, when the earth was in her teens. But some quiet day the peaceful waters became suddenly charged with new material and the streams or rivers from some unknown land in the vicinity poured it into the old Devonian lakes where it hardened into rock. As

these streaks of soft red sandstone alternate with the hard, laminated Catskill, well up the mountain-sides, with a sharp dividing line between them, this sudden change occurred many times during the Devonian age. During one geologic day the earth-building forces brought one kind of material, and the next day material of quite another kind, and this alternation without any change of character seems to have kept up for millions of years. How curious, how interesting! Both from near-by land surfaces, and yet so different from each other! How difficult to form any mental picture of the condition of things in those remote geologic ages! It is as if one day it had snowed something like brick-dust to a depth of many feet, and the next day it had snowed a dark gray dust of an entirely different character, and that this alternation of storms had kept up for ages. Long before we reach the tops of the mountains, or at about a thousand feet above the river valley, the red, soft strata cease, and the hard, dark, cross-bedded gray rock continues to the top.

In the higher peaks of the southern Catskills another kind of rock begins to appear before the summit is reached—a conglomerate. The storm of dark snow has turned to a snow of white hail. As you go up you seem to be climbing into a shower of quartz pebbles. Presently you begin to see here and there a pebble imbedded in the rocks; then as you go on you see more of them, and still more; it is like the first sprinkle of rain that precedes the shower, till long before you reach the summit the regular downpour begins, the rocks become solid masses of pebbles imbedded in a gray, hard matrix; there are many hundreds of feet of them. On the top the soil is mainly sand and coarse gravel from the disintegrated rock.

The streams at the foot of the mountains abound in fragments of this pudding-stone, or conglomerate, and in the hard, liberated quartz pebbles. These pebbles were rolled on an ancient sea-beach incalculable ages ago.

Of course the Catskills were under water when this conglomerate was laid down upon them. The coal age was near at hand, and a conglomerate akin to this of the tops of the Catskills underlies the coal measures. The Catskill plateau was lifted up before Carboniferous times began, so that there is no coal in this region. We should have to look overhead for it instead of underfoot. When the Catskill plateau rose above the waters, Pennsylvania and most of the continent to the west was under the sea, receiving additional deposits, thousands of feet thick in many places, and in due time supporting a vegetation that gave us our vast deposits of coal.

The geologic tornado that brought this hailstorm of quartz pebbles, so marked in the conglomerate that caps the highest Catskills, seems to have been a general storm over a large part of the Northern Hemisphere, as this conglomerate underlies the coal measures, both in this country and in Europe.

An earlier storm of quartz pebbles occurred in Silurian times, which formed the Oneida conglomerate in central New York, and the Shawangunk range in southern New York. This latter range is a vast windrow made up of small pebbles varying in size from peas to large beans, cemented together by quartz sand. It is several hundred feet thick and runs southwest through Pennsylvania into Virginia, affording another proof of the abundance of quartz rock in those early geologic ages. Dana thinks they give us an idea of the seashore work of that period.

According to the published views of a natural philosopher and seer on the Pacific coast, this rain of rock material from the heavens is no myth. He believes that the earth in its early history was surrounded by a series of numerous concentric rings of floating cosmic matter, like the rings of Saturn, and that from time to time these rings collapsed and their material fell to earth, helping to make up the vast series of stratified rocks. This theory certainly simplifies some of the problems of the geologist. My Catskills did not have to go down under the sea to get this coat of mail of quartz pebbles, or these alternate layers of red and gray sandstone, and the question of the abrupt ending and beginning of the different series is easily solved; as is also the larger question of where all the diverse material of our enormous system of stratified rock, reckoned by

some geologists to be not less than twenty miles thick in North America, came from. In some parts of Scotland, the old red sandstone, according to Geikie, is twenty thousand feet thick. This theory of the California seer gives us all this material, and gives it in the original packages. I wish I could believe it true, and be thankful that there are no more rings to collapse.

In South America Darwin saw hills and mountains of pure quartz. Not far from Buenos Ayres they formed table-lands, or mesas, without cleavage or stratification. On the Falkland Islands he found the hills of quartz and the valleys filled with "streams of stone"—huge fragments of quartz-rock, varying in size from a few feet in diameter "to ten, or even more than twenty, times as much." Darwin thinks that these streams of quartz stones may have had their origin in streams of white lava that had flowed from many parts of the mountains into the valleys, and then when solidified were rent by some enormous convulsion into myriads of fragments. Some such titanic force of nature must have been the stone-crusher that converted vast hills of quartz into the fragments that make up the Shawangunk Mountains, the Oneida conglomerate, and the conglomerate on the tops of the Catskills.

In our Northern States there are two classes of rocks, the place rocks and the wanderers, or drift boulders. The boulders are in some ways the more interesting; they have a story to tell which the place rock has not; they have drifted about upon a sea of change, slow and unwilling voyagers from the North many tens of thousands of years ago; now they lie here in the fields and on the hills, shipwrecked mariners, in some cases hundreds of miles from home.

"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land" is pretty sure to be the shadow of a drift boulder. The rock about which, and on which, we played as children was doubtless a drift boulder; the rocks beneath which the woodchucks and the foxes burrow are drift boulders; the rock under the spreading maples where the picknickers eat their lunch is a drift boulder; the rock that makes the deep pool in the trout-stream of your boyhood is a drift boulder; the rocks which you helped your father pry up from the fields and haul to their place for the "rock bottom" of the stone wall, in the old days on the farm, were all drift boulders.

The rocks that give the eyebrows to the faces of the hills are place rocks—the cropping out of the original strata. The place rock gives the contour to the landscape; it forms the ledges and cliffs; it thrusts a huge rocky fist up through the turf here and there, or it exposes a broad, smooth surface where you may see the grooves and scratches of the great ice-sheet, tens of thousands of years old. The marks of the old ice-plane upon the rocks weather out very slowly. When they are covered with a few inches of soil they are as distinct as those we saw in Alaska under the edges of the retreating glaciers.

One day on the crest of a hill above my lodge on the home farm in the Catskills, I used my spade to remove five or six inches of soil from the upper layer of rock in order to prove to some doubting friends that a page of history was written here that they had never suspected. I quickly disclosed the lines and grooves, nearly as sharp as if made but yesterday, and as straight as if drawn by a rule, running from northeast to southwest. Across the valley, a third of a mile away, I uncovered other rock surfaces on the same level, that showed a continuation of the same lines. The great jack-plane had been shoved across the valley and over the mountain-tops and had taken off rocky shavings of unknown thickness.

The drift boulders are not found beyond the southern limit of the great ice sheet—an irregular line starting a little south of New York and running westward to the Rocky Mountains, but in southern California I saw huge granite boulders that looked singularly like New England drift boulders. They cover the hill called Rubidoux at Riverside. I overheard a tourist explaining to his companions how the old glaciers had brought them there, apparently ignorant of the fact that they were far beyond the southern limit of the old ice-sheet. It is quite evident that they were harder masses that had weathered out of the

place rock and had slowly tumbled about and crept down the hill under the expansive power of the sun's rays. But I saw one drift boulder in southern California that was a puzzle; it was a water-worn mass of metamorphic rock, nearly as high as my head, at the end of a valley several miles in among the hills, with no kindred rocks or stones near it. It was evidently far from home, but what its means of transportation had been I could only conjecture.

Amid the flock of gray and brown boulders that dot my native fields there is here and there a black sheep—a rough-coated rock much darker than the rest, which the farmers call fire-stone, mainly, I suppose, because they do not break or explode in the fire. They are a kind of conglomerate, probably what the geologists call breccia, made up of the consolidated smaller fragments of older crushed rocks. The materials of which they are composed are of unequal hardness, so that they weather very rough, presenting a surface deeply pitted and worm-eaten, that does not offer an inviting seat. They wear a darker coat of moss and lichens than the other rocks, and seem like interlopers in the family of field boulders. But they really belong here; they have weathered out of the place strata. Here and there one may find their dark, worm-eaten fronts in the outcropping ledges. They were probably formed of the coarser material—a miscellaneous assortment of small, thin, water-worn fragments of rocks and mud and coarse sand—that accumulated about the mouths of the streams and rivers which flowed into the old Devonian lakes and seas. They are not made up of thin sheets like the other rocks, and seem as if made at a single cast. They are as rough-coated as alligators, and do not, to me, look as friendly as their brother rocks. They stand the fire better than other stone. The huge stone arch in my father's sugar-bush, in which the great iron kettles were hung, was largely built of these stones. I think the early settlers used them to line the open fireplaces in their stone chimneys. Along the Hudson they used slate, which is also nearly fire-proof.

I know a huge iron-stone rock lying at the foot of a hill from beneath which issues one of the coldest and sweetest springs in the neighborhood. How the haymakers love to go there to drink, and the grazing cattle also! Of course the relation of the rock to the spring is accidental. The rocks help make the history of the fields, especially the natural history. The woodchucks burrow beneath them, and trees and plants take root beside them. The delightful pools they often form in a trout stream every angler remembers. Their immobility makes the water dissolve and excavate the soil around and beneath them and afford lairs for the big trout.

All through the Southwest the great book of geologic Revelation lies open to the traveler in an astonishing manner. Its massive but torn and crumpled leaves of limestone, sandstone, and basalt lie spread out before him all through Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, and he may read snatches of the long geologic record from the flying train.

I myself need not go so far to see what time can do with the rocks. On the Shawangunk range of mountains in my own State are scenes that suggest a rocky Apocalypse. It is as if the trumpet of the last day had sounded here in some past geologic time. The vast rock stratum of coarse conglomerate, hundreds of feet thick, has trembled and separated into vast blocks, often showing a straight, smooth cleavage like the side of a cathedral. As a matter of fact, I suppose there was no voice of the thunder or of earthquake that wrought this ruin, but the still, small voice of heat and cold and rain and snow. There is no wild turmoil or look of decrepitude, but a look of repose and tranquillity. The enormous four-square fragments of the mountain stand a few feet apart, as if carefully quarried for a tower to reach the skies. In classic simplicity and strength, in harmony and majesty of outline, in dignity and serenity of aspect, I do not know their equal.

What a diverse family is this of the stratified rocks! Never did the members of the human family—Caucasian, Negro, Jew, Jap, Indian, Eskimo, Mongolian—differ more from one another than do the successive geological formations. White and black, hard and soft, coarse and fine, red and gray, yet all in the

same line of descent—all dating back to the same old Adam rock of the Azoic period. Time and circumstance, conditions of water and air, of sea and land, seem to have made the difference. As the races of men were modified and stamped by their environment, so the diverse family of rocks reflects the influence of both local and general conditions. When analyzed, their constituents do not differ so much. As in the different races of men we find the same old flesh and blood and bones, so in the rocks we find the same quartz, sand, and compounds of lime and iron and potash and magnesia and feldspar, yet in quantity and character what a world of difference! How differently they are bedded, how differently they weather, how differently they submit to the hammer and chisel of the mason and the stone-cutter! Some rocks seem feminine, smooth, fine-grained, fragile, the product of deep, still waters; others are more masculine, coarse, tough, the product of waters more or less turbid or shallow.

It is remarkable, the purity of the strain of the different breed of rocks; about as little crossing or mingling among the different systems as there is among the different species of animals. Considering the blind warring and chaos of the elements out of which they came, one can but wonder at the homogeneity of the different kinds. They are usually as uniform as if their production had been carefully watched over by some expert in the business, which is true. This expert is water. Was there ever such a sorter and sifter! See the vast clay banks, as uniform in quality and texture as a snow-bank, slowly built up in the privacy of deep, still rivers or lakes during hundreds or thousands of years, implying a kind of secrecy and seclusion of nature. Mountains of granite have been ground down or disintegrated, and the clay washed out and carried by the currents till they were impounded in some lake or basin, and then slowly dropped. The great clay banks and sand banks of the Hudson River valley doubtless date from the primary rocks of the Adirondack region. Much of the quartz sand is still in the soil of that region, and much of it is piled up along the river-banks, but most of the clay has gone down-stream and been finally deposited in the great river terraces that are now being uncovered and worked by the brick-makers. Flowing water drops its coarser material first, the sand next, and the mud and silt last. Hence, the coarser-grained rocks and conglomerates are built up in shallow water near shore, the sandstones in deeper water, and the slates and argillaceous rocks in deeper still. The limestone rocks, which are of animal origin, also imply deep seas during periods that embrace hundreds and thousands of centuries. It is, then, the long ages of peace and tranquillity in the processes of the earth-building forces that have contributed to the homogeneity of the different systems of secondary rocks. What peace must have brooded over that great inland sea when those vast beds of Indiana limestone and sandstone were being laid down! A depth of thousands of feet of each without a flaw. Vast stretches of Cambrian and Silurian and Devonian time were apparently as free from violent movements and warrings of the elements as in our own day.

It would seem to require as distinctly an evolutionary process to derive our sedimentary rocks from the original igneous rocks as to derive the vertebrate from the invertebrate, or the mammal from the reptile. Of course it could not be done by a mechanical process alone. It has been largely a chemical process, and, no doubt, to a certain extent, a vital process also. The making of a loaf of bread is, up to a certain point, a mechanical process, then higher and finer processes set in. And all the cake and pastry and loaves in the bake-shop do not differ from the original bin of wheat any more than the great family of secondary rocks differs from the unmilled harvest of the earth's original crust. And the increase in bulk seems to have been quite as great as that from the kernel to the loaf or the roll. Little doubt that the bulk of the material of the sedimentary rocks came through the process of erosion and deposition from the original igneous rocks, but how has it expanded and augmented during the process! It seems to have swelled almost as the inorganic swells in passing into the organic.

Reaching for the Moon

BY GEORG SCHOCK

EASTER evening came. The sky hung low and was overcast, but not dark: a faint light was diffused all over it. In that somber twilight the hills were soft, gray masses, and the road through the cup-shaped valley looked remarkably white. So did the one small house on the western slope; it was close to a patch of black pine-woods, and it might have been a little marble temple all alone up there. In the houses scattered along the road the lamps had been lighted, and there were bright windows where the people were still talking about what had happened.

Although he would have been received with respectful enthusiasm at any of these houses, and especially to-night, after his admired action, the minister passed by one after another and did not stop. It seemed that he was the only person out-of-doors: he did not meet a soul, and his steps resounded along the deserted way. He was a tall man, with an air of reliable strength; his face was square, and he wore a drooping brown mustache; altogether, he suggested a warrior of a very early Teutonic type; but his deep-set, gray eyes were the eyes of a thinking man who has ceased to count on most things.

He had left the last house behind when he saw coming toward him on the road, a dark figure which he recognized, for the man was singing heartily. The song was a popular German hymn, and the singer brought out the name of Jesus very clearly and prolonged it.

"Joe Bright again. I hope I can pass the poor fellow without having to stop," the minister said to himself.

Joe Bright sang on and strode on indifferently until he saw who was coming, when he instantly halted and was mute. Facing half round, he drew himself up very straight and proper. His head looked disproportionately large, even for his large frame, because of the thick growth of hair that touched his coat-collar and overran the lower part of his face; his hands, held stiffly at his sides, were concealed to the knuckles by his brown coat-sleeves; his blue trousers did not cover his big ankles; but he stood at the side of the road like a soldier, and like a soldier to his superior officer he said:

"Good evening, Reverend Doctor."

He received a very friendly greeting in return, and held his military attitude for a couple of minutes, only moving his head to prolong a gaze full of unobtrusive adoration.

"Poor Joe! There is one person who believes in me," thought the minister.

A few minutes later he left the road and started up the western hill as if it were level. Where he was walking there was no path; the hill was covered for two-thirds of the way up with long, lifeless, gray-brown grass which had been frozen again and again, and little, alert junipers shot up like black exclamation-points all over the hillside. There was not a new leaf on the occasional clumps of blackberry, and the few old fruit trees, which stood far apart from each other, were as black and bare as in January. The wind was beginning to come up. It rustled in the grass and crackled among the dry twigs, and the one gray cloud which had covered the sky like a veil was torn into many clouds, with edges of darker gray showing against little silvery rifts. Not a living creature did he see, except a crow which flew into a juniper and was lost to sight, until he reached the solitary white house.

It stood in a steep dooryard, and it was square and plain, with no ornaments except a little covered porch with steps at the left and a crisscross railing.

"And there is the fatal pink door."

The windows were blank and dark; and although he knocked loudly several

times, still no one made a light or any sign of life. He persisted with his knocking, and waited a long time. At last he saw a sudden gleam far back in the house; it came nearer, steps approached, and the door moved.

A woman stood there, holding up a candle; the yellow flame illuminated, against the darkness in the house, her hand, her fair hair and pale face. Her face showed wear and tear not physical; the carriage of her thin, black-gowned figure was reserved.

Their eyes met, and there appeared in hers a momentary expression of intense disgust.

After a few seconds the visitor asked, "May I come in?"

"No," she replied, smoothly and gently.

"I would not let any one else discuss it with me; I came to you first."

She did not answer; her manner exacted from him an apology for being there.

"It wouldn't be fair not to hear me."

She considered this. Then she got a shawl, blew out the candle, walked through the door, and closed it decisively behind her. Accepting the necessity of staying outside with a little smile to himself, he buttoned up his coat and sat down uninvited on the seat at the closed end of the porch, and she also seated herself there.

"I needn't say that it was not my doing," he said.

"Wasn't it?"

Although she spoke as she always did, with a diffident inflection, as though what she said were submitted for her hearer's approval, he felt in her gentleness something red-hot.

"The elders were unanimous, and I did what they insisted upon until I could investigate for myself. What else could I do? I was at the altar when it was put to me, and those men would have made a much more scandalous scene than the one we had if I had not done what they wanted."

"You refused me the sacrament, you turned me away from the altar-rail before the eyes of the whole congregation. You might well have hesitated to do that."

"You did not come to preparatory service or pay your church-dues. Without explaining to anybody, you appeared in church so late that the communion service was half over, and walked up the aisle and presented yourself like a member in good standing. You can't blame the elders, Achsa."

Without a word she took her purse from her pocket and handed him some money.

"That doesn't settle it. What explanation have you to make?"

"None."

"Listen. The people are interpreting certain facts in a way that I am sure you don't suspect, and I came to you to get the truth. Since your parents died and you have been living here alone you hardly ever come down the hill, and when your friends still came to see you you made it plain that you did not want them; that started the talk. Then you began to have other visitors: travelingmen, peddlers, even tramps, stop at your door and are invited in; tramps infest the neighborhood since you repainted this door pink. After all this you went away and stayed four months, no one knew where."

"You have a bad case against me, haven't you, Stephen?"

"You and I have known each other a long time, Achsa," he said, patiently. "I hope you will tell me what all this means."

"I will not."

"You know I only want to stop the talk."

"Let them talk! Foul, stupid minds! But you are worse than they are. It was you, an old friend, who put me to shame in public."

He had looked rather sadly away from her, down the darkening hillside and across the dusky valley with the points of lamp-light; now he fixed upon her for a moment his observant eyes.

"Look here, Achsa," he said. "I should be glad if you would tell me the details, but you don't need to tell me the main fact."

"What?"

"I know you and your conscience. You are a little unearthly, Achsa. I remember that when you were a little girl you excited all the children by telling about the angel you had seen among

the branches of an oak-tree which you passed on your way to school. The day you were confirmed you were in great distress because the communion wine had not touched your lips, and you were sure that it was a punishment for sin. And how you dragged on up here, year after year, helping your mother, nursing and humoring your father, living in submission to their notions; seeing each year go by a dead loss, with nothing to look forward to except to be left solitary in middle age! A woman who has lived half her life like that does not leave her path; and I believe that these things that you have been doing lately are to punish yourself for something."

He heard her catch her breath, saw her face quiver and her effort to control it, and looked away again. Her eyes were wet; hers had been a long spiritual isolation. In a lonely voice she said:

"It seems so strange to hear any one put it into words!"

When at last she could speak calmly, she began to speak:

"I don't see how you knew. I had to conceal it as long as my parents lived; and besides, there was always so much for me to do that I never had time to repent; but it was always on my heart. I began as soon as I could."

"Repent of what?"

She made a shivering, retreating movement. "Oh! To long to confess, to be forced to keep silence for the sake of others, and all the while to know: 'It is done, can't be undone; I did it; I was capable of doing it.' That's misery!" she exclaimed, with passion.

"Come! Tell me why you came so late to church," he said, sternly.

"Because it was a punishment to walk up the aisle alone, a target for all eyes."

"When you went away, where did you go?"

"I stayed in the city because I love it so here at home."

"Oh, you foolish girl! What about the pink door?"

"I give a meal to every wayfarer who asks. They know the place by that."

"There never was a woman more pure and dear!" he thought. "Achsa, what is behind all this? Can't you tell me? I don't believe you ever did anything really wrong."

"It was real enough, Stephen."

The wind was blowing in strong gusts, driving the clouds before it, and leaving wide spaces of clear, metallic sky; and now from behind a cloud that had been permeated by silver light the moon floated out. They looked at it a long time.

"You know how I felt this morning," he said.

Her hesitation wounded him.

"Did you think it wasn't hard for me? Haven't you found me a good friend?"

"Yes," she acknowledged.

"There is no use trying to go further with that," he thought. He said: "I wish you could tell me what it is that hurts you. Perhaps I could put it in a new light."

She reflected awhile, then she said: "I will tell you. It would be a comfort to tell some one, I have carried it alone so long; and you have been a good friend, Stephen; and there is no one left to me who would be hurt by it, and I shall be gone to-morrow."

Not avoiding the moonlight on her face, which was merely thoughtful, she undemonstratively told her story. It dated back almost twenty years, and included the name of a young man who had not lived to come of age.

"Mary Magdalene in the garden the first Easter morning looked like that," he thought. "Well?" he said.

"If you had known, you would have had to do to me as you did in the church. I will take myself away to-morrow."

"Now you are on a wrong tack."

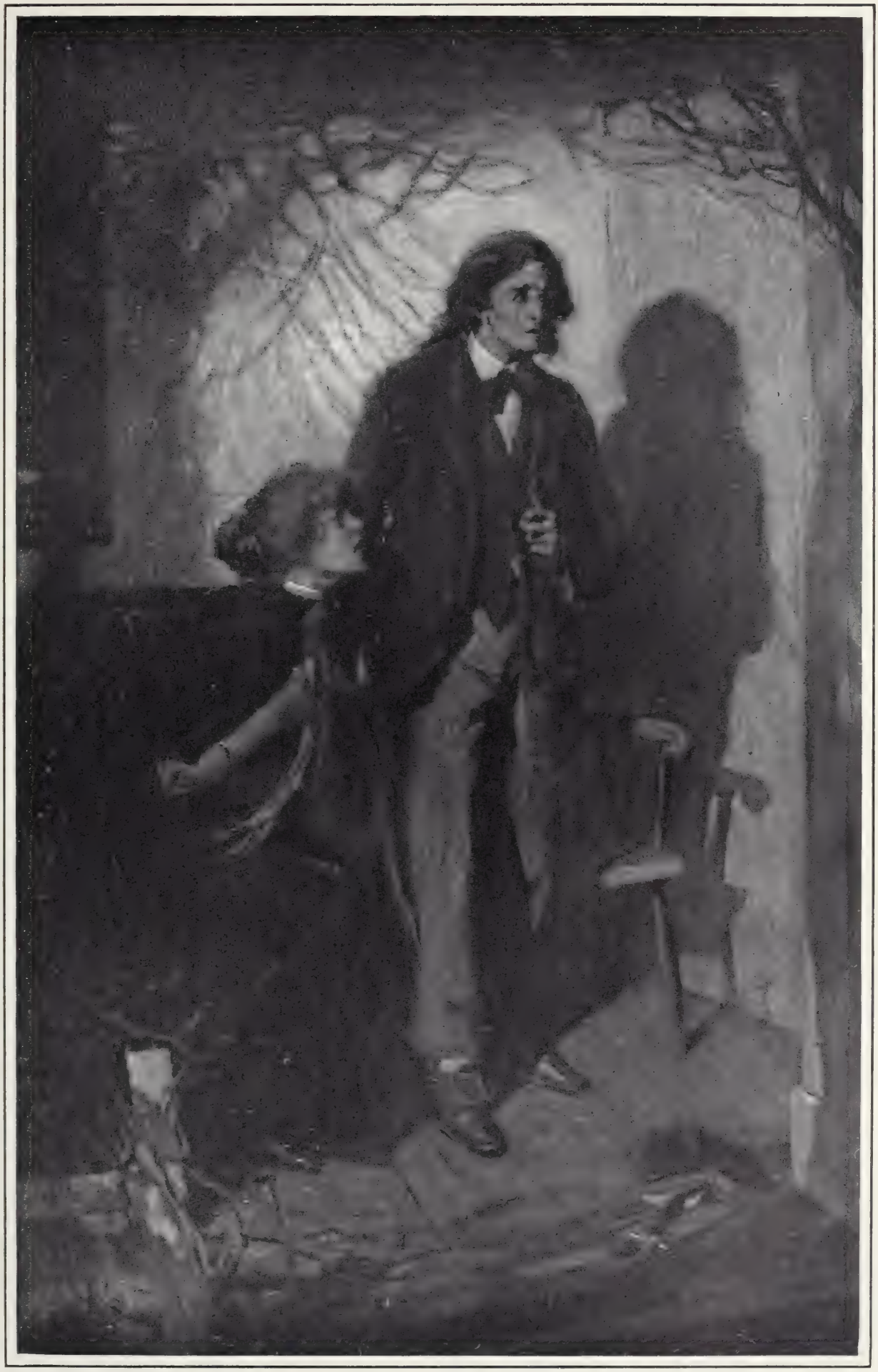
"Why, I couldn't stay, after this morning!"

"Is there no one here who needs you?"

At that she blazed up again. "I did wrong, but not as they think. They don't know the truth of it; they condemned me out of their own bad imaginations. Not one of them shall set foot in my house again; I will never speak a friendly word to one of them."

"Now you are doing wrong!" he said, energetically. "What sort of feelings are you cherishing against your old neighbors and the friends you have had all your life? They had reason for their suspicions. You are not repentant."

He tried hard; he argued, and she met his arguments; he blamed and entreated,



Drawn by Walter Biggs

"THERE MAY BE DANGER. WON'T YOU PROTECT ME?"

and she became more cool and gentle. "Can't I win her even to this?" he thought, but he had never got near her, and he could not now. Go she would.

"You have no right to waste yourself in sorrow for that old sin," he told her. "What good is a sterile repentance? You owe something to these very neighbors; but what you want to do is to live apart, and strain after an ideal of personal spotlessness. You are like a child putting out its hands for that moon; and it is beyond reach, and a burned-out planet, anyhow."

"You have always been so upright, and comfortable in your world," she retorted.

What she said was far from the truth, and recalled the reality to his mind; and in the pause before answering he went through a bitter minute.

"Do you think mine such a satisfactory life?"

Instantly alert to elicit a confidence if possible, she almost whispered, "I'm sorry," and her supple sympathy had its effect.

"I live in one clammy room, surrounded by my entire wardrobe, and I eat well-meaning meals. I am always present at other people's climaxes, but I live alone: I have settled down; I had to. You know who made me do it. When a man comes to my age with no one depending on him it marks him as a little queer, a little less than other men. Sometimes I feel as if I had not a friend in the world except Joe Bright. Achsa, you are the only person to whom I would say that." He added, to himself, "And I don't know how you got it out of me."

She delighted in this contact with his emotions. "Why Joe Bright?" she asked, smoothly, without a change of tone.

"You haven't heard about his calamity; it happened while you were away. He has broken down, from over-study at the seminary. He dresses grotesquely, and will neither shave nor cut his hair—in order to mortify the flesh, Achsa—but he is quite harmless. Since his mother died there is no one to take an interest in him, and of course now his stepfather wants him less than ever. The poor fellow has an exaggerated respect for me because I accomplished what he failed to do: I am ordained and have a charge."

"And you are good to him, I know. —Stephen, do you hear anything?"

"No, but I see a man coming up the hill. Now he is in the shadow of that small apple-tree."

"I thought I heard strange sounds, from the woods, not from the road, like people moving furtively."

"It was the wind. That man is Joe Bright, and we were just talking about him."

"Go inside, and wait for me where it is warm. I'll see what the poor fellow wants."

"If he sees me, he will stay and stay," thought Stephen. "You aren't afraid of him?" he asked.

"Not at all. You can hear what he says. I have a window open a few inches."

Stephen closed the door noiselessly, and felt his way to a seat beside the window. Through the thin curtain he could see Joe Bright come hesitatingly into the dooryard and look up at Achsa, who was standing motionless behind the crisscross railing. His sad eyes were shining under the great growth of his silky hair.

"I thought I ought to come," he said, wistfully.

"Thought you ought? Why?"

"I thought you needed some one."

"Well, you may come up here," she answered, with bored kindliness.

He mounted the steps and stood before her. For some time he seemed to be groping. He murmured, "I wanted to do good on Easter-day."

"Had you something to tell me? What was it?"

After such a mental effort that the tension was felt by both the others, he said, "I can't remember."

"Come and sit down here by me, and we'll remember together."

"It's gone," he replied, hanging his head. "Please excuse me. I am a poor excuse now, but I would have been a minister. This serves me right for not leaving everything to the Reverend Doctor. He is a prince of a man."

Achsa shot a sarcastic glance at the

window; and at that moment it occurred to her, "If this poor fellow should discover his reverend doctor now, there in the dark, the prince of a man would be in danger of sharing my reputation in this precious community. He will be sure to think of that. He did not protect me this morning. Let him quake awhile."

Her deliberate smile was visible to Stephen. She began talking to Joe, recalling his mother and his boyhood, and questioning him, but not too much. Her manner was almost maternally soothing, and in a few minutes he was happily telling her all about his own vital dream. The Bible rewritten to appeal to modern minds, was what he wanted. He said, belligerently, that brains and souls had developed beyond it in its present form.

"Why don't you suggest this to the faculty of the seminary?" Stephen heard her soft voice ask, and thought, "She is leading him on to talk about himself, just as she did me."

"I did, time and again, but they are all hidebound."

"Why not undertake it yourself?"

"I will trust you. Don't let any one else know." The young man's tone was as flattering and enthusiastic as if he had not already confided the same thing to every one who would listen to him. "I have undertaken it. I am at the third chapter of Genesis. It goes slowly, because there is so much that I don't like to leave out. What's that?"

He was on his feet with a leap.

The sound was dreadful; a prolonged, rasping bellow of peculiar quality, melancholy and ominous and intensely irritating, all at once, and of such enormous volume that it filled the valley and rolled across the hills.

"A horse-fiddle!" Joe exclaimed, and was about to run.

"Wait!" said Achsa, shivering, but obeying a whim. "There may be danger. Won't you protect me?"

Shaken as he was, he responded, "Yes, I will take care of you," and drew himself up.

Silence followed, profound but momentary; then another noise, a slow, rolling, tragic sound, which also died away.

"Tolling on steel," said Joe, twitching.

Then came the outbreak. It was like an explosion. All together, horns blared and screamed, bells were rung, drums were beaten, and there was a pounding and thumping on metal, a sharp, dry rattling, and a rapid clank. It went on and on, with the long-drawn-out bellow and the awful toll.

"It sounds like an orchestra in hell," said Joe.

"A callithumpian! They mean to run me out of the neighborhood!" Achsa enunciated, her face blue-white.

"What an outrage. I won't stand it! I will stop them!" Joe shouted, and was about to dash off the porch; but as he was passing the door it opened and Stephen came out.

He looked to the woman, and she to him, but they had no chance to say a word; and although the maddening tumult continued, with now a blast from a horn, now the jangle of wildly shaken sleigh-bells, or the clank of the anvil sounding above the uproar, they did not know that they heard it, as Joe Bright turned from Achsa to the minister his wide-open eyes.

"You!" he stammered. "You were in her house! Waiting! With no light!"

Stephen tried to speak, but his devotee came close up to them and shouted in their faces above the noise.

"Now I remember! He turned you away from the altar, and I thought he did right, as I thought everything he did was right, but I pitied you. Now I see what you are. And you, Reverend Doctor! Oh, Reverend Doctor!" Tears ran down his cheeks. "But I shall tell it. I will tell them all down there."

His voice stopped, and the expression of painful confusion came again into his eyes; and Stephen also stood still, bewildered by the noise and shocked by the words, with a nauseated look on his face, which had turned dark red; but Achsa instantly ran down the steps and dashed toward the woods.

As she crossed the open space and came near the line where the moonlight met the massive black shadows of the pines, the noise increased; on went the booming, the bellowing, and the toll, toll. When her eyes accustomed themselves, she made out dark figures; broken rays of moonlight showed her a steel



Drawn by Walter Biggs

"ACHSA, BE HUMAN. GIVE UP YOUR IDEA; LET YOURSELF LIVE"

bar suspended from a tree and a hand striking it with a hammer, a piece of scantling being hauled back and forth over the rosined edges of an enormous box, bright surfaces of horns and bells, and dried bladders containing corn shaken in the air. She distinguished men's faces also; some she had seen in church that morning, some she had grown up with, some she had fed.

She stood on the edge of the moonlight and shouted to them all; she was beside herself. Her voice was only strong enough to make itself heard a few words at a time.

"How dare you come here and insult me? A crowd of men against one woman! Shame on you! What do you mean? What do you mean?" She called to one and another by name.

Deep-toned laughter and kissing sounds were her reply; they did not take the trouble to answer her in words.

Feet pounded behind her and up rushed Joe Bright, with streaming hair.

"Play!" he shouted, gesticulating. "Play! I found the minister in her house. The minister!"

To the mechanical tumult was added a human outburst that was heart-breaking. Achsa heard groans, hoots, and whistles and cat-calls, and her name among enraging words.

"Isn't she pretty?"

"Run her out of town!"

"Be my girl! Be my girl!"

Some one else ran up, close to her, and it was Stephen. "Ah, there's the preacher, sure enough!" came from the darkness, and there was another outburst; but she pressed against him without knowing it, and smiled at him, and said in his ear, "Stephen, I'm sorry I tormented you and got you into this."

"Run, Achsa! They will come for you in a minute. I'll hold them while you get a start."

She shook her head, with a deprecating, intelligent smile and gesture, and stood still, in sudden reaction. Her thoughts came slowly and were disconnected:

"I am awfully tired. Why should it interest me what they do? What does any one know of purity who has never fought for it? Does God take us seriously all the time?"

"At least I can stay with her," thought Stephen.

The noise continued, while Joe Bright called to the men to come on. Then one voice shouted:

"Achsa! With my compliments."

A stone came out of the dark and fell a little short of her, a second struck her arm. At first they came at intervals, as if her enemies hesitated, then suddenly the air was full of missiles flying at her from the woods. The men threw everything they could lay their hands on—stones, pebbles, sticks, a rattling bladder, a battered horn, a bell with the clapper tinkling as it went through the air. The bell came down on Achsa's shoulder, a small rock rolled under her skirts, a stick abraded Stephen's cheek as he threw himself in front of her and tried to force her away. Both were struck again and again. Then a sharp-edged lump, the size of a man's fist, went wild and struck Joe Bright.

Before Stephen could catch him he dropped silently to the ground, and the two who bent over him could not make him hear them. Nothing more came from the woods: there were an exclamation or two, a hush, then whispers, and the crackling of trodden twigs, and retreating steps. No more dark shapes moved among the trees; the steel bar vibrated silently, the anvil was dumb, the horse-fiddle a harmless box: after the rush and noise the quiet was blessed, it surrounded them.

There was a rapid interchange between Achsa and Stephen.

"Is he badly hurt?" asked she.

"I am afraid he is."

"What ought we to do with him?"

"He should not be moved farther than is absolutely necessary, I can see that. Yours is the nearest house. What ought we to do with him?"

"You know I am going away tomorrow," she said, as if that settled it.

"He has no one who cares anything about him."

She bent over Joe again, and it occurred to her that he was hardly more than a boy, and thin, neglected, and forlorn.

"Perhaps if he had good food and some one to be kind to him, he might be saved for his Bible work, or even cured,"

she thought; but she did not complete that thought. "Now you will have to go away, too," she said.

"Do you think I will let a few cowards and scandal-mongers and a crazy boy drive me out? Besides, the men who were here a little while ago are going to keep very quiet, from now on. They will be afraid of the law, on account of what has happened to Joe."

"What about the church?" she demanded. "Are you going to say anything?"

"I am: to the elders in session, and from the pulpit." His face set, his eye became hard and bright; he had recognized the leader of the mob and had made up his mind what kind of a meeting he would have with him.

She looked down at Joe and said, abruptly: "I can go later. Let us get him to my house."

Now he looked hard at her. "Give that up, girl. Don't run. Stay here and fight it out."

He had struck the right note at last. He saw her face clear and brighten with joy in the prospect of a long and testing fight; she was something of a Valkyr then. It had come; the only moment he had ever had when he might grasp her, and, strange as it was, he snatched it. He went straight on:

"And what about me?"

Her glad expression as she surveyed him was the gladness of a woman who accepts a comrade rather than a suitor; but it lasted only a moment.

"You have forgotten what I told you," she answered, with reserve that made her like her former self.

"You told me nothing, you could tell me nothing, to make me want you less."

He said it as if the words were sacred to him.

"Achsa, be human. Give up your idea; let yourself live." He got no answer. "Achsa," he repeated, in a most pleading tone.

"Oh, Stephen dear, not now, not now! We must take care of this poor fellow, we must carry him in; and I must find something for your bruises, too, Stephen."

As they took up the young man and carried him along the hillside, they heard for a second the sound of their own excited, happy laughter, and could hardly believe that it was theirs.

Flower of Life

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

WHAT profit hath the daffodil
Of her ethereal flame?
It flickers down the wind to join
The fires whence it came.

And I—what if this æon-bought,
Wind-beaten soul of mine
Were but the highest flower of all
On Life's up-clambering vine?

The petals fall, the perfume spills
Upon the timeless hours:
The great trunk toiling up the cliff
Climbs on—but thinks in flowers!

Australian Bypaths

NEIGHBORS OF THE GOLDEN MILE

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

SOME all too optimistic Australians from Sydney Side, who have never traveled the bitter gold-fields country of West Australia, say of all the farther reaches of that vast waste—declare, indeed, with a smack of the lips, an ingenuous design to astound: "D'ye know, they tell *me* that the old explorers were mistaken? —that the country out there is first-class pastoral land?" The old explorers had reported deserts to lie thereabouts. They had thirsted, they had hungered, they had gasped a course of many perilous months, reaching at last an emaciated, leathery, half-mad return. Sydney Side Australians of the unknowing and sanguine type have no more definite knowledge of the aspects of their own far west—distant some twenty-five hundred toilsome miles from Sydney—than the Europe-going New-Englander who has never been west of Niagara Falls knows of the intimacies of existence and landscape in uttermost Arizona. The low comedian of Her Majesty's Theater at Melbourne, lugubriously describing his own inheritance, hit the nail on the head and almost drove it home. Said he: "Some of it's arable —most of it's 'orrible!" He missed the truth by this much: that none of it appears to the transient observer at this present to be highly arable. Generally speaking, the gold-fields country, of which the Golden Mile is the source of life, is in summer a red desert place, week after week blistering under a brazen sun, swept by whirling dust-winds, hot sometimes to the degree of more than one hundred and twenty in the shade, so dry that the water for its sufficient refreshment must be pumped three hundred and fifty miles from the great weir at Mundaring: yet to the edge of the salt lakes it is vividly green, in stretches, with an open growth of salmon-gum and needle-wood and gimlet trees and broom-bush—a mirage of fertility, lying in the distance, but disclosing, every step of the way, its false and arid character. They say the land flourishes after rain; and no doubt the grasses do spring green and succulent, since it seems no length of drought can kill them utterly in Australia—but the rains are shy and niggardly.

A chance remark in passing to a desiccated native with agricultural aspirations:

"Dry country you got here."

"Ah, well," he complained, "you see, this is an exceptionally dry season."

"How long is it," the curious traveler inquired, looking round about upon the scorched world, "since you had anything *but* an exceptionally dry season?"

"Ah, well—about sixteen year!"

Nevertheless, they love the land who dwell in the midst of it and possess it; and their vision of the future—in a fashion splendidly characteristic of these folk who live by visions and find some heroic satisfaction in the effort to realize large dreams—creates even of these dry acres the greenest pastures in all the world, puts flocks and herds to fatten on the plains which now are sweltering and dusty, and peoples all the wide, parched places of these remotest parts with plethoric farmers and pastoralists. Irrigation is to accomplish the miracle. But whence the water? To be sure the time is some ten years gone by since the folk of the gold-fields economically waited for the next rain (as they relate) to bathe. But the municipal water-rate in the mining center of Kalgoorlie is still annually one shilling and sixpence in the pound sterling on the value of the property—which hints at some slight scarcity; and a government engineer said: "This country will be irrigated

only when we have learned how to bring the rain-storms in from the coast. But, after all, what matter? In one roaring year West Australia produced almost nine million pounds in good yellow gold; and since the first insignificant takings were registered, some twenty-five years ago, the total production has amounted to more than one hundred million pounds, possibly as much as three-fourths of which came from these selfsame dry Coolgardie fields and thereabouts. And the length and breadth of West Australia measures almost one hundred million square miles—and the population is less than three hundred thousand—and the first settlers timidly occupied a few acres of the coast only eighty-four years ago!

Late of a January afternoon, quivering midsummer, a day lying white in the naked heat—the thermometer declaring a temperature of one hundred and ten in the shade at sea-level, as though it were quite used to the feat—the Goldfields Express screeched out of the station, rattled importantly through the yards, and puffed off and away from the bustle and broiling asphalt streets of Perth on the four-hundred-mile run northeast to Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie. It was a slovenly little train—a diminutive English contraption, gone shabby with hard service, filled to the doors with a free-and-easy western company, in khaki and leather, in tweeds, in black coats, in woolen shirts and broad-brimmed felt hats, a company tanned and hairy and adorned with diamonds and virgin nuggets. Presently, in the light of a great red sunset, it was swaying recklessly through raw, rolling eucalyptus country, which the pioneers were stripping to expose the fertile soil, and on into the dark of a murky night. A thirsty journey, for the relief of which water was provided in the Australian way—long canvas sacks of water, with wooden spigots, suspended on the platforms, dripping from every pore to cool the contents by evaporation. It was hot weather, and by this time incredibly dry; a hot wind, blowing from the central deserts, rioting in at the open windows, came with clouds of gritty dust, which it deposited in inch-deep drifts in the corridors and seedy compartments. In this parching heat and dust, when the night had fallen deep, men wandered about in pajamas, women in desperate dishabille, whimpering children in their scanty night-clothes; and in the little dining-car, where they sat late over cards and drink—jammed with prospectors, miners, immigrants, engineers, commercial travelers, and the worn-out women and children of the drylands beyond—the bar was rushed by a clamoring crowd from the coaches in the rear.

"She humps along," an old prospector remarked, in hearty satisfaction with his state's achievement in the matter of long-distance railroad travel. "Not *too* bad, eh?"

I laughed a little.

"Ah, well," said he, laughing, too; "you're a bit unfair, aren't you? We've altogether different standards. You're thinking of transcontinental limiteds and a hundred million people; and I'm thinking of the early days in a God-forsaken gold country—'way back in 'ninety-two, when Bailey rode into Southern Cross from the desert at Coolgardie, like a madman, with two thousand pounds in nuggets and dust, picked up in two days." And having described the first fever and stampede of those wild times, he went on, seeming to recall it all as a man remembers the amazing incidents of a village fire: "In two hours horses went from a couple of pounds a head to fifty pounds a head. Camels?—you couldn't buy 'em at all. Dogs, cows—anything that could haul; bicycles—anything a man could ride; buggies and butchers'-carts—anything on wheels: in a day or two Southern Cross was cleaned out. Before I managed to get away I saw a husky young chap take the Coolgardie trail with his outfit packed in his little boy's express-cart. I saw a dozen fellows set out with wheelbarrows. I saw an old bloke push off with a baby-carriage. I saw some chaps get away with barrels—a sort of axle through the center, the man between the shafts, the outfit stowed away somehow inside. It was something like one hundred and twenty-five miles from Southern Cross to the old Coolgardie field, I reckon—sand and scrub and stony ground, dry country; and at first

nobody knew the water-soaks. We footed every mile of it in the early days with our tongues swollen and our lips black—in a week, two weeks, three weeks. Thirst? My word! And that's why it occurred to me that this little Gold-fields Express was humpin' along."

"Of course, now—"

"Oh, *now*," the prospector interrupted, contemptuously, "all a man has to do is to *wake up* in Coolgardie."

"And—"

"Water? Why, young fellow," he swore, his eyes twinkling, "they *waste* it! *They bathe in it*—a shilling a go at Kalgoorlie!"

We swayed along—bumping, jerking, squeaking, rattling. It seemed the capable and ambitious little train would jump the track in a devoted endeavor to accomplish its distance in the time allotted. These were exhausting hours: the hot wind, the clatter of our progress, the dust, the close contact with all those abandoned others in the same misfortune. Occasionally we stopped at some woebegone wayside place; and these pauses were so ample in the measure of them, and so grateful in opportunity, that the horde of passengers alighted, in whatsoever sort of night attire they affected, if that chanced to be their condition, to take the air on the platform until a hand-bell clanged and the guard shouted, "Seats, if you please, gentlemen!" and a whistle shrilled like a boatswain's pipe, and the locomotive shrieked a last warning to be aboard at once or be left to make the best of that gloom and desolation for the night. It was a task to go the length of the tumultuous little train—to avoid treading on the fevered children, to escape surprising the women in the relaxation of undress, to keep from being shot from one side of the corridor to the other, and eventually into the corpulency of some pajama-clad gentleman returning from the flowing bar with a bottle of beer in each hand. And thereafter there was a long, black night, spent in a storm of dust and cinders—and then the immensity of the dawn, so red and bold that the window was a lurid square, solid with color, with the whole outdoor world a thick, awesome glow of brightening glory—and then the yellow blaze of the gold-fields, waste of green scrub and red earth, and at last the wide, vacant streets of Kalgoorlie, prostrate and blind and ghastly white in the dreadful mid-morning sunlight.

Ballarat and Bendigo—all the celebrated fields of Victoria and New South Wales—saw their seething prosperity in the failing years of the California scramble and tumult. Their fortunes and crimes, their bushrangers and gentlemen-diggers and ticket-of-leave men, had become the texture of old men's tales before, in the unexplored tropical north of West Australia, six thousand miles away as the crow flies, the first discovery of gold precipitated the rush to Kimberley. Kimberley was a failure; men languished on the scorched, bewildering trail, died of fever and disillusionment on the fields, perished of hunger and thirst and uttermost exhaustion on the dispirited way back. But presently there were mild discoveries to the south—taunting promises of the greater thing; and some ten years later Bagley stumbled on the riches of a fairy tale in a dry desolation called by the aboriginals Coolgardie. Coolgardie was overrun by a wild motley from the several Australian colonies and the far four quarters of the earth. Within the year Pat Hannan scratched the earth at Kalgoorlie and disclosed in one delirious day square miles of wealth in alluvial gold. Dreams came true—the maddest visions of the leanest old graybeard who had prospected that parched and fiery waste through years of dogged expectation. Came, then, the rush to Siberia—to Bulong and White Feather and Black Flag and Broad Arrow. A nugget of four hundred and sixty-three ounces was unearthed; and subsequently the Bobby Dazzler—four hundred and eighty-seven yellow ounces in a lump—enriched a digger of Shark's Gully. Capital came leaping in to absorb the reefs: there was buying and selling; there were syndicates, certificates of stock, a market for shares; there was sudden fortune, ruination overnight, merry flitting to London, suicide, building of churches and schools, delirium tremens.

Private organization now gravely presides over these resources; but a little

spark of news, drifting in with the hot wind from beyond the salt lakes to touch the enduring hope, would still explode a loud and blazing rush to the farthest deserts. "The gold was here," they reason. "Why *only* here? It's a big country. There are hundreds of thousands of square miles to explore and prospect. There'll be a new Coolgardie some day, no fear—another Kalgoorlie!" And so still they go about with an ear open to faint sounds, with an eye peeled to descry mysterious doings and departures, with lips occupied with low whispers out of hearing, with a persistently inquisitive attitude toward strangers. But old Coolgardie—where once the streets were filled with swagger and prodigal riot, where fortunes slipped through the claws of old men gone imbecile with good luck and vanished overnight from the blistered hands of young wastrels, where once the homeliest barmaid washed her hair with champagne—is now by contrast deserted and destitute. In its heyday of a few whirling years and through the times of its quick degeneration the Coolgardie field produced nearly six million pounds in new gold. Yet not long ago, at three o'clock of a midsummer afternoon, I waited, watch in hand, in the main street of the town, for some sign of life—some companionable sound or movement; and for more than seven minutes, until a child whimpered distress in the heat near by, I stared at a row of vacant shops, at drifting dust clouds, at the burnished prospect beyond, and at the open doors of eleven public-house bars, six on one side of the street and five on the other. The public-houses implied inhabitants; and a shriveled poster, in a shop window, announcing the appearance of Bob Harper's Physical Culture Girls at Royal Hall, implied a place of amusement and a population desperately eager for distraction.

Midway between Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie there is a gathering of shanties. It is called Kurrawanc.

"What do the people do here?" I inquired of a native.

"Oh," said he, "several things."

"No doubt," I persisted; "but *what?*"

"Damned if I know," he confessed. "I never inquired."

Kalgoorlie and Boulder, considerable cities which adjoin near where Pat Hannan scratched out his nuggets in the early days, are noisy with life and ambition; and as long as the Golden Mile flourishes to sustain them they will continue to thrive and aspire in spite of the immensity and horrible character of the desert land which isolates them from rivers and fertile places and the bounty of a kindly soil. They run with the times: they provide themselves with comforts; they amuse themselves; they are adorned; they regard their duty to the state and consider the future of their children's children. The Golden Mile lies within sight of Hannan's old claim—the smoke and dust and black superstructures of a thin line of deep and vastly rich mines. One of the group—not the pride of them all—must produce £600 a day to keep the stockholders in good humor with its behavior; and the affection of the directors would be largely increased—it was intimated—if a responsive good conduct should increase even this gratifying yield to £1,000 a day. Roughly speaking, the Golden Mile and its lesser neighbors of Kalgoorlie—the big shows, as distinguished from the individual enterprises scattered broadcast over the country, which are called little shows—employ five thousand men and produce £3,000,000 a year; and the whole field in which the Golden Mile is situated has from the first days of the Kalgoorlie rush, twenty years ago, produced almost £56,000,000, which, stated more impressively in dollars, amounts to two hundred and eighty millions. It was pointed out by a furious young member of the Labor party of West Australia that the wealth taken from these few miles of wilderness which once were public domain equaled nearly £600 per capita of the maximum population of the district.

And consequently—

"Who gets it all?" he demanded.

I could not enlighten him.

"Stockholders in London," he snapped, "who never saw the gold-fields!"

This sort of thing concerns them feverishly in Australia—not by any means generally in a fashion so raw.

Quite aside from the marvel of all



ONCE THE STREETS WERE FILLED WITH SWAGGER AND RIOT

this wealth and the achievement of winning it by means of those astonishing modern processes which are the pretty boast of the state, a community of old men, neighbors of the Golden Mile, stationary near by in a murky backwater of the gold-seeking stream, provides a spectacle of peculiar pathos and presently becomes a poignant stimulus to reflection. Within hundreds of desiccated miles of the old alluvial fields there was no flowing water. Gold was dry-blown in the times of the great rush. That is to say: they spaded the soil from shallow trenches; they sifted it hurriedly for the larger specimens; they threw the residue into the wind; they deftly caught it again in iron dishes; once more and yet again and again they tossed it up to cleanse it of the lighter waste; and at last they clawed it over for little nuggets and specks. In the roaring early days a cloud of red dust hid the crowded and feverish activities of the camps. New-comers could see it rising from the desert like some poisonous smoke; and approaching—they relate—they could hear from the misty depths of it the astounding roar of the gravel in the pans and the laughter and disputation of the day's frantic work. They remember the cloud well enough—the hell-cloud (as they say)—and the incredibly thirsty and blinding quality of it; but the great commotion of the gravel raining in uninterrupted downpour into thousands of iron pans, sounding in torrential volume from the dust and howling pit which hid its character, so bewildered them that, looking back from these days of drear quiet, they are at a loss to describe its singularly disquieting effect.

The first adventurers—an amazing company of broken gentlemen, of younger sons and thieves and red old prospectors and honest fellows of every degree, mixed from the slums and

gloomy offices of British cities, from the English colleges and staid countrysides, from the American West and the northern wastes and the old diggings of Victoria and New South Wales—pawed out the obvious gold in haste and returned to their previous occupations or departed with their parasites of the bars and dance-halls in a new delirium to the virgin fields of South Africa and Alaska. They had come in a vast, tumultuous horde, to win or waste; and off they stampeded to new worlds, the boldest of them, when the news of richer places came shouting over the desert from the sea—jumped from the January heat and blistering light of the Coolgardie drylands to the January cold and long night of the Yukon. Presently all that was left behind was the human wreckage of the camps—men held prisoners by age and ill health and empty pockets and the atrophy of courage to adventure any more. These stolidly remained in the last fields they might ever search—never advancing beyond the old customs, hardly altering the old, serviceable costume, living to themselves, "batching it" in precisely the old circumstances of gold-fields existence, apart from the generation and cut off from the new thrift and prosy method of the times, doubtless dwelling with glorified memories of old events and the ghosts of old companions; and there to this day, a dwindling community, neighbors of the opulent Golden Mile, forgotten, they continue to exhaust their days.

In these lean years—*in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened . . . or ever the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern*—in these lean years the old codgers must burrow deeper



The Dining-car was jammed with Prospectors, Miners, and Immigrants

than their fellows burrowed in the prodigal days of twenty years ago, and must sift again and again the impoverished tailings of the forsaken camps, watching with glazed and blistered eyes for the yellow glitter in the bottom of the pans, more alertly, now, in their age and need. Nobody knows them: they have no habitations except disjointed and grotesque contraptions of corrugated iron and rotting canvas; they have no kin except the faces that people visions; they have no attachments of friendship except among themselves; they have no names known generally even to one another except the crisp sobriquets of the old camps. By day, on the edge of town, isolated little puffs of dust drift off from their labor with the hot wind and declare their trembling activity; and by night, where once in the flare of the diggings the world swarmed with noisy mates, their meager camp-fires—points of light in the shadows of the wide, abandoned fields—illumine a background of some fantastic shanty and disclose the last gatherings of these gray wraiths and rapscallions yarning heartily together like the veterans of some old war.

No odds are asked of life. These neighbors cherish a ragged independence. Cheery old fellows, diggers of the old school, they followed their will to this place and extremity and they follow their fancy still.

"Us old blokes," it was with a flash of spirit explained, "won't work for no *wages!*"

It seems the scornful implication was that the new and contemptible gold-fields generation had no manhood sufficient to keep its neck from the yoke of the masters of the Golden Mile.

It was so very hot in Kalgoorlie—a thin, dry, blazing heat, widely distinguished from the thick oppression of a humid hot wave—that a swift shock of surprise and concern accompanied a first plunge into the white sunlight; nor was a venture from the shady side of the broad street thereafter to be undertaken—at least by any stranger—without a momentary pause of speculation as to the outcome of the foolhardiness of it. It was amazing to discover that the sun could strike so straight and keen and deep, that it could blind and daze a man. Unofficially it was said to be one hundred and sixteen in the shade. It is quite beyond my temerity—this estimate being taken for accurate within a range of six or seven degrees—to compute the sun temperature of that mid-morning. It would storm, they said. Rain? Oh no! It wouldn't *rain!* It hadn't really *rained*—not rained in any quantity to make the gold-fields proud—for more than three years. Nobody *expected* rain. But it would blow a gale—a dust wind; and when the sand had settled the temperature would surely fall to a point which would at least relieve a timid traveler of the expectation of being roasted in his habiliments before he could escape the country. Beyond town, where the old dry-blowers work, there was no breeze; the flat, red land—desert without end and all stripped and scarred and soiled—was almost



CANVAS SACKS OF WATER SUSPENDED ON THE PLATFORM

intolerable. The heat struck down and rebounded with hardly diminished fervor; no breath of wind stirred in the dry world and there was no gauze of cloud or impalpable contents of the air to mitigate the scorching quality of the light.

By and by I sat down on some old mound of waste earth to rest a little from the toil of wandering these famed acres in that disheartening weather. Near by, at the edge of a deep trench, an old man—an old, old man—was with dull patience shaking his diggings through an antiquated invention for sifting. He was the oldest man I ever saw at labor—a ragged, bent, knee-sprung agglomeration of bones and dried-out muscle and disreputable gray hair; and he was lean and wrinkled beyond belief, and burned a leathery red, tanned, indeed, to the depth of a hide from the vat, as though through skin and flesh to the marrow of his crazy skeleton. I gave him good day and begged the favor of permission to watch his work. He would not look at me; but he shifted his glance, uneasy, troubled by shyness as by a stab of physical pain, and was momentarily conscious of a strange presence, I am sure. I should have gone away, disconcerted, ashamed of this intrusion, had I not perceived that the next instant he had forgotten me, that the plain was blank again in so far as he was in any way aware. Presently, with a gesture and angry mutter of disgust, he gave up a futile search of the sieves and sat to rest in a vacant way; and then, all at once, grimly renewing a determination which must in its prime have been of gigantically dynamic proportions, he gathered some siftings in his pan and tossed them up and caught them back. There was no wind: no dust drifted off; and so he must employ his old lungs for bellows, and blow and wheeze and gasp until he fairly panted for breath sufficient to his own need.



"Raising a Bit of Color"

As the ghastly operation drew to its close I observed that he was agitated with expectation. His legs trembled, the pan shook in his hands; the old fever of the gold-search began to burn again—to stimulate his hope. But nothing came of it — nothing—not a speck to reward the labor of his morning. His interest collapsed. The pan fell at his feet. And he sat down again, and fanned the flies from the grimy sweat of his lean, red face, and disconsolately smoothed his dusty white beard, and sighed — all as though fortune had dealt him a foul blow.

"I can't rise no color," he muttered.

Conceiving this observation to have been addressed to me, I inquired:

"Why, then, do you dig in this place?"

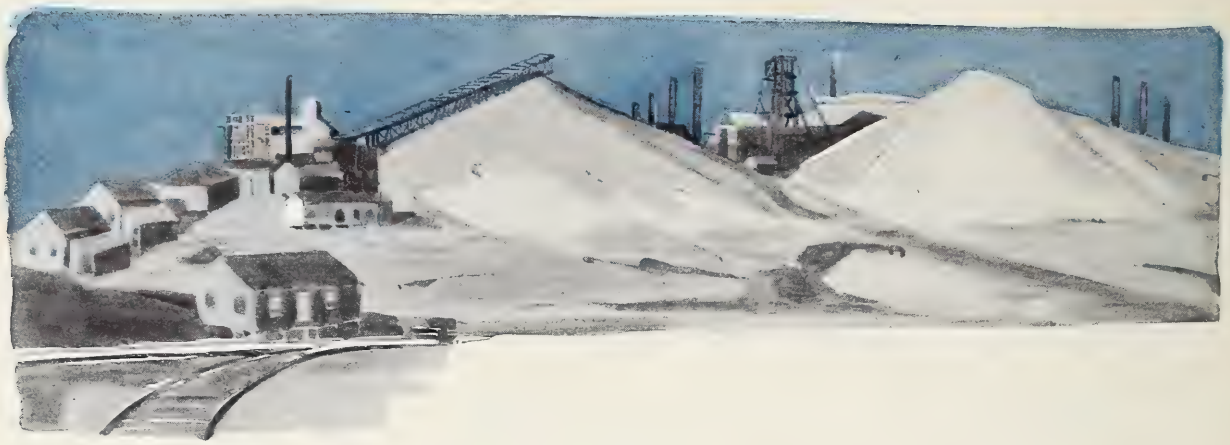
"I can't rise no color," he repeated.

"Since when," said I, "have you had any luck?"



Drawn by George Harding

SOME SET OUT WITH WHEELBARROWS—A HUNDRED MILES TO COOLGARDIE



THE GOLDEN MILE TO-DAY

"Jus'—*can't*—rise—no—color!"

He was still spasmodically fanning off the ghoulish flies, still occasionally tugging in bewilderment at his old gray beard, still sighing, still staring, disconsolate, into the vacancy of his world. I perceived that he had not spoken to me, that his consciousness did not stray beyond the boundaries of his disappointment, that the plain was still blank of any presence save his own.

"And I'm a *patient* man," he sighed, despairing. "I'm—a—very—patient—man."

Beyond this demented man I fell in with a communicative old fellow who seemed with unexampled and most exemplary courage to have preserved a joyous delight with life through all his years of gold-fields luck and failure. He apologized at once for the unsocial habit of digging alone. His mate (said he)—this in the Australian vernacular being the equivalent of the American "pardner"—with whom he had shared fortunes for twenty-seven years, the fat and lean of them all, had died and been stowed away two years before. He had himself been landed in Melbourne in 1859, to win quick riches and live a gentleman all the rest of his days—fifty-four years ago; and he had been no raw youngster (said he) even in those historic years. "Aged eighty-one, sir, this summer. You wouldn't credit it, would ye, sir, in a old bloke o' my power?" In outward aspect he was not by so much as a blackfellow's wash (which is no wash at all) improved above his wretched neighbor; his state was in every way quite as deplorable, his rags as inadequate, his layer of wet, red dust as deep and as widespread and as permanent. But vicissitude had not daunted him: he was still vastly confident of turning the tables on Fate; and he lived well enough, for a hard old digger like him (said he), on his takings and the old-age pension of seven shillings a week. Moreover—if one could believe the sly admission—he knew the secrets of these fields. Ah, there were many, many secrets!—abandoned claims which had fabulously yielded in the early days. This very spot—the very hole he was digging over—had given a fortune to a Frenchman in '98.

"What luck this morning?" I asked.

"Ah, well," said he, "I reckon I'll strike a bit o' color this afternoon."

It would be hard luck, I agreed, if the day should fail him.

"Ah, well," said he, "I reckon I'll strike it to-morrow, anyhow. *That*," said he, positively, "I'm *sure* of."

In the mean time I had in an absent way been whirling some siftings about in the old man's pan—sometimes throwing up the dirt, for sport, and awkwardly recapturing it, and once in a while blowing off the confusing dust. There had in the beginning been no motive in this play; but by this time, curiously, I was possessed of a lively wish to discover whether or not some grains of gold would lie disclosed in the heavy residue when I had blown the pan out. I began to toss the dirt in earnest, and to blow with determined intention to see the little adventure through to the end. And observing this genuine absorption,

the old man kept watch with me for the color of gold.

And—

"Ha!" he cried, pouncing with delicate touch upon a pitiful little yellow speck.

And—

"Ha!" I cried, too. "This isn't *too* bad! I reckon I'll blow another pan!"

Upon this the old man looked me straight in the eye and chuckled in a way to indicate that the joke was on me. Presently he was laughing so heartily that he held his old sides to ease the spasm. A fancy that he would soon shake himself to pieces, that in another instant he would lie in tatters and fragments before my very eyes, had a more excellent inspiration than many a laughable exaggeration I have encountered in books. I had felt a touch of the fever, he declared, when he could command himself; and this was true enough, to be sure, and excuse enough—attacking me on these depleted old diggings—for any man's laughter. But now, when this hearty explosion of his humor had crackled off in little chuckles and gasps and had at last vanished in grins, and when I had been shown a glass vial which contained a few grains of gold, and when I had hemmed and hawed and doubtfully ventured to propose an exchange of ten shillings for the receptacle and its contents, a frightful change came upon the old man. He began to weep, to pray in the midst of his sobs that God Almighty Himself would shower me with blessings for this manifestation of generosity. And I stood astonished, for I had thought him not impoverished beyond the ample satisfaction of his need. This disclosure—the brave and merry demeanor of the old fellow which now in collapse seemed almost to have been a resplendent achievement of character—would shock any man to search his own soul for some quality to equal that splendid independence.

Aged eighty-one—and a prodigal! And it turned out that he had not dug the worth of five shillings in a month!

I called at the shack of the English Lord, but found him gone to a public-house with the Old Professor; and I have no means of knowing that he did not thrash the jockey, that he was not guilty of shady race-track practices under the very nose of the Prince of Wales, that he had not declined to marry the lady of his father's choice, that the Duke had not forbidden him the estates and heartlessly disinherited him, that he was not a gentleman of education and breeding and of a charming conversational capacity in his cups, nor can I controvert the assertion that he would, and could, with aristocratic grace borrow a blind beggar-woman's last penny. I discreetly avoided the political Irishman, being warned that the latest news of the progress of Home Rule in the British Parliament—his departure from home must have dated from the days of Gladstone—had so enraged him that he had threatened the lives of all the cronies he possessed were he so much as addressed on any topic under the sun. He dug and sifted and blew dust in a fury with the far-away members of Parliament; and,



A Noonday Halt on the Blistering Drylands



THE FIRST ADVENTURERS

under the stars, he mouthed his indignation all alone. I fell in with the Miser—a disgusting ancient of the Coolgardie diggings. He was rich, he was surly, he was dirty, he was ragged, he was too busy to tolerate an interruption; he had found gold in the early days, he was known to the bankers of Kalgoorlie —ten thousand pounds sterling would not measure his fortune (they said); yet he could find no happier occupation than grubbing for an added store of gold.

I went from graybeard to graybeard, from foul hulk to foul hulk, from hovel to hovel, going across and around the red-hot fields in a rising sandy wind; and I found no young men, but only the wrecks of the old days—a hundred broken victims of the gold-search. "I'll raise the color this afternoon! I'll strike it to-morrow! *That* I'm *sure* of!" They were settled here, they lived in shanties out of the dead town of Coolgardie, they burrowed the deserts for miles in every direction, they prospected with spirit as far as their lean

old legs would carry them. "I'll raise the color this afternoon! I'll strike it to-morrow! *That* I'm *sure* of!" After all, whatever was to be deplored, they were not greatly to be pitied, but rather, with discrimination, to be regarded with a good measure of astounded approbation. "I'll raise the color this afternoon! I'll strike it to-morrow! *That* I'm *sure* of!" They burdened nobody; they had not come to the bitter pass—the helpless, whimpering, useless hours—of other aged failures. "I'll raise the color this afternoon! I'll strike it to-morrow! *That* I'm *sure* of!" They were old—very, very old. And they were dirty—very, very dirty—and reprobate as well. But the days did not drag, and life was not exhausted, and hope flamed undiminished, and expectation of good fortune came fresh and inspiring with every sunrise. "I'll raise the color this afternoon! I'll strike it to-morrow! *That* I'm *sure* of!" Presently the wind drove me away from the enchantment of these old diggings, from the wreckage left to wither within sight of the London stockholders' Golden Mile.

Where the road turns to the first public-houses of the town, I encountered a red little Irishman shambling out to some burrow and patch of canvas that was his home—in haste too eager for his strength, it seemed, to escape the dust storm. Never had I beheld an object so forlorn. His faded dungaree trousers, turned up near to the original knees, yet slouching over his shoes, his long black coat, cut in the eighties, I am sure, for a man twice the weight of this little Irish manikin, flapped about his bones like the garments of a scarecrow. Had some scarecrow of the fields come to life and shuffled out of a public-house much the worse of his stay, I should not have been shaken with more surprise and reproachful amusement. Nor can I imagine a more wasted little man, nor a more gargoylish countenance, nor a limper and more perforated and tattered bush hat, nor a more gigantic head topping a more diminutive body, nor a greater wastrel and more obvious outcast with a more positively philosophical cast and expanse of brow, nor deeper drifts and smears of damp gold-fields dust. He must once have been brown; the sun must surely have tanned him deep—and *did* tan him deep, I'll be bound; but the process had been continued until the little man was now eventually bleached a ghastly white except where a multitude of freckles lay in shocking contrast with his pallor and emaciation. And I stopped to look him over. And he stopped to look me over. Surely one gentleman may without offense pause on the road to appraise the quality and condition of another! And so we eyed each other, his glance a frigid regard.

"Good day, sir," said I.

"Good day t' *you!*" he retorted.

"You—work over yonder?"

"I do thot."

No resentment was implied. I gained courage to continue more intimately.

"Here in the early days?" I inquired.

"I was thot."

"It seems," I ventured, "that you—that you—were not visited by good fortune."

"I was not."

"Too bad!" said I.

"It is not. I'm glad of ut."

"You are glad—"

"I am."

"But—" I began.

"Them that struck it rich," said he, "is all dead o' drink. Years ago," he chuckled. "Long ago!"

What fortune the old man had and prized—fortune above the wasted wealth of dead men—was the breath of life in his withered body. He was alive—alive!

A dust-storm came down—a cloud of driving hot sand from the encircling dry waste. It darkened the day, it swept the diggings and choked the shanties, it enveloped the Golden Mile in a mist more terrible than the smoke of its prosperity, it ran swishing through the streets of the town. It blew like a black blizzard. Bang went the windows; bang went the doors! All the decrepit old neighbors of the lusty Golden Mile took to the shelter of their hovels—until, when the gale failed and the stars shone out, their camp-fires began to glimmer in the shadows and blessed cool of evening.

"The Goldfish," by Henry Salem Hubbell

IN the process of sifting the work of our younger American painters there is an astonishing residue—a multitude of talented men survive who, at present, are not to be classed as great, but who are inspiring because their work is marked by sincerity and is free from the decadent influence shown by some recent European art. And while this native art shows freshness, there is underlying it a sweet reasonableness and an ethical reticence which is reassuring.

With Mr. Hubbell there is absent that flaring harshness which some painters seem to require to express their strenuous emotional natures, and which often ends in incoherence. In the present work, which is owned by Mr. Booth Tarkington, his theme is one of the endless modern versions of the eternal feminine, but it is not the story he tells that counts, but the dreamy suggestion that he summons in its telling. His message is one of youth and the awakening of young life to something beyond the mere ecstasy of living. There is, however, nothing of the prophet and the seer in his work, but only a poetic fineness of vision. He loves youth and its delight in life, and his art shows a gaiety and lightness that is highly ingratiating. But with this lightness of manner there is vitality, as well as harmony of color and a keen perception of beauty. Furthermore, there is not too much detail or over-statement of facts; he interests us in his young women by not telling us too much, but by allowing the mind to discover things for itself and carry forward the thought, hence his message awakens a quick response.

W. Stanton Howard.



"THE GOLDFISH," BY HENRY SALEM HUBBELL

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

A Culprit Cupid

BY MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

"SAFE? Of course he's safe—he's the safest dog in the world. *Down!*" Peter admonished, in a vigorous aside.

"Good gracious! Does he always act like that?"

"Why—why—of course not. He's just a trifle—er—exhilarated now at meeting you," Peter declared. "You see, I've told him such a tremendous lot about you."

Miss Cleveland merely arched her lovely brows and murmured, dispassionately: "Then I wish you had told him I didn't care to be jumped upon and pawed. Nor to have my feet chewed, either," she added, hastily withdrawing her white-shod feet from the encroachments of a moist nose and tongue.

"He'll learn," promised Peter, thrusting his property into forced recumbency at a safe distance from the lovely lady. "I'll teach him, all right. You see, he isn't used to meeting ladies, and I'm afraid the fellows have rather spoiled the old chap."

"What kind is he?"

"He's a bull terrier—a brindle terrier," Peter proudly proclaimed. "He's from fine old stock. His sire—"

But Miss Cleveland sped distastefully from progenitors.

"Don't, Peter—that sounds so dreadfully sporty. Why didn't you have his tail cut and his ears pointed?"

"The barbaric fad for mutilations, either in animals or humans, is nearing its close. His ears are pointed more expressively as the Lord made them, and as for his tail—what on earth would the little beggar wag if I took his tail away?"

Culprit thumped approbation, one blood-shot eye intent upon his master to divine such melting of mood as would make moving reasonably safe.

"He doesn't need to wag anything," said Miss Cleveland, coldly.

They were in the pergola of what the Clevelands termed their cottage, a little affair of twenty rooms which kept ten servants employed, and the grounds swept out before them in formal perfection of patterned walks, flanked by graded perennials and rose areas outlined with trim box. Beyond the pergola was a circle of marble seats about a shallow pool where a slender chain of drops ceaselessly flashed and fell in the sun.

It was June, a day of serene sun and cloudless skies, a blue-and-gold wonder of a day. It was a day when nature invaded and captured every sense, when youth and life are at their loveliest, and dreams are on the verge of coming true; a day that was a perfect setting for the white-and-gold wonder of a girl who sat in that pergola with Peter. Her eyes were blue as the bluest sky, her hair lay soft and pellucid as pale amber, her fair face was as lovely as the white rose coming into blossom on the bush beside them. The sunshine, filtering through the vine-covered roof, lay in little pools of light upon her white gown and golden hair; her eyes were in the shadow, and so, unfrowning and serene, she looked out upon the gardens.

Peter, in new and most immaculate white flannels, was a not unworthy companion. The only blot upon the picture was Culprit, lolling at vulgar ease, his tongue hanging like a piece of red flannel, his eyes alert for a signal to play a more active part in the proceedings.

Peter looked down on him a bit anxiously. If the old chap would only keep quiet! If he would only do justice to his better nature and more gentlemanly intuitions! "Down," he commanded, at a suspicious and experimental wriggle. "Down, Culprit."

"What do you call him?" said Miss Cleveland.

"Culprit. It's a sort of—of joke," Peter hurriedly avowed. "You see, whenever the fellows found anything

missing—or chewed—they knew whom to blame and they just naturally wished that name on him. Of course he was only a puppy then. He's very careful now what he chews."

"I should hope so!" ejaculated the young lady, fervently.

"You'll find he's all right," Peter went on more eagerly to assure her. "He won't be one bit of bother—and he's no end of comfort. You'll find yourself getting fond of him in no time."

"Why, Peter Lindsay!" And for once Miss Cleveland sat up with an effect of violence. "You don't mean to say you expect to *keep* that dog—?"

"Keep him?" Peter was dazed. "Why, he *belongs* to me."

"Yes, now. But afterward—when we are married—"

"Why, a man doesn't part with his dog," the bewildered Peter explained. "I've had him five years; I've brought him up from a puppy—"

Miss Cleveland looked as if she considered it time very ill spent. "An apartment," she stated, "is no place for a dog."

"I'm strong for a house, myself," said Peter.

"I thought we had decided that."

"So we have," said the young man, hastily. "But any place would be all right for Culprit—he's such a nice dog. He's never the least bit of trouble. *Down!*" he hoarsely uttered, as Culprit, recognizing a strain of excitement in the voices, sat up quivering with hopes of a more stirring interlude.

"He'll never trouble me," prophesied Miss Cleveland with great amiability. "I should never think of putting up with him for one minute, my dear Peter."

Peter was aghast. He was horrified. He was bewildered. "Not even—for me?" he stammered, and felt the idiocy of the question as he uttered it in the face of the girl's calm eyes and smiling lips.

"Not even for you," she replied, unhesitantly, with the air of quiet good nature which characterized her most unyielding decisions, as Peter had come to know.

Peter leaned forward. His face was quite red; even his hair looked less chestnut and more auburn. There was a queer sparkle in his brown eyes. "See here," he said in an odd voice, "I've promised not to smoke in my own house outside of one smoking-room, and I've promised not to ask the fellows you don't like home to dinner, and I've promised to dress for dinner whether we have guests or not—but I'm hanged if I'm going to promise to fire my dog!"

A little line showed between the girl's evenly arched brows, and a shadow of annoyance was reflected in the lake-like eyes. "Don't be silly," she said, sweetly. "You know how you are, Peter. You are always saying things—and being sorry afterward. Sometime I might not forgive you."

"Sometime I might not care whether you did or not!"

She looked up, and the blue eyes showed a glaze of ice.

"Take care, Peter."

"I simply cannot give up Culprit," he burst out. "He's been everything to me, before I knew you, you know—a man's dog often is to him. When I was sick, down with typhoid one July in the city, I woke up and was in a world of strangers, strange doctors walking in and out, strange women in blue gowns sticking things into my mouth—not a soul I knew or cared about, to know if I lived or died. And living didn't seem worth the effort. It was too much trouble. And then something poked its nose into my hand and licked it with a little whine and then jumped up with two feet on the bed, and there was old Culprit, staring into my eyes with eyes that were as solemn and loving as any chum's. He was as skinny as I was, for they said he had hardly eaten a thing, but just curled up outside my door, those blistering days, listening and waiting. Somehow it was the look in the old chap's ugly face that made me feel that I had something to live for—somebody I was everything to. He's been like—family—since."

Peter paused, breathless and expectant. Somehow, he thought dimly, a girl who loved a man would understand how he felt about his dog after that, would feel a little tender toward the dog for having been a help in the old days to the man she loved.



Drawn by R. McCaig

"I'M HANGED IF I'M GOING TO PROMISE TO FIRE MY DOG!"

Miss Cleveland raised an unstirred countenance. "Would you rather give up me?"

"You do not understand," he told her. "You have no idea— He would be no trouble. I would take every care of him."

"Perhaps," she smilingly repeated, "you would rather give up me?"

Peter rose suddenly, in compliance with a nature that met emergencies on its feet, and stared down at her in slow wondering. She was very lovely. It was a still, white-and-gold loveliness which had charmed him like a bird from the bush; she had been an utter marvel to him, a cool white rose of a marvel, and his blood had quickened at the dream of what might be in that rose's heart when once she had unfolded it to her lover.

At the present moment he was not caring a hang what was in that rose's heart. He didn't believe that there was a heart there—only fold on fold of cool white petals. There was no secret behind that still sweetness of hers. She was as flat as a painted fan. She was as unfeeling as a sawdust doll. She simply had no conception of what she was doing to him, of what he was feeling, of what he really was. . .

He heard himself say in a quick, tense, excited voice: "I believe I would—since you offer the alternative. Certainly I shall keep faith with the creature that truly cares for me."

He waited a minute, a full, drawn-out minute, then turned on his heel and whistled to his dog. He walked across the pergola and down a box-bordered path; at the end of that path was a gate. He walked slower and slower, his ears alert for a sound. But she did not call. He passed through the gate and shut it softly behind him and then stood very still beside it for the space of time that an unhurrying girl might have passed down the path and reached it; then, clapping on his hat, he turned out into the wide road. And Culprit, frisking like a released school-boy, made merry at his heels.

At first Peter walked rapidly, his brows knitted, his mouth set, breathing very quickly, then insensibly his pace relaxed, the lines that marred the happy humor of his young face were softened, and he pushed his hat back a trifle on a head that he ceased to bend in thought, and looked about him with inquiring eyes of no small interest. It was still June, the birds sang, the sun shone, and the winding road beckoned and lured. Against the gray of stony fences the scarlet of the devil's paint-brush flamed. In the meadows the white daisies frolicked with the breeze. Peter heard himself whistling.

In truth, the way before him looked less strange and foreboding than life had vaguely loomed, the vague, unfamiliar, future life with Eloise. For some time he had dimly understood that it was to be no sheer, rapturous possession of the lady of his dreams; now with diabolical clearness he perceived that it would be existence in an expensive apartment with a beautiful and expensive lady who would manage affairs with an unfaltering hand. No, it had never been a possible existence for him. He had never been able to picture Eloise as his wife—a cozy, intimate, chummy wife, who would like to come and sit on the arm of his chair and rumple his hair and be tumbled down into his lap. Marriage to Eloise would simply alter the name and address on her calling-cards and give her a chance to preside at her own dinner-table. She would never change her nature an atom. He had never been able to feel that she really belonged to him, not since the night when he had first clasped those slim white hands of hers and carried them in fervor to his lips. She had been a goddess of enchantment then, but an enchantment which had had to battle from the first with strange disillusionments.

Peter wondered now, with more whimsical humor than an angry lover has any right to feel, why the deuce she had accepted him. She was no more stirred than a cucumber—he could not flatter himself with one throbbing moment—and the Cleveland woods must have been full of many other eager, allured, presentable, hard-working young men who would have done as well as he. Perhaps his feeling had actually touched her; perhaps she liked the shade of his family tree, for his mother had been a Van Der Windt, and though Peter had to work

very hard for his good living, he had opportunity to play in fairly exclusive pastures—and perhaps there were not so many eligible and enamoured young men in those woods as Peter had imagined.

But here Peter stopped his most unknightly speculations and whistled to his dog, who had returned from an excursion into the wood with a limp thing streaming from his mouth. Bounding and pounding about, he worried it with fierce shakes that slapped it against his ears, and then with a paw upon it he tore rendingly at it, watching his master over his shoulder for approval in this sport.

"What have you got?" said Peter, carelessly, and then, "What—have—you—got?" and he shot a worried look about. But they were not in any place where wash-lines might be raided; they were in the midst of a cool and shady wood, with the pine-needles dripping faintly about them and from a slight distance the splash of running water. Yet the thing that Culprit was jubilantly shredding was brown and silken and—here Peter laid firm hold of his dog and pried the spoils from his reluctant mouth—it *was* a lady's stocking. Or rather it had been.

Peter turned it about, viewing with dismay its damp and mangled condition. Where the deuce— No farm-houses here! Campers, probably, and with the thought of apology and restitution in his mind he turned into the tiny path from which Culprit had emerged.

"See here," he said, sternly, to that genial animal gamboling before him with the air of leading the way to a happy rendezvous, "haven't you done about enough for one day? You're an infernal nuisance, an outrageous encumbrance; you've cost me a wife, you've played havoc with every plan I've been cherishing for the last three months, and now you go and chew up some strange lady's sock and I have to go and pay her for it. I ought to take it out of your hide. I ought to take it out of your food. I ought—"

Culprit did not wait to hear more. With a bark of displeasure he bounded out of sight, and the next minute there was a scream, and then a voice rang out in clear and imperious accents.

"Come here," it said. "You come here—and *put that down.*"

"What next!" thought Peter, leaping down the path.

Again the voice called, this time in a softer, coaxing cadence wherein lurked suppressed anxiety: "Nice dog—nice old dog. Bring it here, that's a good dog."

Peter accomplished the last turn in the path and found himself near the edge of a little stream that tumbled from ledge to ledge of splintered rock to race swiftly over shallow sands and widen into quiet pools which held the leaf-green of their overhanging banks. From the middle of the stream a girl was wading toward the shore, a slim, barefooted girl, her skirts gripped in one hand while she extended the other with a gesture of supplication. Culprit stood facing her, upon a level strip of bank, his head lowered over his spoils, his eyes playfully alert, ready for a dash at her approach.

"Culprit!" yelled Peter.

The girl turned, and then stood still, the stream swirling about. The lifted skirt was abruptly lowered until the running waters lapped its hem, but the clear gaze which she gave the intruder was neither abashed nor alarmed, and if the color in her rather pretty face was deepened it would have been difficult to discern it, for she was as pink as a peony now with sun and wind and out-of-doors.

"Is that your dog?" she called, with an air of resolutely ignoring anything in the nature of a predicament.

"It is," said Peter. "Has he anything—"

"I should rather think he has! My shoe!"

Peter strode toward the despoiler, but Culprit, out of patience with this continued tyranny, turned and made firmly off, to be wooed back only by soft calls and false endearments. Thus blandished, he returned with the air of bringing treasure-trove and permitted Peter to pry from his dripping jaws a small and shapely shoe of tan. The connection was unmistakable. Peter grew red, very red, very red indeed.

He went slowly up to the girl, who had in the mean time climbed out of the water and ensconced herself upon the



Drawn by R. McCaig Half-tone plate engraved by Nelson Demarest

"I WAS ENGAGED TO A GIRL—ONCE," HE INTERJECTED HASTILY

carpeting moss, her bare ankles tucked hastily beneath her damp skirts, and slowly and humbly he laid the shoe before her, and then a mouthed and mangled stocking.

"I am afraid that this is yours, too," he said, unhappily, and he went on to say things, apologetic and regretful things, thrusting in an awkward speech to the effect that he would insist upon being allowed to repair the damage.

"If you could only repair it *now!*" said the girl, and lifted mischievous eyes to Peter's suffused countenance. There was mischief in her lips, too, for they had a prankish curve when she smiled that twinkled off into a sudden dimple and gave a sprite-like cast to her small and clear-cut features. She was a slim little creature, most actively and healthily built, with apple freshness of color on her cheeks and a sprinkle of freckles over her nose. Her eyes, Peter decided, were gray.

"I'll go back to town," he answered her.

"Six miles!"

"That doesn't matter," was his manful boast. "I'll hire a car to come back in."

"And I'd die for dinner while you were gone! No, I shall demand no such sacrifices, for it really doesn't matter at all," she declared. "I live just beyond the woods and I have a path all of my own to follow."

"Yes—but for the damage done," said Peter. "You must allow—"

"The shoe isn't hurt at all and it doesn't matter about the—the stocking."

But it did matter very much to Peter. He knew that tan silk stockings didn't grow on bushes, but came out of pocket-books, and there was nothing about the girl before him, in her plain pongee blouse, open at the throat, with rolled-up sleeves, and her dampened skirt, to indicate that hers was a very plump pocket-book. In any case, he couldn't permit his dog to despoil her. He hesitated, wondering if a package sent later, purporting to come from Culprit himself, would be the proper thing—or as proper a thing as the circumstances allowed. Perhaps they didn't allow anything. Perhaps he had better send gloves—or candy—or books. . . . In the mean time he was unspeakably grateful for the sunny way she laughed it off.

"I never saw him take that," she was saying. "I suppose I was busy splashing. The first time I saw him was when he pounced on my shoe."

"I hope he didn't frighten you."

"Oh dear, no! I was only frightened for my shoe. I could see he was just in fun—he's such a jolly-looking dog."

This was Ossa upon Pelion of balm! Peter beamed. "He *is* a jolly dog," he declared, "and he hasn't been such a thorough scamp as this for a long time—not since he was a pup. He's five years old now—old enough to know better," he added, sternly, for the dumb listener's benefit.

"The day went to his head," laughed the girl. "It's such a runaway sort of day."

"It *is* a runaway day," Peter agreed with odd emphasis. It seemed a very long time since he had been in that pergola. He found a strange content with the moment and this sudden half-intimacy, and strove to prolong it.

"Did you run away, too?" he asked.

She nodded, her dimple just in sight. "Aunt has a house-party and there was a—a somebody I was supposed to entertain. Entertain!" She made a funny little gesture of despair. "Do you know the kind of people whose minds are all at right angles, who walk in all the laid-out roads and never, never cut corners? Golf is a laid-out road for entertainment, and we started to golf. Think of stalking over a stubby links on a day like this!" She looked out at the green loveliness of the woods about them, and the foamy splashing of the stream over the rocks, and the soft hazel shadows of the pools, and drew a big breath of luxurious appreciation as if she had buried her little nose in a bunch of violets. "So I left him—the somebody—" she explained, with a hint of shyness, "hunting for a golf-ball in a gully, and I cut corners and ran away into the woods and went wading!" She laughed in impish amusement.

"Weren't you afraid that he—the somebody—would come and find you?" questioned Peter.

"Nobody has ever found me—before," said the girl.

Peter looked at Culprit, frantically pawing at a woodchuck's hole, and grinned. "I'm going to raise his allowance."

"I beg your pardon?"

"He's going to find two bones where but one was vouchsafed before."

"Oh!"

"He brought me. I was on another road when he came rushing out with your—property—in his mouth, and of course I turned off to see where he had been and make apology and restitution. He's a wonderful dog."

"He looks like a very nice one," said she, seriously.

"Oh, he is!" Peter plunged into this darling subject with all the enthusiasm which had been so long pent within him. He said all the things that he had not said to Miss Cleveland; he called Culprit and put him through all the tricks which had not been displayed to that undiscerning lady, and Culprit yielded himself to the play with the dramatic intensity which was part of that noble animal's nature. He permitted Peter to balance a small stick upon his rigid nose while one counted ten; he jumped through Peter's arms; he begged; he said his prayers; he walked upon his hind-legs. And when the little show was ended Peter was somehow comfortably settled beside the lady audience, and Culprit was on the other side of her, shaking hands, and a general feeling of appreciation and companionship was in the air. . . .

The talk wandered and rambled; it went far afield in some travels with Peter; it crossed the water on some trip of the girl's. It told of scenery and buildings—Peter was an architect—and it lingered on colleges and larks. It dwelt, with the intense interest of youth, upon personal tastes and opinions. It even hovered over beliefs. Then it wandered back to Culprit again.

"He's been the best friend I have," said Peter.

"I can believe that," said the girl. "A dog is so loyal."

"And makes one loyal in return. In that way Culprit has been the biggest influence in my life." The young man hesitated. Then: "I was engaged to a girl—once," he interjected hastily, and in truth that episode had a present remoteness of some decades, "and Culprit broke the whole thing up. Knocked it into a cocked hat in five minutes."

"Didn't he like her?" said the girl, an edge of laughter pricking that elusive dimple.

"She didn't like him. Took a scunner to him at sight—wouldn't hear of a dog on the place. Well, of course," said Peter, very seriously, "I'd been uncaring for a long time, ever since I got engaged, in fact, though I wouldn't own it to myself, but when she gave me the choice of chucking *him* or giving up *her*, why, in just one second I realized that I knew I didn't care one honest bit for her and that we had never known each other."

"So you took your dog and went home?" she questioned, with prankish eyes.

"Yes," said Peter, "and then my dog took me—"

"Where?"

Where indeed? How far had he indeed been led? Peter paused, profoundly startled. It seemed a long time that he had been in the shadowy heart of the woods, listening to the soft splash of water tumbling from ledge to ledge of splintered rock, and gazing into the blue-gray eyes of a little water-siren. He seemed to have been sinking farther and farther into the relaxing content of some happy dream. He looked at her, color in his young cheeks and dawning light in his eyes. Perhaps the strange quality in his look made her turn away her head; she reached an elaborately careless hand to tuck down the fluttering edges of her skirt where a bare foot dangled. In the silence Culprit's tale thumped reverberatingly against a log.

"That rather remains to be seen," said Peter, and this time she looked up in shy mischief to meet his smile.

Religious Beliefs of the Eskimo

BY VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON

ONE often hears the statement that there never have been discovered people so low that they do not have some form of religion. This is stating a true thing in such a way that it implies an untruth. The case is put rightly and the exact facts are truly implied, in saying that the lower you go in the scale of cultural development the more religion you find, until when you get to the people that are really toward the bottom of the scale of social and intellectual evolution, religion begins to cover practically all the activities and phenomena of life. There is a religious significance in every act and accident and a religious formula for every eventuality in life.

The Eskimos are people whose intelligence is keen with reference to the facts of their immediate environment; but that environment is so monotonous, the range of possible experiences is so small, that no matter what the fiber of their minds may be at bottom, the exercise is wanting that might lead to a broad mental development.

There was a time when I used to think I knew what the word "savage" meant. Since then I have associated with people who dress in skins, who live largely on raw meat, who had never seen white men until they saw me, who were as strange to our ideas and ways as any people on this earth can be to-day; and the net result is that the word "savage" has quite lost its meaning. Like the word "squaw," or "half-breed," the word "savage" is reprehensible because it carries a stigma which the facts do not justify. I should prefer to describe the peoples ordinarily referred to as "savage" as "child-like," because the word is truthfully descriptive and not odious. It is the purpose of the present paper to describe some phases of the religion of one of the child-like peoples, the Eskimos.

To begin with, the Eskimos are very unclear in their religious thinking, a fact which does not, however, differentiate them abysmally from our own race. Skepticism in religious matters is unknown. If they are acquainted with my private character and find me in the ordinary relations of life reliable; if I don't tell lies concerning the number or the fatness of the caribou I have killed, nor about the distance at which I shot them, nor the difficulty I had in stalking them, they will believe anything I say about any subject. They will assume as unquestioningly the truth of any metaphysical statement I make if they have once learned to rely on the statements I make regarding the thickness of the back-fat of the bull caribou I shot during the summer. On the other hand, if I told them there were ten caribou in a band I saw and they later on discovered there were only five, they would be disinclined to believe me if I told them there was but one god. The reasoning would simply be this: He did not tell us the truth about the number of caribou, therefore how can we rely on the truth of his statements about the number of the gods?

There are among all Eskimos certain persons whom we call "shamans" and they call "angatkut." These persons hold communion with the spirits and are familiar with the things of the other world; they are the formulators of religious opinion. The days of miracles are not yet past among any primitive people, and new miracles happen on the shores of the polar sea daily, but more especially in the dark of winter. The miracles usually happen at the behest of the shamans, and invariably it is the shaman who tells about them; but while new revelations are frequent, they are always revelations of the old sort. There is little originality in the minds of primitive people; their experiences are uniform, and their thoughts are uniform, too.

The most fundamental thing in Eskimo religion is that all phenomena are controlled by spirits and these spirits in turn are controlled by formulæ, or charms, which are mainly in the possession of the medicine-men, although certain simple charms may be owned and used by any one. It follows from this fundamental conception that nothing like prayer or worship is possible. Supplication will do no good, for why should you beg anything from spirits that you can command?

All spirits can be controlled, and in fact are controlled, by charms; but certain spirits are especially at the service of certain men, and these men are the shamans. They may be male or female, and in fact some of the greatest shamans known to me are women.

As we have said above, the religious thinking of the Eskimo is unclear. There seems no agreement, and in fact no settled opinions, on the subject of whether there are spirits, of the class susceptible of becoming familiar spirits, which are not already in the service of some shaman. The general feeling seems to be that every one of these spirits has its master. For that reason, among the Mackenzie River people, at least, when a young man wants to become a shaman he must, in one way or another, secure a spirit from some one who is already a shaman, or else secure a spirit that has been freed by the death of a shaman.

The ordinary Mackenzie River shaman has about half a dozen familiar spirits, any of which will do his bidding. When engaged in some such thing as the finding of a hidden article, the shaman will summon these spirits, one after another, and send them out separately in search of the lost article. Evidently, a man may be able to get along fairly well with five familiar spirits, though he may be in the habit of employing six, exactly as we can dispense with an extra servant. A shaman may be old and decrepit or for some other reason may be what we should call "hard up." This is a propitious occasion for some ambitious young man to obtain a familiar spirit. He will go to the old shaman and some such conversation as this will take place:

"Will you sell me one of your *keyukat?*" (that being the Mackenzie River name for a familiar spirit).

"Yes. I don't see why I might not. I am getting to be an old man now and shall not need their services much longer; besides, I have had my eye on you for a long time and shall be glad to have you for my successor. I think I might let you have my Polar Bear spirit."

"That would be kind of you, but don't you think you could spare your Tide Crack spirit?"

"Well, no; that is the one that I intend to keep to the very last. It has been very faithful to me and useful, but if you don't like the Polar Bear spirit you might have my Indian spirit."

And so the bargaining goes on, until finally it is decided that the young man buys the Raven spirit for an *umiak* freshly made of five beluga skins, twenty summer-killed-deer skins, two bags of seal oil, a green stone labret, and things of that sort without end—giving a new boat, in fact, loaded with all sorts of gear.

The young man now goes home, and presently, using the appropriate formula given him by the shaman, he summons his familiar spirit, but the familiar spirit refuses to appear. The young man then goes back to the old shaman and says to him: "How is this? The spirit which you sold me has not come." And the old man replies: "Well, I cannot help that; I transferred him to you in good faith, and if you are one of those persons with whom spirits refuse to associate, that is a thing which I cannot help. I did my part in the matter."

That is the consensus of opinion in the community. The shaman has transferred the spirit in good faith and has kept his part of the contract, and consequently keeps the boat and everything else with which the young man has paid for the spirit. Further, when it becomes noised about that this young man is the sort of a man with whom spirits will not associate, he loses social standing thereby, for it becomes evident not only that he will never become a great shaman, but also that he is lacking in those essential personal qualities which commend him to the spirits, and which therefore commend him to his fellow-countrymen also.

In our hypothetical case we have sup-

posed the young man to go back to the shaman to complain over the non-arrival of the spirit. As a matter of fact it is only once or twice in a generation that such a thing takes place. When he has once publicly paid for the spirit, the young man has everything to lose by admitting that he did not receive it. He cannot get back what he paid for it; he cannot have the advantage of being considered a shaman; and he will lose social standing through the publication of the fact that the spirit refuses to associate with him. As a matter of practice, therefore, the purchaser will pretend that he received the spirit and he will announce that fact. Some time later sickness occurs in a family or a valuable article is lost. The young man is appealed to, and in order to keep up the deception which he has begun by pretending to have received the spirit, he goes into as good an imitation of a trance as he can manage, for he has from childhood up watched the shamans in their trances. If he succeeds in the cure, or whatever the object of the seance may be, his reputation is made; and if he does not succeed nothing is lost, for it is as easy for an Eskimo to explain the failure of a shamanistic performance as it is for us to explain why a prayer is not answered. It may have been because some other more powerful shaman was working against him, or it may have been for any one of a thousand reasons, all of which are satisfactory and sufficient to the Eskimo mind.

In general, among the Mackenzie Eskimos there are two main theories of disease: either a man's soul has been stolen, in which case the symptoms are chills, shivering, and a general lassitude; or a spirit may have been sent by an ill-disposed shaman into another person to make him sick. In this latter case the symptoms will be anything at all, and the treatment is exorcism, to drive out the evil spirit that has taken possession —or not really an evil spirit, for according to Eskimo ideas the spirits are neither good nor evil in themselves, but merely perform the good or evil bidding of those who send them.

There are various methods of exorcism, usually including chanting, drumbeating, conjuring tricks, ventriloquism, and the like, on the part of the shaman, and the observance of taboos on the part of the sick man and his relatives, and occasionally on the part of an entirely unrelated person arbitrarily designated by the shaman. A child will be eventually cured if its mother refrains from changing her socks as long as the illness lasts, or the disease will be aggravated if the sick man's brother should eat any portion of the left side of a caribou.

The procedure in the case of a soul being stolen is a simpler one. The problem is merely to find the soul and restore it to the sick person, and all the shaman has to do is to summon his familiar spirits and send them out over all the earth in search of the place where the soul has been forcibly confined. Eventually one of the spirits will find the soul, unless indeed it has been craftily placed in some cavity or hole the mouth of which has been greased with seal or whale oil, for in that case neither will the soul be able to pass out of such a confinement nor will the spirit which is searching for the soul be able to enter in order to find it. When a shaman steals a man's soul and wants to be sure that no other shaman shall be able to recover it for him, the favorite hiding-place is one of the foramina of the lower maxillary bone of the bow-head whale.

Most travelers who have visited the arctic lands have commented upon the fact that Eskimo children are never punished, or, in fact, forbidden anything. The explanations offered have been various, and usually such offhand ones as the "common sense" of the observer has suggested to him. In dealing with primitive people, however, "common sense" is an exceedingly dangerous thing. It is a frail reed indeed to rely upon, for scarcely anything that the primitive man does is done without a religious motive, and we in these later days are so prone to neglect the religious aspect of things that the chances are necessarily small of the right reason being divined. We count it as one of the chief triumphs of the four-year expedition of the American Museum of Natural History to the Eskimos that we discovered why it is that children are not punished—for such immaterial things is the money of scientific institutions expended!

One family of Eskimos were the servants of the expedition for its whole four years, and I had known them also on a previous expedition. This family consists of the man Ilavinirk, his wife Mamayak, and their daughter Noashak. When I first knew Noashak I formed the opinion that she was the worst child I had ever known, and I retained that opinion for over six years, or until she was a young woman of perhaps twelve years. (Some Eskimo girls are fully developed at the age of twelve or thirteen.) In spite of her badness Noashak was never punished.

The two stock explanations of why Eskimos do not punish their children are: first, that the children themselves are so good that they do not need to be punished (but that scarcely applied to Noashak's case), or that the Eskimos are so fond of their children that they cannot bear to punish them, which is not true, either, for they show in many ways that they are no fonder of their children than we are.

During the entire time that Noashak's family was with us she was the undisputed ruler of our establishment. My plan of work was such that I could not get along without the help of Eskimos, and I had continually before me the choice of doing as Noashak wanted or else losing the services of her parents. They were both excellent people, of whom I was personally very fond, and they were more useful to me than any one else whom I could hope to secure in their places; besides, most Eskimo families have children, and to dispose of the family of which Noashak was head would only have compelled me to engage some other family of which some other child was master. True, I was allowed to decide upon the broad policy of the expedition, but any little details were liable to change without notice at Noashak's option.

It was during the absence of the sun in December, 1909, that this family and I were traveling up Horton River. We had been several days without anything to eat except seal-oil; our dogs were tired and weak from hunger and had ceased pulling. Ilavinirk and I were harnessed to the sled on either side, breaking our backs to pull it forward, and Mamayak was walking ahead breaking trail for the sled. Noashak, then a fat and sturdy girl of eight, was on top of the load, which was heavy enough in all conscience without her. Whenever we stopped to rest she would immediately jump off the sled, run up some cut bank and slide down it, run up again and slide down again, and so on as long as we stayed. The moment we started she would jump on the load and ride.

One day when her father and I were more tired than usual and getting weaker from long fasting, I asked Ilavinirk whether he did not think it would be a good idea if Noashak got off and walked a little (we had, by the way, saved food for Noashak so that she had something to eat when the rest of us did not). He put the matter to her, telling her that it was his opinion that walking would really do her good; he told her how tired he and I were getting, and wanted to know if his dear daughter was not willing to walk now and then so as to enable us to travel a little farther each day and to reach our destination, where plenty of food waited for us, that much sooner. But she said she did not feel like walking, and that ended the discussion.

Later on when we stopped to rest again and Noashak started her old tactics of running up hill and sliding down, I again suggested to her father that she might rest while we rested and then she would no doubt feel like walking when we started traveling again. He put the case to her as before. Evidently his sympathies were on my side and he was as anxious to have her walk as I was, but her curt decision that she would rather slide down hill than walk beside the sled settled the matter.

I am unable to remember now whether I had any theory by which I explained to myself why it was that Noashak was never forbidden anything and never punished, but I know now that if I had a theory it must have been a wrong one. As a matter of fact, I do not think I had one. I am afraid I took Noashak for granted, as a sort of necessary evil, like mosquitoes. It was only in February or March, 1912, that I got the key to the situation, and I found it then to involve also that most interesting question of how it is that Eskimos get their names.

I had noticed ever since I knew them that Mamayak in speaking to Noashak always addressed her as "mother." When one stops to think of it, it was of course a bit curious that a woman of twenty-five should address a girl of eight as "mother." I suppose, if I thought about the matter at all, I must have put this practice of theirs in the same category with that which we find among our own people, where we often hear a man addressing his wife as "mother."

One day another Eskimo family came to visit us, and strangely enough the woman of the family also spoke to Noashak and called her "mother." Then my curiosity was finally aroused, and I asked: "Why do you two grown women call this child your mother?" Their answer was: "Simply because she is our mother," an answer which was for the moment more incomprehensible to me than the original problem. I saw, however, that I was on the track of something interesting, and both women were in a communicative mood, so it was not long until my questions brought out the facts, which (pieced together with what I already knew) make the following coherent explanation, which shows not only why these women called Noashak "mother," but also why it was that she must never under any circumstances be forbidden anything or punished.

When a Mackenzie Eskimo dies the body is taken out, the same day that the death occurs, to the top of some neighboring hill and covered with a pile of driftlogs, but the soul (*nappan*) remains in the house where the death occurred for four days if it is a man, and for five days if it is a woman. At the end of that time a ceremony is performed by means of which the spirit is induced to leave the house and to go up to the grave, where it remains with the body, waiting for the next child in the community to be born.

When a child is born it comes into the world with a soul of its own (*nappan*), but this soul is as inexperienced, foolish, and feeble as a child is and looks. It is evident, therefore, that the child needs a more experienced and wiser soul than its own to do the thinking for it and take care of it. Accordingly the mother, as soon as she can after the birth of the child, pronounces a magic formula to summon from the grave the waiting soul of the dead to become the guardian soul of the new-born child, or its *atka*, as they express it.

Let us suppose that the dead person was a wise old man by the name of John. The mother then pronounces the formula which may be roughly translated as follows: "Soul of John, come here, come here; be my child's guardian! Soul of John, come here, come here; be my child's guardian!" (Most magic formulæ among the Eskimos must be repeated twice.)

When the soul of John, waiting at the grave, hears the summons of the mother, it comes and enters the child. From that time on it becomes the business of this acquired soul not only to do the thinking for the child, but to help in every way to keep it strong and healthy; to assist it in learning to walk, to keep it from becoming bow-legged, to assist it in teething, and in every way to look after its welfare, things that the child's own soul with which it was born could not possibly do for the child, on account of its weakness and inexperience.

The spirit of John not only teaches the child to talk, but after the child learns to talk it is really the soul of John which talks to you and not the inborn soul of the child. The child, therefore, speaks with all the acquired wisdom which John accumulated in his long lifetime, plus the higher wisdom which only comes after death. Evidently, therefore, the child is the wisest person in the family or in the community, and its opinions should be listened to accordingly. What it says and does may seem foolish to you, but that is mere seeming, and in reality the child is wise beyond your comprehension.

The fact that the child possesses all the wisdom of the dead John is never forgotten by its parents. If it cries for a knife or a pair of scissors, it is not a foolish child that wants the knife, but the soul of the wise old man John that wants it, and it would be presumptuous of a young mother to suppose she knows better than John what is good for the child, and so she gives it the knife. But if she refused the knife (and this is the main point) she would not only be preferring her own foolishness to the wisdom

of John, but also she would thereby give offense to the spirit of John, and in his anger John would abandon the child. Upon the withdrawal of his protection the child would become the prey to disease and would probably die, and if it did not die it would become stupid or hump-backed or otherwise deformed or unfortunate. John must, therefore, be propitiated at every cost, and to deliberately offend him would be in fact equivalent to desiring the child's misfortune or death and would be so construed by the community, so that a man is restrained from forbidding his child or punishing it, not only by his own interest in the child's welfare, but also by the fear of public opinion; because if he began to forbid his child or to punish it he would at once become known to the community as a cruel and inhuman father, careless of the welfare of his child.

We can see here how much there is in the point of view. On the basis of this explanation it is easy to understand how a man, tired and hungry and at the limit of his strength, would still haul his daughter on top of the sled load rather than compel her to get off and walk, for to compel her to do so would have been equivalent to desiring to bring upon her serious misfortune, if not death, through giving offense to her guardian spirit.

Among the Mackenzie River Eskimos, if you see a man who is bow-legged or hump-backed, or whose ears are big, and if you ask any one why he is bow-legged or hump-backed, the answer will usually be: "It is because his parents forbade him things when he was young and offended his guardian spirit."

As the child grows up, the soul with which he was born (the *nappan*) gradually develops in strength, experience, and wisdom, so that after the age of ten or twelve years it is fairly competent to look after the child and begins to do so; at that age it therefore becomes of less vital moment to please the guardian spirit (*atka*), and accordingly it is customary to begin forbidding children and punishing them when they come to the age of eleven or twelve years. People say about them then: "I think the *nappan* is competent now to take care of him and it will be safe to begin teaching him things."

In the case of Noashak the transition period arrived in February, 1912. For four or five months before that it had been known to her parents and to all of us that she was beginning to chew tobacco. She used to steal it wherever she could find it. Her parents and I moralized with her on the subject; we told her that the white people were now increasing in number in the community, that white men did not approve of girls chewing tobacco, and that she would be looked down upon for doing it. But she said she did not care what white men thought of her. The matter gave her parents a good deal of concern; they tried in every way to hide the tobacco so that she could not find it; but she was ingenious, and considered it a personal triumph whenever she was able to assist any one toward the apparently accidental discovery of tobacco stains on her lips, for that was an evidence that she had outwitted her parents again.

One day her parents discussed the matter with me, saying that I understood their point of view and that they therefore wanted my advice. I refrained from interfering much, however. They eventually decided that Noashak's *nappan* was now approximately fully developed (Noashak was as big as her mother already) and so they thought they would try punishing her. The next time that she was caught chewing tobacco her father gave her another lengthy talk, urging her to stop the practice, but she only laughed at him, upon which he slapped her. To be struck was an undreamed-of thing in her philosophy. At first she was speechless with astonishment, and then she started crying with rage, and kept on crying all day, at the end of which she seemed to have thought the matter over carefully and to have realized that she was no longer ruler of the family. She accordingly stopped chewing.

The natural consequence of the fact that it is the spirit of John that does the thinking and talking for the child is that the child is addressed as a relative by all the relatives of John (for it is indeed to John that they are talking). If John was my father and your uncle, then I speak to the child as father and you speak to it as uncle, irrespective of

the child's age or sex. There was, for instance, a couple I knew who had for a child a boy of seven years, whose father called him stepmother and whose mother called him aunt, for those were their respective relationships to the woman whose soul was the boy's guardian, or *atka*.

As Eskimo communities are small and the people are necessarily usually related in one way or another, it is common to find a child addressed as a relative by every person in the village. It is one of the child's earliest tasks to learn to recognize all these people and to address them by the proper terms of relationship, dealing with them in this matter entirely with reference to their relation to his guardian spirit.

Still, as in other matters, the thinking of the Eskimo is unclear here, and there is no absolute mutual exclusion of the two relationships—the child's relationship as we see it, on the one hand, and the relationship to the guardian spirit, on the other, so that in speaking to you a man will say, "This is my daughter," although in speaking to her he may call her "nephew." He may also call her "daughter" and "nephew" alternately. A boy may therefore find himself in the position of being at once his father's son and his father's mother, which relationship he will of course find perfectly natural, being the one he has been brought up to recognize.

The fact that children address all the other people of a village by terms of relationship has often been noted and has usually been explained in a "commonsense" way by saying that Eskimo children are taught to be respectful to their elders and that as a sign of this respect they are instructed to address them by terms of relationship. This explanation is an eminently reasonable one to our minds, but does not happen to be true to the facts.

A person may continue through his entire lifetime to address certain individuals by the terms of relationship required by their position with regard to his guardian spirit, but as a usual thing the older a man gets the more this wears off and the more the real blood relationship begins to come forward.

It appears from the foregoing that every man has two souls, the one with which he was born and the one he acquired immediately after birth. He may, in fact, have more souls than that. If three people, or thirteen, have just died before the child was born, then he gets three guardian spirits, or thirteen, according to the circumstances. But when he dies it is none of these acquired souls, but the soul that he was born with, which in its turn remains for four or five days in the house after death, is then ceremonially driven out to the grave, and which waits there until it is summoned to become the second soul of a new-born child. No one knows what becomes of the guardian soul after the death of the persons whose guardians they have been. I have repeatedly asked about it, but no one seems to have ever heard the matter discussed and no one seemed to think the question was of great importance.

This answers, then, the commonly asked questions: "What is the Eskimo's idea of a future life?" "What has he that corresponds to heaven and hell?" He has nothing which corresponds to either heaven or hell. For four or five days after death the spirit remains in the house where the death occurred; from then on it remains by the grave until it is summoned to enter a new-born child, and from that time on until the death of the child the soul remains with it, unless it has been compelled to abandon it earlier, as would happen if the child were habitually punished. It is not known to the Mackenzie Eskimo what would happen to a soul in case it abandoned the person it was guarding. (As the guardian spirit is the *atka* of the child, so the child is the *saunirk* of the guardian spirit.)

It happens sometimes that between the occurrence of one death and the occurrence of the next, several children are born. Each of them can and does receive the soul of the dead man as his guardian. This is another case of the Eskimo's unclearness of thinking, for they seem to look upon each child as being the abode of the soul of the dead. How a single soul of a single man can, after his death, become three souls or thirteen, inhabiting simultaneously three children, or thirteen children, is a meta-

physical question in Eskimo theology. They cannot explain the fact, but they know it is so, which, after all, allies their metaphysics to those of other and more highly developed races.

The fact that most things have a religious or supernatural explanation implies that few things have natural ones. The miracles of the Eskimos are like ours in being of supernatural origin, but they differ from ours in being of more frequent occurrence. It would surprise most of us to see miracles happening all around us. It is not so with the Eskimos. They expect them continually, and when any one tells of having seen or heard of a miraculous thing there is only unquestioning belief, for it is but the narration of an expected occurrence and an ordinary one.

Apparently miracles may happen at the instigation of uncontrolled spirits, but certainly over ninety per cent. of them are directly ascribed to the activities of a spirit controlled by some shaman.

The list of the different kinds and characteristics of miracles would be too long to recite. We shall describe merely what, among Mackenzie River Eskimos at least, is the commonest of all miracles, the best understood and most universally vouched for—the spirit flight in which the actual body of the shaman flies to some distant place, sometimes to a neighboring village, often to a far country, and most frequent of all, to the sun, to the moon, or to the bottom of the sea. There is also another kind of spirit flight in which the body remains in its place and the soul alone goes abroad. These two sorts of spirit flights differ essentially in this: that while the first must be performed in darkness, the second can be managed in daylight.

The bodily shamanistic flight takes place usually at night in winter and in the dark of the moon. The event is announced beforehand, and all those who desire to be present gather in the clubhouse or the largest available private residence. As is always the case in the Mackenzie River houses, there is one window at the peak of the "cottage"-shaped roof, and directly under this, near the center of the floor, sits the shaman, usually wearing no clothes except knee-breeches, although he may be fully dressed. Two or three men who are skilled in the manipulation of ropes take a long thong and tie and truss the shaman until, humanly speaking, it is impossible for him to move. Usually one feature of the tying is that a bight of the rope is passed under his knees and over the back of his neck and the rope drawn tight until his chin rests between his knees. When the tying is done there is always left over a loose rope-end about three inches long, to which is attached a stone or other heavy object such as a hammer or an ax-blade. Before the beginning of the performance the window has been covered with a thick skin or blanket. All the people take their seats in a circle about the shaman as far away as possible from the center of the house, leaving him in an unoccupied circle of perhaps ten feet diameter. The lights are put out and the house is so dark that one can see absolutely nothing. Nevertheless every one leans forward and closes his eyes tightly. If there are any children present an older person sits behind each child and holds his hands over the child's eyes.

The moment after the light goes out the shaman begins to chant a magic song. Presently he says: "I do not feel so heavy now as I usually do. Somehow it seems as if I were not sitting very heavily upon the floor. Now I am becoming as light as a feather. Now I am beginning to want to rise like a dry stick in water." All these things he says in a low and indefinite tone of voice, speaking well in his throat so that it is difficult to judge just how far away he is, but of course so far every one knows exactly where he is, for he remains (by his own account) in the center of the circle where he was when the lights were put out.

The next stage of the performance is that the shaman, still speaking in the manner of a ventriloquist, says: "Now I am beginning to rise; now I am going to fly in circles slowly just above the floor; now I am flying fast; now I am flying faster." Presently the people begin to hear a whizzing noise. This is the stone or ax which was attached to the loose rope-end. The shaman is now flying in circles so fast that the centrifugal force makes the hammer on the rope-

end produce a whizzing noise. If any one were to open his eyes, even a little, to try to see what was going on, the hammer would strike him on the head, killing him instantly. Consequently, the louder the whizzing noise the more tightly is every eye squeezed shut, and the more firmly are the hands of the parents held over the eyes of their children.

While the hammer still continues the whizzing noise, the voice of the shaman is heard to say: "Now I am rising above your heads; now I am getting near the roof; now I am about to pass out through the window." Then the voice grows actually fainter and fainter as the shaman rises toward the roof and flies out through the window, and finally the whizzing noise dies away in the distance.

For half an hour or more the audience sits in absolute silence with eyes shut, and then is heard again the shaman's voice: "Now I am coming in through the window; now I am settling down; now I am down on the floor; now you may open your eyes and light the lamps." The lamps are lighted, and, lo! there sits the shaman exactly where he was when the lights were put out three-quarters of an hour before.

Some one now unties the shaman and he relates to an attentive audience his adventures on the spirit flight. He went to the moon and approached the house of the man in the moon. He did not dare to enter, but waited outside until the man in the moon's wife came out, saw him, and invited him in. Shortly after, the man in the moon himself came home from a caribou-hunt, bringing with him a back-load of meat and a number of marrow-bones. A meal was prepared of caribou meat, and after that the three of them cracked marrow-bones until the broken bones lay in a large heap on the floor. The man in the moon said that last year the caribou-hunt had not been very good in the moon, but this year it was much better; the caribou in the moon this year were fatter than usual, which was no doubt due to the fact that the summer had been cool and there had not been very many mosquitoes. The man in the moon's wife also joined in the conversation, saying that they had already secured an abundance of skins for clothing for the coming winter, and that as for sinew with which to sew, they had enough already for two years. She inquired for the shaman's wife, whether his little boy had begun yet to kill ptarmigan, whether the people in the shaman's village carefully kept all the taboos, and who it was that had broken some, for she knew from the vapor rising from the village that something was amiss.

The shaman had answered her questions to the best of his ability. He regretted that a certain young woman had been very careless in sewing caribou skin soon after the killing of white whales, and various other things of this sort the shaman was compelled reluctantly to tell, for he was a truthful man and must speak out, although he was ashamed of his fellow-countrymen and would gladly have been able to conceal the facts from the moon people.

Time is not measured the same way in the moon as upon earth, the shaman tells, and really he had been in the moon a long time, although on earth it seemed but a short while that he was away. He had lingered, feasted, and talked, but finally his visit was at an end and he started off, promising the man in the moon to visit him again next year.

When the shaman's narrative is over a general discussion takes place, in which both men and women join, and finally when the crowd gets tired and sleepy they disperse to their own homes.

This that we have described is not one of the most wonderful miracles, but merely the commonest one and the best attested. Some miracles, such as the walking on water, are of rare occurrence and only a few people have seen them. Raising people from the dead is also a seldom thing. But every man and woman you meet can attest the genuineness of the spirit flight, for they have all been present when it was done. Besides that, such things are a matter of common knowledge among the people. You might as well try to convince an Englishman that balloon flights have never been taken in the British Isles as attempt to persuade an Eskimo that spirit flights have never occurred in the Mackenzie Delta.

One day when I was explaining to my

Eskimo that there were mountains on the moon, and was going into details of the moon's physical characteristics, the account I gave did not coincide with the opinion held by my Eskimo listeners, and they asked me how I knew these things were so. I explained that we had telescopes as long as the masts of ships and that through them we could see the things on the moon's surface. "But had any white men ever been to the moon?" I was asked, and when I replied that no one ever had, they said that while they did not have any telescopes as long as ship's masts, yet they did have men, and truthful men, too, that had been to the moon, walked about there and seen everything, and they had come back and told them about it. With all deference to the ingenuity of white men, they thought that under the circumstances the Eskimos ought to be better informed than the white men as to the facts regarding the moon.

It may seem to you that these that we have described are extraordinary and untenable views, and that it ought to be an easy thing to undeceive the men who hold them, but if you have ever tried to change the religious views of one of your own countrymen so as to make them coincide with yours, you will know that the knowledge that comes through faith is not an easy thing to shake; and if you want to appreciate such an attitude of mind as that of the Eskimos and cannot find an analogy among your own neighbors, I would recommend the reading of Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court.* It is one of the remarkable things about Mark Twain that he understood the minds of the intellectually primitive as few others have done—even of those who have made a study of such things. Mark Twain's Englishmen of King Arthur's time think such thoughts as I have found the Eskimos thinking in our own generation, and justify them in the manner in which the Eskimos justify theirs. If you were to try to displace from the minds of the Eskimos such beliefs as we have described, you would find (as I have found upon occasion) that you would succeed no better than did Mark Twain's Yankee in his crusade against Merlin. But if you concern yourself, not with the unteaching of old beliefs but with the teaching of new ones, you will find an easy path before you. The Eskimos already believe many mutually contradictory things, and they will continue believing them while they gladly accept and devoutly believe everything you teach them. They will (as the Christianized arctic Eskimos are in fact doing) continue believing all they used to believe, and will believe all the new things on top of that.

The belief in the spirit flight is as strong at Point Barrow after more than ten years of Christianity as the belief in witchcraft was in England after more than ten centuries of Christianity.

The Light Within

BY EUGENE A. CLANCY

DAVE McFANE came out of the Milltown night-school and dodged along the unfrequented streets on his way home. The unobtrusive manner was assumed, for the boy was scarcely more than seventeen; he radiated the joy of living, and the light of hope shone in his eyes. But the night-school was not popular in Milltown, especially among the workers. For the son of a foundryman to reach the age of seventeen and not work, and to go to night-school into the bargain, was to fly in the face of custom. There were some knots of youths about his own age gathered on corners which he could not avoid, and these sent plenty of curses and jeers after him, not without hints of physical violence. He made no attempt at retaliation; though the fact that he was undersized for his age and had not the looks of a fighter had nothing to do with it. He had learned from experience that if the meek are to inherit the earth, they must at all hazards preserve their meekness. Several times he had been tempted to give it all up—this schooling business—and cast his lot with the rest of his kind, to work and brawl and wallow in the hopeless life of Milltown; but then something within him would come to his rescue—something which whispered convincingly, urging him to hold on. Then, too, his mother and sister stood by him, ever watchful, fighting such moments. Women toilers have a divine instinct for this. They had determined that life should mean something for him, and, through him, for them. For this they worked; for this they had kept him from the hot iron jaws of Milltown.

The working-men's cottages were all dark as the boy passed them. The day was long and hard and Milltown went to bed early. He came to one, however, where a window still glowed. He stopped in surprise, then pushed open the unlocked door and went in. A girl about his own age was sitting at a table, sewing.

"What are you doing up, Kate?" he asked, sitting down like one who is in familiar surroundings. The girl worked in the mill with his sister, and he was beginning to realize how much he liked her.

"I kinder thought you'd stop in if you saw the light. I wanted to see you—before you went home." She looked at him uneasily. "Guess you ain't heard yet?"

"Heard what?"

"About your father. They took him off his job to-night, Dave—an' I think it's the end."

"Took father off his job! Why, he's been in the foundry nearly forty years—!"

"That's why they've dropped him. Your sister don't know. I'm afraid it 'll be hard for you—"

The boy came and stood motionless beside her. In Milltown, he knew, there was only one way out when such a crisis arrived.

"If they'd only waited till next year," he murmured. "In a year I could go into an office—"

He broke off lamely, his eyes on the girl, who worked in the mill all day; who had sat up late to warn him. It suddenly occurred to him that she was pretty. He put his arms around her and kissed her. He had never done that before, or thought of it.

"Maybe it won't be so bad, Dave," she smiled. "Go home now, and face it!"

His own cottage was dark and silent. He wondered what had happened there, while he was out, and crept into bed, fearful of the morrow.

He was not lazy; but not having to go to a day's work, the others were always up before him. At half-past six, when it was still dark and lights glimmered where breakfasts were being

hastily cooked and dinner-pails filled, he was still asleep. All was done in silence, for men who work in foundries and women who toil in mills have not much to say at half-past six in the morning. The oil-lamps give a disheartening emphasis to the knowledge that they are up before the day has broken. It is only a little bit worse on a dull, chill March morning, when there is also a raw fog. Then life not only seems, but is, a grim thing. At that time, in Milltown, the reality of work looms inexorable and big with necessity.

McFane's wife had started the fire and was hurrying about the morning meal as best she could, a panic in her eyes, her hands trembling. It was the first morning in many years that she had had to light the fire. Jim McFane had always done that for her. He was always up at five. But her man was a man no more. He had come shuffling home to her last night with the fatal news, physically and mentally shattered, as though he had been literally struck down.

Jim McFane was not an old man—but that's what the foundry can do. Like all men of his type—men who just labor on and on, who never miss a day but yet never give a thought to this day of days—he could not understand. He had once looked forward to being foreman himself. This could not be the end of it. It must be that they were merely putting him aside temporarily. Maybe he had gone a little stale; he would try to summon up a new energy. Why, he had nothing in the world but his job—not a dollar! Surely the foundry people would not have him starve; they must mean to give him something better—later.

Thus McFane's mind worked as he pulled on his clothes and shuffled into the kitchen for his breakfast. There was something else on his mind, too, and he dared not look at his wife as he thought of it. His wife neither looked at him nor spoke; she was silently accepting the inevitable. Her silence awoke a dull resentment in him—the pitiful resentment of a beaten man.

His daughter, her cheeks still unsoiled by the mill, came in and slipped into her place opposite him.

"What's the matter, dad," she asked, "sick?"

He flared at her angrily.

"What d'ye mean? What makes ye think as I'm sick? An' who is it would care if I was?"

"Your father has been taken off his job," said the mother, quietly.

The girl looked at him wildly for a moment, then put her hand on his arm.

"Never mind, dad; my job is good, and mother can work along with me if we get close—which we won't. Anyway, we've only a year to wait, and then Dave will be making us all rich!"

The boy came in as she spoke. He was clean and neatly dressed; the two women always looked out for that. They both greeted him cheerily, perhaps a little more so than on other mornings. McFane did not look at him, but stared sullenly at the table. He had always been jealous of his son, and now, in his hour of failure, he felt something akin to hate.

"Stop slobberin' over the boy an' give him his breakfast!" he burst out. "Is he a girl, a baby? Look sharp; he's gotter come along with me this morning."

The mother's face went white. The girl, who was already at the door, turned on him quickly.

"What for?"

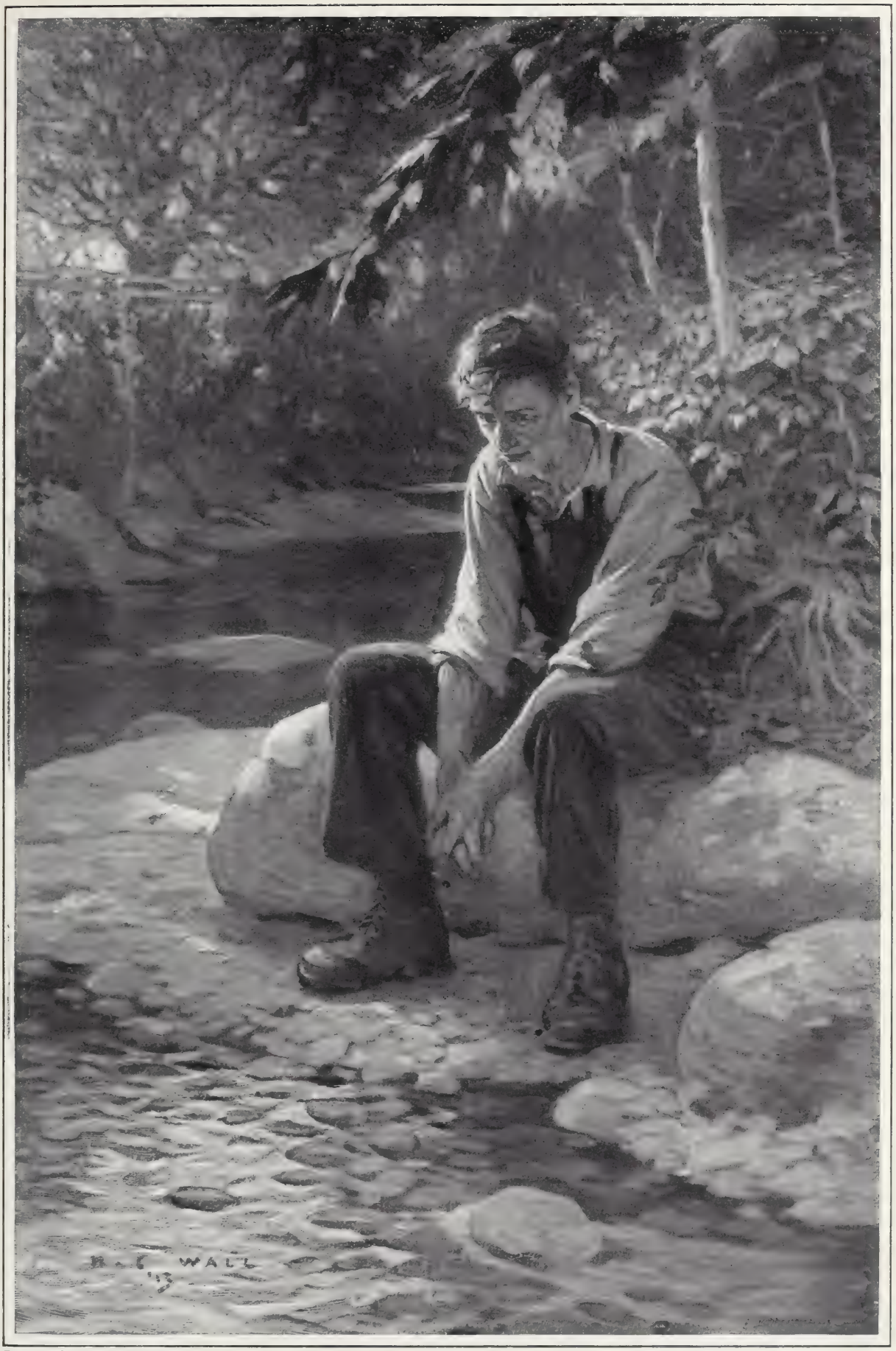
"Because he's goin' to work for his living, like any other man—like I have to; that's what for! The foreman's given him a job an' he's goin' to answer the whistle with me this morning!"

The boy stared at him blankly. Despite his warning, as he caught the full meaning of the words a terrible feeling of utter wretchedness possessed him. His lips trembled—that common sign of a hurt soul which is so painful to see in the young.

"But," he protested, "it's—it's not that bad! You can't mean that I must go—now. And the schooling I've had—am I to waste that? You know I've only a year—"

"An' how'll ye live the year?" sneered McFane. "I tell ye I've lost me job—that's what it is. Are ye goin' to live on your sister's wages?"

The words cut deep, but the boy saw above and beyond them.



Drawn by H. C. Wall

HE SAW NOTHING—ONLY THE POLAK MAN

"But such a little time to wait," he said; "just a little trial—for such a big chance! And it's for all of us. You and the men are always sneering at me as if I was afraid of work; it's a lie to say it! I can't go there, in the foundry—it's too late!"

The mother put her arm around him, her eyes blazing.

"Jim," she said, "you're mad. What he says is the right. He must not go!"

His daughter tried to coax him.

"It's foolish and it's not needful, father. What's a little sacrifice now? Isn't he doing it for you as well as himself, and us? Besides, you—you don't know what you're doing, father!"

The last had slipped from her before she fully realized its possible effect. McFane sprang up excitedly.

"That's it!" he echoed, savagely. "I don't know what I'm doing! My son's above me; he's too good for his father's work! My son mustn't dirty his hands with the work that's give his father bread an' meat for forty year'. For forty year' I've starved an' slaved an' got nothing! There's young Farrell in the foundry this two year' an' supportin' his father—an' I must go on starvin' while my son lives on his sister's wages! He'll be a man like the rest of us an' go to work, I tell you. So have done with your slobberin'; this morning he answers the whistle with me!"

McFane's big fist came down on the table. There was no appeal. In Milltown when the "man"—the breadwinner—spoke like that his word was law. Many a boy and youth in Milltown had heard that sentence passed and had gone to the ends of the earth as they knew them—mostly to the gutters and prisons. But Dave McFane was not that kind. The germ of order and obedience was in him. For a moment the wild spirit of revolt rose high, then flickered out in the knowledge of ugly facts, the misgivings of self.

The sister had gone. She was already late for the mill. The mother turned dry-eyed to her housework. The boy slunk into his room and took off his white collar. He put on a ragged old suit and a tattered cap. The whistle down at the works gave a shrill blast, and the two McFanes went out. To the boy, as he went miserably along, it seemed as though his life was being shrouded over and blotted out, as the mist blotted out those hurrying past them.

Suddenly there came toward him, out of the mist, the girl who was just then strangely in his thoughts—Kate, who worked in the mill with his sister. She stopped and called to him, but he could not bear it. He did not answer or even look at her. He hurried by, his eyes on the ground, shame and a new sense of degradation in his heart.

"There's the boy, sir," McFane mumbled, cringing before the keen-eyed, hard-featured foreman; "he's answerin' the whistle."

"All right. Go down there with them men, boy, an' they'll show you what your job is. What are you waiting for, McFane? Didn't I tell you it's no use—it's orders? Sorry, Jim, but I can't help it; you ain't up to the job no more. Come an' get your money Saturday."

A curse broke from McFane's quivering lips; he tottered, and Dave grabbed him. Many of the older men came gathering around him, offering a rough sympathy, but soon they silently returned to their work. Such things were always happening at the foundry, and there was nothing to do. Men are always getting too old to do good work, and if they haven't put aside something for such a day, it is their own lookout.

He doddered around for a while, then crept away, a broken, bitter old man. And Dave McFane knew why he had to go to work at the foundry.

All day long for many days and weeks he worked there, at the beck and call of great, lumbering animal men. Men who went through lanes of fire; who slung about tons of white-hot, glowing metal; who all but hurled themselves into raging furnaces, their big, muscular chests and unkempt heads and beards covered with sweat and grime. They cared for nothing and about nothing but the ever-present task and the day's end. Yet it was their life; they asked for nothing else; they were satisfied. With a wondering awe the boy came to realize this—the grim, savage pleasure these powerful, reckless human machines took in their work.

He went at his job with the energy of

despair. He willed to do it to the uttermost. As the weeks dragged on, the boy, outwardly, coarsened into the man —the foundryman. But try as he would, there came no change within. There always a clear light burned.

His work called for nothing but brute strength; his mind was free, horribly free. All day it worked and worked, grinding on the problem. It was a queer problem for a boy's mind, but it came to him naturally from his environment. How, he was ever thinking, can one who is not like these great, sluggish beings around him, become reconciled to such a life? What could be the terrible incentive necessary to make such a man plunge into it willingly and be content to work out his life, his destiny, there?

In the spring, when the rolling country beyond Milltown was becoming green and beautiful in its periodic protest against the blackened spot in its circle, and the boy's cup of endurance was brimming, what seemed an answer to the problem was vouchsafed him. The mills shut down; his sister was thrown out of work, and he became the sole support of the family. Old McFane had never done anything since the foundry had dropped him. The boy was working for his daily bread and the bread of others. This must be the solution of his problem, he thought. For a time he worked with a new energy, a dogged, blind eagerness that he mistook for zest.

For a time the light within grew dim, but only for a little time; then it flared up again, threatening to burn the heart out of him. The foreman grudgingly granted him a day off, and he went into the town, seeking a way out. But it was too late. Nobody wanted him. Nobody wanted a foundryman. Most of them told him in a business-like way, but some laughed. So he went back to the foundry. Then the thing he had begun to dread happened.

The man who had taken McFane's place was, if possible, more of an animal than the rest. He was one of the foreigners, one of the "Polak" men. A towering, thick-browed savage who spoke no English; nor any language at all, it would seem. Old McFane had suddenly taken it into his head frequently to come down to the foundry and watch the men. He would stand about inquisitively, and, in particular, he would follow the Polak man with his eyes, senile hate gleaming in them. Finally the foreman had to order him off, with threats of having him put out if he came again. But the Polak man understood, and he returned the hate with brutish intensity. When the old man came no more, he transferred his resentment to the son. He seemed possessed of the idea that Dave was secretly delegated to spy on him. He began to badger the boy constantly, muttering to himself and to the other Polaks.

One day Dave was running with a car laden with pig-iron. The Polak man saw it coming, but nevertheless stepped deliberately in front of it and allowed himself to be knocked down. He was up in a second, his eyes blazing with hate and triumph. With a roar he sprang forward, his great fist smashing the boy square in the face, splitting his upper lip. For a moment the boy staggered dizzily; for one fatal moment the light within him died away, and black rage engulfed him. He became an animal, more terrible than any of those who were now crowding around. The Polak man stood in front of him, ready to strike again. None of them could note the change in the boy, though they saw him pick up the bar of iron. Before any of them could move, before the Polak man could close or dodge, the metal whizzed through the air—and the Polak man lay on the ground, his skull crushed.

A wild riot broke loose, the natives lining up for open battle with the foreigners. In the general confusion and fighting he was temporarily forgotten. It was not until the foreman and his assistant, with drawn revolvers, had quelled the disorder, that some remembered seeing him running out of the foundry. Some of the Polaks started to give chase, but the foreman ordered them back. He had seen these things happen before, and knew what to do. The boy would be found easily enough—if he was wanted. At the point of his revolver, he sent them one and all back to work, excited and muttering. He telephoned to the town for a doctor—and others.



Drawn by H. C. Wall Halt-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"I'M GOING TO THE FOUNDRY, DAD; I'M GOING TO ANSWER THE WHISTLE"

The doctor's visit was as brief as his verdict—dead.

Dead. The boy knew it as he ran wildly on, instinctively making for the woods that crept up the sides of the distant hills. The Polak man was dead; he had killed a man! This was the thing he had of late begun to dread; nothing less than this. And now it had actually happened; he had killed a man! He had been living the life of a dog, and now, quite logically, so it seemed to him, he had come to the second step—murder. What next? What was he to do? He had no idea; his mind had stopped working. Like any animal of prey, he was following the one instinct of the hunted —to hide.

He was not pursued immediately. Indeed, the authorities were in no hurry. The death of a Polak man was of no importance; there was no need of justice departing from its usual slow rural dignity. Besides, there were many who sympathized; who saw no need of any pursuit at all. Among these was his father. Old McFane, when he heard the news, was filled with a strange joy. While the mother and sister waited and trembled in the dim kitchen, he went about Milltown boasting of it. His son, Dave McFane, had killed a Polak man; the Polak man who had taken his job; the job he had worked on for forty year'! It was a fine deed; how could they dare to do anything to him?

The boy stole into the sheltering woods. He made for a stream he knew of and bathed his bleeding and aching wound. For a while he sat at the water's edge, vacantly staring at the pebbles resting uneasily at the bottom. But he saw nothing—only the Polak man. He got up and moved on, aimlessly. Without noting it, he was circling back toward Milltown. He realized this with a start when he suddenly found himself on a broad pathway which formed a much-used short-cut to one of the mills.

Before he could slink back, he was face to face with a girl who was coming along the path. It was Kate, the girl he had kissed and thought of loving. He had not spoken to her since that night in her cottage. He had deliberately let her slip out of his life. Just now he was not a pretty sight, and she must have heard some wild rumor of what he had done, for she faltered a moment, then gave a terrified scream and ran from him. He stood watching until the flying figure was out of sight; then he plunged again into the darkening woodland and flung himself down in the tangled underbrush.

Thus, alternately lying down and roaming about, he passed the night. Many things came into his mind, but never once was he able to rid himself of that one crushing thought—he had killed a man! Despite his surroundings, despite the foundry, his soul had always been bright and clear—the light had always burned. But now he had killed a man.

An hour of peace came to him just before dawn. The world appeared to roll away miraculously, and he seemed to see what lay before him very clearly and simply. He, Dave McFane, had committed a great crime, and he was out here, hiding in the woods. What a shameful thing! When the morning sun was high and the country lay green and beautiful around him, he walked into Milltown and gave himself up.

But something was wrong; nobody seemed to understand. They laughed at him! The warden of the Milltown jail slapped him kindly on the back and said he had nothing to fear, and he'd be "out soon." Again and again, at every opportunity, he repeated his simple statement: He had killed a man and he was ready for the penalty. They were all against him; no one would listen, except with an indulgent smile. Some said perhaps the shock had unsettled him a little, and redoubled their kindness. Then he saw. To them it was nothing! They could never understand!

They brought him into court, where the judge smiled. He heard a lawyer saying a few brief words; something about "a clear case of self-defense." He heard a jury give a verdict to that effect, without leaving their seats. Then there was a little cheering crowd of workers outside, and his father, running to grasp his hands! He pushed them all roughly aside and hurried away.

They would not let him atone. It was just as though he had stayed out there in the woods, hiding. His crime was still on him.

He walked out into the open country, mile after mile. Clearly, the matter was in his own hands now. Then, abruptly, there flashed across his mind that old problem that had bothered him at the foundry: What terrible incentive could drive a man of his stamp to work out his life in such a place? Why, this was it! This was the solution, the incentive —sin, sin and atonement! Death would have been easy—for him. But here was something that he loathed; a real, daily, lasting punishment in life. He would go to work again in the foundry. He must go; in no other way could he blot out what he had done.

The boy turned back. He ran, rather than walked, the long miles. It was late when he reached the cottage, but his mother and father were waiting, and the girl Kate. As he came in the door and his mother looked into his face, she gave a startled cry. She knew; the mother-soul had divined it; her boy had suddenly become a man—a grim, purposeful man!

Old McFane came toward him triumphantly.

"Dave, my boy," he cried, "you're famous! The biggest man in Milltown has offered you a fine job in his office—"

"Mother," he said, without seeming to hear, "I'll want breakfast early. I'm going to the foundry."

"You're what?" shrieked McFane, his body quivering.

Dave turned his eyes on the old man for a moment. McFane seemed to see something there that made him cower and whine.

"I said, I'm going to the foundry, dad; I'm going to answer the whistle."

He kissed his mother, and the girl; then stumbled into his room and sank into a dreamless sleep.

As the girl was leaving, his mother seized her hands tightly.

"You'll help me, Kate," she said, "won't you? You're the only one; it's the only way. You'll help him?"

"I love him," she replied, simply, and went out.

A Secret

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

MY laddie's a' the world to me!
'Tis to himself I owe it
That I can never more gae free.
But, ah! he must not know it!

When from my side he roams awa',
I scarce believe I'm living;
But when he's here—my laddie!—ah,
I die for want of giving!

Why must I think upon his smile?
His eyes o'erbright and bonny?
His gladness that doth sae beguile
It robs my heart of ony?

Were I a lad, and he a maid,
I would not be sae winning;
To wound too deep I'd be afraid,
And deem such sweetness sinning!

Unusual Venice

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

FOR a city to discover to one the secrets of its heart one must have patience, as well as the eye to see; and no appreciation, however profound, of the city's obvious loveliness counts much to this more intimate knowledge. To understand a city one must come to it with a certain virginity of the spirit, one's mind untouched by what others have said concerning it, one's vision undimmed by the pictures that others have painted. This innocence of mind is hard for a grown person of any intelligence to achieve concerning famous cities.

It is for this reason that Venice, of all cities, is the hardest to know. Its beauty is so obvious, its charm so profound, that one may live there a long time before penetrating the outer surfaces, the very glamour of its peculiar beauty a barrier to a more intimate understanding of it as it exists to-day. We go to it heavily handicapped with a knowledge of what we must seek and what we must see, our minds saturated with the impressions of others; and to know a city, even that of one's birth, one must rediscover it oneself and see it with one's own eyes, from one's own angle.

It is customary for some people to talk about Venice as old and infinitely sad, to think of it sitting alone meditating on its past glories; and all the time the great transformer, Steam, has been at work changing the landscape and its people to the new life of a modern world.

The visitor who lives in one of the hotels on the Grand Canal will probably never wholly think of Venice as other than a show city, a tourist city, where travelers from all over the earth come to wonder. Such a person will never realize that Venice to-day is a modern port. To realize this fully one should live for a time on the Giudecca, where one will see the city a magic background for all the ships of the earth. For a time Venice was a backwater. Her ancient glories as Queen of the Adriatic had departed from her, but the cutting of the Suez Canal gave her back her position. In the Giudecca there is always a wash from the wake of the big steamers coming from the ports of the East; coming from England bearing coal, and from other countries grain and food for the factories and workshops of northern and eastern Italy.

The making of delicate lace and the blowing of fragile glass are the industries that one naturally associates with Venice. On the Giudecca Canal, however, the work of unloading the big steamers goes on perpetually. Over by the Marina they are building, not gondolas, but big iron steamers; and if you live there you must look at the white dome of the Salute through the trailing smoke of the steamship stack.

And this aspect of Venice has a special beauty, and why should one shut one's eyes to it? There is one thing certain, that the more your life is cast to bring you in touch with the people of Venice who work, the more you will understand Venice of to-day. Its real life is the life of the people, and that is why the little girls in Signora Vittoria's *scuola di merli* helped us to a better understanding of Venice in some of its unusual aspects than all the books we had read of it, and why a vivid acquaintance with the life of the little *calle* on which we lived told us more about Venice than all the beautiful and expected sights of the Grand Canal.

For a trifling sum we hired from Signora Vittoria an apartment whose two most striking features were a beautiful view over the Giudecca Canal and a big kitchen where a soapstone hearth did duty for a stove, and where a mighty iron pot swung on a heavy chain over a little fire of wood twigs—this for soup or *polenta*—and where other dishes were

cooked in little square earthen flowerpots of charcoal stoves.

And when our cook, Maria Immacolata, was once installed and was hanging out of the window letting down a basket by a string to the street venders below, we felt we were keeping house like any middle-class Venetian family. A gifted young person, this Maria, and one who would have graced any vaudeville stage. I mention her histrionic ability first, for only incidentally was she an excellent though temperamental cook. Her efficiency as a servant was marred only by a disinclination for work; not caused by laziness, this, but through passionate interest in the spectacle of life which flowed, vivid and many-sided, through the lens of Maria Immacolata's vision. As with all artists, her interest was twofold; first, life itself—the life of a little Venice street where shrill-toned dramatic conflict with the fishman alternated with shrewd low-voiced gossip, whereby as much was told with a lift of the eyebrow or a shrug of the shoulder as with any words; then, having garnered a new emotional experience, Maria must reflect it to some audience. She reflected to us the varying moods of the *calle*, just as she reflected *us* to the *calle*, to her own vast satisfaction and that of the bystanders.

Also did she reflect the *scuola di merli;* for on the ground floor a score of young women, most of them under sixteen, were instructed in the art of needlework by Signora Vittoria, poor lady, a beautiful person of five-and-forty, and incurably simple and sweet. Neither the letting of rooms to strangers nor the coping with riotous youth had dimmed her faith in human nature.

Our closer acquaintance with the young persons in the lace school began a day or two after Maria's advent, when we saw her carefully sorting out and hoarding cigarette-butts.

"Do you smoke, Maria?" I asked.

"No, Signora, not I," she answered. "But the school of Signora Vittoria—" She made a fine and large gesture down with her thumb. "*It* smokes. Listen!" Maria had a dramatic gesture. "Does the Signora hear the noise?"



FACTORIES AND FREIGHTERS ALONG THE RIVA



At Night the Waters glisten with a myriad of Lights

The Signora did. The Signora, indeed, had noticed that periodically pandemonium broke loose below.

"It is that the Signora Vittoria," explained Maria, further, "has gone without. Whenever she goes abroad, this poor Signora Vittoria, the school ceases to work. Ah! The Signora should see the school when the Signora goes forth. It goes to the windows and beckons to the *gondolieri;* it waves handkerchiefs out—yes, no sooner is the poor Signora Vittoria's back turned and she closes the great front door—Boom!—than each hand goes to each stocking and each girl brings forth each one a love-letter.

"Love-letters—those babies!" I objected.

"Babies?" queried Maria, raising an offended eyebrow almost to the roots of her hair, and in such fashion that it forever blasted the babies' reputations. "Hah! Listen! They quarrel. I go to see." For Maria's ears were as keen for the sounds of conflict as a hound's.

She returned breathless.

"I arrive but in time," she announced. "They were pulling hair; they were scratching faces and slapping, and all because the great Rosina told Julietta—the Signora knows that Rosina *brutta* with eyebrows so"—Maria impersonated the ill-favored Rosina—"Rosina said that Julietta had no lover, but wrote herself her own love-letters. Ping! Julietta strikes Rosina. Rosina pulls the hair of Julietta, while all the time the little Bettina, the only good one, sits in the corner like a Madonetta and sews and does her work and does not raise her eyes. Like this, Signora—so good. And that red-haired *tosa*, Concetta, now that the others fight, has the window all to herself and makes eyes for all to the *gondolieri* without."

Thus, as in a mirror, did we see reflected the lights and shadows of the life of this little atelier of girls.

Our advent was a signal for decorum; sleek heads were bent over embroidery-

frames, respectful voices uttered pleasant greetings when we appeared. We got to know them all by sight, and were able to talk to them, because first one and then another was to be seen performing small duties around the house. One would be found making a bed; one was seen blacking shoes, and we could never enter our kitchen without finding a girl washing dishes or scouring a copper saucepan. Why this helpfulness? we asked ourselves. Why this eagerness for housework? The answer was not far to seek. Gemma, the littlest of all, told me.

"Why do I wash the dishes for Maria, Signora?" she fluted after me. "For the cigarette-butts, Signora, I wash them. Maria Immacolata, perhaps the Signora knows, saves the butts, and these she gives us for what we may do. So many for making a bed, and so many for washing a dish, and for blacking shoes so many."

This ingenuous method did Maria employ to avoid all labor, nor could we stop it. When we asked Maria if she thought cigarettes were good for young children, she only replied that "girls would be girls, and that one could only be young once."

It was in this fashion that we first began to know the people in Venice who worked, and then we got on terms of cordial acquaintance with all that little section where we went out to buy things. The highest point of our acquaintance with the lace school was on the feast of San Martin. We knew it was a feast-day first through a chorus of giggles at the foot of our stairs, and then through the chanting of a song. It seemed that it was a sort of Shrove Tuesday affair, and one gathered that if one paid tribute in the way of food to the singers, one would have good luck throughout the year, and if we did not do so, that they wished us as many disasters as there were nails in the house.

So we resolved on a party. It seems that on San Martin's day little boys chant through the streets and receive a tribute of here a piece of bread, and there some nuts, perhaps an orange. But a party, one gathered from the manner in which they accepted our invitation, was a grand occurrence. We consulted Signora Vittoria as to what refreshments to have. What would they like to eat? And the answer plumbs the depths between the demands of little girls in that country and little girls in this.

"White bread," said the Signora Vittoria, "if the Signora would be so good. White bread and a glass of wine."

That made a party, mind you, in Venice for little girls of the sweetmeat-eating age.

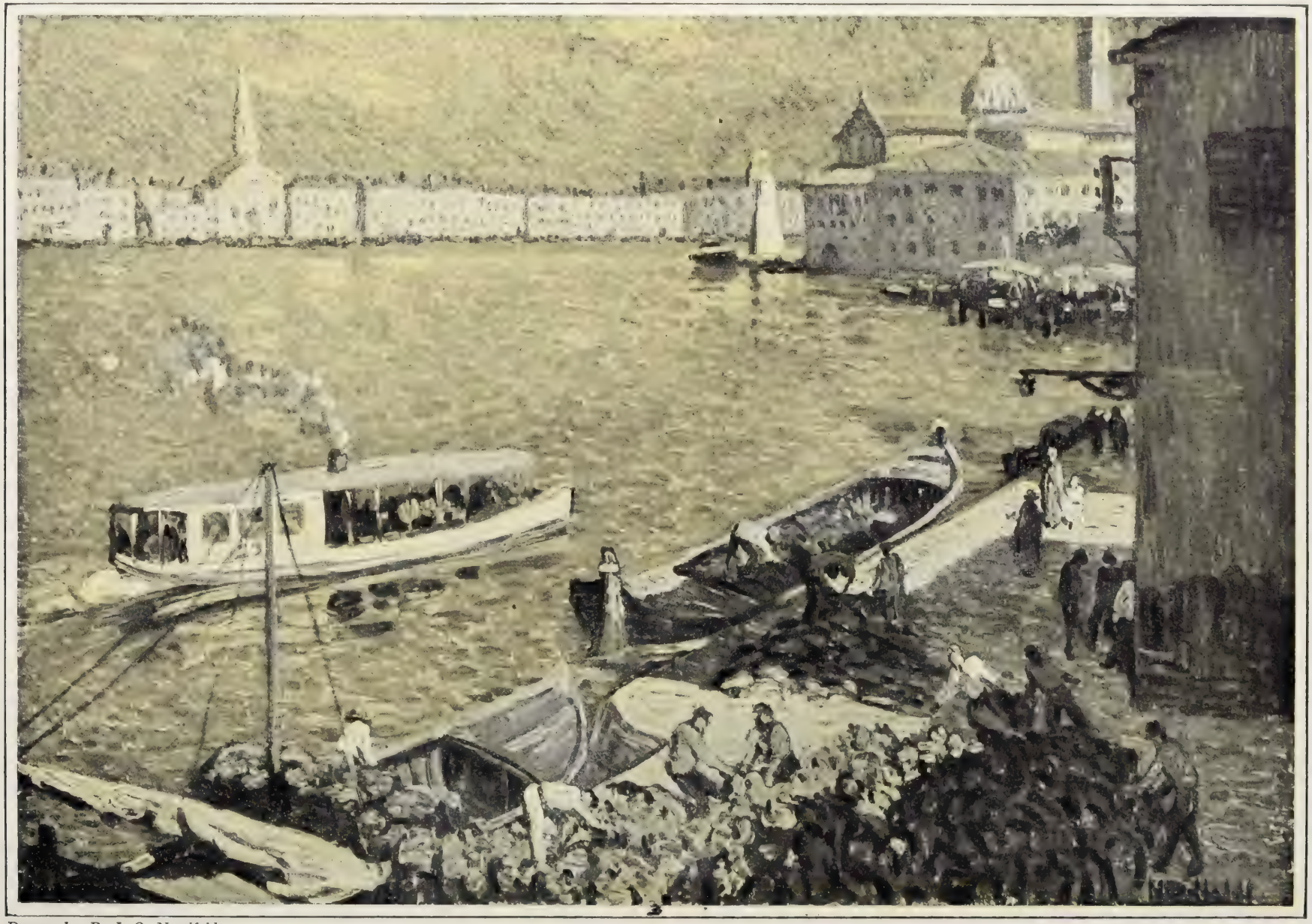
"White bread and a glass of wine—" The Signora hesitated. "And perhaps," she added, "a cigarette as well."

And the success of that party, to which we added sweet chocolate and a few other things, was a tribute to their high degree of social training. The way they let us in, without boldness or embarrassment, to their fun was a tribute also to the democracy of them. They were just a little tiny corner of that great Venice which at the slightest provocation can so enjoy itself, which asks only a little excuse and some white bread and a glass of red wine to make a *festa*.

With their cigarettes in their innocent hands, they sang throughout the evening in their sheer lightness of heart, sang the songs of the day, and other songs in such deep Venetian that to us it was just a babble of soft syllables. They told stories and sang again, and went away grateful to us, not realizing that the success of it all lay with them and their ability to come to us over the gulf of the differences of age and language and circumstances that separated us, and to keep us from first to last from feeling like outsiders.

These little girls, who were picturesque young rascals or touching little persons, according to the varying of one's point of view, were just part of the real Venice, that vast majority which works, and which was presently to bring home to us for the first time what the modern life of the people of Italy really means. And that of all places in the world one should have come to a realization of this sort in Venice is significant, it seems to me.

The first thing that a traveler in Italy notices after he has recovered from his superficial observation of the surface of things is the passionate attachment of a man for his village. A man is Floren-



Drawn by B. J. O. Nordfeldt

VEGETABLE BOATS DAILY BRING THEIR CARGOES FROM THE ISLANDS

tine first, and Tuscan next, and Italian third; the Tuscan fears and disapproves of the "Black Hand" of Naples with much the same shiver that a New-Englander may, and feels himself as far removed from it. I have heard a Tuscan farmer in a railway train rejoice that he didn't have to go to America, where one meets the "*Mano Nero*" and the *mafiosi* people of the South.

Each little town has such a vivid personality of its own that at first Italy seems cut out into tiny and independent communities, hostile and incomprehensible one to the other. And yet in Italy there is at work a great force which binds the people together without sacrificing this local feeling. One may live there a long time without discovering it unless one has it brought home in the spectacular and vivid fashion in which it was brought home to us in Venice. And this force is the spirit of labor, the great spirit, purely modern in its expression, whose force no one has yet been able to measure. For it is a young giant which is only now learning its own strength.

What happened was this: Down in Brescia in the mining district there had been a strike. Troops had been called to maintain the peace. The strikers had borne themselves in a menacing way toward the troops, had thrown stones, and a riot seemed imminent. The troops fired, killing two strikers. The united labor of Italy, upon this, declared a general strike as a protest against what they termed the murder of their brothers. All the north of Italy was to be closed; all labor of every description was to cease.

Through the greater part of the north the strike was only partially successful, though it was said that in some cities it was an impressive enough demonstration of the power of labor. But Venice, the remote; Venice, that we regard as a show city, getting its prosperity from ourselves and the travelers of other nations who come to view its peculiar beauty, was closed absolutely and entirely. The shutters went up on all the shops; the hotels and restaurants and public eating-places ceased to serve



English Vessels on the Zattere



Santa Maria Della Salute on the Grand Canal

meals. Strangers were served by the hand of the hotel proprietor and his wife. Visitors who were living in furnished places went hungry or shared a *polenta* of fish and bread with the householders where they were staying. No trains left Venice or came in for thirty-six hours. Strangers arriving in the railway station could find no man to carry their hand-luggage.

A friend of ours was able to get a *facchino* to carry his bag only after he had bribed him with a large sum. Some of his comrades intercepted him as a strike-breaker. They were very gentle about it, and argued:

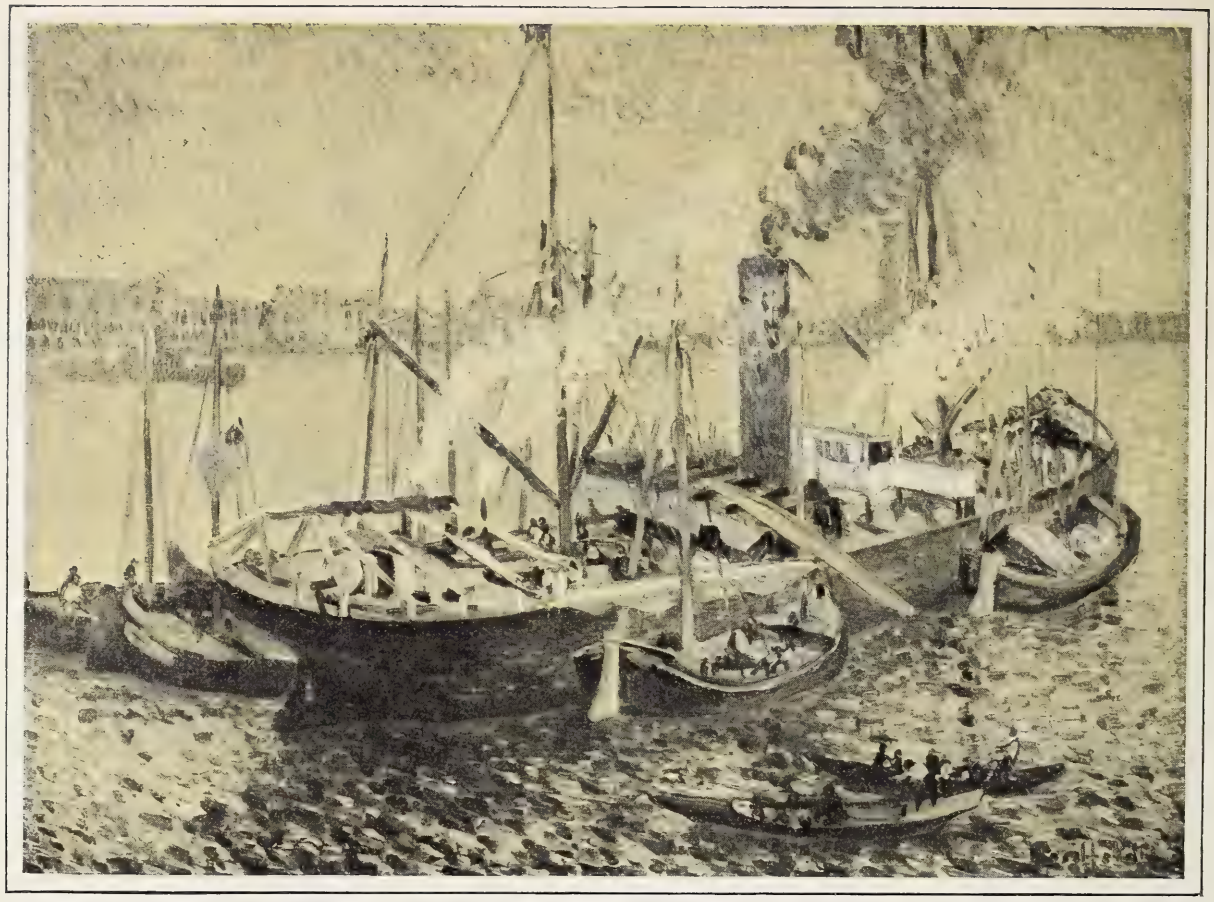
"He is a poor man and his wife is sick."

"And," added the *facchino*, "the gentleman is ill and a stranger in Venice."

"How much are you getting?" inquired one of the *facchino's* friends.

He was told what the sum was. They consulted a moment, then made up a purse among themselves and permitted him to go on his way carrying the bag; so that in spirit the strike was not broken.

All traffic on all of the canals stopped; gondola and *sandala* and barge lay idle, thronging the little canals. No fishing-boat went out; no boat laden with food or fruit came in from the islands. The great factories of Venice stopped their work; the great *pasta* factory at the end of the Zattere, which works day and night on eight-hour shifts manufacturing foodstuffs all hours of the twenty-four, ceased its work. In the canal of the Giudecca the great boats from England bearing coal waited by the *rivas*. A force had spoken, and from one moment to another had turned this busy and active city into a city of sleep. Silence was everywhere. One might walk miles through silent streets which turned their blank, shuttered faces toward one. On the street corners knots of unwonted idle men stood and talked in low tones. Strangest of all were the silent and



Unloading a Coasting Vessel

empty waterways. In the vacant Grand Canal only the police-boat plied up and down at intervals.

There had been a mass-meeting of workmen on the Giudecca at the workmen's quarters. They do not care whether the hotel season is good or not, whether strangers come or go, since they work continuously in all cases. Our own *gondoliere* had already left us, but many *sandalas* were going across, and we wished to go and see what it was the workmen of Venice were doing on the other side of the broad canal. We bargained with a little boy to take us across, but he hesitated; we raised our price, but still he shook his head. The *sandalas* were not working as usual; they were conveying across people who had business on the other side—and we were *forestieri*. Then a workman who had sometimes talked with our little boy along the Zattere nodded his head to the *sandala*-boys and told them to take us. When we asked who he was, we were told he was the head of the organization of *sandalas*. He was the only man in Venice who could have given us permission. This somewhat unwashed and chance-met friend had more power at this moment than any high official. Of all the people in Venice, he alone made it possible for us to join the hurrying crowd of *sandalas*.

When we got over there, there was nothing very much we could understand. Here a man spoke earnestly to a knot of people; there others sang; men and women walked up and down. There was an air as of a *festa* about everything. Had one not known the inner significance of this gathering of men that swarmed up and down the *rivas* of the Giudecca, one would have thought one had chanced on some holiday. Our boys took us across and left us at the Piazzetta, and a few hours later all water traffic had ceased. In the Piazza the gas burned in broad daylight to fulfil a contract to supply so many feet of gas to the city of Venice; at night the lights were turned out and Venice was left in darkness.

Throughout the strike order was preserved, but not by the guardians of the peace; the police were in evidence, but

not in great force; the people themselves it was who preserved order. At night an army of two thousand people, perhaps, walked down the black Merceria singing the "Inno del Lavoro." It was an orderly crowd and a gay crowd, a mob devoid of the dread of mob-spirit; but this mob was saying:

"We are the working-people of Italy, and we are showing our power. We are the working-people, and for us there is no north and no south. For us Venice and that little mining-town so far over in those distant hills are one. We have nothing to gain by this for ourselves, and yet everything to gain, since we thus show the force of united labor. We have shut up our big industries; we have stopped traffic; we have stopped all the buying and selling of all the people; we have stopped the pleasuring of the strangers who bring us prosperity, so that we may protest in this fashion against the killing of men who were fighting for their just rights. We are willing to pay that we may enter this protest—pay with our daily wage that we need, pay with our own comfort. And yet, see! While we are strong we are also gentle. We are entering our protest without violence and gaily, since we are a people well drilled in public gatherings of the festivals of our city."

And so the strike was kept intact, but not quite intact, for when we wondered how we should get enough to eat, and walked past our little grocery-shop with longing eyes, a woman whom we did not know, but who knew us, plucked at my skirts and whispered that I might slip in quietly. And I went into the little shuttered place and bought strictly necessary provisions and made place for another woman. For Venice lives from hand to mouth, and the people have no stores in their own houses. And so we, like the others, were allowed to eat, though we fared meagerly, sharing the self-denial that they imposed on themselves.

Once more before we left we were to see all working Venice together. It was late in the fall; the ends of the *calles* were shrouded in mystery; the city of Venice had turned a different face on us, for, more than any city, Venice is at the mercy of the seasons and changes its expressions with the changing of the months of the year. At the last of October the chill cold comes up from the lagoons; there are days when searching winds sweep down the Grand Canal, and these days alternate with days of pure gold, mellow and wonderful—days that coax late roses into bloom.

All Souls' Day found us still in Venice, and we went with Signora Vittoria to the Campo Santo. The celebration of this feast-day in all Catholic countries is touching and impressive—more so, I fancy, in Venice than in any other place, for the Campo Santo is situated on an island by itself, and on that day alone it is joined to the mainland by a bridge of boats over which passes all the city of Venice. Every one goes then to visit their dead; the little girls like those in the lace school; the same crowd that sits up all night to celebrate the Feast of the Redentore with that mixture of religion and feast-making that is so Latin in its essence; the same people that we had seen marching down the Merceria singing the triumphal hymn of labor—all these streamed that day in ceaseless procession across the long and narrow bridge of boats, only this time it was a black-robed crowd broken up into family groups, and it marched soberly, almost every one carrying a waxen taper to burn for the souls of their dead.

And so they went across the bridge in tragic and touching family parties; a black-clothed man with his children about him; young husbands and wives going to the grave of their first-born; little sober groups of children, with some older relative in attendance, to pray by their parents' graves; old people going to pay the homage of memory once more to those dead a very long time; through all the day long the great Venice that works came from the farthest *calle* and the most remote and lost little waterway and from the farthest part of the Giudecca, and passed and repassed over the bridge of mourning which led from the city of the living to the city of the dead.

The Obsequies of Peter Schwarz

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

THE strange idea came to him just as he was driving his family home from Jacob Reinig's funeral.

The September day was mellow, radiant. Across the flat, juicy acres of good Ohio land the afternoon sun lay warm and benignant. The countryside was at rest in the peace that follows effort. The fields had earned their right to smile back idly at the pleasant sun, for their yield had been heavy. Peter Schwarz was conscious, as always, that this material world is near and warm and good, but with that consciousness mingled other, more unwonted reflections.

For some inexplicable reason death and our pitiful, belated tenderness toward those who have gone had never so impressed Peter Schwarz as to-day, elder though he was, and thinker though he believed himself to be. Jacob Reinig, from whose funeral he came, had been a poor man; he farmed but seventy acres; his barns were small, his cattle few. Yet he had lived in decency and died with the respect of men. On this day when his neighbors met for the last civilities, the preacher had called upon a few of them, as was the custom in this community, to tell what they knew of him who was gone. Awkwardly, slowly, sincerely, one after another proffered his testimony: Jacob Reinig was a brave man; he met loss with a cheerful face and disaster with firm lips. Jacob Reinig was a good man; he kept the Commandments of his God, he lent a helping hand to his neighbor. Jacob Reinig was a generous man; he gave what he could not afford, he let others reap where he had sown. Jacob Reinig was even, last excellence of all, a meek man; he forgave one who had despitefully used him. "Which I've never done, myself," said the neighbor who told of this, "and probably never shall. I'm not sure I wish for such virtue. But Jacob Reinig, he had it."

It was a simple, homely service, but what it all meant was that the passing of this man through the world had left no scars and gashes. No crushed, embittered soul exulted in his going. He stood between no man and the sun.

Peter Schwarz pondered these matters as he drove homeward. Kind things had been said, and they rang true. Now if Jacob Reinig, weazened, work-worn, struggling little man that he was, could have heard them with his living ears, how he would have exulted in the music of such commendation! As incense and all sweet spices to his nostrils, as spikenard and Gilead's balm to his worn body, would such words have been to his spirit, doubtless bruised by life's long struggle—for who escapes unscathed from the mill of God? Not Jacob Reinig, and certainly not Peter Schwarz.

Why, then, could there not be some such service of approval held while a man yet lived? Our neighbors, the witnesses of our lives, know as well what they think of us the year before our death as the day after. What is to hinder them from sharing that knowledge with us? Nothing but custom closes their lips while we live, to open them when we die. Is it not a custom that would be best honored in the breach?

In the deliberate, somewhat reluctant brain of Peter Schwarz there struggled toward expression the notion of some such service offered as a stirrup-cup to souls about to ride forth into the dark. As men grow old it is not their bodies only that become stiff and enfeebled, needing stimulus and cheer. Their spirits, too, demand some generous, sparkling liquid to fortify them against that creeping, deadly cold. And the very wine of life is love and praise.

Clear sounded the hoofs of the well-matched span on the hard graveled road. The family surrey rolled comfortably

along. On the back seat his wife and Millie talked with such subdued cheerfulness as became the occasion. Beside him, hands in pockets, lolled his only living son. Peter held the reins, as he had always done. Not while he lived would others drive his horses.

Eight children had been born to Peter and Katrina Schwarz. Of the four who lived, two were married and gone. The son and daughter remaining, children of their middle years, gave zest to their old age.

Amelia, her father's favorite, leaned forward and touched him on the shoulder.

"What makes you so quiet, pap?" she demanded, abruptly.

The dark color rose slowly to the man's face, for the girl had startled him. He was not ready yet to share his slowly crystallizing thoughts, and he was glad that they came just then to the wide sweep of road at the entrance to his barnyard. The bustle of catching the cord of the patent gate-opener, of driving in through the lifted gate and getting the family unpacked from the carriage made any answer superfluous.

When supper was over and the work at the barns was done, Peter Schwarz took his place upon the wide steps of the recessed porch, lit his seldom-used pipe, and again set himself to thinking. He was one of those men to whom ideas came powerfully, if seldom. Once an intellectual conception penetrated his brain, it became almost an obsession.

He had a rounded, benignant forehead, and his head was high above the ears, but his upper lip was long and flat, and his semicircular mouth shut like a trap in a hard, inflexible line that emphasized his heavy chin. His sharp gray eyes could be very cold, though they were sometimes gentle. He wore a short fringe of white beard from ear to ear, and his domed head was only partly covered with iron-gray hair. Square and powerful of build and now grown somewhat portly, he appeared a strong man and not altogether an unkindly one. As he sat there, frowning slightly in his absorption, so near the ground upon which his well-built brick farm-house stood with an air of assurance and possession, he looked very closely akin to the solid earth, the solid house, and the brown fields which he dominated.

The girl Millie made a sudden rush from the house, as a playful kitten does, and curled herself beside her father on the steps with something of a kitten's flippant confidence. Her mother came out more slowly, knitting in hand, and took the rocking-chair behind them.

Katrina Schwarz was an ample, large-framed, motherly woman, deep-bosomed and broad-shouldered. Her mild brown eyes regarded the world with the high dignity of an unselfish soul. She had to an unusual degree that air of great good sense and reasonableness characterizing so many elderly women of German blood. Yet in spite of all this she looked down a little wistfully at her husband and her child. A woman is always a woman, no matter what her years or her reasonableness. But Peter Schwarz had long ago forgotten that his wife was other than a cosmic blessing, like pure air or spring sunshine or autumn rain. Her merits were even more a matter of course than the sprouting of seeds or the ripening of grain. He sometimes remembered to thank Heaven for these mercies, but he was wholly unaware that Katrina also might be classified as a mercy.

Millie rubbed her cheek tentatively against her father's coat-sleeve.

"Well, pap, what are you thinking about now?"

He returned the caress with clumsy playfulness. Millie was the one human creature who could cajole him into such behavior. Katrina, watching, sighed vaguely, then smiled—for, after all, it was a definite good that Peter could still love and still caress.

"You may tell me first what's whirling around in that silly little head of yours, Clara Amelia Schwarz."

Millie straightened up, hands clasped about her knees, looking off with an expression of sudden rapture.

"A hat, pap! Such a hat I seen yesterday when me and mother drove to town with the butter and eggs. It's at that new milliner's across the square from the grocery. I heard she's got a trimmer from Chicago yet! Would you believe it? The hat was a black crown and a white rim with just a black line

on the edge and one great big, *big* red rose right here"—she gestured rapidly—"and the green leaves go *this* way and *that* way, like they was reaching out to clasp around your head!"

"And what has Amelia Schwarz to do with such a hat? Tell me that!" her father demanded, half frowning.

Millie's gray eyes grew shrewder and more intent. It suddenly became apparent that, though her figure was girlishly slender and her hair fluffed about her face, she had her father's nose and mouth, with some of the traits they implied.

"Thomas's grocery has fifteen customers a week for our two-pound pats of butter—folks who won't take any other if they can help it. You say it takes too long for mother and me to drive around and deliver it when you are needing the horses, but Luella Spelzer says I may leave it at her house and let the people come there for it. They will take the extra trouble because the butter is always hard and sweet and yellow, and they will pay me what they pay the grocery. That is from sixty to ninety cents a week to add to my share of the butter money. It won't take me long to get that hat!"

Peter Schwarz thrust his lower lip out thoughtfully, deeply gratified by her shrewdness.

"Not bad for a silly head," was his verdict. "Maybe you'll learn your way about this world yet."

Millie shot a quick, sideways look at him and judged the moment propitious to say, "Mother needs a new bonnet, too."

The atmosphere changed suddenly. There was no mistaking the black frown upon the man's face.

"But it was only last winter that your mother had a bonnet! Not another so soon! Heavens and earth! Is there no end to the money these women would spend? You will bring me to the county-house yet, if you have your heads! I say, no new bonnet!" He brought his hand heavily down upon his knee.

Millie drew a quick breath. She might coquet with her father, but she loved her mother as well as she knew how to love. The woman in the background, who had dropped her knitting to hear the girl plead her cause, picked it up again placidly. These eruptions were too familiar to be disconcerting. Katrina Schwarz was no weakling. What she judged needful for a decent appearance she would buy when the time was ripe. Meantime she kept her own counsel. Still—how pleasant if Peter might just for once faintly guess the meaning of the word indulgent!

"So that is what I was thinking about," said Millie, adroitly; "how to make ninety cents a week more on the butter. Now you tell me what you were thinking over, pap."

Peter Schwarz relaxed his frown and consented to forget his wife's prospective extravagance, for he was ready now to share his thought with them.

"While you were thinking vanities and spending," he declared, "I was looking forward to the day of my death. It came to me this afternoon at Jacob Reinig's that it is good to be dead."

Millie shivered.

"Oh, pap, it's horrible!"

"But, no," said Peter Schwarz, heavily. "It is not so I see the thing. Be quiet and I will tell you. It is good to be dead—yes. Never did it come to me so clear as to-day. Peter Reinig's fields are harvested, his summer work is done. Red are the leaves on his maples and the quail run in his stubble. . . . Outside was a quietness, a peace. The house, too, was in order, swept and garnished—is it not so? To lie there with folded hands and flowers on one's breast and the glare of the sun shut out. The plowing, the sowing, the reaping—all over. No more thoughts of cost and payment, of earning, of spending, of saving. Can you not see how that would be peace?"

Millie shook her head dubiously. Katrina said nothing.

"It lacks but one thing to make it very good," continued the man. "I had this thought: it would be better still if, before a man lays down his work, he might hear with his living ears such things as his neighbors say of him in their hearts. There are two judgments, and the judgment of men comes before that of Heaven. Sometimes—who knows?—it may be the kinder. Wouldn't Peter Reinig have gone to meet his God more

cheerfully if he had first known the things men said of him this day?—I tell you, yes! As for me, Peter Schwarz, I would like it well to know men's speech of me when I lie in my coffin with quiet hands—and I mean to know! This is what I have decided, and I tell you, Katrina, and you, Amelia, that you may be prepared. When the time comes that I grow feeble and can no more come in and go out as I will, then will I make a feast and bid my neighbors. And I will choose a minister and he shall preach such a sermon as he would preach if I had gone away to return no more. And he shall ask testimony of my neighbors, and they shall give it as though I were among them dead, not living. And I shall hear for myself what they think of my up-risings and my down-sittings amongst them through these years. I will set my life on trial before them and let them give verdict. It will be well for me to know if what I have done meets with their sense of what a man should do, and I shall go to my own place in greater peace."

Peter Schwarz had risen in his excitement and resolve and stood facing them, giving forth his decree with upraised hand. His daughter's small eyes grew wide with consternation and her face puckered pitifully.

"Oh, pap, *don't!*" she wailed, driven to entire frankness by what seemed to her the appalling prospect. "Oh, don't, don't do that! Everybody will make fun of us for miles around—and everybody will say, 'It's *so Dutch!*'"

Katrina Schwarz, who had not ceased to rock and knit as she listened, put down her work for an instant and leaned forward to face her husband sympathetically. She understood his unrest and his craving, but she did not approve.

"Better not, Peter," she said, mildly but clearly. "I tell you—*better not!*"

To oppose Peter Schwarz was to set his will the more firmly upon the undesirable thing. Millie and her mother, having learned this lesson thoroughly, did not allude to the matter of Peter's pre-funeral services. And Peter himself said nothing more. He was still a sound and healthy man, with no justification, as yet, for the ceremony he had planned. But he thought of it often, and, more and more, the event took shape in his mind as the crowning festival of a life's effort.

Five years went by. Peter's seventieth birthday came and went; it found and left him hale, but at seventy-two came the first break. Over-work in the harvest-field brought on heat prostration, and this was followed by a slight "stroke." He improved rapidly, and the doctor prophesied entire recovery, but Peter shook his head. Unused to any illness, he seemed to himself in worse case than he was. He proceeded to set his affairs in order, and, when this was done, one afternoon Luther drove him away on some unexplained errand. He came back looking agitated, half-ashamed, but resolved.

"The twenty-third of September is my seventy-third birthday, Katrina. It is time for me to do the thing I have planned these five years. I have seen William Dick, the young minister in town. He will preach for me a funeral sermon. It is all arranged. Have what help you need and get ready a meal for a hundred people. I will send out word through the neighborhood at once and ask all to come."

The manner of this announcement left little room for effective protest. Katrina shook her head slowly.

"You are foolish, Peter, but I will do as you say," she observed, calmly. "I suppose we can get the folding-chairs from the church, and Martha Ricker and Elsa will help me through. But the doctor says you must not be made tired or worked upon by anything. If you think this is minding him—"

"What is to be, will be," said Peter Schwarz. "Though it kill me I will do this thing."

There was nothing further to say. Katrina was not a woman to waste words. She accepted the inevitable, and her preparations went bravely forward. Millie, now a competent young person of twenty-two, scolded and fretted to herself and to her mother.

"What use?" said Katrina, wearily. "What use, child? Be quiet and save your strength for your work. When the man of the house says 'Do this,' it must be done. Pray that your father takes no harm from it, as I am doing,

and get on with your cleaning and pickling. The front-room curtains must be washed to-day, the green-tomato pickle must be made to-morrow, and when we go to town on Saturday see that I remember to get fresh calico to cover the settee. It shall not be said that my house was disordered."

"The township will buzz with it. Everybody will laugh. It will be in the county papers. How comes pap to think of such things? I wish I could go away and never come back!"

"Two hams," said Katrina, steadily, "seven beef tongues, and forty frying-chickens. Will that be enough?"

"Oh, mother! mother! don't you care?"

Katrina looked pityingly at her child across the illuminating years between them.

"What people say will not hurt you—any more than it will help your father. So long as you care, you are weak. Listen only to what your own heart says. So will you have strength for life and death. Now get on with your curtain-washing!"

When the day arrived Katrina's preparations were complete. The plates and napkins, the forks and spoons, were piled ready for passing; long tables were crowded with the food: platters of tender ham, pale rose and white; platters of melting tongue, fawn-color and red; platters of fried chicken in delicious shades of brown and tan; platters of Katrina's marvelous liver sausage, an exquisite gray; dishes of "sour potatoes," as the salad was called. In the kitchen Martha Ricker and her daughter Elsa were making dozens of flaky biscuit and getting ready the great boiler of coffee. Of "bread spreads" to go with the biscuit there were eight — apple butter, peach butter, pear butter, grape jelly, crab-apple jelly, currant jelly, strawberry preserves, and peppermint honey from Peter Schwarz's own hives. There were baked custards and "floating island" and lemon apple-sauce. There was pound cake and fruit cake and a wonderful "sunshine cake," as well as rich little cakes whose composition was Katrina's secret. Of things spiced and pickled there were so many that the beholder ceased to count.

"Of this, at least, I am not ashamed," said Katrina Schwarz as she gave her last instructions in the kitchen and her last glance at the tables before she went into the best room to take her seat beside her husband.

The front room opened by an arch into the family sitting-room, and both were of generous proportions. The little table for the minister, with its bouquet of zinnias and its glass of water, stood in this archway. Peter and Katrina were to sit opposite him between the western windows, in full view from both rooms. Millie and Luther were beside them, and the married daughter, Anna, with her four children, across the room. The folding-chairs from the church were in double and triple rows about the rooms, and they were already nearly filled as Katrina moved to her seat.

She noted that Peter was breathing rather heavily. The excitement of this great day was already telling upon him. He sat very erect, with his head high, not meeting the gaze of the assembly. There were reddish gleams in his gray eyes and a flush on his broad cheek. It came to Katrina, as she glanced at him, that this was no longer the strong, shrewd, sometimes harsh man whom she had lived beside for nearly fifty years. She was seeing at last the face of that hidden, uncertain Peter who had only revealed himself to her by brief glimpses. This was Peter the curious Bible-student, Peter the debater, the Peter who cast suspicious eyes over his own past deeds, pulling a little here and pushing a little there, to straighten the wavering line of them. And this Peter now reached out uneasily for the approval of his peers, as if his self-assurance failed. Katrina faced her guests more steadily, more masterfully, as she realized, by one of those deep intuitions which come to married folk, that the hour of his greatest weakness was upon Peter Schwarz.

The minister was young and somewhat shallow, and he did not know Peter, but he did his best. He read the twenty-sixth Psalm; a quartet about the melodeon in the living-room sang, "Only remembered by what he has done."

"*For it is required of stewards*," recited the minister, impressively, "*that a man*

be found faithful." He made a little discourse on this text; he spoke of the responsibility of living; of the great responsibility of character which we take with us from this world, and even of property which we leave behind; of the satisfaction it is to a man to look back on a life spent according to his conscience, knowing that he has done the utmost with his gifts, his money, and himself. Such a man, he did not doubt, was Peter Schwarz, prominent in his own community, with a name known outside its borders. Even a stranger like himself could not meet Mr. Schwarz without feeling his force, his power. How much better, then, must all his good qualities and his good deeds be known to the men whom he had lived among since he came to this community fifty years ago, when it was still a raw, new land. He would ask some of Mr. Schwarz's old friends and neighbors to complete the picture, which he had not the ability or the experience to make perfect, of this man's long, useful life in this spot.

There was an understanding between Peter and Elias Barrick that the latter should be the first to speak, but Elias Barrick was stiff-jointed and rheumatic, and before he could rise his own son Herman was on his feet and speaking. There was a sound of approval and an exchange of glances among the younger men.

Herman Barrick was a narrow-chested young man, with sunburned cheeks and a bulbous nose. He had a dogged jaw, however, and although he was embarrassed, he spoke out as he intended.

"I mean no disrespect to the minister, and I'm not saying Peter Schwarz don't live according to his lights, but I'd like to know just what them lights are. Why'd he foreclose the mortgage on Martha Ricker's eighty next to his south forty, when he knew that if he gave her till after harvest she might ketch up on the int'rest, and that if she was wise to business she could easy 'a' borrowed the money somewheres else? He don't foreclose his mortgages on the farms of men who know you can git all the money you want for six per cent. an' good security. This is all I've got to say."

Very red, but steadfast, Herman Barrick dropped into his chair. Like a flash Luke Kalbfleisch, across the room, was on his feet.

"I mean no disrespect to the minister, and I ain't saying Peter Schwarz don't live according to his lights, but when I bought my wood of him two years ago he showed me fine hard wood, cut and piled and dried in his wood-lot. When I got it, a good fourth of it was dozy old fence-rails mixed with the better stuff. I can burn fence-rails—but not at the price of good wood. That's all I have to say."

One or two of the older men hissed ineffectually. The minister, who had recovered his self-possession, pounded on the little table with his knuckles.

"Stop! Stop!" he cried. "This is indecent. It is an insult to me and to Mr. Schwarz. I beg of you—"

This time it was young Dave Lindsay from the Scotch settlement in the next township who was on his feet. David Lindsay, his father, sprang up and clutched him by the sleeve, but with an adroit twist young Dave was out of his coat and across the room. He lifted a high, taunting voice.

"I mean no disrespect to the minister, and I know *he* lives according to his lights; for when Lizzie Dickerman, his own niece that he'd been guardeen to, come to him to buy her thousand-dollar mortgage just before she got married—she wanted to sell it so's to pay the money on a piece of land—he give her the thousand dollars and said nothing about the accrued interest. It was eight per cent. money, an' the eighty dollars come in in just four days. Nice way to treat an orphan that was his own kin! She didn't know nothin' about accrued int'rest. Father, I'll take that coat."

"I mean no disrespect to the minister," piped under-sized Philip Hinkel, standing on his chair to make himself heard in the increasing tumult, "but one day I was at the hardware store in town and the clerk says to me: 'Say, do you want to see the meanest man in this county? That's him luggin' an iron wash-boiler out of his wagon. He come in here rippin' mad, an' he says: "If I get a tin boiler with a copper bottom, my wife she wears one out every five years. I ain't goin' to stand for it," says he. "Gimme an iron boiler." "Do you know they're cruel heavy for a woman?"

says I. "They ain't really fit to handle 'em." "Gimme an iron boiler," says he. "If it's heavy, it will last the longer. I'll teach 'em to wear their wash-boilers out!" and with that he lugged it off, though he could hardly stagger under it. Now wouldn't that jar you?' says the clerk. I gave a look an' I said: 'Why, that's Peter Schwarz. That's the leadin' citizen out our way.' 'Holy smoke!' says the clerk, 'your leadin' citizens must be headed backward and streakin' it for the Dark Ages!' That's just what he said. But I ain't got anything personally against Mr. Schwarz."

With the first words of Herman Barrick, fear clutched the heart of Peter Schwarz. Before he knew what had befallen him, he shrank in a blind terror. As Herman's words pierced to his brain and burned themselves in, he tried to find his voice, to rise, to face down this accusation, but his muscles refused to lift him; he sat shaking in his chair. As speech swiftly followed speech, he realized that the young men had plotted cleverly to humiliate him on this day that was to have crowned his strenuous years. But why had he no defenders? Where were his friends? Was this thing to be allowed? Would no man stop it? Out of his agony he heard Elias Barrick feebly hiss his son; he saw David Lindsay's ineffectual clutch as one sees a night landscape by a flash of lightning. Dear God, were old men all so weak and young men all so hard! Was there no help anywhere, no comfort, no defense?

He met Millie's eyes across the room—his latest-born, his darling. She was young, but surely she could understand. His anguished gaze held hers, demanding love and succor. Millie could not endure the look. Her lids fell and she turned her head away almost pettishly. Pap had brought this ridicule, this open disgrace, upon them.

To Peter Schwarz it was almost as though a knife had gone to his heart or a bullet to his brain. Silently, but definitely, his child had repudiated him.

Confusion fell upon him. He seemed to see but dimly through a mist that flashed red, grew quickly black, and then very slowly retreated.

As this mist cleared he became aware that his wife had risen in her place beside him and was speaking. The familiar sound of her voice was driving that horror of darkness back. His uncertain fingers crept out till they caught a fold of her dress and clutched at it. Katrina felt the tug, and moved imperceptibly closer to his side.

The confusion subsided as she rose. Already the young men looked shamefaced and their elders stern. There would be payment before long for their interruption!

Katrina faced them all, steadily, but not in anger. For the moment there was something majestic in her motherly presence. They were conscious of a dignity that came from afar and was not as any assurance that they knew.

"It is not fitting that my husband or the minister should answer these speeches," said Katrina. "I take it upon myself. And what I have to say is this: Neighbors, you were asked here to give such judgment as the living give upon the dead. I told my man it could not be—and these young men have proved it—for in the face of death even young men lose their insolence.

"I told him, too, that it was a weakness to desire this service, for it is when we fear condemnation that we ask for praise. But he would not heed me, and so this thing has happened.

"I do not deny the things you have said. My man has made mistakes. So will you make them, Herman Barrick, and you, Luke Kalbfleisch, and you, Dave Lindsay. Perhaps even little Philip Hinkel may be enough of a man to do wrong. For a man sins through his strength.

"You have shown that Peter Schwarz has been mean and grasping and hard. But what do you know of the ways by which these things came upon him? When a man is single, he is independent and strong. Perhaps his father's purse and his father's arm are behind him. Anyhow, bread comes easy and he has little care. But suppose there are two mouths to fill—then four, then eight. Then comes the Fear! He has but two arms against the world—and so many mouths to feed three times a day. You young men—what do you know of that Fear? I am not saying that some men are not mean from their cradles, but I

know that more grow grasping through fear. Yes, it is all wrong, but it is hard to be generous with the babies' bread, and greed, once learned, is hard to forget. That is the way it came on Peter Schwarz.

"Now this is what I wish you to understand. A man will let himself become hard in his own person, as a bear will use his claws, but the inner heart of him may still be tender. When a man and his wife are one, as Peter Schwarz and I have been one these forty-seven years, in time the woman becomes—how shall I say it? She is the mildness of that man, his justice and his service. To her he leaves it to mend his mistakes. He knows she does those things that for his infirmity of spirit are hard for him, and, though he says nothing, he is glad. I do not say this is a good way or a bad way. I say it is the way of many men, and Peter Schwarz is one.

"You, Luke Kalbfleisch, don't you know when our barn was re-roofed I sent your wife four great loads of dry shingles, kindling for two whole years? That ought to even us for the dozy fence-rails.

"As for Lizzie Dickerman, when she married I gave her a half-dozen of the heavy linen sheets that my grandmother spun and wove and a dozen of the best towels that have come down to me. I gave her, too, a pair of beautiful new blankets and a pair of solid silver forks. Maybe more is due her, but I keep these accounts and settle them. In time all is made straight.

"My husband did covet Martha Ricker's eighty that was next our south forty, as Ahab coveted the vineyard of Naboth. But her equity in it was less than half its value. The foreclosure was begun but not put through. For her equity he gave her forty acres of even better land across the road. Is that the deed of a hard man? Ask Martha Ricker, now at work in this house, if she thinks so! And the wash-boiler, Philip Hinkel—yes, it was a meanness. But do you think I did not know whence that meanness sprang and where it tended? And do you think I did not get my copper-bottomed boiler when next I went to town?—though I kept the iron one to shame him with when I thought best.

"So now I have told you how these things are, and there are many like them. But so far as I know, Peter Schwarz has done no wrong that has not been set right. Of his own will he let me be his conscience and his heart, and before God will I answer for him. For the man may be the head of the woman, but the woman is the keeper of the man."

So saying, Katrina took her seat. And there fell on her audience the silence that is more than applause.

While his wife was speaking, Peter Schwarz came slowly back to himself. The ringing in his head died down. The darkness before his eyes retreated. His first conscious sensation was one of passionate thankfulness. He had felt himself swinging over a frightful precipice, and Katrina was somehow putting the firm ground under his feet.

He began to apprehend her exposition and her argument. From point to point she went, explaining, justifying, making all things clear. He had been ashamed, often and often, of giving in when she urged some gentle act upon him, especially, perhaps, in that matter of Martha Ricker's land. She had fought him fiercely over that; he told her she knew no business, she must keep her fingers out of his affairs. Yet, truly, he had yielded in the end, as he always yielded. And she claimed the core of him was sound and generous? It was so! Yes, it was so! He was not the hard, base, greedy thing he had so often feared he was. Unbelievable — but she had proved it. . . . Why, the woman knew him as God knew him, as he did not even know himself!

He looked from her cramped, shriveled fingers to her lined cheeks with a sudden ecstasy like that of youth. There was a strange glory round about her fine old head, and his heart was at her feet. For she was the woman God had given, and she brought him salvation from himself.

In the silence after Katrina had finished, Peter Schwarz rose to his feet. His broad face seemed untroubled, his voice was deep and full. There was a freedom and a graciousness in his whole bearing it had never had before.

"Neighbors, my wife has spoken, and my wife and I are one. The meal is ready and I ask you all to eat with us in friendliness. There is no more to say."

To the Great Falls of Guiana and Beyond

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AMONG the natural features of South America which are destined to arouse wider and deeper interest as the world learns more of that vast continent are the great falls of Kaieteur, in the heart of the forests of British Guiana, and the massive mountain of Roraima, which stands sentinel at the remote post where Venezuela, Brazil, and Guiana come together. Kaieteur is readily reached by about two hundred miles of travel by river, from Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana, on the Atlantic coast. The lofty tableland of Roraima is one hundred and fifty miles farther by the most direct route; it was discovered by Sir Richard Schomburgk in 1840, and constituted the terminal landmark of his famous boundary-line between Venezuela and the English colony, which has no lowly place as a trouble-maker in international politics. Scarcely threescore of white men have ever seen the great falls, while the number of these who have stood upon even the lower slopes of Roraima is far less, for the way is beset with many dangers. In this part of South America distances are not measured by miles, but by degrees of hazard and difficulty.

During July and August of 1911 the writer had the rare good fortune to make the journey to these places in the pursuance of scientific investigations under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History. The main object of the expedition was to run a "biological traverse" from the coast to the heights of Roraima, in order to compare the organisms living in the forests of different altitudes, as well as those inhabiting the savannas, or drier areas, also of various altitudes.

Arriving at Georgetown on July 1st, preparations were completed for the long journey inland. Thanks to the painstaking activity of Mr. Robert H. Crane, acting American consul, we were soon equipped with the necessary provisions and camp paraphernalia, and with greatly desired information relating to the "bush," willingly offered by the many officials with whom we came in pleasurable contact. Through government channels an inestimable treasure was secured in the person of Raggoo, a man of Hindu descent, whose twenty-five years of experience with official parties in the bush provided a fund of knowledge upon which the success of the expedition largely depended.

One week later khaki and leggings were donned and we embarked for a journey of seventy miles up the Demerara River, which is one of the principal channels of the colony's commerce in rubber, gold, and timber. The muddied, brown waters of this river ebb and flow with the tides, for the region is low and flat, and, beyond the vast sugar plantations near the ocean, is covered with a dense tropical forest, stretching endlessly, as it seemed, on either side of the steamer's course. Yet the novel features of this jungle, interesting to the biologist, and the incidents of communication with the shore, lessened the inevitable monotony of this stretch. Now and again the whistle blew, and a canoe or other craft would put out to take off mail or passengers to a plantation established in a clearing of the forest.

Reaching Wismar, our immediate destination, our goods were transferred to the waiting train, and a railroad run of two hours across two miles of sandy flats and hills brought us to Rockstone, on the Essequebo River—the Skepi, as the



The Walls of the Kaieteur Gorge, a thousand Feet high

Indians call it. A bungalow is maintained here by the Sproston's steamer company for the last civilized comfort of those entering the bush, and a long-anticipated haven for the rest and recuperation of those coming out from the interior. The swift river was high above its banks, swollen from the floods coming down from a rain-drenched area greater than that drained by our own Hudson; five feet of water eddied about the stone foundation-posts. And from the very windows of the kitchen the household servants dropped their baited lines to draw in fish a foot or more in length. Yet so varied are the conditions in this country that a few months later a walk of half a mile was necessary to reach this river.

The dawn following this our first night in the true "bush" was ushered in by the calling of the howling monkeys. These little animals, about the size of a terrier, possess a throat structure which enables them to emit roars quite as loud as those of lions and jaguars. In the early morning, when they come down to the river-bank to drink, a small group of them is equivalent in vocal accomplishment to a menagerie at feeding-time.

The journey was resumed after a notable day of observing, collecting, and photographing, and by early night the launch had taken us up the broad Essequebo to a western branch, the Potaro River, and up this to Tumatumari, one hundred and fifty-three miles from the coast by our route. Here is a wonderful succession of cataracts formed by massive boulders and terraces of igneous rock, forced through the layers of sandstone by an earlier cataclysm. Three days were devoted to scientific work, although our energies were somewhat impaired by the first effects of the prevalent fevers of the country; and then, again by launch, twelve miles farther travel brought us to Potaro Landing. Beyond this are several cataracts, and the custom is to make a portage of nearly seven miles along a white, sandy road and over densely forested hills to a point of re-embarkation on the

stiller reaches of the river, at a place called Kangaruma. Here the boatmen and woodsmen employed by Sproston's proved to be full-blooded Indians, the first tribe we had seen. Their simple, thatched huts, with floors raised several feet above the ground, formed a little fringing settlement about the newly built rest-house for travelers.

From this point on to Tukeit, the head of easy navigation, we traveled in the typical river-boats built especially to meet the severe conditions of inland journeying. They are strongly built, so as to glance unhurt from an unseen rock, and broad in beam to bear the freight of goods and boatmen.

It was almost a physical relief to see the higher hills, for up to this time we had traversed the monotonous forest-covered zone of alluvial soil and sand. Now, however, the country became more broken; its rise was more frequently marked by a swiftly running stretch where the paddlers had to redouble their efforts. Still more abrupt terraces of rock crossed the line of progress, and at Amatuk and Waratuk portages were necessary.

At length, a week after leaving Georgetown, our boat rounded a turn of the river and approached the wide mouth of the Kaieteur Gorge, whose walls rise abruptly a thousand feet and more on either side. Far in the distance, fully eight or nine miles away, the red-brown cliff at the head of the chasm showed a white streak—the very edge of the famous falls of Kaieteur. And so still was the river that the whole scene was faithfully mirrored upon the water's surface, even to the detail of Kaieteur itself. This was too far off as yet to evoke the enthusiastic admiration accorded on closer acquaintance; nevertheless, the scene was impressive to a degree, and prepared us in part for the still more wonderful views that awaited our coming to the edge of the plateau through which the Potaro River has to cut its way.

But ere this could be enjoyed, several days of labor intervened. Five miles from the head of the gorge broken rapids barred the way. At this point—Tukeit—all goods were put ashore, and two of the three Indians engaged at Kangaruma were sent up to the inner country to procure bearers for the journey beyond. Everything must be borne upon the backs of men, for no pack-animals exist in this region; and if they did they would prove far less efficient than natives, owing to the rough and broken nature of the country to be traversed.

Then came the first close view of Kaieteur. Leaving my colleague, Dr. Lutz, to look after affairs at Tukeit, and taking provisions and equipment for a field-base on the Potaro above the falls, on July 19th I climbed the steep wall of the gorge to the high plateau above. The path debouched from the forest onto a rocky plain bearing very little soil, and, guided by the roar of troubled waters, I proceeded to the brink and looked out upon a work of nature whose beauty is unsurpassed.

Like a vast curtain nearly eight hundred feet high, a sheet of water over two hundred feet in breadth poured downward from the firm, rocky brim into the depths of the gorge. The setting is superb; all is primitive, untroubled nature, unmoved by signs of man or his works. And the scale is so grand that its full comprehension is difficult if not impossible. Without taking into account the broken waters at its foot, Kaieteur is seven hundred and forty-one feet in the clear, nearly five times as high as Niagara. Or, to take a scale nearer home, it is higher than the Metropolitan Building at Madison Square in New York, while at the time I saw it it exceeded a city block in breadth. Many falls are higher, Niagara and Victoria are far wider, but Kaieteur is matchless for symmetry and beauty of setting.

It was a perpetual delight to work about this region, and to gain with each day newer and deeper impressions of Kaieteur's magnificence. The rock of the brim and of the plateau's surface is an indurated conglomerate which overlies layer upon layer of softer sandstone. At the head of the gorge the latter have been hollowed out by the backward spray of the waters, so that an immense dark cavern has been formed behind the falls, and as the shadows rise across Kaieteur in the later afternoon thousands of swallows wing their way back to this place for their night's rest in the



KAIETEUR IS MATCHLESS FOR SYMMETRY AND SETTING—A VAST CURTAIN OF WATER NEARLY 800 FEET HIGH



CARIB INDIAN BEARERS AT THE BASE CAMP ABOVE KAIETEUR FALLS

cave behind the curtain of waters. The hard rim does not wear away continuously and gradually. Rifts are formed some distance from the edge, which allow the water to cut out huge blocks of the protecting conglomerate; and as these fall away in time, the stream may dash upon a shelf before it takes the final plunge into the chasm.

Viewed from the brim, where one stands knee-deep in the river, the gorge presents an appearance almost as magnificent as Kaieteur itself. Far below, the stream rushes on between forest-clad slopes whose trees seem like so much moss; above, the bare cliffs rise to the level of the higher plain. Enormous boulders have fallen to the bottom, and the natives will point to some of them, which, their traditions say, are a canoe and its human occupants, carried over the edge and turned into stone. The spirits still dwell here, they believe, and few indeed will visit the gorge unless a white man takes them.

Like all such establishments in the bush, the camp which formed our field-base was characteristically primitive, but eminently suited to conditions. One may not sleep in a tent, but under a tarpaulin spread over a ridge-pole and drawn over runner-poles to be fastened to slender sticks driven into the ground. It is impossible, or at least unwise, to sleep on a camp-bed, for venomous snakes abound here, and scorpions several inches in length may be picked up from among the leaves and sticks under the tarpaulin. A wide hammock of Indian weaving is slung from the ridge-pole and constitutes the proper couch, although some experience of aching muscles is necessary before one learns to assume the only position, a diagonal one, which allows of comfort. Here, too, an impervious covering is obligatory to keep off the myriad insect pests and the vampire bats as well. It is true that none of our party was troubled by these last, but their attacks are so frequently experienced as to constitute a real danger. Fires are kept alight at all times, for rarely does a jaguar or puma—"tigers" alike in bush parlance—molest a camp that has its fires going.

The Indian messengers returned on July 21st, with eleven others and, better still, with an old "ballyhoo," or flat-

bottomed punt, which had belonged to the late Dr. Bovallius, a trader in this region. This boat was serviceable, if somewhat dilapidated, and rendered it unnecessary for us to rely on dug-out canoes, or corials, for the last stretch of river travel up the Potaro.

The new-comers, like the messengers, were particularly interesting. They were true Caribs, and hence descendants of the natives who formerly lived among the Antilles; since the time of Columbus they have fought their way into the Guianas, and have occupied the lands bordering the ocean. My first bearers were strong and well-favored, for the hunting had been good, and the cassava, or native farina, was also abundant. Their costumes were primitive; the men wore only a loin-cloth of red or blue, while the one woman of the group had the typical bead apron depending from a cord about the hips. Shy and stolid at first, they soon responded to friendly advances, and ere long cordial relations were established.

I immediately despatched the natives to Tukeit to begin the transport of the goods to the Kaieteur camp. It was only a matter of five miles, but so steep was the ascent that only one trip a day could be made. Each Indian brought up from thirty to forty-five pounds of provisions or luggage, which he carried in a woven basket borne upon the back and supported by strips of bark over the shoulders and around the forehead, so that the weight could be shifted as occasion required. The bearers usually arrived a little before noon, when their midday rations would be issued, and they would sit around in little family groups watching the boiling rice or the roasting meat. After a full week of continuous work the goods were all brought up, and with the last load Dr. Lutz arrived, whereupon final arrangements were made for the further journey. Long before this I had been forced to decide to travel alone beyond this point, for in this country two whites will travel far more slowly than one, inasmuch as the well man must wait for the sick man, and the chances are that both will not be well or both be ill at the same time. Dr. Lutz, therefore, was to remain at Kaieteur for the closer biological study of that region, and was to come out about the middle of August, while I pushed on to Roraima with Raggoo and the Indians. It is true that the attempt seemed foolhardy at the time, for slow traveling and vexatious delays, occasioned by heavy weather and the tardy transport of provisions, had sadly reduced the time



PREPARING TO CROSS THE IRENG RIVER, WHICH SEPARATES BRITISH GUIANA AND BRAZIL

available for the trip. But it was thought that at least the savannas of Brazil might be gained and studied, while chance might favor the successful accomplishment of the whole journey. At any rate, the attempt was to be made, and accordingly on the 28th of July the "ballyhoo" was laden with provisions, the canoes and more primitive bark "wood-skins" were manned, and the flotilla of six craft set off for the last length of river travel.

The immediate objective was a place called Holmia, about thirty miles up the Potaro, where a plantation was established some years ago by the late Dr. Bovallius. But I was not destined to reach that place within the anticipated time, owing to the heavy rains of the preceding days and the consequently swift current of the river. Yet one bit of good fortune befell in the meeting with a hunting-party of "bucks" who had shot a tapir a day or so before. The animal had fallen into the water and had been lost to them, in spite of their wide search. At once the five natives of the party were added to the expedition as prospective bearers. The next day, however, after a hard day's paddling, the missing tapir was discovered floating in the water amid the branches of the trees at the edge of the swollen stream. The Indians were delighted, and insisted upon an immediate camp so that the animal could be properly smoked and eaten. All night long they roasted the flesh of this water-soaked *maipuri* upon little platforms of sticks built over a continuously replenished fire. The experience was distinctly novel for me and by no means pleasant, but the comfort and well-being of one's natives are absolutely indispensable to one's own, so that I bore the night with what grace could be mustered.

With the arrival at Holmia, on Chenapowu Creek, what might be termed the first half of the journey was completed. The remaining part involved only one hundred and ten miles, but all of this had to be accomplished on foot, and walking "across country" is many times more difficult and time-consuming than travel along the river-ways. We enlarged our party to twenty-six by engaging more carriers, and on August 1st filed off into the dense forests covering the terraced mountains that intervened between Chenapowu and Brazil.

Of the subsequent days it is difficult to write with moderation. Almost incessant rains collected upon the dense canopy of the tree-tops, to pour in rivulets upon the matted roots of the forest floor, which were deceptively covered by a thick carpet of leaves, continually renewed throughout the year. In the half-gloom the traveler stumbles along, up steep and slippery slopes or across the hollow of a stream, until every muscle aches painfully and further progress seems well-nigh impossible. The senses were strained and tense, for every foot of the vague trail must be scrutinized for fear of the snakes which abound in this region. Here lives the little *labarria*, which, though rarely over two feet in length, is as deadly as the rattlesnake; here, too, is the far more dreaded bush-master, which often attains a length of seven or more feet, and whose only rival in strength of venom is the cobra of India. This reptile is colored like the mottled surface of the ground itself, so that a traveler's vigilance must never relax for a minute. One learns to rest in a standing posture, for the wayside log or stone may harbor centipedes and scorpions whose sting may not be directly fatal, though it may so reduce one's resistance as to constitute a real danger. When camp is pitched it must sometimes be in a place where the ground is covered with several inches of mud, so that even then comfort is far off and unattainable. If one does not count such experiences among his own, let him read Sir Everard Im Thurn's graphic description of his progress through the selfsame forest on his way to the first successful ascent of Roraima in 1884; that vivid account of the forest darkness and of arduous endeavor well portrays the situation, and it emphasizes particularly the depressing psychologic effect produced by the whole combination of circumstances. One soon realizes why the people of this region claim that a person lost in the forest for even a day "leaves his mind behind him."

Yet somehow one wins through. South of Kamana Mountain a steep climb brings one to a savanna twenty-eight



RORAIMA AT LAST—A REST BEFORE THE LAST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY

hundred feet in altitude, where the strong sun dries the body and soothes the mind; a little farther, and the eye ranges over the dense forest filling the valley of the Chimepir to the clouded hollow of the Ireng River, and on to the high walls of the borders of Brazil itself. Then, too, small settlements of Indians are encountered with novel scenes of primitive life. At one such place the hunters had just brought in a large bush-hog, or peccary, which was immediately cut up by two small girls of six and eight years, so early do the children learn to perform the tasks that are theirs. At another point a small boy, about three years old, was instigated by his elders to borrow my insect-net, and careered madly about in praiseworthy endeavors to catch butterflies, and thus to be a volunteer assistant to the strange white man with the strange occupation. At each village we went through the typical cassava ceremony, which is invariably the first act of hospitality among these people. A few cakes of cassava are brought out upon a woven mat, together with a small "buck-pot," or bowl of Indian manufacture, filled with an infusion of peppers. One breaks off a bit of the bread, dips it in the pepper, and eats it, without uttering a word of thanks or entering into conversation; that would be contrary to custom. When, however, all of the new arrivals have partaken, a question or two is asked, and soon the shuttle of conversation weaves rapidly back and forth.

Cheered by such new and interesting scenes and experiences, I pushed on to an Indian village called Saveritik, on the Ireng River. This is one of a chain of similar settlements, each comprising three or four huts at the most, strung out along the Guiana shore of this tributary of the Amazon. The natives from miles around crowded about my camp. It was a rare opportunity for them to barter for powder and shot, beads and cloth and pins, for these are rarely to be procured. And, despite my desire to conserve my goods for use in the farther country, I was forced to bestow "gifts" in return for their "presents" of food and basketry.

At this point it was clear that a crisis

had been reached; the supplies in hand were insufficient for a safe journey to Roraima and thence back to this point. Two courses were open for choice. I could cross the river and penetrate for some distance into Brazil for the purpose of studying the life of the savannas at their northern limit, and then return within the margin of safety set by the stores in hand. As an alternative, I could still make an effort to reach Roraima in the hope and expectation of obtaining food-supplies somewhere from the Indians beyond. Naturally the lure of the famous mountain made the decision, and accordingly the number of bearers was reduced to seventeen, while four men were sent back to Kaieteur to bring up additional supplies should we return safely to this point. Early the next morning we crossed into Brazil by means of somewhat doubtful canoes. It was not alone the gravity of the situation that made notable the moment when I stepped out into the forests of that land of charm and mystery, for here have toiled men of science whose names will always live—Wallace, Waterton, Bates, and our own Agassiz.

The huge buttressed slopes that form, as it were, a beveled edge to this part of Brazil are heavily wooded, and their margin is thirty-eight hundred feet in barometric altitude. More than half a day was required for the ascent to a point between Mount Elidik and Achimatipu, but all our toil was forgotten the moment we emerged from the upper border of the forest and gazed out upon the wide, rolling savannas. Here everything is marvelously changed. No longer is the vision cramped and strained by a dense jungle; instead, as far as the eye can see, grassy meadows undulate in many shades of yellow-green and green, varied with the dark-colored clumps or tongues of woods along the watercourses and in the hollows. Here and there an outcrop of reddened soil or gray clay adds its contrasting color. Now and again the path descended into the shallow or deep valley of some stream wending its way southward to the Rio Negro and thence to the Amazon. Save for an occasional mile or so in the forested border of a stream, new vistas of wondrous beauty opened out into illimitable distance, with every detail rendered distinct by the fierce glare of the tropical sun. And at last Roraima was seen from the crest, forty-seven hundred feet in altitude, overlooking the broad valley of



BARTERING WITH "JEREMIAH" AND HIS TRIBE



The chance Kill of a Deer on the return Journey

the Cotinga or Kwating River; but many days were to elapse before the mountain was finally gained.

The life of one day on these savannas was much like that of another. At the first gray of dawn the fires would be kindled for the morning meal, the loads would be made up and apportioned to their bearers, and we would file off, with a hunter or two well to the fore. The relative coolness of the night held for a while, and brisk progress would be made through the shining grass-lands. Thousands of the little basket-webs of spiders gleamed with myriad diamond-points of dew and were brightly set off by the varicolored flowers of the plain. The slate-gray domes of the termites, or "white ants," rose here and there, while sometimes hundreds of the dark-green mounds of other species dotted a hollow. Whenever a newly built pile of yellow-green earth was encountered, the bearers tore open the galleries with their rods; and as the huge black soldiers and the white, immature insects appeared, the people picked them up daintily and ate them with apparent relish. So also the bucks would eat the great grasshoppers and the young taken from the wasp-nests whose adult inhabitants they stupefied by smoke.

As the day wore on, the tiny black flies of this region attacked the column in swarms, and each bite was marked by a spot of blood. The heat became more oppressive, and no longer did one dash off from the path in pursuit of a brilliant butterfly or buzzing beetle. The noon-day halt was welcomed by all, not only for the rest and the food, but because the smoke of the camp-fires rid us for the time of our insect-pests. The march resumed, all energies were concentrated in the effort to gain distance, and to reach a favored spot for the longer rest of the night.

So the days passed; the Karanang, Wailang, and other streams were forded, and we approached a place known as Parmak, where the geographers of the colony had said a large village of Indians was located. But Parmak had vanished; all that remained was a single mud-walled *banaboo*, or hut, whose younger occupants fled when they saw a white man for the first time. Our visions of a dry and comfortable house

in which to swing the hammocks, cherished throughout the tedious and wet march of the long day, were rudely dispelled; by torch and lamplight the camp was made in the dripping forest, every one utterly worn out and discouraged. Our provisions sufficed only for a journey equal to that back to Saveritik; if we advanced we must needs continue on to the west until food was found.

But the morrow always brings new life and counsel, and the next day I was cheered by the assertion of a volunteer guide that a way led to Roraima by a trail two days shorter than the one followed by earlier travelers. With renewed hope, therefore, we walked the short distance to the Kwating, crossed in corials, and toiled up the opposite slopes of the wide valley toward Weitipu. This is a high mountain that guards the approaches to Roraima from the southeast. Climbing the arid plateau at its southern end, we came upon a solitary *banaboo* occupied by an Arecuna buck, his three wives, and their half-dozen children. This typical family belonged to a tribe which is scattered over quite a large area of northern Brazil, although its members are not numerous; it is far more closely allied in origin to the natives of the far interior, and even of the eastern Andean slopes. Not many years have passed since the cessation of active and perpetual warfare between the Arecunas and the Carib groups to which my bearers belonged. Our casual host joined our party, and we kept on to the crest of the divide between the northern Amazon water-shed and the contiguous valleys which are drained by affluents of the Orinoco River.

Crossing such a stream, the Arabopo, and climbing again to a plateau forty-five hundred feet high, we stood almost spellbound in full sight of Roraima, only a few miles distant. The scene was one of rare beauty. Hundreds of feet below our escarpment the savannas rolled slowly upward to the forest that girdles the base of the mountain. Above this, like a vast battlement, the massive cliffs rose two thousand feet to the flat summit, which is eighty-six hundred feet above the ocean's level. And on these walls slender, silvery streams of water fell at intervals of a mile or two, as the sources of rivers diverging more and more widely to reach the ocean through the Mazaruni of Guiana, the Amazon of Brazil, and the Orinoco of Venezuela.

The tableland of Roraima itself is about nine miles long and three miles wide. Its southwestern face only is broken obliquely so as to afford a means of reaching the summit; elsewhere the cliffs are sheer and impregnable. A wide gorge separates it from the mass of Kukenaam, on the west, which is scarcely less impressive than its more famous sister. To the east of its northern point a jagged prolongation of the Pakaraima range forms the natural boundary between northern Guiana and Brazil. With the goal almost attained, our party climbed down to the lower slopes and pressed on toward an Indian village called Kamaiva-wong, which was situated at the foot of Kukenaam. It was during the next few days that the most critical incidents occurred, although it was weeks later that I learned the reason for many things which puzzled me at the time, and how nearly our party had met disaster. Two trivial events of August 13th, the day of arrival at Roraima, were all that prevented serious trouble which would have followed our unannounced entrance into the village.

One was the delay occasioned by the hunt of a huge ant-bear, over six feet in length, which the leaders of the file descried in the plains ahead. I came up and crept on for a closer shot, but the animal failed to take alarm. Slipping the gun back into its holster, I took out the camera, set it at twenty-five feet, and secured a much-prized photograph of the animal at that distance just as it took alarm and bolted. The Indians ran up and surrounded it, and it was finally given its *coup de grâce*. Pressing on, we were overtaken by a heavy downpour when a mile short of Kamaiva-wong, so I decided to stop and camp for the night on the shore of the Kauwa Creek, in a patch of forest on the lower slopes of our mountain goal.

Naturally it was gratifying to be at last at Roraima, but any feeling of exultation was more than counterbalanced by grave apprehensions. The journey back remained, and it had to be made without any setback or hindrance if we

were to reach the coast in safety. The Indians had been greatly weakened by the arduous traveling and the severe "Brazil colds" they had contracted; indeed, they had begun to collapse in the middle of a day's march. They could carry only the barest necessities for sustenance, which we expected to obtain on the morrow from the village. In bitter disappointment, therefore, I decided to forego the attempt to reach the top of Roraima, and to start on the return after only one day's observation and stay at the long-wished-for camp.

The next day was the great one. Several of my Ackawoi Carib bearers had visited the village on the previous evening, and had learned that a white man, an American missionary, had met his death at that place only two weeks before our arrival. "Jeremiah," the chief, immediately feared that by some occult means this had been discovered, and that I had been sent up to investigate and to exact reprisals, for they believed that the unfortunate white man had met his martyr's death through *kenaima* work, or sorcery. Any and every injury whatsoever is attributed by these children of nature to the activities of a ghostly or flesh-and-blood enemy; and in this case they had reason to believe that the victim who died in their midst had been poisoned by a tribe of the north. His remains being in their village, they thought that they would be accused of committing the evil deed.

Hence when I walked the intervening mile or so and entered the village, the Indians did not greet me, but stood in silent groups about their doorways. Jeremiah did not appear. Ascertaining through my interpreter which home was his, I approached it, whereupon the old man appeared in full panoply of faded white man's clothes and umbrella—the property of the dead missionary, as I afterward learned. But still there was no greeting, no cassava bread and peppers. When my guide was asked for the reason, he gave the parrot-like reply, "Me no sabe"; it is an ominous sign when the interpreter forgets his few words of English and refuses to translate. It was obvious that something was wrong, though what it might be was a mystery. Yet the situation had to be carried off somehow, so I began by vigorously shaking hands with the entire crowd of over two hundred, down to the babes in arms. As if by inadvertence, I started the rounds again, which aroused their sense of humor to some degree. Then I performed a few steps of the *paiwari* dance of their drinking-bouts, which I had learned from my Caribs, whereupon they laughed loudly, and the situation was saved. Jeremiah began to talk with me, and ordered out the cassava bread and buck-pot, and soon we were all on good terms.

To my great relief, we secured the cassava bread of which we stood in such great need. Bows and arrows, blow-guns and poisoned arrows, baskets and ornaments were also obtained in exchange for powder and shot, beads and cloth of various colors, thread, needles, and pins.

After a memorable day of association with the Indians, and of observation and collection at the foot of the mountain, we turned in with minds now set upon the return journey. Space does not suffice for a full account of the days that followed, some of which were critical in the extreme. Twice while still in Brazil I was in danger of attack by Indians, once because I refused to barter for additional food that we could not carry, and once because I was accused of compassing the death of an Arecuna by *kenaima* work. The chance kill of a deer gave us a day's supply of fresh meat, but at that we reached Saveritik with little over a single day's rations. The foot journey of over one hundred miles was accomplished in eight days of walking and in only ten calendar days.

Another day, and we were back at Kaieteur, which I reached exactly four weeks after setting forth from that place. The camp was in good order, and just as Dr. Lutz had left it some weeks earlier. The bucks were paid off, and the rapid journey down the rivers brought me to Georgetown after only eight weeks' absence. The eventful and arduous experience was over.

For Palladina's Wedding Finery

BY LYDIA F. PEASTER

PALLADINA GEE'S name just made her live up to it—ruled her life. Where had Mrs. Gee unearthed the name Palladina? In a sensational novel? Had it distinguished a race-horse or a comic-opera star? Perchance it had earned humble fame advertising a stove-polish, toilet soap, cold cream, breakfast food, or Greek statue—who knows?

There was no doubt of the influence of the stately name on the girl's life. From her toddling days she showed ambition that was never shared by her sisters and had not been inherited from her father. Before he was past middle age and while the children were still unable to be of any help, he had an "attackt" of scarlet fever which left him, as his wife graphically expressed it, "lacking in his head-wits." If he had ever possessed ambition, this too had taken flight with his wits. The best he knew now was to doddle around the house. In a pinch he could cook, dress the children, and take a half-hearted turn at the family washing.

His wife, since his "attackt," had been the engineer of the family fortunes. Possibly, therefore, it was from the maternal side that Palladina had been granted the "upward looking and the light," for Mrs. Gee was bubbling with initiative and pluck, and had been, from the hour when the necessity for acting as head of the family became imperative. Boss window-cleaner Mr. Gee had been, in the palmy days before his "attackt," and Mrs. Gee became a boss window-cleaner, too. In his most dashing prime, however, Mr. Gee had not been such a past master at his vocation as was this brisk, comely woman with her head of vigorous gray curls, who breezed in and out of the houses where she worked, wholesome as newly washed linen.

Aside from Palladina there were five girls, all younger, but no boys. Mr. Gee had been known to remark, almost tearfully at times, that he and Dandy, an almost-spaniel puppy, were the "only he's in the fambly." As the girls ranged from fourteen down, Palladina, turned seventeen, was the only one of them who could help out her mother's earnings. Since graduating from public school she had been switch-board operator and typewriter in Donne's linen-house on White Street.

At seventeen she was a delight. A perfectly formed, slight creature, with hair which was a glorious exaggeration and a snare, with its heavy waves and golden abundance. She possessed the infinite skill in its arrangement granted to so many thousands of working-girls, but some fairy or god—mayhap invoked by her magic name—prevented her from overdoing the skill. As far as her deportment was concerned, no one could criticize that, from the head of the firm down to the office boy. The freshest salesman had no cheap flattery or shady badinage for Palladina. On her pretty shoulder she carried a veritable chip—"I am a respectable working-girl."

For nearly a year she had been keeping company with Robert Satterlee, which was clear proof of how far she had advanced beyond her station in life. He was a bookkeeper and bill-clerk at Donne's, and was an only child of a widow who had a private income. Palladina feared, yet worshiped, his social eminence, and shared with her jubilant mother the careful steps in the progress of his courtship.

One day in early January she climbed the stairs to the ugly flat on the fourth floor. She could hear her noisy family at early tea, with Dandy barking for fear the scraps would be forgotten. Ma and pa Gee and the girls, Loulie, Kate, Ethel, Marie, and Jess, looked up from the fresh ham and cabbage for a minute when Palladina slipped into her place

at the table. All but the mother and Dandy resumed their munching without further notice. Mrs. Gee rose to bring the girl a cup of hot tea, reading, with a swelling heart, a joyous light in the lovely young face. Dandy humbly stole to Palladina's side for the gentle pat she usually had for the sleek, brown head. Palladina only took a cup of tea with one slice of bread, then hurried away to her own little cell behind the living-room, Mrs. Gee following.

"What is it, Palladina?" she demanded, lowering her heavy voice as she closed the door. Wordless, the girl, in the dirty light from a window opening on an air-shaft, held out her slim hand.

"Your ring! Ain't it grand!" Mrs. Gee spoke with indescribable exultation as she gloated over the sparkling morsel of radiance. "Ain't he the sport?" Her mother was more of a happy child than the daughter, who took her joy seriously and with reserve.

"He's white," the girl admitted, examining the engagement token from different points as she moved her hand. "I told him everything when he asked me. I says to him: 'Robert, I want you should know we're just working people.'"

"Yes, and what 'd he say?"

"He says: 'I've got you, kid. I know that.' 'But that isn't all,' says I. And I told him about pa being simple, and you —the window-cleaning, you know?"

Mrs. Gee twisted her unwomanly hands together with convulsive anxiety, but she spoke in a debonair manner. "I reckon he threw a fit."

"He didn't take it so hard," Palladina temporized, "and he sure spoke like a gentleman."

The two women were seated on the daughter's single iron bed. The day-glimmer, poor as it was, was nearly gone, clogged by the artificial darkness from the air-shaft.

"Says he: 'I know, Palladina, your folks aren't as good as what I and my mother are, but you can't help that, and you are some little lady yourself.' His very words, ma," added the girl.

"Save us and bless us," Mrs. Gee exclaimed, fervently, "he couldn't have spoke more like a gentleman if he was an alderman. Just think, Palladina, there ain't one of the girls left Public same time as you that has such a feller. Just motormen, firemen, and such. Grace Borg, right here in the house, with her pa a policeman and her ma doing only fine wash, *she's* keeping company with a plumber, only."

"But, ma, promise me you won't brag to any of them," urged Palladina. "Mrs. Borg does Mrs. Satterlee's wash, and if you get her mad she might make little of us to *her*. Robert wants I should meet his ma, but I told him he must come here first. He's made a date for the coming Sunday night. Ma, things have *got* to be presentable."

"Sunday night! If that ain't too bad," worried Mrs. Gee. "I got to wash the windows at the Ballygran club-rooms Sunday evening. The boys are giving a racket. Never mind, your pa'll be here, and when he's fixed up and not let talk he ain't so very fierce."

Before she took herself away Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Gee did the planning for Robert's entertainment. Pa Gee was sent down to borrow the Borg phonograph. They lent it on condition that the Gee children were not permitted to touch it, and that it should be returned not later than 9.30 P.M. The securing of the phonograph showed finesse on the part of the resourceful Mrs. Gee. Her husband had two passions, the movies and the phonograph. The latter diversion, on this crucial evening, was designed to keep him from talking too much, for when pa talked he was troublesome as a baby.

Sunday evening came, and with it Robert. The introduction to pa was successfully manœuvered, and the phonograph started up almost before young Satterlee had settled himself in the best rocker. If the strains unraveling from the clicking cylinders soothed pa, they had the contrary effect on Dandy. Whether it was jealousy of its noise-producing powers or a too delicate emotional balance, it is impossible to say. It is certain, however, that Dandy was always seized with a frenzy of barking when the phonograph was in action.

Palladina's sisters, coached by Mrs. Gee beforehand, had the task this Sunday evening of keeping watch over Dandy. As soon as the "River Shannon" began to overflow the room, Palladina's

strained hearing detected the supersensitive canine whining just beyond the flimsy door; still she was not prepared for what followed. Loulie, the curious one, longed for a glimpse of Palladina's beau and opened the door just a fraction. The next eye-wink Dandy hurled himself against and through it, and, standing in the center of the room, pointed his muzzle toward the ceiling, and, rolling his eyes alternately at the visitor and the phonograph, barked and howled till his legs trembled.

It took Palladina an agonized minute to get the animal shut in the kitchen, where the children were smothering their giggles. The minute gave pa time to launch himself into a rambling discourse. The poor girl heard as she re-entered the living-room:

"Yes, sir, Dandy's like folks to me, and he misses it when we can't have our evenin' together. You see, me and Dandy are the only he's in the fambly."

"Play 'The Last Rose of Summer,' pa," Palladina suggested, hurriedly, catching Robert's look of cautious wonder at the strong nature of the tie between pa and the pup.

The imperishable sweetness of the beautiful old ballad was too much for pa. "Makes me think of a movin' picture I seen," he quavered to Robert. "There was a girl and she was about to die of 'emonia. Her feller was to see her, and she handed him a rose and said, 'Think of me when this fades—your last rose of summer.' And there was another one I seen, too, but a leetle different. It was called 'Blood and Gold.' It was about a wicked Mexican and a beautiful ranch-girl. She was called 'The Rose of the Alfalfa,' and there was another lover—"

Palladina interrupted. "It's time the children were sent to bed, pa," she said.

"All right," he chirped, "but I must take down the phonygraph first. You know Borg said it must be back by nine-thirty." And he doddled away with the borrowed instrument, leaving Palladina with a head sunk under her embarrassment.

Robert rose and stooped over, putting an arm around her. "You told me he was simple," he said, with tender patronage. "It isn't your fault because you have such folks. *You're* as good as they come."

Palladina had false shame in abundance, but her loyalty struggled to light. "*They're* good too, Robert, pa and ma are. Pa can't help himself. He was made that way by the scarlet fever, and ma never had the chance I got. *She* gave me my chance."

"Good little kid," Robert murmured, seriously.

It was the visit to Robert's mother that really counted. From this ordeal Palladina emerged full of revolt, comprehending to the utmost the social plunge Robert had taken when he chose her for a sweetheart.

Mrs. Gee, elated by Robert's call at their flat—even more by Palladina's visit to his mother—was jerked down brutally to the earth again.

"Oh, ma," the girl moaned, "you don't know how much above us they are."

Mrs. Gee twisted her red, distorted fingers together. "Is it so swell there?" she asked, with the thirst womanhood has for the beautiful.

"Perfectly grand." Palladina's gesture as she threw off her hat was expressive of discontent and weariness, and her face burned to an angry rose-color. "*She* put him up to ask me if she couldn't give me my wedding-dress. She is afraid I won't be tony enough for her and her folks." Tears hung on her lashes, but she scattered them by a proud movement of the head as she added, "I sha'n't be married to him at all if I have to go to him cheap and shabby, and I'm going to buy my things myself or not have 'em." Then came the bitter cry: "Oh, it's fierce to be poor! It's *fierce!*"

At the girl's outburst her mother's face lost the ruddy impudence that was its claim to beauty. Without color it was weather-beaten and old—much too old for her years; the usually sunny eyes were now ugly and defiant.

"Palladina"—Mrs. Gee's voice was so dry it crackled—"it is fierce to be poor, but I never minded it much when I was a girl like you. When I had kids of my own it was different." She folded her arms across her breast, the imitation-mahogany rocker creaking as it swung backward and forward.



Drawn by Denman Fink

" THEY'VE ALREADY TOOK HER TO THE HOSPITAL "

"I ain't in the habit of telling my troubles. Nobody's ever knowed till this minute how tough a proposition it was for me to take up your pa's line of work, but something had to be done. They was seven mouths to feed and clothes to buy for the whole bunch. That wasn't all, neither." She leaned forward on her arms and Palladina flinched under the fierce eyes. "I swore posi*tively* my childr' should have edication and not be left in the hole like me. If you haven't got pull, you've got to have edication. I didn't have edication, and I didn't have pull, but I was strong and could wrastle a tough day's work. I tried washing and ironing first, but eighteen hours on my feet wasn't enough to support us. All along it had struck me I might get your pa's job by asking for it, but I was afeared. Not of the work."

She rocked swiftly. Her eyes no longer sought her child's, but stared gloomily into that difficult past. "You see I hadn't ever been workin' outside of my home. Besides, this was man's work, and I was younger than what I am now. I wasn't used to it all then. . . . The way men looks at a woman that works among 'em—the jokes they passes together—not skipping the hard places, either—" Her face became paler, but Palladina's shocked, repulsed expression made her change hastily.

"Then it turned my stomick, at first, settin' in high-up windows. Sometimes I was so dizzy I a'most fell, but I'd 'a' give my life then, and I would now, for my childr'. You'll never know till you've got kids of your own, Palladina, how it hurts when you can't get 'em what they wants."

Her features relaxed. She even tried to smile in order to drive the look of actual fear from Palladina's face. The confession had been like a cry long stifled, which, when it does rush forth, is harsh and savage from repression. Palladina, uneducated in big moments, shrank from this one. Mrs. Gee read this with quick instinct, and made a lightning change back to cheerful commonplace.

"Getting chatty in my old age," she joked. "I butted right into what you was saying about buying your own wedding finery. You're right not to be beholden to a stranger. I don't see why we can't manage it. I always gets more work in the spring."

Palladina demurred: "What we both earn is just enough to keep us decent."

"Maybe so, maybe not. If it is so, how did we get along when you wasn't earning anything? Never went hungry or ragged, did you?" Mrs. Gee spoke with pleasant brusqueness. "You save what you can from your own wages and keep yourself, and I'll paddle this canoe. Loulie's goin' on for fifteen, and this summer in vacation she can make enough as errand-girl in one of the stores to dress herself and help me a mite." And so on, to the same purpose. As Palladina wanted to be convinced, her mother soon had succeeded in convincing her.

Saving money toward a desired end becomes a passion. Palladina, in the throes of this passion, became a miser in order to put one penny on top of another. She worked overtime when there was half an excuse, and saved the supper money intact, often going hungry. And the bank account began to grow fascinatingly.

It was in mid-May, the wedding four weeks distant. Palladina had been measured for the wedding-dress, by a dressmaker recommended by Robert's mother. On a Saturday afternoon the young girl, home from the office at three o'clock, was hurrying to get ready to go out again, for she had an appointment for a fitting of the precious gown.

While pinning on her hat, she heard the children crying, Dandy barking, and a strange voice, all mingled terrifyingly together in the narrow hall. Then Kate burst in on her sister, sobbing.

"Ma's hurted bad. They've already took her to the hospital."

How Palladina reached the hospital she could never remember. But at last she was there and had learned that her mother, in a backward fall from a step-ladder, had been stunned. She was at last coming around, said a doctor, but was in great pain. There might be internal injuries.

It seemed an age to the girl before she was allowed to see her mother, already so different, on her rigid cot in her painfully white garments. Mrs. Gee's dauntless smile of greeting only succeeded in

starting Palladina's tears. Very soon she was hurried away by the nurse.

A nightmare of suspense followed. Palladina oscillated between the office and the hospital. Her father did the housework after his fashion. His bewildered brain had not fully grasped the reason of his wife's absence. He had occasional weeping-spells because the head of the house was missing, but for the most part doddled around contentedly at his tasks, or borrowed the phonograph from the sympathetic Borgs for hours at a time.

But after the first crucial days Palladina was allowed to pay longer visits to her mother, who already was much more like herself. "Better," was the word carried home to the Gee flat. But Palladina had withheld from pa Gee and the other children the statement made to her by the doctor in charge: "We can't be sure we're out of the woods for a week yet, in an accident of this sort."

She had instant confidence in him. It seemed to her it would be easier to bear the final verdict from his wise lips, and she had her desire. She was thankful for that much. In his private office, surrounded by quiet luxury and solemn peace, he spoke gently the words she had been dreading.

"Your mother might go home to-day, but for one thing; in fact, she *could* go home, even as it is."

The tension Palladina was under relieved itself by a sudden smile and moist eyes. The doctor's face was turned to the window, his eyes resting there on a box of cheerful pansies, but his genius for sensing emotions detected her joy of relief as though he were looking full at her. He went on in a paternal voice:

"But it isn't advisable. There is a displacement that can only be set right by an operation. It is not serious, but, neglected, will probably be a source of awkwardness and discomfort for her. I don't hide the fact from you that an operation is *not* a necessity, and that recovery in the event of one being made will be slow to one of your mother's age. It will mean her staying in the hospital, in a private ward, at least one more month."

Even his intricate knowledge of emotions could not have fathomed the variety of sensations his ultimatum set warring together in the young girl's breast. She herself recoiled before the intense selfishness that rioted through her frame commanding her to forbid the operation. For an instant, so strong was the impulse, she thought she had spoken the words—"Impossible! We can't afford it."

A month in the hospital, aside from the cost of the operation, meant just one thing to Palladina. One thing, a trifle, too, but a trifle that shut out the world for one black moment. It meant the entire destruction of her sweet, wistful dreams—dreams of a June wedding, with the lovely, foolish fripperies that blindfold a girl to the reality of wedlock. More, it signified that there would be no wedding at all in June. How could she marry till her mother entirely recovered?

During the bare two minutes that ticked off between the doctor's announcement and Palladina's answer she had her struggle which, when it was finished, left a splendid hurt that lifted her high—so high that for once she touched the ideality of her name. She spoke through rough, dry lips robbed of their ripe-cherry red.

"You must do what is best for mother." Her words broke on a sob that she was wildly afraid he would hear and commiserate, but he only nodded slowly, still studying the window-box. That approving nod thrilled her with pride, for it seemed to imply, "You and I understand what is best for her."

At the door, just before leaving the room, she faced around again. "Mother must be told about the operation." She searched the fine features pleadingly. "It won't be easy to get her consent unless *you* explain that there will be no danger. Will you?"

"I will," he promised, gravely.

Palladina told Robert all about it when he came to see her that night. "It means we can't marry in June, Robert."

"But, Palladina"—he looked stubborn and frowning—"we hadn't ought to be interfered with. We have our rights, too."

"I am glad I have that extra money saved." Palladina was drying her tears, scarcely hearing what he said. "Ma couldn't be operated without it."



Drawn by Denman Fink

PALLADINA COULD THINK OF NOTHING EXCEPT HER MOTHER

"Oh, I see." It was plain his sweetheart had ruffled Robert. "But why should all that stop our marriage?"

"Don't you understand"—she put her wistful hand into his unresponsive grasp—"that I will have to take ma's place, too? Pa's just another one of the children."

Robert's frown deepened. "But he's a strong man and not so old. If he would rouse up he could do a man's work yet."

"His body is strong," Palladina admitted, wearily, "but he's foolisher than Jess."

They parted, not wholly appeased; they had come near to quarreling. As it was, he left much earlier than usual.

By now her mother knew. How had she taken the doctor's tidings? He would know what to say, how to say it; even so, he would have his work cut out for him. Her mother would be hard to persuade.

Palladina could think of nothing except her mother. Her father was downstairs with the Borgs; cloyingly sweet music from the phonograph told his occupation. The children rattled their school-books on the table near at hand. Palladina mended their clothes.

Somebody climbed the stairs to their flat. Robert? Had he repented his hasty exit and returned? Not likely. It would take him a week to get over his sulk. The steps were heavy. Pa? Hardly. The phonograph was still going.

Palladina's heart beat with strange foreboding. Those slowly mounting feet! Her damp, cold fingers dropped the garments they mended. She could only stare at the closed door. Who would open it? Some one from the hospital—a messenger with ill news? She felt unable to rise from her chair. The little girls heard now. They gazed, frightened, at their sister's white face.

The door unclosed with protesting hinges. Palladina screamed, sprang erect, ran forward, and was clasped in her mother's arms.

"Oh, ma, ma! It isn't you, ma!"

The big voice was its old, robust, debonair self. "Yep, it is."

"The operation—?"

"Operation?" She laughed, and dropped into Palladina's vacated chair, beaming on her girls—the familiar surroundings. "There wasn't one, and there won't be one. I talked it over with the doc, and he's a sure white man. He told me the truth, then left me to decide whether I thought I could get along all right without it. Didn't take me long to decide on that."

A pause; then, drawing down her firstborn's lovely head on a level with her lips, she murmured for Palladina's ear alone: "Just think of me laying like a lady in the hospital, and nothing, so to speak, the matter with me, while your wedding is set for the middle of June. . . . Mother's white lamb!"

They heard pa Gee coming up the stairs slowly. He had always dragged his feet since his "attackt." Dandy bounded on ahead and whined at the door. Palladina let him in. The dog stood still for an instant, then uttered just one bark, short and hysterical, and crawled over to abase himself at Mrs. Gee's feet.

"Why, he knows it's me, sure enough!" her voice broke. "Ain't he like folks? Palladina," she spoke anxiously, "when pa comes in let's pretend I'm home from work late, or he'll have a cryin'-spell, po'r soul."

Pa stopped short on the threshold an instant, then burst into a shrill cackle: "Why, if it ain't ma! I might 'a' knowed it was you. Dandy's been cutting up for quite a spell something ridic'lous down to Borg's. You've been gone a long time, ma! Where've you been? I a'most thought you'd never come back no more." He began to weep feebly. "You've come back for good, haven't you, ma?" The poor, vacant face was like that of a child grown old—a child whose mother has come back after a prolonged absence.

"Yep." The big tears dropped on ma's gaunt cheeks, but she smiled dauntlessly. "I reckon I'm here for keeps. My!"—she glowed through her tears on the family circle, once more complete—"it's grand to be home again; it's grand!"

The Coryston Family

A NOVEL

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER XV

IT was the old housekeeper at Coryston, one Mrs. Drew, who had been the presiding spirit of the house in all its domestic aspects for some thirty years, who came at the summons of Marcia's frightened maid, and helped the girl to revive her mistress, without alarming Lady Coryston. And before the news could reach her mother in other ways, Marcia herself went in to tell her what she must know.

Lady Coryston had had a bad night, and was sitting up in bed gazing straight before her, her gaunt hands lying listlessly on a pile of letters she had not yet opened. When Marcia came in, a white ghost, still shivering under nervous shock, her mother looked at her in sudden dismay. She sprang forward in bed.

"What! — Marcia! — have you seen Arthur?"

Marcia shook her head.

"It's not Arthur, mother!"

And standing rigid beside her mother's bed, she told her news, so far as those piteous deaths at Redcross Farm were concerned. Of her own position, and of the scene which had passed between herself and Newbury the preceding day, she said not a word.

On the facts presented to her, Lady Coryston was first bewildered, then irritated. Why on earth should Marcia take this morbid and extravagant interest in the affairs of such people? They were not even tenants of the Coryston estates! It was monstrous that she should have taken them up at all, and most audacious and unbecoming that she should have tried to intercede for them with the Newburys, as she understood, from her daughter's hardly coherent story, had been the case. And now, she supposed, as Marcia had actually been so foolish, so headstrong, as to go herself—without permission either from her mother or her betrothed—to see these two people at the farm, the very day before this horrible thing happened, she might have to appear at the inquest. Most improper and annoying!

However, she scarcely expressed her disapproval aloud with her usual trenchancy. In the first place, Marcia's tremulous state made it difficult. In the next, she was herself so far from normal that she could not, after the first few minutes, keep her attention fixed upon the matter at all. She began abruptly to question Marcia as to whether she had seen Arthur the night before—or that morning?

"I had gone up-stairs before he arrived last night—and this morning he's not yet down," said the girl, perfunctorily, as though she only answered the question with her lips, without attaching any real meaning to it. Then her mother's aspect, which on her entrance she had scarcely noticed, struck her with a sudden and added distress.

"You don't look well, mother. Don't come down to-day."

"I shall certainly come down by luncheon-time," said Lady Coryston, sharply. "Tell Arthur that I wish to have some conversation with him before he goes back to London. And as for you, Marcia, the best thing you can do is to go and rest for a time, and then to explain all you have been doing to Edward. I must say I think you will have a great deal to explain. And I shall scold Bellows and Mrs. Drew for letting you hear such a horrible thing at all—without coming to me first."

"Mother!" cried Marcia, in a kind of despair. "Aren't you—aren't you sorry

for those two people?—and don't you understand that I—I hoped I might have helped them?"

At last she began to weep. The tears ran down her cheeks. Lady Coryston frowned.

"Certainly I'm sorry. But—the fact is, Marcia—I can't stand any extra strain this morning. We'll talk about it again when you're more composed. Now go and lie down."

She closed her eyes, looking so gray and old that Marcia, seized with a new compunction, could only obey her at once. But on the threshold she was called back.

"If any messenger arrives with a letter for Arthur—tell them down-stairs to let me know."

"Yes, mother."

As soon, however, as she had closed the door, Marcia's tired mind immediately dismissed the subject of Arthur, even of her mother. The tumult of anguish returned upon her in which she had stood ever since she had come back from her faint to the bitter consciousness of a world—an awful world—where people can die of misery, for lack of pity, for lack of help, and yet within a stone's-throw of those who yearned to give them both.

She went back to her room, finished her dressing mechanically, wrote a short letter, staining it with tears, and then went tottering down-stairs. In the central hall, a vast pillared space, crowded with statuary and flowers, where the men of the house were accustomed to smoke and read the newspapers after breakfast, she perceived Reginald Lester sitting alone.

He sprang up at sight of her, came to her, took her hands, looked into her face, and then stooped and kissed her fingers, respectfully, ardently; with such an action as a brother might have used to a much younger sister.

She showed no surprise. She simply lifted her eyes to him, like a miserable child—saying under her breath:

"You know—I saw them—the night before last?"

"I know. It has been a fearful shock. Is there anything I can do for you?" For he saw she had a letter in her hand.

"Please tell them to send this letter. And then—come back. I'll go to the library."

She went blindly along the passages to the library, hearing and flying from the voices of Sir Wilfrid and Arthur in the dining-room as she passed. When Lester returned, he saw her standing by his desk, lost in an abstraction of grief. But she roused herself at sight of him, and asked for any further news there might be. Lester, who had been suffering from a sprained wrist, had that morning seen the same doctor who had been called in on the discovery of the tragedy.

"It must all have happened within an hour. His sister, who had come to stay with them, says that John Betts had seemed rather brighter in the evening, and his wife rather less in terror. She spoke very warmly to her sister-in-law of your having come to see her, and said she had promised you to wait a little before she took any step. Then he went out to the laboratory, and there, it is supposed, he was overcome by a fit of acute depression—the revolver was in his drawer—he scrawled the two words that were found—and you know the rest. Two people on the farm heard the shot—but it was taken as fired by the night watcher in a field beyond, which was full of young pheasants. About midnight Mrs. Betts went out to bring him in—her sister-in-law having gone up to bed. She never came back again—no one heard a sound—and they were not discovered till the morning. How long she was alone with him before she killed herself cannot even be guessed."

Marcia's trembling fingers fumbled at the bosom of her dress. She drew out a crumpled paper and pushed it toward him. He read:

"Good-by, dear Miss Coryston. He sits so still—not much injured. I have often seen him look so. My John—my John—I can't stay behind. Will you please do something for my boy? John—John—if only we hadn't met again—"

It ended incoherently in blots and smudges.

"You poor child!" said Lester, involuntarily, as he looked up from the letter. It was a word of sudden compassion wrested from him by the sight of Marcia's intolerable pain. He brought

forward one of the deep library chairs, and made her sit in it, and as he bent over her his sympathy drew from her piteous little cries and stifled moans, which he met with answering words of comfort. All consciousness of sex dropped away; the sharp-chinned face, the blue, black-fringed eyes, behind their spectacles, the noble brow under its pile of strong grizzled hair—she saw them all as an embodied tenderness—courage and help made visible—a courage and help on which she gradually laid hold. She could not stop to ask herself how it was that, in this moment of shock and misery, she fell so naturally into this attitude of trust toward one with whom she had never yet set up any relation but that of a passing friendship. She only knew that there was comfort in his voice, his look, in his understanding of her suffering, in the reticence with which he handled it. She had lived beside him in the same house for months, without ever really knowing him. Now—suddenly—here was a friend on whom to lean.

But she could not speak to him of Newbury, though it was the thought of Newbury that was burning her heart. She did mention Coryston, only to say with energy, "I don't want to see him yet—not *yet!*" Lester could only guess at her meaning, and would not have probed her for the world.

But after a little she braced herself, gave him a grateful, shrinking look, and, rising, she went in search of Sir Wilfrid and Arthur.

Only Sir Wilfrid was in the hall when she re-entered it. He had just dismissed a local reporter who had got wind of Miss Coryston's visit to the farm, and had rushed over to Coryston, in the hope of seeing her.

"My dear child!" He hurried to meet her. "You look a perfect wreck! How *abominable* that you should be mixed up with this thing!"

"I couldn't help it," she said, vaguely, turning away at once from the discussion of it. "Where is Arthur? Mother wanted me to give him a message."

Sir Wilfrid looked uneasy.

"He was here till just now. But he is in a curious state of mind. He thinks of nothing but one thing—and one person. He arrived late last night, and it is my belief that he hardly went to bed. And he is just hanging on the arrival of a letter—"

"From Enid Glenwilliam?"

"Evidently. I tried to get him to realize this horrible affair—the part the Newburys had played in it—the effect on you—since that poor creature appealed to you. But no—not a bit of it! He seems to have neither eyes nor ears—But here he is!"

Sir Wilfrid and Marcia stepped apart. Arthur came into the hall from the library entrance. Marcia saw that he was much flushed, and that his face wore a hard, determined look, curiously at variance with its young features and receding chin.

"Hullo, Marcia! Beastly business, this you've been getting into. Think, my dear, you'd have done much better to keep out of it—especially as you and Newbury didn't agree. I've just seen Coryston in the park—he confessed he'd set you on—and that you and Newbury had quarreled over it. *He's* perfectly mad about it, of course. That you might expect. I say—mother is late!"

He looked round the hall, imperiously.

Marcia, supporting herself on a chair, met his eyes, and made no reply. Yet she dimly remembered that her mother had asked her to give him some message.

"Arthur, remember that your sister's had a great shock!" said Sir Wilfrid, sternly.

"I know that! Sorry for you, Marcia, —awfully—but I expect you'll have to appear at the inquest—don't see how you can get out of it. You should have thought twice about going there—when Newbury didn't want you to. And what's this they say about a letter?"

His tone had the peremptory ring natural to many young men of his stamp in dealing with their inferiors or —until love has tamed them—with women; but it came strangely from the good-tempered and easy-going Arthur.

Marcia's hand closed instinctively on the bosom of her dress, where the letter was. "Mrs. Betts wrote me a letter," she said, slowly.

"You'd better let me see it. Sir Wilfrid and I can advise you."

He held out an authoritative hand.



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

NOW—SUDDENLY—HERE WAS A FRIEND ON WHOM TO LEAN

Marcia made no movement, and the hand dropped.

"Oh, well, if you're going to take no one's advice but your own, I suppose you must gang your own gait!" said her brother, impatiently. "But if you're a sensible girl you'll make it up with Newbury, and let him keep you out of it as much as possible. Betts was always a cranky fellow. I'm sorry for the little woman, though."

And walking away to a distant window at the far end of the hall, whence all the front approaches to the house could be seen, he stood drumming on the glass and fixedly looking out. Sir Wilfrid, with an angry ejaculation, approached Marcia.

"My dear, your brother isn't himself —else he could never have spoken so unkindly. Will you show me that letter? It will of course have to go to the police."

She held it out to him, obediently.

Sir Wilfrid read it. He blew his nose and walked away for a minute. When he returned, it was to say with lips that twitched a little in his smooth-shaven actor's face—

"Most touching! If one could only have known. But, dear Marcia, I hope it's not true—I hope to God it's not true!—that you've quarreled with Newbury?"

Marcia was standing with her head thrown back against the high marble mantelpiece. The lids drooped over her eyes.

"I don't know"—she said in a faint voice—"I don't know— Oh no, not *quarreled*—not *quarreled*—"

Sir Wilfrid looked at her with a fatherly concern; took her limp hand and pressed it.

"Stand by him, dear, stand by him! He'll suffer enough from this—without losing you."

Marcia did not answer. Lester had returned to the hall, and he and Bury then got from her, as gently as possible, a full account of her two interviews with Mrs. Betts. Lester wrote it down, and Marcia signed it. The object of the two men was to make the police authorities acquainted with such testimony as Marcia had to give, while sparing her if possible an appearance at the inquest. While Lester was writing, Sir Wilfrid threw occasional scathing glances toward the distant Arthur, who seemed to be alternately pacing up and down and reading the newspapers. But the young man showed no signs whatever of doing or suggesting anything further to help his sister.

Sir Wilfrid perceived at once how Marcia's narrative might be turned against the Newburys, round whom the hostile feeling that existed in the neighborhood was probably at that moment rising into fury. Was there ever a more odious, a more untoward situation!

But he could not be certain that Marcia understood it so. He failed indeed, altogether, to decipher her mind toward Newbury, or to get at the truth of what had happened between them. She sat, very pale and piteously composed; answering the questions they put to her, and sometimes, though rarely, unable to control a sob, which seemed to force its way unconsciously. At the end of their cross-examination, when Sir Wilfrid was ready to start for Martover, the police headquarters for the district, she rose, and said she would go back to her room.

"Do, do, dear child!—" Bury threw a fatherly arm around her, and went with her to the foot of the stairs. "Go and rest—sleep if you can."

As Marcia moved away, there was a sudden sound at the end of the hall. Arthur had run hurriedly toward the door leading to the outer vestibule. He opened it and disappeared. Through the high arched windows to the left, a boy on a bicycle could be seen descending the long central avenue leading to the fore-court.

It was just noon. The great clock set in the center of the eastern façade had chimed the hour, and as its strokes died away on the midsummer air Marcia was conscious, as her mother had been the preceding afternoon, of an abnormal stillness round her. She was in her sitting-room, trying to write a letter to Mrs. Betts's sister about the boy mentioned in his mother's last words. He was not at the farm, thank God!—that she knew. His stepfather had sent him at Easter to a good preparatory school.

It seemed to help her, to be doing this last poor service to the dead woman. And yet in truth she scarcely knew what she was writing. Her mind was torn between two contending imaginations—the thought of Mrs. Betts sitting beside her dead husband and waiting for the moment of her own death, and the thought of Newbury. Alternately she saw the laboratory at night—the shelves of labeled bottles and jars—the tables and chemical apparatus—the electric light burning—and in the chair the dead man, with the bowed figure against his knee: — and then — Newbury — in his sitting-room, amid the books and portraits of his college years—the crucifix over the mantelpiece—the beautiful drawings of Einsiedeln—of Assisi—

Her heart cried out to him. It had cried out to him in her letter. The thought of the agony he must be suffering tortured her. Did he blame himself? Did he remember how she had implored him to "take care"? Or was it all still plain to him that he had done right? She found herself praying with all her strength that he might still feel he could have done no other, and that what had happened, because of his action, had been God's will, and not merely man's mistake. She longed—sometimes—to throw her arms round him and comfort him. Yet there was no passion in her longing. All that young rising of the blood seemed to have been killed in her. But she would never draw back from what she had offered him—never. She would go to him, and stand by him —as Sir Wilfrid had said—if he wanted her.

The gong rang for luncheon. Marcia rose unwillingly; but she was still more unwilling to make her feelings the talk of the household. As she neared the dining-room, she saw her mother approaching from the opposite side of the house. Lady Coryston walked feebly, and her appearance shocked her daughter.

"Mother!—do let me send for Bryan!" she pleaded, as they met—blaming herself sharply the while for her own absorption and inaction during the morning hours. "You don't look a bit fit to be up."

Lady Coryston replied in a tone which forbade discussion that she was quite well, and had no need whatever of Dr. Bryan's attendance. Then she turned to the butler, and inquired if Mr. Arthur was in the house.

"His motor came round, my lady, about twelve o'clock. I have not seen him since."

The lunch passed almost in complete silence between the two ladies. Lady Coryston was informed that Sir Wilfrid and Lester had gone to Martover in connection with Marcia's share in the events at Redcross Farm. "They hope I needn't appear," said Marcia, dully.

"I should rather think not!"

Lady Coryston's indignant tone seemed to assume that English legal institutions were made merely to suit the convenience of the Coryston family. Marcia had enough of Coryston in her to perceive it. But she said nothing.

As they entered the drawing-room after luncheon, she remembered—with a start.

"Mother—I forgot!—I'm so sorry—I dare say it was nothing. But I think a letter came for Arthur just before twelve —a letter he was expecting. At least I saw a messenger boy come down the avenue. Arthur ran out to meet him. Then I went up-stairs, and I haven't seen him since."

Lady Coryston had turned whiter than before. She groped for a chair near and seated herself before she recovered sufficient self-possession to question her daughter as to the precise moment of the messenger's appearance, the direction from which he arrived, and so forth.

But Marcia knew no more, and could tell no more. Nor could she summon up any curiosity about her brother, possessed and absorbed as her mind was by other thoughts and images. But in a vague, anxious way, she felt for her mother; and if Lady Coryston had spoken, Marcia would have responded.

And Lady Coryston would have liked to speak, first of all to scold Marcia for forgetting her message, and then to confide in her—insignificant as the daughter's part in the mother's real life and thoughts had always been. But she felt physically incapable of bearing the emotion which might spring out upon her

from such a conversation. It was as though she possessed—and knew she possessed—a certain measured strength, just enough—and no more—to enable her to go through a conversation which *must* be faced. She had better not waste it beforehand. Sometimes it occurred to her that her feeling toward this coming interview was wholly morbid and unnatural. How many worse things had she faced in her time!

But reasoning on it did not help her—only silence and endurance. After resting a little in the drawing-room she went up to her sitting-room again, refusing Marcia's company.

"Won't you let me come and make you comfortable—if you're going to rest, you'll want a shawl, and some pillows—" said the girl, as she stood at the foot of the staircase, wistfully looking after her mother.

But Lady Coryston shook her head. "Thank you—I don't want anything."

So—for Marcia—there was nothing to be done with these weary hours but wait and think and weep! She went back to her own sitting-room, and lingeringly put Newbury's letters together, in a packet, which she sealed; in case—well, in case—nothing came of her letter of the morning. They had been engaged not quite a month. Although they had met almost every day, yet there were many letters from him; letters of which she felt anew the power and beauty as she re-read them. Yet from that power and beauty, the natural expression of his character, she stood further off now than when she had first known him. The mystery indeed in which her nascent love had wrapped him had dropped away. She knew him better, she respected him infinitely; and all the time—strangely, inexplicably—love had been, not growing, but withering.

Meanwhile, into all her thoughts about herself and Newbury, there rushed at recurrent intervals the memory, the overwhelming memory, of her last sight of John and Alice Betts. That gray face in the summer dusk, beyond the window, haunted her; and the memory of those arms which had clung about her waist.

Was there a beyond?—where were they?—those poor ghosts! All the riddles of the eternal Sphinx leaped upon Marcia—riddles at last made real. Twenty-four hours ago, two brains, two hearts, alive, furiously alive, with human sorrow and human revolt. And now? Had that infinitely pitiful Christ in whom Newbury believed received the two tormented souls?—were they comforted—purged—absolved? Had they simply ceased to be—to feel—to suffer? Or did some stern doom await them—still—after all the suffering here? A shudder ran through the girl, evoking by reaction the memory of immortal words—"*Her sins which are many are forgiven; for she loved much.*" She fed herself on the divine saying; repressing with all her strength the skeptical, pessimistic impulses that were perhaps natural to her temperament, forcing herself, as it were, for their sakes, to hope and to believe.

Again, as the afternoon wore away, she was weighed down by the surrounding silence. No one in the main pile of building but her mother and herself. Not a sound but the striking of the great gilt clock outside. From her own room she could see the side-windows of her mother's sitting-room; and once she thought she perceived the stately figure passing across them. But otherwise Lady Coryston made no sign; and her daughter dared not go to her without permission.

Why did no letter come for her, no reply? She sat at her open window for a time, watching the front approaches and looking out into a drizzling rain which veiled the afternoon. When it ceased, she went out—restlessly—to the East Wood—the wood where they had broken it off. She lay down with her face against the log—a prone white figure among the fern. The buried ring—almost within reach of her hand—seemed to call to her like a living thing. No!—let it rest.

If it was God's will that she should go back to Edward, she would make him a good wife. But her fear, her shrinking, was all there still. She prayed; but she did not know for what.

Meanwhile, at Redcross Farm the coroner was holding his inquiry. The

facts were simple, the public sympathy and horror profound. Newbury and Lord William had given their evidence amid a deep and, in many quarters, hostile silence. The old man, parchment-pale, but of an unshaken dignity, gave a full account of the efforts—many and vain—that had been made both by himself and his son to find Betts congenial work in another sphere and to persuade him to accept it.

"We had nothing to do with his conscience, or with his private affairs—in themselves. All we asked was that we should not be called on to recognize a marriage which in our eyes was not a marriage. Everything that we could have done consistently with that position, my son and I may honestly say we have done."

Sir Wilfrid Bury was called, to verify Marcia's written statement, and Mrs. Betts's letter was handed to the coroner, who broke down in reading it. Coryston, who was sitting on the opposite side of the room, watched the countenances of the two Newburys while it was being read, with a frowning attention.

When the evidence was over, and the jury had retired, Edward Newbury took his father to the carriage which was waiting. The old man, so thin and straight, from his small head and narrow shoulders to his childishly small feet, leaned upon his son's arm, and apparently saw nothing around him. A mostly silent throng lined the lane leading to the farm. Half-way, stood the man who had come down to lecture on "Rational Marriage," surrounded by a group of Martover Socialists. From them rose a few hisses and groans as the Newburys passed. But other groups represented the Church Confraternities and clubs of the Newbury estate. Among them heads were quietly bared as the old man went by, or hands were silently held out. Even a stranger would have realized that the scene represented the meeting of two opposing currents of thought and life.

Newbury placed his father in the carriage, which drove off. He then went back himself to wait for the verdict.

As he approached the door of the laboratory in which the inquiry had been held, Coryston emerged.

Newbury flushed and stopped him. Coryston received it as though it had been the challenge of an enemy. He stepped back, straightening himself fiercely. Newbury began:

"Will you take a message from me to your sister—"

A man opened the door in front a little way—

"Mr. Edward, the jury are coming back."

The two men went in. Coryston listened with a sarcastic mouth to the conventional verdict of "unsound mind" which drapes impartially so many forms of human ill. And again he found himself in the lane with Newbury beside him.

"One more lie," he said, violently, "to a jury's credit!"

Newbury looked up. It was astonishing what a mask he could make of his face, normally so charged—overcharged—with expression.

"What else could it have been? But this is no time or place for us to discuss our differences, Coryston—"

"Why not!" cried Coryston, who had turned a dead white. "'Our differences,' as you call them, have led to *that!*" He turned and flung out a thin arm toward the annex to the laboratory, where the bodies were lying. "It is time, I think, that reasonable men should come to some understanding about 'differences' that can slay and madden a pair of poor hunted souls, as these have been slain!"

"'Hunted'? What do you mean?" said Newbury, sternly, while his dark eyes took fire.

"Hunted by the Christian conscience! —that it might lie comfortable o' nights," was the scornful reply.

Newbury said nothing for a few moments. They emerged on the main road, crossed it, and entered the Hoddon Grey park. Here they were alone, out of sight of the crowd returning from the inquest to the neighboring village. As they stepped into one of the green rides of the park they perceived a motor-car descending the private road which crossed it a hundred yards away. A man was driving it at a furious pace, and Coryston clearly recognized his brother Arthur. He was driving toward Coryston. Up to the moment

when the news of the farm tragedy had reached him that morning, Coryston's mind had been very full of what seemed to him the impending storm between his mother and Arthur. Since then he had never thought of it, and the sight of his brother rushing past, making for Coryston, no doubt, from some unknown point, excited but a moment's recollection, lost at once in the emotion which held him.

Newbury struck in, however, before he could express it further, in the same dry and carefully governed voice as before:

"You are Marcia's brother, Coryston. Yesterday morning she and I were still engaged to be married. Yesterday afternoon we broke it off—although—since then—I have received two letters from her—"

He paused a moment, but soon resumed, with fresh composure—

"Those letters I shall answer to-night. By that time—perhaps—I shall know better—what my future life will be."

"Perhaps!" Coryston repeated, roughly. "But I have no claim to know, nor do I want to know!"

Newbury gave him a look of wonder.

"I thought you were out for justice—and freedom of conscience?" he said, slowly. "Is the Christian conscience alone excepted? Freedom for every one else—but none for us?"

"Precisely! Because your freedom means other men's slavery!" Coryston panted out the words. "You can't have your freedom! It's too costly in human life. Everywhere Europe has found that out. The freedom you Catholics—Anglican or Roman—want, is anti-social. We sha'n't give it you!"

"You will have to give it us," said Newbury, calmly, "because in putting us down—which of course you could do with ease—you would destroy all that you yourselves value in civilization. It would be the same with us, if we had the upper hand; as you have now. Neither of us can destroy the other. We stand face to face—we shall stand face to face—while the world lasts."

Coryston broke into passionate contradiction. Society, he was confident, would, in the long run, put down Catholicism, of all sorts, by law.

"Life is hard enough, the devil knows! We can't afford—we simply can't afford—to let you make it harder by these damned traditions! I appeal to those two dead people! They did what *you* thought wrong, and your conscience judged and sentenced them. But who made you a judge and divider over them?—who asked you to be the dispenser for them of blessing and cursing?"

Newbury stood still.

"No good, Coryston, your raving like this! There is one question that cuts the knot—that decides where you stand—and where I stand. You don't believe there has ever been any living word from God to men—any lifting of the eternal veil. We do! We say the heavens *have* opened—a God *has* walked this earth. Everything else follows from that."

"Including the deaths of John Betts and his wife!" said Coryston, with bitter contempt. "A God suffers and bleeds, for that! No!—for us, if there is a God, He speaks in love—in love only—in love supremely!—such love as those two poor things had for each other!"

After which they walked along in silence for some time. Each had said the last word of his own creed.

Presently they reached a footpath from which the house at Hoddon Grey could be reached. Newbury paused.

"Here, Coryston, we part—and we may never meet again."

He raised his heavy eyes to his companion. All passion had died from his face, which in its pale sorrow was more beautiful than Coryston had ever seen it.

"Do you think," he said, with deliberate gentleness, "that I feel nothing—that life can ever be the same for me again—after this? It has been to me a signpost in the dark—written in letters of flame—and blood. It tells me where to go—and I obey."

He paused, looking, as it seemed, through Coryston, at things beyond. And Coryston was aware of a strange and sudden awe in himself which silenced him.

But Newbury recalled his thoughts. He spoke next in his ordinary tone.

"Please, tell—Marcia—that all arrangements have been made for Mr. Betts's boy, with the relatives' consent.

She need have no anxiety about him. And all I have to say to her for her letter—her blessed letter—I will say to-night."

He walked away, and was soon lost to sight among the trees.

CHAPTER XVI

CORYSTON walked back to Knatchett at a furious pace, jumped on his bicycle, and went off to find Marion Atherstone—the only person with whom he could trust himself at the moment. He more than suspected that Marcia in a fit of sentimental folly would relent toward Newbury in distress; and even his rashness shrank from the possibility of a quarrel which might separate him from his sister for good. But liberate his soul he must; and he thirsted for a listener with whom to curse bigots up and down. In Marion's mild company, strangely enough, the most vigorous cursing, whether of men or institutions, had always in the end calming results. To Marion, therefore, led by a sure instinct, he went.

Meanwhile the motor which passed Newbury and Coryston in the park had sped to its goal. It had already carried Arthur Coryston over half the county. That morning he had been told at the Atherstones' cottage, on his breathless arrival there, just before luncheon, that while the Chancellor had returned to town, Miss Glenwilliam had motored to a friend's house, some twenty miles north, and was not going back to London till the evening. Arthur Coryston at once pursued her. Sorely against her will, he had forced the lady to an interview, and in the blind rage of his utter defeat and discomfiture he left her again in hot quest of that explanation with his mother which Enid Glenwilliam had honestly—and vainly—tried to prevent.

Lady Coryston meanwhile was bewildered by his absence. During the lonely hours when Marcia, from a distance, had once caught sight of her crossing an open window in her sitting-room, she had not been able to settle to any occupation, still less to rest. She tried to write out the Agenda of an important Primrose League meeting over which she was to preside—to put together some notes of her speech. In vain. A strange heaviness weighed upon her. The only stimulus that worked—and that only for a time—was a fierce attack on Glenwilliam in one of the morning papers. She read it hungrily; but it brought on acute headache, which reduced her to idleness and closed eyes.

After a while she roused herself to pull down a blind against a teasing invasion of sun, and in doing so she perceived a slim, white figure hurrying away from the house, through the bright-colored mazes of the Italian garden. Marcia! She remembered vaguely that Marcia had come to her that morning in trouble about what? She could not remember. It had not seemed to her of importance.

At last, about half an hour after she had seen Marcia disappear in the shrubbery paths leading to the East Wood, Lady Coryston, startled by a sound from the fore-court, sat suddenly erect on her sofa. A motor?

She rose, and going to a little mirror on the wall, she straightened the lace coiffure she habitually wore. In doing so, she was struck—dismayed even—by her own aspect.

"When this is all over, Marcia and I perhaps might go abroad for a week or two—" she thought.

A swift step approaching—a peremptory knock at the door.

"Come in!"

Arthur entered, and with his back against the door stood surveying his mother. She waited for him to speak, expecting violence. For some moments—in vain, except in so far as his quick-breathing silence, his look of dry, hollow-eyed exasperation spoke—more piercingly than words.

"Well, Arthur," she said at last, "I have been expecting you for some time."

"I have been trying to put the mischief you have done me straight," he said, between his teeth.

"I have done you no mischief that I know of. Won't you come and sit down quietly—and talk the whole matter over? You can't imagine that I desire anything but your good!"

His laugh seemed to give her physical pain.

"Couldn't you take to desiring something else, mother, than my 'good' as you call it? Because, I tell you plainly, it don't suit my book. You have been meddling in my affairs!—just as you have always meddled in them, for matter of that! But this time you've done it with a vengeance—you've done it *damnably!*" He struck his hand upon a table near. "What right had you"—he approached her threateningly—"what earthly right had you to go and see Enid Glenwilliam yesterday, just simply that you might spoil my chances with her! Who gave you leave!"

He flung the questions at her.

"I had every right," said Lady Coryston, calmly. "I am your mother—I have done everything for you—you owe your whole position to me. You were ruining yourself by a mad fancy. I was bound to take care that Miss Glenwilliam should not accept you without knowing all the facts. But—actually—as it happens—she had made up her mind—before we met."

"So she says!—and I don't believe a word of it—*not—one—word!* She wanted to make me less mad with you. She's like you, mother, she thinks she can manage everybody. So she tried to cram me—that it was Glenwilliam persuaded her against me. Rot! If you hadn't gone and meddled, if you hadn't treated her like dirt—if you hadn't threatened to spoil my prospects, and told her you'd never receive her—if you hadn't put her back up in a hundred ways—she'd have married me. It's you—you—*you*—that have done it!"

He threw himself on a chair in front of her, his hands on his knees, staring at her. His aspect as of a man disorganized and undone by baffled passion repelled and disgusted her. Was this her Arthur?—her perfect gentleman—her gay, courteous, well-behaved darling — whose mingled docility and good breeding had, so far, suited both her affection and her love of rule so well? The deep undersense of disaster which had held her all day returned upon her in tenfold strength. But she fronted him bravely.

"You are, as it happens, entirely wrong, Arthur. It's not I who have done it—but Miss Glenwilliam's own good sense—or her father's. Of course I confess frankly that I should have done my best—that I did, if you like, do my best, to prevent your marriage with Miss Glenwilliam. And as for right, who else had a right, if not I? Was it not most unkind, most undutiful on your part"—her tone was a tone of battle—"was it not an outrage on your father's memory—that you should even entertain the notion of such a connection? To bring the daughter of that man into this family!—after all we have done—and suffered—for our principles—it's you who ought to ask *my* pardon, Arthur, and not I yours! Times without number you have agreed with me in despising people who have behaved as if politics were a mere game—a trifle that didn't matter. You have told me often that things were getting too hot; you couldn't be friends in private with people you hated in public; people you looked upon as robbers and cheats. And then—*then*—you go and let this infatuation run away with you—you forget all your principles—you forget your mother, and all you owe her—and you go and ask this girl to marry you—whose father is our personal and political enemy—a political adventurer who is trying to pull down and destroy everything that you and I hold sacred—or ought to hold sacred!"

"For goodness' sake mother, don't make a political speech!" He turned upon her with angry contempt. "That kind of thing does all very well to spout at an election—but it won't do between you and me. I *don't* hate Glenwilliam—*there!* The estates—and the property—and all we hold sacred, as you call it—will last my time—and his. And I jolly well don't care what happens afterward. *He's* not going to do us much harm. England's a deal tougher proposition than he thinks. It's you women who get up such a hullabaloo—I declare you make politics a perfect devilry! But there"—he shrugged his shoulders fiercely—"I'm not going to waste time in arguing. I just came to tell you *what I intend to do*, and then I'm going up to town. I've ordered the motor for seven o'clock."

Lady Coryston had risen, and stood, with one hand on the mantelpiece, looking down upon her son.

"I shall be glad indeed to hear what you intend to do, Arthur. I see you have missed two or three important divisions lately."

He burst out—

"And they won't be the last, either, by a good way. I'm going to chuck it, mother! And if you don't like it—you can blame yourself!"

"What do you mean?"

He hesitated a moment—then spoke deliberately.

"I intend to leave Parliament after this session. I do! I'm sick of it. A friend of mine has got a ranch forty miles from Buenos Ayres. He wants me to go in with him—and I think I'll try it. I want something to distract my mind from these troubles."

Lady Coryston's eyes blazed in her gray-white face, which not even her strong will could keep from trembling.

"So this, Arthur, is the reward you propose for all that has been done for you!—for the time, the thought, the money that has been showered upon you—"

He looked at her from under his eyebrows, unmoved.

"I should have remembered all that, mother, if you— Look here! Have you ever let me, in anything—for one day, one hour—call my soul my own—since I went into Parliament? It's true I deceived you about Enid. I was literally *afraid* to tell you—there! you've brought me to that! And when a man's afraid of a woman—it somehow makes a jelly of him—altogether. It was partly what made me run after Enid—at first—that I was doing something independent of you—something you would hate, if you knew. Beastly of me, I know!—but there it was. And then you arranged that meeting here, without so much as giving me a word's notice!—you told Page, *before you told me*. And when I kicked—and told you about Enid—did you ever come afterward and talk to me nicely about her?—did you ever, even, consider for one moment what I told you?—that I was in love with her?—dead gone on her? Even if I was rude to you that day when you dragged it out of me, most mothers, I think, would have been sorry for a fellow—"

His voice suddenly broke, but he instantly recovered himself.

"Instead of that, mother—you only thought of how you could thwart and checkmate me—how you could get *your* way—and force me to give up mine. It was *abominable* of you to go and see Enid, without a word to me!—it was *abominable* to plot and plan behind my back, and then to force yourself on her and insult her to her face! Do you think a girl of any spirit whatever would put herself in your clutches after that? No!—she didn't want to come it too hard on you—that's her way!—so she made up some tale about Glenwilliam. But it's as plain as the nose on your face! You've ruined me!—you've ruined me!"

He began to walk furiously up and down, beside himself again with rage and misery.

Lady Coryston dropped into a chair. Her large, blanched face expressed a passion that even at this supreme moment, and under the sense of doom that was closing on her, she could not restrain.

"It is not I who have ruined you, Arthur—as you put it—though, of course, you're not ruined at all!—but your own wanton self-will. Are you really so lost to all decency—all affection—that you can speak to your mother like this—"

He turned and paused—to throw her an ugly look.

"Well—I don't know that I'm more of a brute than other men—but it's no good talking about affection to me—after this. Yes, I suppose you've been fond of me, mother, in your way—and I suppose I've been fond of you. But the fact is, as I told you before, I've stood in *fear* of you!—all my life—and lots of things you thought I did because I was fond of you, I did because I was a coward—a disgusting coward!—who ought to have been kicked. And that's the truth! Why, ever since I was a small kid—"

And standing before her, with his hands on his sides, all his pleasant face disfigured by anger and the desire to wound, he poured out upon her a flood of recollections of his childhood and youth. Beneath the bitterness and the shock of it, even Lady Coryston pres-

ently flinched. This kind of language—though never in such brutal terms—she had heard from Corry once or twice. But Arthur!—She put up a trembling hand—

"That's enough, Arthur! We had better stop this conversation. I have done the best I could for you—always."

"Why didn't you *love* us!" he cried, striking a chair beside him for emphasis. "Why didn't you *love* us! It was always politics—politics! Somebody to be attacked—somebody to be scored off—somebody to be squared. And a lot of stupid talk that bored us all! My poor father was as sick of it often as we were. He had enough of it out-of-doors. Damn politics for women, I say—damn them!"

Lady Coryston raised her hand—

"*Go*, Arthur! This is enough."

He drew a long breath.

"Upon my soul, I think it is. We'd better not excite each other any more. I'll speak to Sir Wilfrid, mother, before I go, and ask him to report various things to you which I have to say. And I shall go and see the Whips to-night. Of course I don't want to do the party any harm. If there is a general election in the autumn, all that need happen is that I sha'n't stand again. And as to the estates"—he hesitated—"as to—to the estates, mother, do as you like. Upon my word, I think you'd better give them back to Coryston! A certain amount of money is all I shall want."

"Go!" said Lady Coryston again, still pointing.

He stood a moment, fiddling with some ornaments on a table near him, then caught up his hat—and, still eying her askance, he walked to the door, opened it and disappeared; though he closed it so uncertainly that Lady Coryston, until, after what seemed an interval, she heard his footsteps receding, could not be sure that he was really gone.

But he was gone; and all the plans and hopes of her later life lay in ashes about her. She sat motionless. After half an hour she heard the sound of a motor being driven away from the front of the house. Through the evening air too she caught distant voices — which soon ceased.

She rang presently for her maid, and said she would dine in her room, because of a bad headache. Marcia came, but was not admitted. Sir Wilfrid Bury asked if he might see her, just for a few minutes. A message referred him to the next morning.

Dinner came and went down untouched. Whenever she was ill, Lady Coryston's ways were solitary and ungracious. She hated being "fussed over." So that no one dared force themselves upon her. Only, between ten and eleven, Marcia again came to the door, knocked gently, and was told to go away. Her mother would be all right in the morning. The girl reluctantly obeyed.

The state of terrible tension in which Lady Coryston passed that night had no witness. It could only be guessed at, by Marcia, in particular, to whom it fell afterward to take charge of her mother's papers and personal affairs. Lady Coryston had apparently gathered all Arthur's letters to her together, from the very first to the very latest, tied them up neatly, and laid them in the drawer which held those of her dead husband. She had begun to write a letter to Coryston, but, when found, it was incoherent, and could not be understood. She had removed the early photograph of Arthur from her table, and a larger recent one of the young M.P., taken in London for the constituency, which was on her mantelpiece, and had placed them both face downward in the same drawer with the letters. And then, when she had found it impossible to write what she wished to write, she seemed to have gone back to her arm-chair, taking with her two or three of Arthur's Eton reports—by what instinct had she chosen them out from the piles of letters!—and a psalter she often used. But by a mere accident, a sinister trick of fate, when she was found the book lay open under her hand at one of those imprecatory psalms at which Christendom has at last learned to shudder. Only a few days before, Sir Wilfrid Bury had laughed at her—as only he might—for her "Old Testament tone" toward her enemies, and had quoted this very psalm. Her helpless fingers touched it.

But the night was a night of vigil for others also. Coryston, who could not sleep, spent the greater part of it first in writing to Marion Atherstone, and then in composing a slashing attack upon the High Church party for its attitude toward the divorce laws of the country and the proposals recently made for their reform. "How much longer are we going to allow these black-coated gentlemen to despise and trample on the laws under which the rest of us are content to live!—or to use the rights and powers of property for the bare purpose of pressing their tyrannies and their superstitions on other people?"

Meanwhile, in the beautiful chapel of Hoddon Grey, Edward Newbury, worn out with the intolerable distress of the preceding forty-eight hours, and yet incapable of sleep, sat or knelt through long stretches of the night. The chapel was dark but for one light. Over the altar there burned a lamp and behind it could be seen, from the chair where he knelt, the silk veil of the tabernacle. Reservation had been permitted for years in the Hoddon Grey chapel, and the fact had interwoven itself with the deepest life of the household, eclipsing and dulling the other religious practices of Anglicanism, just as the strong plant in a hedgerow drives out or sterilizes the rest. There, in Newbury's passionate belief, the Master of the House kept watch, or slept, above the altar, as once above the Galilean waves. For him, the "advanced" Anglican, as for any Catholic of the Roman faith, the doctrine of the Mass was the central doctrine of all religion, and that intimate and personal adoration to which it leads was the governing power of life. The self-torturing anguish which he had suffered ever since the news of the two suicides had reached him could only endure itself in this sacred presence; and it was there he had taken refuge under the earlier blow of the breach with Marcia.

The night was very still—a night of soft showers, broken by intervals of starlight. Gradually, as the darkness thinned toward dawn, the figures, stoled and winged and crowned, of the painted windows came dimly forth, and long rays of pale light crept over the marble steps and floor, upon the flowers on the altar and the crucifix above it. The dawn flowed in silently and coldly; the birds stirred faintly; and the white mists on the lawn and fields outside made their way through the open windows and dimmed the glow of color on the walls and in the apse.

In those melancholy and yet ardent hours Edward Newbury reached the utmost heights of religious affirmation and the extreme of personal renunciation. It became clear to a mind attuned for such thoughts that, by severing him from Marcia, and, at the same time and by the same stroke, imposing upon him at least some fraction of responsibility—a fraction which his honesty could not deny—for the deaths of John and Alice Betts, God had called him, Edward Newbury, in a way not to be mistaken and not to be refused. His life was henceforth forfeit—forfeit to his Lord. Henceforth, let him make of it a willing sacrifice, an expiatory oblation, perpetually renewed, and offered in perpetual union with the Divine Victim, for their souls and his own.

The ideas of the conventual house in which he had so lately spent hours of intense religious happiness closed upon him and possessed him. He was not to marry. He was reserved for the higher counsels, the Counsels of Perfection. The face and talk of his friend Brierly, who was so soon going to his dangerous and solitary post in southern India, haunted his mind, and at last seemed to show him a way out of his darkness. His poor father and mother! But he never doubted for one moment that they would give him up, that they would let him follow his conscience.

By the time the sun was fairly up the storm of religious feeling had died down in Newbury. He had taken his resolve, but he was incapable of any further emotion concerning it. On the other hand, his heart was all alive to the thought of Marcia, and of that letter she had sent him. Dear, generous Marcia! Once more, he would write to her—once more—

"Dearest Marcia,—I may call you so, I think, for the last time, and at this turning-point of both our lives. I may never see you again; or if we do meet,

you will have become so strange to me that you will wonder in what other and distant life it was that we loved each other. I think you did love me for a little while, and I do bless and thank you that you let me know you—and love you. And I bless you above all for the thought of consolation and pity you had toward me, even yesterday, in those terrible hours—when you offered to come back to me and help me, as though our bond had never been broken.

"No, dear Marcia!—I saw the truth in your face yesterday. I could not make you happy. I should set jarring a discord in your life for which it was never meant. You did right, absolutely right, to separate yourself from one whose inmost and irrevocable convictions repelled and shocked you. I may be narrow and cold; but I am not narrow enough—or cold enough!—to let you give yourself back to one you cannot truly love—or trust. But that you offered it, because you were sorry for me, and that you would have carried it out, firmly, your dear hand clenched, as it were, on the compact—that warms my heart—that I shall have, as a precious memory, to carry into the far-off life that I foresee.

"I cannot write much about the terrible thing at Redcross Farm. Your great pity for me implies that you think me—and my father—in some way and in some degree, responsible. Perhaps we are—I do not wish to shirk the truth. If so, it is as soldiers under orders are responsible for the hurt and damage they may cause, in their King's war; as much, and as little. At least, so far as the main matter is concerned. That I might have been—that I ought to have been—infinitely more loving, wiser, stronger to help them—that I know—that I shall feel as long as I live. And it is a feeling which will determine all my future life.

"You remember what I told you of Father Brierly and the Community of the Ascension? As soon as I can leave my father and mother—they are at present in deep distress—I shall probably go to the Community House in Lancashire for a time. My present intention is to take orders, and perhaps to join Brierly eventually in mission work. My father and mother are splendid! They and I shall be separated perhaps in this world, but in that mysterious other world which lies all about us even now, and which is revealed to us in the Sacraments, we shall meet at last, and for ever—if we are faithful.

"Good-by—God be with you—God give you every good thing in this present time—love, children, friends—and, 'in the world to come, life everlasting.'"

About the hour when the letter was finished, when the July sun was already high over the dewy, new-shorn fields, Coryston after an hour's sleep in his chair, and a bath, left Knatchett to walk to Coryston. He was oppressed by some vague dread which would not let him rest. In the strong excitements and animosities of the preceding day he had forgotten his mother. But the memory of her face on the sofa during that Sunday reading had come back upon him, with unpleasant force. It had been always so with him in life. She no sooner relapsed into the woman than he became a son. Only the experience had been rare!

He crossed the Hoddon Grey park, and then walked through a mile of the Coryston demesne, till he reached the lake and saw beyond it the Italian garden, with its statues glittering in the early sun, and the long marble front of the house, with its rococo ornament and its fine pillared loggia. "What the deuce are *we* going to do with these places!" he asked himself, in petulant despair. "And to think that Arthur won't be allowed to sell it, or turn it to any useful purpose whatever!"

He skirted the lake, and began to mount the steps and flagged paths of the formal garden. Suddenly as he approached the garden front he saw that two windows of his mother's sitting-room were open, and that some one—a figure in black—was sitting in a high-backed arm-chair beside one of them. His mother!—up?—at seven oclock in the morning? Yet was it his mother? He came nearer. The figure was motionless—the head thrown back, the eyes invisible from where he stood. Something in the form, the attitude—its stillness and strangeness in the morning

light—struck him with horror. He rushed to the garden door, found it open, dashed up the stairs and into his mother's room.

"Mother!"

Lady Coryston neither moved nor spoke. But as he came up to her he saw that she was alive—that her eyes opened and perceived him. Nothing else in her lived or moved. And as he knelt down by her, and took her tenderly in his arms, she relapsed into the unconscious state from which his entrance had momentarily roused her.

What else there is to tell had best be told quickly.

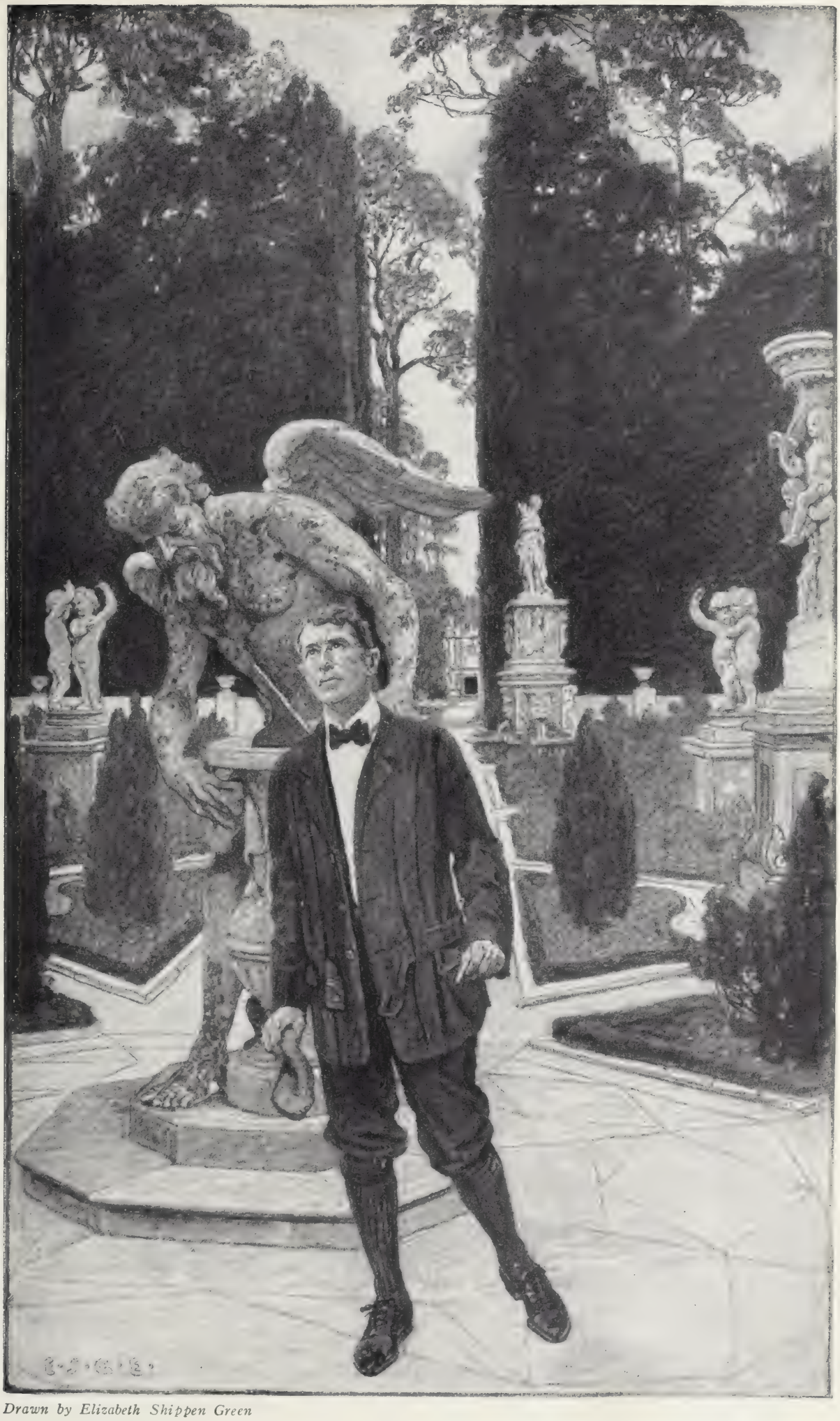
Lady Coryston lived for some eight months after this seizure. She partially recovered from the first stroke, and all the organization of the great house, and all the thought of her children, circled round the tragic death-in-life into which she had fallen.

Arthur had come rushing back to Coryston after the catastrophe, restored by it, like a stream which has wandered in flood, to the older and natural channels of life. Bitter remorse for his conduct to his mother, and a sharp resentment of Enid Glenwilliam's conduct toward himself, acted wholesomely. He took up his normal occupations again, in Parliament and on the estates, and talked no more of Buenos Ayres. But whether his mother's darkened mind ever forgave him it would be difficult to say. She rarely noticed him, and when she spoke it was generally for Coryston. Her dependence upon her eldest son became, indeed, a touching and poignant thing, deepening the souls of both. Coryston came to live at Coryston, and between his love for Marion Atherstone and his nursing of his mother was more truly happy for a time than his character had ever yet allowed him to be. The din of battle, political and religious, penetrated no more within a house where death came closer day by day, and where weakness and suffering had at last united these differing men and women in a common interest of profoundest pity. Lady Coryston became strangely dear to her children before she left them for ever, and the last faint words she spoke, on that winter morning when she died, were for Coryston, who had her hand in his: "Corry—Corry darling!"—and as he came closer—"Corry, who was my firstborn."

On the night of Lady Coryston's death Reginald Lester wrote:

"Coryston has just taken me in to see his mother. She lies in a frowning rest which does not—as death so often does—make any break with our memories of her when alive. Attitude and expression are characteristic. She is the strong woman still, conscious of immense power; and, if that shut mouth could speak, and if health were given back to her, ready no doubt still to use it tyrannously. There is no weakening and no repentance in the face; and I like it better so. Nor did she ever really reverse, though she modified, the exclusion of Coryston from the inheritance. She was able during an interval of comparative betterment about Christmas-time, to make an alteration in her will, and the alteration was no mere surrender to what one sees to have been, at bottom, her invincible affection for Coryston. She has still left Arthur the estates for life, but with remainder to Coryston's son, should he have one, and she has made Coryston a trustee, together with Sir Wilfrid Bury. This will mean practically a division between the brothers—to which Arthur has already pledged himself, so he tells me—but with no power to Coryston to make such radical changes as would destroy the family tradition, at least without Arthur's consent and Sir Wilfrid's. But Coryston will have plenty of money and plenty of land wherewith to experiment, and no doubt we shall see some strange things.

"Thus she kept her flag flying to the end, so far as the enfeebled brain allowed. Yet the fact is that her state of dependence on her children during her illness, and their goodness to her, did in truth evoke another woman, with new perceptions, superposed, as it were, upon the old. And there, I think, came in her touch of greatness—which one could not have expected. She was capable, at any rate, of *this* surrender; not going back



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

HE SAW SOME ONE—A FIGURE IN BLACK—SITTING BESIDE THE WINDOW

upon the old—but just accepting the new. Her life might have petered out in bitterness and irritation, leaving an odious memory. It became a source of infinite sweetness, just because her children found out—to their immense surprise—that she *could* let herself be loved; and they threw themselves with eagerness on the chance she gave them.

"She dies in time—one of the last of a generation who will soon have passed, leaving only a procession of ghosts on a vanishing road. She had no doubts about her place and prerogative in the world, no qualms about her rights to use them as she pleased. Coryston also has no doubts—or few. As to individuals, he is perpetually disillusioned; as to causes, he is as obstinate as his mother. And independently of the Glenwilliam affair, that is why, I think, in the end she preferred Coryston to Arthur, who will 'muddle through,' not knowing whither, like the majority of his kind.

"Marcia!—in her black dress, beside her mother, looking down upon her—with that yearning look!—But—not a word! There are things too sacred for these pages."

During the months of Lady Coryston's illness, indeed, Reginald Lester entered, through stages scarcely perceived by himself and them, upon a fresh relation toward the Coryston family. He became the increasingly intimate friend and counselor of the Coryston brothers, and of Marcia no less—but in a new and profounder sense. He shared much of the estate business with Mr. Page; he reconciled as best he could the jarring views of Coryston and Arthur; he started on the reorganization of the great library, in which, so far, he had only dealt with a fraction of its possessions. And every day he was Marcia's companion, in things intimate and moving, no less than in the practical or commonplace affairs of ordinary life. It was he who read poetry with her, or played accompaniments to her songs, in the hours of relief from her nursing; it was he who watched and understood her; who guided and yet adored her. His love for her was never betrayed; but it gradually became, without her knowing it, the condition of her life. And when Lady Coryston died, in the February following her stroke, and Marcia, who was worn out, went abroad with Waggin for a few weeks' rest, the correspondence which passed between her and Lester during the earlier days of her absence, by the more complete and deliberate utterance which it permitted between them, did at last reveal to the girl the depths of her own heart.

During her travels, various things happened.

One chilly afternoon, in early March, when a light powdering of snow lay on the northern slopes of the hills, Coryston went up to the cottage in the hopes of finding Marion Atherstone alone. There had been a quiet understanding between them all the winter, more or less known to the Coryston family, but all talk of marriage had been silenced by the condition of Lady Coryston, who indeed never knew such schemes were in the air.

About six weeks, however, after his mother's death, Coryston's natural *fougue* suggested to him that he was being trifled with. He burst into the little sitting-room where Marion was just making tea, and sat down, scowling, on the farther side of the hearth.

"What is the matter?" Marion asked, mildly. During the winter a beautifying change seemed to have passed upon Atherstone's daughter. She was younger, better looking, better dressed; yet keeping always the touch of homeliness, of smiling common sense, which had first attracted a man in secret rebellion against his own rhetoric and other people's.

"You are treating me abominably!" said Coryston, with vehemence.

"How? My conscience is as sound as a bell!" Wherewith, laughing, she handed him his cup of tea.

"All bells aren't sound. Some are flawed," was the prompt reply. "I have asked you twice this week to tell me when you will be good enough to marry me, and you haven't said a single word in reply."

Marion was silent a little; then she looked up, as Andromache looked at Hector—with a laugh, yet with something else fluttering behind.

"Let's ask ourselves once more, Herbert—is it really a wise thing to do?"

Nobody else in the world had ever called Coryston by his Christian name; which was perhaps why Marion Atherstone took a peculiar pleasure in using it. Coryston had mostly forgotten that he possessed such a name, but from her he liked it.

"What on earth do you mean by that?"

"In the first place, Herbert, I was never intended by nature to be a peeress."

He sprang up furiously.

"I never heard a more snobbish remark! All that you are asked is to be my wife."

She shook her head.

"We can't make a world for ourselves only. Then there's—father."

"Well, what about him?"

"You don't get on very well," she said, with a sigh.

Coryston controlled himself with difficulty.

"For your father, the Liberal party is mostly Jahve—the hope of the children of light. For me the Liberal party is mostly Dagon—either made a god of by Philistines or groveling before a stronger god—Mammon. But that don't matter. I can behave myself."

Marion bent over her work.

"Can't I behave myself?" he repeated, threateningly, as he moved nearer her.

She looked up at last.

"Suppose you get bored with me—as you have with the Liberal party?"

"But never with liberty," he said, ardently.

"Suppose you come to see the seamy side of me—as you do of everybody?"

"I don't invent seamy sides—where none exist."

He bent over her, looking peremptorily into her eyes.

"I'm not clever, Herbert—and I think I'm a Tory."

"Heavens, what do I care? You're the woman I happen to love."

"And I intend to go to church."

"Edward Newbury's kind of church?" he asked her, uneasily.

She shook her head.

"No. I'm an Evangelical."

"Thank the Lord! So am I," he said, fervently. She laughed.

"It's true," he insisted. "Peace on earth—good-will to men—that I can understand. So that's settled. Now then—a fortnight next Wednesday?"

"No, no!" she said in alarm, "certainly not. Wait a minute, Herbert! Where are you going to live, and what are you going to do?"

"I'm taking over the Dorset estates. Lots to do on them, and not much money. Arthur washes his hands of them. There's an old farm where we can live. In six months I shall have quarreled with all the neighbors, and life will be worth living again."

She lifted her eyebrows.

"A charming prospect for your wife!"

"Certainly. You'll have the life you were born for. You'll go round after me—whitewashing the scandals I cause—or if you like to put it sentimentally—binding up the wounds I make. But if I'm anything I'm a sociologist, and my business is to make experiments. They will no doubt be as futile as those I have been making here."

"And where shall I come in?"

"You'll be training up the boy—who'll profit by the experiments."

"The boy?"

"The boy—our boy—who's to have the estates," said Coryston, without a moment's hesitation.

Marion flushed, and pulled her work to her again. Coryston dropped on his knees beside her, and asked her pardon with eyes whereof the male audacity had passed into a steady and shining tenderness.

When Coryston returned that night to the big house, he found his brothers Arthur and James arrived for the week-end. Arthur was full of Parliamentary gossip—"scuffles of kites and crows," of which Coryston was generally intolerant. But on this occasion he took it silently, and Arthur rambled on. James sat mildly beaming, with finger-tips joined, and the look of one on the verge of a confidence. But he talked, after all—when Arthur paused—only of music and the opera, and as his brothers were not musical, he soon came to an end, and Arthur held the stage. They were gathered in the smoking-room on the ground or garden floor, a room hung with pictures of race-horses, and saddened by

various family busts that had not been thought good enough for the library. Outside, the March wind rattled through trees as yet untouched by the spring, and lashed a shivering water round the fountain nymphs.

"Whoever could have dreamed they would have held on till now!" said Arthur, in reply to a perfunctory remark from James. Coryston looked up from a reverie.

"Who? The Government? Lord!—what does it matter? Look here, you chaps—I heard some news in Martover just now. Lord William Newbury died last night—heart failure—expected for the last fortnight."

Arthur received the news with the lively professional interest that one landowner feels in another, and tied a knot in his handkerchief to remind himself to ask Page when the funeral was to be, as the Member for the division must of course attend it. James said, thoughtfully:

"Edward, I saw, was ordained last week. And my letter from Marcia this morning tells me she expects to see him in Rome, on his way to India. Poor Lady William will be very much alone!"

"If you make a solitude and call it religion, what can you expect?" said Coryston, sharply. His face had darkened at the Newburys' name. As always, it had evoked the memory of two piteous graves. Then, as he got up from his chair, he said to Arthur—

"I've fixed it up. Marion and I shall get married next month."

The brothers looked a little embarrassed, though not at all surprised. Corry's attachment to this plain, sensible lady, of moderate opinions, had indeed astonished them enormously when they first became aware of it; but they were now used to it.

"All right, Corry!" said Arthur, slapping his brother on the back. "The best chance of keeping you out of a madhouse! And a very nice woman! You don't expect me to chum with her father?"

"Not unless you wish to learn a thing or two—which was never your strong point," said Coryston, dodging a roll of some Parliamentary paper or other which Arthur aimed at him. He turned to James. "Well, James, aren't you going to congratulate me?—And why don't you do it yourself?"

"Of course I congratulate you," said James, hastily—"most sincerely!"

But his expression—half agitated, half smiling—betrayed emotions so far beyond the needs of the situation that Coryston gave him a puzzled glance. James, indeed, opened his mouth as though to speak. Then a bright pink color overspread his whole countenance from brow to chin; his lips shut, and he fell back in his chair. Presently he went away, and could be heard playing Bach on the organ in the central hall. He returned to London the same evening carrying a cargo of philosophical books from the library, and a number of novels, though as a rule he never read novels.

The next morning, in a letter to Coryston, he announced his engagement to a girl of nineteen, an orphan, and a pupil at the Royal College of Music. She was the daughter of his Cambridge tutor—penniless, pretty, and musical. He had paid her fees, it seemed, for several years, and the effect on him of her charming mezzo-soprano voice, at a recent concert given by the College, had settled the matter. The philosopher in love, who had been too shy to tell his brothers *viva voce*, was quite free of tongue in writing; and Coryston and Arthur, though they laughed, were glad that "old James" had found the courage to be happy. Coryston remarked to Arthur that it now remained for him to keep up the blue blood of the family.

"Or Marcia," said Arthur, evading the personal reference.

"Marcia?" Coryston threw his brother an amused, significant look, and said nothing for a moment. But presently he dropped out—

"Lester writes that he'll be in Rome next week looking after that Borghese manuscript. He doesn't expect to get back here till May."

For Lester had now been absent from Coryston some three or four weeks, traveling on matters connected with the library.

Arthur made no comment, but stood awhile by the window in a brown study, twisting his lip and frowning slightly.

His scanty chin and boyish manner never allowed him at any time to make a dignified figure. But his position as master of Coryston Place, the great family house with its pompous tradition, and the long influence of his mother, had by now asserted, or re-asserted, themselves, though fighting still with the sore memory of Enid Glenwilliam. Was he going to allow his sister to marry out of her rank—even though the lover were the best fellow in the world? A man may marry whom he will, and the family is only secondarily affected. But a woman is absorbed by the family of her husband.

He finally shrugged his shoulders over it.

"Marcia is as stiff-necked as Coryston," he said to himself, "if it comes to that."

April followed. Amid a crowded Rome, alive with flowers and fountains under a life-giving sun, Marcia Coryston became sharply conscious again of the color and beauty interwoven with mere living, for the sane and sound among men. Edward Newbury passed through on his way to Brindisî and southern India; and she saw him for an hour; an interview short and restrained, but not to be forgotten by either of the two persons concerned. When it was over Marcia shed a few secret tears—tears of painful sympathy, of an admiration which was half pity; and then threw herself once more, with—as it were—a gasp of renewed welcome, in to the dear, kind, many-hued world on which Edward Newbury had turned his back. Presently Lester arrived. He became her constant companion through the inexhaustible spectacle of Rome; and she could watch him among the students who were his fellows, modest or learned as they, yet marked out from most of them by the signs he bore—signs well known by now to her—of a poetic and eager spirit, always and everywhere in quest of the human—of man himself, laughing or suffering, behind his works. The golden days passed by; the blue and white anemones bloomed and died in the Alban woods; the English crowd that comes for Easter arrived and departed; and soon Marcia herself must go home, carrying with her the passionate yet expectant feeling of a child tired out with happy days and dreaming of more to come.

These were private and personal affairs. But in March a catastrophe happened which shook the mind of England and profoundly altered the course of politics. An American yacht, with Glenwilliam on board, was overtaken off the Needles by a sudden and terrific storm, and went down, without a survivor, and with nothing but some floating wreckage to tell the tale. The Chancellor's daughter was left alone and poor. The passionate sympathy and admiration which her father's party had felt for him was in some measure transferred to his daughter. But to the amazement of many persons, she refused with scorn any pecuniary help, living on a small income, and trying her hand, with some prospect of success, at literature. About six weeks after her father's death, Arthur Coryston found her out and again asked her to marry him. It is probable there was some struggle in her mind, but in the end she refused. "You are a kind, true fellow!" she said to him, gratefully, but it wouldn't do—it wouldn't do—" And then, with a darkening of her strong face, "There is only one thing I can do for *him* now—to serve his causes! And you don't care for one of them! No—no! Good-by!—Good-by!"

At last, in May, Marcia came back again to live—as she supposed—at Coryston with Arthur, and do her duty by her own people. A wonderful spring was abroad in the land. The gorse on the slopes of the hills was a marvel, and when the hawthorns came out beside it, or flung their bloom along the hedgerows and the streams; when far and near the cuckoo's voice made the new world of blossom and growth articulate; when furtive birds slipped joyously to and fro between the nests above and a teeming earth below; when the west winds veering between south and north, and driving the great white clouds before them, made, every day, a new marvel of the sky—Marcia would often hold her breath and know within herself the growth of an answering and a heavenly spring.

Lester finished his scholar's errands in Rome and Naples, and returned to Coryston in the middle week of May, in order to complete his work there. He found much more to do than he supposed; he found his friends, Coryston and Arthur, eager to capture and keep him; he found in every field and wood the kindling beauty of the year; he found Marcia!—and a bewildering though still shy message in her dark eyes. Through what doubts and scruples, through what stages of unfolding confidence and growing joy their minds passed, and to what end it all moved on, let those imagine to whom the purest and deepest of human emotions has ever spoken or is speaking now.

[THE END.]

Ghosts

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

I AM almost afraid of the wind out there.
The dead leaves skip on the porches bare,
The windows clatter and whine. I sit
Here in the quiet house, low-lit,
With the clock that ticks and the books that stand,
Wise and silent, on every hand.

I am almost afraid; though I know the night
Lets no ghosts walk in the warm lamplight.
Yet ghosts there are; and they blow, they blow,
Out in the wind and the scattering snow.—
When I open the windows and go to bed,
Will the ghosts come in and stand at my head?

Last night I dreamed they came back again.
I heard them talking; I saw them plain.
They hugged me and held me and loved me; spoke
Of happy doings and friendly folk.
They seemed to have journeyed a week away,
But now they were ready and glad to stay.

But, oh, if they came on the wind to-night
Could I bear their faces, their garments white
Blown in the dark round my lonely bed?
Oh, could I forgive them for being dead?
I am almost afraid of the wind. My shame!
That I would not be glad if my dear ones came!

The Art of Mutual Aid

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS

THE bacillus of co-operation, abroad in the world, has affected nations in a variety of ways; in some its activity has been directed chiefly to problems of distribution, in others triumphantly applied to financial credit, and in still others to agriculture. In every new country it invades, the social effect differs quite as markedly as the practical application. Denmark and Italy, to select two countries whose conditions are opposed and whose methods in a manner complement each other, have especial success in production, further manufacture, and marketing of the things which are natively grown: three fields in which there is usually much waste and loss from the limitations of the farmer, not always caused by ignorance or inexperience, but often by economic factors which are not clearly understood.

Denmark, using co-operation only in such manner as to separate all the interests of the farmer, helping to maintain his entity, has taken good care to make her citizens individualists on the land and keep them so; the several forms of society, each provided for a single detail, are quite different from the many-purposed collectivist association of Raiffeisen's ideal. Denmark presents to-day the unique example of a government which draws a large part of its sustenance from co-operation. It is well called the Co-operative Kingdom. The country has long been pre-eminent in dairying, and the Danes have specialized with great success, providing England with butter, bacon, and eggs, and reaching out toward a greater export trade. The farmers have also erected a large co-operative beet-sugar factory and a considerable number of co-operative preserving-factories. This entire business, including the immense yield of root and grain crops and the export of fine live stock at fancy prices, is carried on by a population no larger than that of Chicago, and in an area two and a half times the size of New Hampshire. Denmark has solved her human problem by means of proper education; she has solved her land problem by means of co-operative mortgage credit and government aid; and, best of all, she has attacked the most troublesome difficulties between the farmer and his market with notable success.

Denmark has so ably placed the agricultural laborers on the land that two hundred and forty-five thousand farmers hold small tracts, varying from an acre and a third for the house and garden of a laborer up to holdings of one hundred and forty-three acres; and less than nine thousand farmers hold more than that. Her land problem became acute in the distress that followed the loss of Schleswig-Holstein to Germany in the war of 1864. She was forced to make her impoverished and naturally not rich territory yield the largest possible amount not only for the support of her people, but to provide exports to pay for her rapidly increasing imports of grain and feed. She had passed, some years before, the law ending entail, embarking on the definite policy of breaking up the big estates. The great majority of these small holders have obtained their land or their buildings, generally both, by forming co-operative borrowing societies, purely free-will bodies which have developed a useful form of co-operative mortgage credit.

We find in this advantages of no mean order, the elimination of loss, the avoidance of renewals and fees, and the handling on their own responsibility a credit which belongs to the people. To these societies, which have unlimited liability, the members pledge all the property they have and all they are going to secure with the loan. If he is to buy the land, the member must have two-fifths



FOUR MEMBERS OF A CO-OPERATIVE FAMILY

of the amount which he wishes to invest, and he can borrow the other three-fifths. By such combination the cumulative borrowing power of large and constantly increasing numbers of people enables them to secure loans at a low rate of interest and a long period for amortization. The actual process requires the farmer to have the land surveyed and assessed, the mortgage made out and deposited with the society, which combines it with hundreds of other mortgages to make a series, and issues to the borrower the amount of his loan in treasury bonds based on this solidarity of security, bearing the seal of the society, and with the number of the series, in a form provided by the government. The Minister of Finance is supervisor of these organizations, which assures the market that the bonds are a good investment. The borrowing member may have his bonds in any size, and sells them himself, usually in the money market, thus obtaining the currency represented by his mortgage. The association has no capital except what it accumulates in long years of service, and no shares; but from the interest on the mortgage, which amounts to four per cent. or even three and a half for seventy-nine years, or five per cent. for a period of forty-five years, the society takes the amortization portion and a small charge for reserve funds, paying the rest to the holder of the bonds. The farmer, therefore, has nothing to do but pay his interest every six months, and his debt automatically disappears.

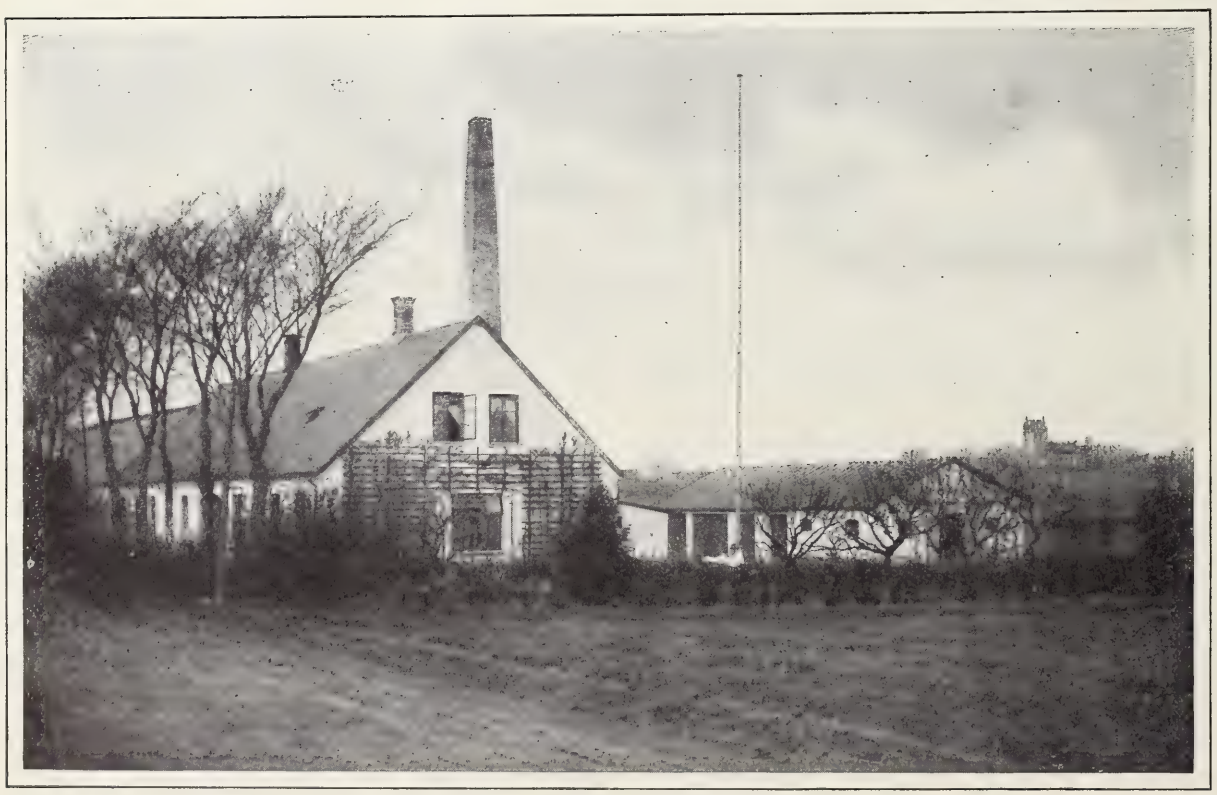
Under a small-holdings act of 1880 new co-operative societies were formed of the same type, but for loans for land and buildings not to exceed $2,800. On the provision that the farmer must divide his land into seven fields and follow a seven-year rotation of crops, the government guarantees the interest, paid quarterly, and pays the fees. Two hundred and seventeen thousand farmers are members of these societies, more than half of them under the small-holdings act. The bonds guaranteed by the government bring two per cent. more than the others and find a ready market.

For those who cannot produce two-fifths of the purchase price, but have at least a tenth, and have had five years' experience as agricultural laborers, ac-

cepting the seven-year, or on five acres a five-year, rotation, one field lying fallow every year, the government borrows money at four per cent. and loans it to them through mortgage banks, on long terms, at three and a half. Five thousand agricultural laborers have taken advantage of this to become independent farmers. Formerly permitting only two to five acres, both the small-holdings act and the government aid have been extended to holdings of ten, and, in the case of poor land, to twenty acres.

The principal drawback to this system is that the land carries too heavy a load of debt, and as all of it is pledged for the whole term in unlimited liability, there is nothing left to pledge to the short-credit banks of the Raiffeisen type, which would give less involving, if less extended, length of service.

Most important of all are those other forms of co-operation which deal with production, manufacture, and distribution by the farmer. Consumers' co-operation had been introduced into Esbjerg, in western Jutland, and a few years later Stilling Andersen, a young *laitier* of the village of Kjedding, seeing more than consumption in the co-operative idea, brought his neighbors together to organize the first co-operative society for marketing dairy products. The position of the small farmers was then very bad. If they sold their cheese and butter alone, they could get but a small price, and frequently had to trade it off for goods. Andersen's society was successful, and they increased their output, getting the better price by bringing their product to the society's office. Soon after their organization the first cream-extractor was imported into Denmark. Andersen's society immediately ordered one, pledged all their milk not needed for the household and the calves for a ten years' period, each setting down the number of his cows, and on that basis secured a loan on which to build a dairy in the village. They were organized on the simple co-operative plan with voluntary service, every one bringing his own milk to the dairy, taking turns at making the butter and cheese, and carrying back his own share of buttermilk and whey that were left. This plan still exists in some places, but most of the societies now collect the milk, which is placed at certain points on the main roads, and send back skimmed milk when returning the cans. The staff is usually paid, and in nearly all of the twelve hun-



THE CO-OPERATIVE DAIRY AT SLANGERUP WHICH MAKES 700 POUNDS OF BUTTER DAILY



HOUSE AND BARNS ON A SEVENTY-ACRE FARM OBTAINED THROUGH CO-OPERATIVE MORTGAGE CREDIT

dred co-operative dairies electric power is used. These societies proved the economy of having butter made to standard, sold to regular customers, and the business looked after by persons in touch with the market and current prices.

The first lesson learned collectively was that dairying begins not with barns, but with breeding. Societies for breeding fine cattle, called control societies, have created herds, not only of the black-and-white Jutland cow, but of the Red Danish variety and other fine types, which for their milk-and-butter production have taken the laurel in many international expositions.

The control societies also provide for the milk-testing for butter-fat in the dairies, the basis on which milk is paid for. The Royal Danish Control Society supplies an inspector for every society having one thousand cows. A farmer who belongs to a co-operative dairy which is a member of a control society can therefore have expert advice on all subjects connected with his occupation at a cost of fifty cents a year for each animal. The cow has become a milking automaton. The cows of the members of the control societies average 6,776 pounds of milk a year against the general average of all in Denmark, which is 5,236. The average for all co-operative dairies in 1898 was 4,090, and in 1909 had increased to 5,854 pounds. The amount of milk to produce a pound of butter has diminished from 26.6 to 25.6 pounds, but it is not certain whether this is due to an increase of butter-fat from scientific feeding or to better extraction in the dairies. The exact value of the yield per cow has increased over sixty per cent. since the co-operative movement began. A record of the milking capacity of every cow is kept on a card on the stall and their ration is varied according to their butter-fat production and the price of various foods. The present production of butter in Denmark is two hundred and fifty-three million pounds, of which two hundred million is exported and the rest consumed at home. Eighty-three per cent. of this is made by the co-operative societies, for which they receive seventy million dollars.

When the co-operative societies started, Denmark was importing thirty-one million pounds of butter. This has entirely stopped. The exports do not include a million dollars' worth of cream which the farmers in southern Jutland extract on their side of the border and

carry across, duty free, into Germany, there churning it in their own co-operative stations and selling the butter for the Danish price plus the German tariff, a very profitable business, which is rapidly increasing.

It was no wonder that the entire farming population turned to dairying. One old farmer with two hundred poor acres and twenty cows near Frederikssund, who had lived for many years on the perilous edge of insolvency, decided to see what the agricultural school would say about his land. He took some samples along with him and spent three weeks attending lectures. When he came back he divided the property into four farms and rented three, and on the fifty acres he retained began to breed up and increase his stock. He joined a purchase-and-sale society, a co-operative dairy, a breeding and a control society. As a result there are now two hundred cows on the land which formerly supported twenty. The tenants are prosperous, the land is greatly improved, the farmer's income is satisfactory, and he is naturally a strong advocate of schools of agriculture, dairying, and co-operation.

The social importance of the movement cannot be overestimated. Denmark has become the *meieri* land; the dairy chimney is the sign of prosperity. Neighborhood dairies in our own country have meant a good deal in the economy of labor and the regularization of product; but they have practically no social effect. A personally governed institution belonging to the people themselves is quite another matter. It brings them together in a responsibility for one another. They must serve together to accomplish the work, sometimes entirely unpaid in the beginning. They must learn that one cannot act against the interests of all the others—for instance, in the matter of health, disease spreading from one farmer's cows to all the neighborhood or to other countries. Tuberculous cows when detected are immediately killed, the dairies having co-operative insurance, another great agricultural boon. Any milk unfit from disease, or from food that gives it a flavor, is withheld or destroyed. There is no more telling evidence of the growth of regard for the dignity of labor than the final rule in the instructions hung in all co-operative dairies, "Regard this excellent work as one of honor."

Early in the development of the dairying system Germany put a stop to the importation of live pigs from Denmark. Very soon co-operative bacon factories were established, and the Danish farmers discovered that "skimmed milk means bacon." The barnyard pig, however, was not suited to the English taste. The fine Berkshire stock which the big estates had developed was acquired by the co-operative breeding societies, and the common razor-back on the small holdings was rapidly transformed into a fat and profitable producer of bacon. Thirty-five of the fifty slaughter-houses now exporting bacon from Denmark are co-operative. The control societies have developed a science of growing pigs. They have discovered that the faster a pig can be brought to bacon size by special feeding the finer is the bacon and the higher the price. Larger prices in shorter time appeal strongly to the farmer, and he is quite willing to send two out of every litter to the special-feeding station of his society in order to find out beyond a doubt not only what is good for pigs, but particularly for his pigs.

If skimmed milk means sides and sausage, another fact the bacon co-operators have discovered is that pig's blood means tulips. One industry inherits from another. The admirable bacon factory at Frederikssund shows that every particle of pig's blood drained from the concrete floors upon coke, dried in an oven, pulverized, and shipped in tight cartons to Holland to fertilize her beds of world-famous tulips, is sold at a price that adds materially to the profits paid back to the members of the bacon society.

The advantages of co-operative pig-curing are manifold. In the first place, the farmer is relieved of every responsibility but growing his animal and delivering it to the factory. He must grow his pig well, keep his pens clean and sanitary, and attend to proper feeding, or else take an average price. It is never more than a few miles from the pen to the slaughter-house. The transportation problem is eliminated, the pig is

not bruised on the way and does not lose weight. The farmer has no traveling expense for himself. Whenever the pigs are ready they may be delivered and paid for at the current price; the weighing will be honest, and it will make no difference in the rate of payment whether he has one pig or a cartload. From the pig's arrival in the home pen till his journey to the packing-house the farmer has at hand the aid of the control society when he needs it. The government inspector examines the pigs on every killing day. If one is found to be tuberculous or otherwise diseased, the insurance carried by the society prevents the farmer from losing, but he must immediately disinfect his pens. The manufacture of the farmer's animal sent salted to England, there to be smoked, gives him a vastly better price than he would have received if he had sold it alive, as he formerly did. The society has its own trade-mark, authorized by the government, and its own customers in England. It ships directly from Frederikssund, which is a seaport. By clubbing together to take a reasonable responsibility—in a word, by practising the art of mutual aid, the farmer finds he has no individual problem in production or manufacturing.

Buying and selling proceed as easily under the reins of co-operation. Through a single one of the fifteen purchasing societies, which have a combined membership of seventy thousand farmers, there is carried on a business of ten million dollars a year in the purchase of grain, fodder, seeds, and chemical manure. The Danish Consumers' Wholesale Society, of which the farmers are the principal part, also provides seeds for them to the amount of six hundred thousand dollars a year. These associations secure first-class material, bought at advantageous prices and distributed practically at cost. The result of the common purchase of manures, the co-operative extension of land-holding, and the natural manure resulting from the doubling of the number of cows and pigs has since 1881 increased the root crops sixfold, the production of grain sixty-six per cent. The other crops have followed suit, since the productivity of the land is thirty-six per cent. greater. Every advance of this sort not only increases the value of the land and the prosperity of the people, but it enables Denmark to live more and more



THE CO-OPERATIVE BACON FACTORY AT FREDERIKSSUND

on her own grain and other crops, and rapidly diminish the costly import of food. The excellent report of *Etatsraad Schou* shows that this advance is due to the united buying power of the farmers, the enforced crop rotation in the fields, and the education provided by the schools of agriculture and the experiment stations subsidized by the government.

The most remarkable of Denmark's successes, co-operative marketing, is the handling of the distribution of the co-operative production. Co-operative societies have charge of a large proportion of the exports, a standard of exported goods has been set, trade-marks authorized by the legislature have been made obligatory, and the government inspectors at the ports guarantee the quality of the goods they ship. The co-operative export societies have their trade-marks registered in Great Britain and other countries to which they export, and commercial agents to prosecute the infringers and to promote the trade. The co-operative bacon factories also have registered trade-marks and commercial agents. There are six butter-exporting societies, many federations of dairies, and some independent, all members of the trade-mark society. Many of the bacon factories also export eggs, and there is a big export trade carried on by the Co-operative Egg-Export Society of all Denmark. These also have authorized trade-marks. This trade amounts to eight million dollars, and the bacon exports in 1912, chiefly to England, to three hundred million pounds, returning, chiefly to co-operative factories, forty-two million dollars. This is in addition to their large trade in ham and shoulder, sausage and headcheese, blood fertilizer and other by-products, and the consumption at home. The export societies, having studied out first the simple laws of trade, the openings which were presented for each line of endeavor, have devised a comprehensive distributing system. So the marketing, the crux of the whole work of production, is eminently successful.

In Denmark we have the simplest elements of co-operation, such as are practised in other countries, notably Holland and Ireland. In each of these three countries we have individualists of pronounced type. They love their bit of land and the separation of their co-operative interests. Perhaps the Danish are naturally "joiners," who like the feeling of being attached to many concerns, but, being distinct in each of them, often belonging to different groups entirely; at any rate, one cannot go into



THE HOME OF THE DANISH FARMER WHO DIVIDED HIS ACRES INTO FOUR FARMS AND PROSPERED



A typical Co-operative Drainage and Irrigation System in Italy

an ordinary Danish farm-house, see the family surrounded by its old furniture, with its Greuze and Hals prints on the wall, with its books new and old in the bookcase, and not feel that here is a rooted individualism which marks men as distinct in their relations as trees on a plain. The barn, forming two sides and sometimes three of the great square courtyard, may offer a distinct contrast when one sees the splendid milk records in every stall, kept by the control society, the clean and sometimes odorless pens of the pigs which go to a separate bacon society, whose factory is near by; when one sees the collectivist hens sitting on nests where the fiction of the self-numbering egg may yet come true; but the whole home and the courtyard tell the truth—that here lives the individualist-collectivist.

How different in Italy! There the rare peasant who holds a bit of land may remain an individualist. Indeed, he often does, to the point of willing one-third of the haystack to each son, hopelessly mixing up titles thereby, and usually dividing the homestead into infinitesimal fragments upon which all three could not possibly make a living. But land is scarce, the price of it is forbidding, and the large estates so general that individualism has quite generally gone down in defeat until necessity has at last forced a collectivism which is the very antithesis of the case of Denmark.

Intended as a protection and in some cases actually exercised as such, the patronage which envelops the countryman has generally been outworn. Occasionally one finds the relation between master and peasant under a modern form of profit-sharing advantageous for both, as it is on the model estate of a certain Count outside of Cremona. In contrast, hard conditions exist elsewhere. In the rice-fields, at the "cleaning time" in May the women, twenty or thirty in a gang, stand half-way to their knees in water, compelled to continue in that tiresome, bending position for twelve hours a day, with a payment of forty cents to compensate them for abnormally hard labor. An overseer stands behind them nominally to direct their work, to chide them if they stop to rest, who menaces, even if he does not strike, with the heavy stick he carries. In the past spring on one estate of great extent and beauty, guards armed with shot-guns were posted at the frequent intersections of the well-built roads to intimidate any laborers who might rebel against conditions. These guards were said to be "necessary." Perhaps they are to the support of an antiquated system of labor which

is practically servitude; a system so like that under which a penitentiary farm is conducted that no American can think it equitable and no country which values its citizens should permit. This estate is not alone in this abuse, which reflects the temper of a portion of the ruling class, who consider it justified by the fact that the agricultural laborers have organized. The results of this practice, commonly accompanied by absentee landlordism and a vicious custom of giving renting-agents too much power, have been so unfortunate for labor that twenty years ago a movement started among the agricultural workers, who had no chance of otherwise succeeding or living peaceably, both to rent and to conduct farms in common. Italians are naturally gregarious, and perhaps that is one reason why they so readily developed the method of working together and living together for the co-operative mastery of production, manufacturing, and land.

The Italian began some years ago, as our immigration figures testify, to resent his rut. Those who stayed behind expressed the striving to rise socially by organizing. They could do nothing without money; they had not wages sufficient for them to accumulate savings and buy land. Uneducated, but naturally tending to thrift, somewhat lazy, the Italian still possesses stamina and a love of the land which is more passionate than that of his Northern brother. Through organization and protest against impossibly low wages a general raise was effected which in northeast Italy amounted to fifteen million dollars a year, spread over a wide territory and divided among hundreds of thousands of workers. Even so, the wages of a farm-hand in Italy to-day seldom exceed sixty cents, a sum upon which the saving to purchase land at current prices is so tedious as to take a lifetime. Some do save; some find land for rent and brave the "*mezzadria* system" on a contract too complicated for the ordinary laborer to understand. It is natural that they should have worked out another solution by following the simple rules of co-operation, already learned, of joining in a group with others who also want land, bringing each his pittance of savings to the common pool, or coming empty-handed if he has none, and pledging his working power to assure the rent. A hundred and fifty such associations in Italy, from Sicily to Piedmont, are holding farms in common, some small groups of ten or twelve who rent a tract and work it individually, but more of them larger societies, from two hundred to twelve hundred members, renting estates, living in the buildings which previously housed aristocracy, and cultivating the land from central headquarters.

One of these societies now owning a great farm near Reggio-Emilia shows conclusively how fully such a group may serve itself, how completely the collective interest has absorbed the whole lives of some of these people. They organized twenty years ago to rent land, as a co-operative society with unlimited liability, with no restriction as to its size, and an entrance fee of one lira. There were two rules to which there was no exception: every member must work, and every member must be honest. Saving and saving, through bad years and good, they at last managed to accumulate a considerable sum. Two years ago, looking about for purchasable land, always a scarce article in Emilia, the long-deserted estate of a papal dignitary, fifteen hundred acres of land, came under their consideration. It was badly run down, it was comparatively inaccessible, but the price was much lower than usual in that vicinity—one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. They changed their society to one of limited liability, three hundred men taking shares of two hundred lire and one hundred and fifty women shares of one hundred lire. With this capital to make the first payment they dealt with the absent owner through the savings-bank of Reggio, which by agreement with him bought for investment the mortgage for the balance, which runs for fifty years at five per cent. They rented in addition four hundred and eighty acres of the land they had been previously cultivating, thus having altogether nearly two thousand acres.

Four hundred and fifty members and their families moved into the great bare palace and its adjacent dwellings. Walls with faded frescoes give to the rooms

which simple peasants now occupy an incongruous afterglow of a former magnificence. Enormous barns offered long arcade-like shelter for the wagons and machinery they had accumulated, and spacious stalls were well stocked with their animals. Smaller buildings could be used for other purposes, and a consumers' store, a bakery, two dairies, and a slaughter-house were soon established to serve to the fullest this independent community. Lard is manufactured on the estate. No woman has to bake her bread—that is all done for her; and the economy and the quality of the bread are standardized. Every member belongs to the store and buys there not only food but clothing and practically all other supplies, reaping an annual dividend on purchases of ten per cent. The purchase of fertilizer and any needed machinery is made from the agricultural association at Reggio, which discounts their acceptances at the co-operative bank to be paid for at the crop season. The dairies not only get a better price for their products in Reggio than the members could individually, but they provide the farmers with all the butter, milk, and good Parmesan cheese which they can afford to use. All of the products possible from the various businesses conducted on the estate are marketed in Reggio.

The bookkeeping on this farm is necessarily extensive, as all labor counted by time must be kept track of, the men receiving a credit of six and two-thirds cents an hour and an order for wages accepted as cash on the farm, and the women receiving in the same way about five and a quarter. Each member has a separate account, and whatever he consumes is checked off against it. At the crop season, when everything is sold and the loans from the bank, the acceptances, and all other debts paid, the balance is struck and the surplus divided. Forty per cent. of the net earnings goes to the members in lieu of wages; twenty per cent. usually goes into the reserve fund; twenty per cent. is used for improvements; and twenty goes to insurance, taxes, and education. It is said that at present the net profit to each man for his labor on the farm is one hundred and fifty dollars, which he usually supplements by working on free days on neighboring estates for the ready cash thus obtained. The women earn proportionately less. The amount may seem low to an American, but it is much better than the people can ordinarily earn when working for others, and as they are setting by a considerable sum for reserves and improvements they are actually earning more than appears.

The division of labor is made by



MEMBERS OF THE COLLECTIVE FARM AT ALTEDO

officers, with the assistance of a primitive labor bureau. The men and women who are fittest for different sorts of work, dairying, the rice-fields, the steam-machines, the general farm work, or the clerical duties, are naturally assigned according to their abilities. There are elected officers, all unsalaried, a board of ten, a president, administrator, and a superintendent. In the case of Reggio the success of the agriculture has been in no small measure due to the appointment of Professor Vittorangeli as administrator, the expert agriculturist of the *cattedra ambulante*, a traveling professorship of agriculture supported by the co-operative associations, the government, and the province, a characteristic Italian device for reaching people who cannot come to the big centers for instruction. After testing the half-sterile and neglected soil he shows them how to replenish it. They have begun to grow live stock and rice, wheat, corn, and other grains with the usual intensive cultivation. They do what for Italy is an amazing amount of work by power machines obtained through the agricultural association, or *consorzio*, the first and last link in the chain of collective living for the farmer.

The *consorzio* is most easily described as the farmer's social center, for from it his whole life benefits and by it many of his problems are actually dealt with. It is the central office also of the *cattedra ambulante*. If he wants advice as to crops, soil, or dairying, his apiary, his vines, his olives, he goes to the headquarters of the *consorzio*, often to sit, as at Parma, in a charming, simply furnished and spacious reception-room, where he may take his ease while he tells his story to Professor Bizzozzero or discusses the general situation with other landmen. There also in the adjoining store he may select implements, feed, or fertilizer from the large stock, for which, if in common with other agriculturists he needs seasonal credit, he may indorse an invoice to be settled in a term of months which will allow him to gain the money from his land with which to pay it. The provincial federations have individually triumphed over the combination of manufacturers of superphosphate, practically a trust which conspired to raise prices and maintain them not only in Italy but in Germany, France, and Belgium, on an essential fertilizer for the farmer. The provincial federation of Brescia, at Bagnoli Mella, assumed unlimited liability and started a superphosphate factory of its own. They get the raw material, both the phosphate and the iron pyrites, in the new Italian colony of Lybia in Africa, which is not controlled by the trust. The factory succeeded and the other provinces followed suit until there are fourteen, including one in Milan, turning out a sufficient supply for all the co-operative farmers.

The National Federation of Agricultural Co-operatives, to which all the provincial *consorzi* belong, and which has its principal office in Piacenza, has also done much to solve the fertilizer problems for the farmers of Italy. It has established its credit in Chile, and imports nitrates by shiploads. It made important arrangements with the Strasburg syndicate to reduce the price of kainite, sulphate, and other potash salts. It has purchased the feudal title to Thomas slag, to permit the importation of two hundred thousand tons of this necessary element. It established a chair of chemical investigation at the Higher School of Agriculture at Milan, and offered prizes for simple methods by which the farmer can test the purity of various fertilizers he buys outside the federation. One of these has already been claimed. It has arranged to deliver all its imports directly to the province to which they are consigned, thus reducing the cost of transportation. The establishment of a technical bureau for the study and testing of machines and implements suitable for the soil in all parts of Italy led to plans for manufacturing the special types needed.

Without the *consorzio* and its national federation the *affittanze collettive*, latest and most significant demonstration of agricultural co-operation in Italy, could never have gone so far. In the province of Bologna there are already twelve of these groups organized into a *consorzio* with the aid of the co-operative bank of Bologna, and other similar banks in the outlying cities. The first of these was formed at Altedo in 1906, not far from



An Italian Cantina to which the Co-operative Society of Vintners bring their Grapes

the city. It has nine hundred and fifty members, who rent seven thousand acres of excellent land. In five years they have been able to put by a capital of thirty-two thousand lire, looking forward toward buying the land. In 1913 this society has two hundred and ninety-one thousand lire in loans and credit from the *Banca Co-operativa*, in the early spring, to pay rent, to buy fertilizer and needed machinery, to pay wages, and to conduct the business through the season, returning it at crop-time. To see one of these great farms like that at Altedo, to see the overflowing mass of humanity living in the long rows of houses and going in groups to the fields or to the orchards or vineyards, is to realize the yeast of unrest which is working to-day in Italy. Abandoning their struggle for higher wages against their masters, they manage in good years to pay themselves four lire a day for service, but they will as willingly go on with lower wages if the year is bad. They have a home, a common interest in making the farm profitable, a democratic management, a stimulus to be thrifty, every advantage of collective buying and selling, and educational opportunities in a land where the indifference to the education of the peasant has long been so great as to amount to encouragement of ignorance.

With a membership of forty-four hundred, a rental bill of forty thousand dollars, a wage account of ninety thousand more, the twelve *affittanze collettive* in the province of Bologna have already given a substantial test of the scheme. In the five years from the founding of the first society till the end of 1911 the whole group had accumulated a capital of thirty-one thousand dollars, with returns not so large in money but rich in human results.

The solid basis of new Italy, multiplying production on the land, distributing every year a larger portion of the great sums from the crops to the men and women who grow them, has its reason in the same fundamental idea which has led to success in Denmark. The same causes have prompted agricultural co-operation all over Europe; and with regard to ownership, it has taken co-operation to show that the magic of collective property is only second to the magic of individual property; that the substitution of "our own" could on occasion be made for "my own" in regard to the homestead and the fields. Adherence to the principle of collectivism, either in a trim little modern machine like Denmark, or in a big, loose, half-medieval apparatus like that of Italy, in some unostentatious way carries the individual with it into a broader education. Co-operation is educating its users; the neighborhood spirit has revived.

The Respecters of Law

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

ONE afternoon at the most representative of New York clubs a group of men were assembled. They were of that class in the community who have much to lose, in wealth, occupation, or repute. They had been talking of politics and business; they were not encouraged by the outlook. Their fathers would have said the country was going to the dogs. Their own comment was that "the present spirit of lawlessness constituted a grave menace to our institutions."

A quiet, bearded man in the corner, well known as an editorial writer for a radical newspaper, found himself out of tune with the universal note of pessimism, and said so.

"Oh, that's all very well for you, Parker; you're not so well satisfied as you pretend," some one answered. "You have to write like that for your paper. Papers must sell, and that sort of thing is popular for the moment; but a man of your intelligence must see as clearly as any of us that the lack of respect for law is driving America to ruin."

"The lack of respect for law, eh?" said Parker, and getting up, he came slowly to the fireplace—the center of the group. "I should like to tell you a story," he said. "It's an interesting story, and, besides, it illustrates— But you'll see what I mean. The details came to me as so many curious things do to a newspaper man.

"Some years ago a celebrated emerald necklace was bought in Paris by an American lady—we will call her Mrs. A., though you all, no doubt, know the woman I mean. The necklace had once belonged to Catharine of Russia, but its principal historical interest was that it was one of the jewels given to the notorious Sophia Ernandetta by the most gallant gentleman in Europe. Perhaps we in this country would not have been so much interested in its associations, but there was some dispute about its valuation in the custom-house; and though Mrs. A. was shown to have been scrupulously exact in the matter, the papers took the thing up, and every one soon knew the value of the necklace and the size of the stones.

"The first time that she wore it was to the opera. It was one of the German operas—'Götterdämmerung,' I think—where, at the beginning of the second act, the house is in darkness for a considerable time. Mrs. A. was in a box nearest the stage. It had been offered her at the last moment by a friend, and she had taken no one with her but her nephew, a boy of sixteen or seventeen.

"While the house was still dark, she heard some one enter the box, and an unknown voice said, 'Will you come into the anteroom? I have some bad news for you.'

"It is said that we are all haunted by some impossible nightmare or other. My wife expects every time the telephone rings to hear our daughter has broken a front tooth. I know a man who is always prepared to discover that he has left his safe unlocked. Well, it appears that Mrs. A. had always had a secret terror that the chimneys in her new town house would blow down and kill somebody. She jumped up at once, ready for the worst. She did not get as far as the anteroom, where a dim light was burning. She had just put out her hand to lift the curtain when she ran against the person who had summoned her—a man, and in evening dress. Then she felt a tug at her throat, and knew that her necklace was gone.

"She is a woman of intelligence and of unusual calm. She estimated that it took her perhaps a second to realize what had happened, and another to spring through the anteroom to the corridor. The corridor was well lighted, and absolutely empty.. Two seconds

were not enough for any one to reach the stairway. She calculated that the thief must be in one of the next three boxes. The fourth was vacant. Remember that she herself was in the stage box, and the corridor ends in a blank wall. She called to her nephew, and, telling him of the situation, she asked him to search very quietly in the anterooms of the three boxes. This, under cover of the music, could be done without attracting any particular attention; people are always making mistakes and getting into the wrong boxes. He came back and reported that all three anterooms were empty. A moment later the lights went up, and she was able to see the occupants.

'There were just five men in those three boxes, and it happened that she knew, at least by name, every one of the five. One of them was the culprit. Which?"

Parker paused, and one of the audience exclaimed, "Was the man caught? How extraordinary that such a thing was kept out of the papers!"

"Very strenuous means were employed to prevent its getting into the papers," said Parker. "Now here you are, a group of unusually intelligent men, some of you lawyers, all of you observers of men and events. I will to the best of my powers describe those five men; not so much their characters, which would involve my own personal view, but I will tell you the bald facts about them as impartially as possible, and you shall guess which one was guilty.

"The first was a contractor. He had, as a young man—a New-Yorker of excellent family and position, but very hard up—gone into organization politics; partly, no doubt, from ambition, but also through a vague desire to do his share in the government of his city. I have no idea what happened to him in the mean time, but I do know that these recent investigations would have connected him with some of the largest of the fraudulent contracts if tremendous influence, and also the statute of limitations, had not worked in his favor. He has retired from business and politics alike, with an income that enables him to have an opera-box one night a week, and there you may see him and his extremely pretty wife any Wednesday evening."

"Well," said a prominent Republican in the group, "those are the fellows I should like to railroad to prison without a trial. They don't even have the excuse of necessity before involving themselves in about as dirty situations as our modern civilization affords."

"The next," said Parker, "was a financier; a railroad president, a man highly thought of by every one until recently—perhaps still highly thought of, for all I know. I must, however, tell you that he is at this moment serving a term in a Federal prison; not, as even his worst enemies admit, for any personal dishonesty, but, as a friend of his described it, on account of a certain wilfulness in running his road. He was never at any time in want of money, and at the moment of the robbery was shown to have had sums in several banks large enough to buy the necklace twice over.

"The third man was a judge. He had just at that time resigned from the bench, many said in order to avoid impeachment. I myself have seen evidence which convinced me that he decided an important case against his own legal judgment and in conformity with political pressure. He stated almost in so many words that he believed that the continuance of his party in power was more important to the welfare of the country than justice in that instance to an individual."

"Well," said a Wall Street man, "as far as I am concerned, you need go no further. There we have the total absence of moral sense."

"In that I must disagree with you," remarked one of the lawyers, pressing the tips of his fingers together. "I hold no brief for the judges, goodness knows, for they have always caused me a great deal of trouble, but I doubt if any one except a lawyer understands the infinity of considerations that enter into the forming of a legal opinion; and if you do, you will admit that a man might be unconsciously influenced in his judgent without being on that account a common criminal."

"The higher the responsibility, the lower the fall—" the Wall Street man began, but Parker interrupted him.

"The fourth man," he continued, "was a broker; a generous, warm-hearted fellow enough, a member here now, I believe, who had very gaily perpetrated some of those little crimes which we all used to admire and envy, and which we are all so much shocked at now. Unhappily his historical sense was at fault; he did in 1912 what was permitted only previous to 1909."

"The organization of the stock-market," said the broker, "is as delicate—as delicate as a flower." He was momentarily checked by cheers and laughter. "The attempt to legislate on such matters is absurd."

"I am bound to tell you," continued Parker, "that besides these little technical crimes of which I spoke, this broker was known to be excessively attentive to a Russian singer, whose special taste for emeralds had already occasioned remark in several capitals. The fifth and last man was a young socialist; a fellow who had just come into prominence by an attempt to arouse popular opinion in favor of an anarchist who was trying to land in this country. This young man, having given up the little that he inherited from his father on the ground that it was derived from a patent in some way opposed to his principles, was gaining his living very comfortably by going about the country lecturing on all the more inflammable subjects. Wherever there was trouble between labor and capital, he was always to be found doing all he could—and he had distinct eloquence—to render the working-man and the working-woman more discontented than they already were."

"If I had the power," said a neatly dressed old gentleman, who had not hitherto spoken, "I would string every one of those fellows up, without the smallest compunction."

Parker went on, without noticing the interruption: "His fine words had a charm for all our great ladies, who thought they were getting near the heart of the people without the trouble of leaving their own drawing-rooms, and for a winter or two he was asked everywhere. Thus, rather against some of his principles, perhaps, he happened to be at the opera on the night when Mrs. A.'s necklace was stolen. Such, my friends, were the five men on whom suspicion fell."

He had hardly ceased speaking before an argument arose as to the guilty person—an argument so warm that Parker interposed.

"One moment," he said. "I note that there are just twelve of you about the fire. Constitute yourselves a jury, and see if you can agree on a verdict as to which of those men took the necklace, or, if you prefer, which was most justly open to suspicion. I'm going to the writing-room. You can send for me when you've decided."

"Suppose we can't agree," some one asked.

"Oh, you ought to be able to agree," Parker answered. "You're a much more homogeneous group than any real jury ever was; and your collective guess, after due discussion, will be far more interesting than your scattered, individual surmises."

"You assure us," one of the lawyers asked, "that the necklace was not dropped in the carriage or left at home by mistake?"

"The necklace," Parker returned, "was torn from Mrs. A.'s neck by one of the five men I have described," and so saying he left the room. As he shut the door behind him he heard the sound of twelve men talking at once.

It had been half past five when he ended his story, and he had already begun to consider the propriety of ordering his dinner before he was summoned to return. It was evident that high words had passed, but equally clear that the storm was over. The prominent Republican was still breathing a trifle heavily, and one of the lawyers was looking rather more severely scornful than usual, but otherwise complete amity seemed to reign.

"Yes," said the spokesman, "we have reached a verdict. We are unanimously agreed, after a very careful discussion, that it was the young socialist who stole the necklace."

Parker nodded, more in thought than in agreement. "And could you give me your reasons?"

"Why," said the spokesman, "the whole life of such a fellow is an attack on property. Surely if you want to take

everything away from those who have it, it would be a small matter to steal a necklace from a woman."

"Except," said Parker, "that stealing a necklace is a crime, whereas, so far as I know, wanting anything is not as yet on the books, even as a misdemeanor."

"A lot a fellow like that would care what was on the books," some one exclaimed. "What has he to lose?"

"Well, gentlemen," said Parker, "as friends, as members of your various professions, you are an admirable body; but as respecters of the law, I must tell you you are somewhat below the average—as indeed I feared you might prove."

He was asked to explain himself.

"I pass over your remarks about railroading people to prison, and stringing up others without due process, and draw your attention merely to the fact that, among the five men I described, the one person whom you all unanimously suspected was the only one who had not committed a crime against those laws of which you all profess yourselves the supporters."

Above the turmoil which arose the Wall Street man was heard saying:

"Well, we've guessed right, evidently. That's why Parker is so annoyed. Own up, Parker."

"Yes, tell us," cried another. "I could even bear being wrong, for this has been the most interesting afternoon I have spent for months."

Parker smiled. "I hope," he said, "that none of you will think it less interesting when I confess that I invented the story as a test for my friends."

All Souls

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

IT was the night when They return.
And the old house that loved Them all
Through each lone chamber seemed to yearn.
A listening stillness kept the hall;
Each slim, up-growing candle-light
Seemed waiting Their descending flight.
It was the night when They return—
All Souls!

It was the night when They return.
I looked. And in his wonted seat
One smiled to see the great log burn;
One took the stair with loitering feet;
One touched the keys to soundless tune;
One at the window watched the moon.

It was the night when They return.
Such blessedness Their presence poured—
The sweetness of a breathing urn
Where Summer's countless rose is stored.
Nor changed were They, of looks or ways,
Save that beyond me passed Their gaze.

It was the night when They return.
On each dear name aloud I cried,
Some least recognizance to earn.
Then she, my Sweet, who long since died,
Seemed to remember—and forget—
With wistful eyes. . . . My own were wet.
It was the night when They return—
All Souls!

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

FROM time to time we hear of the resuscitation or the renaissance of some author, nearly always a novelist. Yet somehow after the note of proclamation has died away, the immortals have died with it, and are no more among us than before it sounded. The really undying immortals are those who have never died even once, as Shakespeare, for instance, because he is commensurate with humanity; as Scott, for no such large reason, but because he has never entirely died, but has unbrokenly lived in the boyhood of the world. On some such terms De Foe leads a continuous life in *Robinson Crusoe*, and Swift in *Gulliver's Travels;* Bunyan might be equally alive in his *Pilgrim's Progress* if its doctrine had been as true as its character, and so might Milton, if it were not for the mistaken piety in his poetry. Goldsmith survives in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, and less vigorously in his "Deserted Village"; but this seems the end of the story, unless we add the name of the undying but not equally living Charles Lamb. The reader may try for others among the many who ought never to have died, and whom we may still lament, but we think he will fail to enlarge the count, except with one fine spirit only. Jane Austen lives, not only because she has never yet died, but because her immortality seemed to have scarcely begun when her mortality ended. She has not declined to the fondness of boys and girls like Scott, but enjoys with Shakespeare the ever-widening honor and affection of mature men and women. In other things she has been preposterously claimed his equal, though she may be reasonably ranked far above him in the wealth of biographical material which she left intestate, not only to her own family, but apparently the whole human family. Life of her follows life, by her nephews and grandnephews; with memoirs by distinguished people of all connections; volumes of her letters with comments; fragments of the fiction which we have to lament unfinished; criticisms and appreciations; and edition after edition of her novels. The earliest of these began with *Sense and Sensibility* in 1811, and the latest ended with *Pride and Prejudice* in 1912. Twelve complete editions of her works, newly edited, have been issued within thirty-five years; and five within the present century. Of memoirs, studies, and sketches of her and her kindred, there have been ten or twelve, not counting the last of all, namely, *Jane Austen, Her Life and Letters: a Family Record*, by William Austen-Leigh and Richard Arthur Austen-Leigh. Her critics, who seem to be always her eulogists, have been such eminently qualified persons as Macaulay, Lord Brabourne, Lady Thackeray-Ritchie, Sir Leslie Stephen, Andrew Lang, Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, Goldwin Smith, Mr. George Saintsbury, Mrs. Tytler, Mr. Austin Dobson, Miss Constance Hill, Walter Herries Pollock, Mr. E. V. Lucas, Sir Sidney Lee. The wide recognition of her greatness appears such a consensus of the wise and just that it might well flatter their humblest fellow-worshiper with a sense of his own merit, almost of his importance; if indeed the extremely high social and literary character of that elect company did not move him to sullen revolt and denial.

It shows how really excellent her work is that it survives the adoration of so many upper-class worshipers; and if any commoner man or woman is led to doubt by the spectacle of their devotion, he or she has only to turn to the author's work for assurance of reason in their faith. Whenever in the course of their memoirs or criticisms her biographers give one of her letters, or a passage from one of her novels, or even a little glimpse of her from some one who knew her, they save her from themselves; there is at once a varied life on that high level which otherwise they keep with something like monotony; the scene is humanized, and for the moment we are

freed from a certain chill, creeping paralysis of respectability which she would be herself so ready to smile at. The generalization is not quite fair, we own it; some of her editors and biographers and commentators cannot write of her otherwise than we would have them, with bursts of naturalness and even light-heartedness, and it is perhaps by her own family, of the first, second, and third generation, having her memory so much in their care, that the outsiders who would be gayer are sobered, not to say awed, in the presence of her fame. It seems a pity, and it is a pity, that the newest contribution to her personal and literary history by her kindred seems not very new, or different in matter or manner from the earlier monuments. It is very tasteful, very gentlemanly, very nice, but it does nothing to remove the sense of polite distance at which the reader has been held by her biographers from an author whose own words make him so gladly at home with her.

There was, in fact, apparently nothing to be added to the story of that quiet, helpful, cheerful life which we know, and what the present biographers seem to have most distinctly done is to have corrected some not very serious errors of others. But they have less noticeably done more than this; they have put the letters which we know, or the passages from them, with the right dates of the story which we know; they have studied each successive novel in its time and place; and when one looks back over their work one sees a need of it which was not so prospectively or currently apparent. Then one feels how well it was, once for all, to have the record so fully and so carefully made, and the facts gathered and related to the few and simple events in their order. One realizes with ill-concealed relief that it need not be done again, and if one is very reasonable, or is truly just, one owns that the way her kindred have here and always written of the supreme English artist in fiction is the right way if not the liveliest way; they could not well have joined the world in its acclaim of the matchless charm of an aunt's or grand-aunt's literature or nature.

With some such restraint as this the kinfolk of Shakespeare, if they had known how to spell, must have written of him, but here again we would not force the mistaken parallel between the two. Jane Austen was no Shakespeare in her art or life, not even a female one; but a gentle and gifted woman, making shift through all her changes of place to keep far from the madding crowd, in the serenity and shelter of her rather movable home. From Steventon to Bath, from Bath to Southampton, from Southampton to Chawton, from Chawton to Winchester, the quiet story follows her quiet steps, and brightens through every shadow with the cheer of her humorous fancy, her subtle playfulness, her helpfulness, her kind conscience, her tender affection. Never was a fine and beautiful nature less conscious of itself, never a life more given to others. Probably it was not the sacrifice it seems to the world outside, for she was one of those who do not find self-devotion a sacrifice. After all, she did what she wished, and there is no proof that she did not perfectly fulfil the design of her being. She was, perhaps, meant to do nothing more in literature than write those few wonderful books of hers, and it was probably one of her highest pleasures to write in the midst of household cares and family claims, in the very presence of those she loved best, loved even better than her work. It is a comfort and a joy to find nothing of the pose of genius in her quiet attitude toward every day-duties, or the pretense of being

> "... too wise and good
> For human nature's daily food."

We might wish her now to have had a niece or a nephew or two less, if we might so have had a book or two more from her, but she never could have wished that, and our sympathy does not become a pang till these last days of hers at Winchester.

It had long been the purpose of certain Americans to keep this pang for a visit to the place where she rests from her work and care, and for ever leaves her art to live on for her; and in the summer just past they found themselves chosen for the pilgrimage by one of those English Sundays which know how to seem the sweetest in the world. The run

down to Winchester from London was through those green pastures and past those still waters of England which look Biblical beyond all others. The hedges that met and followed the train and fled back and forth as things do which one's train passes, grew at intervals into tall, wide blotches of trees; the wheat was beginning to let hang its heavy yellow heads; the rye shimmered in waves of glassy green; poppies burned among the stems, and by village palings the hollyhocks glowed, and everywhere the little dooryards blazed with red blossoms and blue. The landscape had made itself of a Sabbath neatness in everything between the earth and sky; and the pilgrims could see from their car-windows the birds singing if they could not hear them. These unheard melodies attuned the spirit to the right mood for their errand, and it was with a jar of discord that the piety of the day broke upon its religious sweetness. At the station the pilgrims confidently, but they hoped not too audaciously, asked for the omnibus of the hotel where they meant to lunch, and were told that no public vehicles met Sunday trains, and they must walk if they wished to go to that hotel or any other in Winchester.

This might not have seemed the hardship it really was if it had not been for the sight of a private touring-car at the door of the station waiting in a Sabbath-breaking sinfulness which the publican would not indulge himself or his intending visitors in. These with much misgiving found their way to his hotel, but so far from being repelled from it, or bidden take their famine elsewhere, were welcomed to a luncheon so sacrilegious as to have at least one hot dish in its menu. The hot dish was very fitly the roast beef of the island, and the luncheon generally was such as to have sweetened the mood of the pilgrims again if it had not been for the plum tart. Even as it was, they rose from their table with hope not wholly soured in them. They were not so vain as to hope for anything like a public fly, though private motors were humming about the hotel and through the streets when they took their way on foot toward the cathedral. This they felt sure would be opened for the service cathedrals are appointed to, and for the reverence they wished to pay to that gentle memory which made the Winchester Cathedral sacredest to them. They found it, easily enough, in the grassy and shady close such as sequesters most cathedrals, but with a peculiar quiet and a charm in the houses and the gardens which seemed a quality of its own. The cathedral itself, though, they decided had no great beauty, but a hard air as from too comprehensive restoration. Some kodaking bicyclers hung about the door and tried its hasp, more vainly than the pilgrims could believe till they tried it themselves. Word began to come that it would not be open till three, and then an austere man in the nature of a verger appeared detachedly, and made known that when it should be open no unworshiping person would be allowed to do more than walk straight in and straight out again, looking neither to the right nor to the left on the monuments. The pilgrims heard this with a closing of the heart, but with a firm resolve to test its truth. They walked about and around the close and came into it again through some poor streets and alleys, and made what they could of some Norman arches lingering from the vanished ruin of a cloister. Certain of them went in search of the Itchen, thinking that its shores might somewhere harbor a tea-house where they could later go for tea, but they found the river of no such promise, much less performance. Hard by a walk planted with plane-trees and kindly fitted with benches where the heat of the afternoon might be better borne, they all came upon the stream murmuring under a culvert, and looking very cool and pleasant with its swift green current. A Roman ruin near was locked as fast as the cathedral against them, and walled in so high that not even by standing on the back of a bench could they see it.

The day was so disappointing that with the utmost effort of fancy they could not fill the streets of Winchester with any pageant of the past when Briton and Roman and Saxon and Norman storied the place, and sovereigns of differing date kinged and queened it there, or when the dull little county town rivaled London in commerce and

industry. Only the whirring and honking motors disturbed the Sabbath-silenced roadways, while the lower classes in their Sunday finery clumped and clicked over the pavements. There were, indeed, older and younger scholars from the ancient schools of Winchester to lend her a more acceptable effect by their caps and Eton jackets; the courts of the schools stood open, and the pilgrims might look in, and imagine them the same as Jane Austen saw them when some day she came to town from Chawton, to shop or pay an infrequent visit. But they could not haunt the streets with her as they would have liked, lacking still the sight of the place where her feet rested from all coming and going.

They went back again to the cathedral, and were again disheartened by the report that it would be kept shut against their sort of worship. But there was a kind cripple near the door, holding a little girl by the hand, who was of a different mind, and who bade them believe that they certainly would be let in; and they followed him round to a side entrance, where presently quiet folk, young and old, with prayer-books in their hands, began softly to arrive, and to exhale a Sabbath scent from the clothes put by on all week-days. It appeared that the kind cripple was right; they who had come to revere were allowed as hospitably in as those who had come to pray, and our pilgrims were in no wise hindered from finding the shrine of their devotion opposite the chantry which William of Wykeham designed for himself. They were also free to look at the other monuments while a sweetly solemn chanting and intoning went on in a far corner of the fane; but they did not see even the painted chests which hold the bones of such kings as Ethelwolf, Egbert, Canute, and William Rufus, pathetically unable to know themselves apart, after a lapse of so much time.

Perhaps the pilgrims were not just to the other claims of the cathedral on an enlightened transatlantic interest, in their supreme affection for the memory of her who reposed at their feet and was assured to them by the inscription in the wall. She was more to them than all kings and princes, saints and prelates, though she would have been prompt, no doubt, to rebuke their preference. As it was, keeping it tacitly from her, they seemed aware of a sympathetic irony or ironical sympathy in the haunting presence which quietly smiled at the difficulties and disappointments of their arrival; and feeling this, they would not have had it different. It was richly enough to have her imagining what they had gone through, and phrasing it with her matchless demureness. Their little moment with her was all they could have wished, and they could not have wished Winchester, or its cathedral, or its fast-locked ruins, and hot, dull streets other than they had found, or failed to find them. They hurried from the haunting presence lest the verger should come and bid them not linger, leaving no signs of defeat behind but subtly followed by its smiling intelligence.

In the persistent default of public conveyances, they asked and found their way to the station on foot—a long way—and then in their places in the belated train they resumed the argument of their wonder and gladness at that immortality which they had been sensible of even in the place where all that was mortal of their beloved author's life remained. Why was she so persistently, so increasingly, so, next after Shakespeare, Shakespeareanly alive? One held, and the others more and more conceded, the point that it was because as the world civilized and enlightened to her level, so far above the average of her own time, the world must hold her in ever-widening appreciation and affection. With every succeeding generation she must be more read, and with her to be more read was to be more loved, so that at last all her readers must be as elect as her editors and biographers. Of this select companionship the pilgrims distinctly felt themselves, as they whirred on up to London in the soft early evening light, and looked out on the reversal of the morning landscape from the windows of the first-class carriage where they had been forced to take places in default of those third-class seats which their tickets entitled them to.

EDITOR'S STUDY

MANY of us are hopefully looking forward to an era, or even a long vista of eras, in literature which for great individual examples shall equal or surpass those which we account most brilliant in the past, and to which we point with pride, as justifying our estimate of human possibilities, and with shame, according to our estimate of our present infirmities.

Our expectation is indefinite. Generally, or at least reasonably, it can only be the hope that genius will emerge as freshly and as abundantly in the future as in the past. We editors, who sit down to our daily feast of manuscripts, are eagerly waiting for it to become a festival, and a single writer of eminent genius in poetry or fiction, greeting us, would make it seem like that. We are not looking for another Shakespeare or another Dickens, but for some creator just as surprising. There are no repetitions in this evolution. The very appearance of a repetition is a sign either of deliberate imitation or of that unconscious assimilation which we pardon and may even commend in the young novitiate.

There is genius enough in the human world, and as much of it at one time as another, if we consider it in its essence; it is as common as the light and air, as seeing and breathing, as elemental passion and appetite. Like all that is most essential, it seems negligible. It is spontaneous, and spontaneities escape the appreciation we give to accomplishments. The man who can lift a ton excites admiration, while that wonderful organism, the human body, is taken as a matter of course, as are all the exquisitely shaped living things that spring up about us without effort. Genius is the very essence and potence of creation —not only of all becoming, but of the informing intelligence, of native reason and sympathy, the ground of harmony and harmonious correspondence.

The editor of a magazine that is especially devoted to creative literature, is on the lookout for any trace of this generic quality, though he is supposed to be forearmed against it and ready to suppress it on sight; he eagerly welcomes a gleam of it in its native nakedness or disguised by beggarly rags; it is a vital part of such genius as he himself has to detect it and respond to it. But unless genius has on the fitting garment it does not make for him the longed-for festival, nor will it for his readers, though their expectation is usually quite within the limits fixed by previous exhibits.

The native quality of genius in the simplest investment has a rare charm. For, common as this quality is, the heavenliness of childhood, the grace of unspoiled natures, the wild honey of our life, it seldom lives and moves in conscious literary expression save as it crops out unawares. Language was full of it before it became literature or was acquainted with grammar. The purpose of creative art, at one with nature, is to express in concrete embodiment this quality native to life; to emphasize it by elimination so that it shall be seen and felt in its true nature; to portray it in character, in action, or in passion. Thus art has an evolution corresponding to life, its investment becoming ever more complex. The artist has the vision and feeling of life only by growing into it, and thus only can give it a natural investment. The poet does not put on his singing-robes, nor the novelist those manners of thinking, feeling, and expression which are his style; the raiment is intimate, but enriched by the life he has grown into, so that, save as it is colored by temperament, it is not separately individual, but a product of the individualism created by the world and society which have engaged his sympathetic curiosity and interest.

The young writer of fiction, before he

has a developed sensibility, is likely to work from the outside, handling his material as one does in the fabrication of a structure, and in order to give his composition distinction he must substitute originality of invention for creative imagination. If he is clever he may try to make up for lack of sympathy by smartness and agility of diction. He aims at effective accomplishment. His invention may be novel and impressive, serving for entertainment, and it may succeed; his efforts may indeed deserve success, as ministering to the general enjoyment. The vast majority of the fiction that gets published or wins large applause may have less piquancy of appeal. Not all, nor nearly all the stories in our first-class magazines belong to creative literature, though meeting the indispensable condition that in some new fashion they shall be interesting.

But pure genius, plastic and formless, will not relieve literature from mediocrity, though with the simplest investment it will give poem or story unusual charm. It is the touch of nature. Some writers have begun that way, so little courting success that they have been surprised by it. What they did seemed to them common rather than uncommon, and so it was, in the true sense of the term, in the sense of commonness as implying the sympathy which makes community. Commonness is the heritage of genius, though so few writers partake of and realize this heritage, trying so hard to do the uncommon thing. Therefore it is that those to whom we justly attribute the quality of genius do what seems to us the unusual thing by keeping to life's common currents. William Blake was a singular example of this course of genius as a vision begotten of sympathy — a genetic knowledge, as distinguished from acquired information, illustrating also the faculty of genius in its spontaneity as a power shaping its own investment.

The writer of fiction who begins in simple fashion to embody the impressions of life made on a quickly sympathetic sensibility, having had no preparatory discipline of literary exercises, is so near to that pure plasticity in which art has its origin that he does not seem to the editor who accepts—for this kind usually has its first appearance in magazines—or to the reading world, a coming protagonist in the arena, or one likely to be reckoned among the "great masters." The spontaneous creation is wonderful, but not important—not even grown up, it has so soft and pliant a structure, with no round-up of style or plot. It runs on and on, like the unstudied sentences in Mary Wilkins's early stories: and but for such rhythmic fluency and such dramatic representativeness as characterize children's games, along with the naïve play of fancy, we should not suspect it of art. It surprises us as flowers do springing up among the crops that are tributary to the visible wealth of nations. For the moment of its spontaneity it has the charm that childhood has for us, and, like childhood, it is at once fresh and mysteriously antique, a glimpse of eternity. A number of a magazine made up of such creations would be rare indeed, since the whole world could not minister to its completion; but, if it were possible, the editor would find himself presiding at a kind of children's festival rather than at that great festival of his dreams, where should sit poets, novelists, and sages outranking all past exemplars.

The kind of beginning story-writer we have been describing, untrained, uninfluenced by books, directly embodying the impressions made upon a plastic sensibility, can hardly be said ever to have emerged in the absolute purity of the type. Mary Wilkins came nearer to the realization of it than any writer known to us. William Blake, in his poetry, affords the best example of the type preserved in a writer's maturity, unless we except Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," as we must if instancing a single creation. Notable instances of precosity are hardly ever pertinent to the type.

Usually, as we have said, a writer's first attempts show more of conscious effort than of his genius. This may be the case when genius is finally to prevail and determine the career. Genius waits upon effort, waits often for a structure which it may occupy and transform to its finer uses, reaping where

it has not sown. It delights in exercises not native to it, exhausts talent, fancy, ingenuity, and invention, and makes artifice tributary to art. Of the very essence of childhood at its plastic source, it leaps toward adolescence and virility. Itself bound up with the wonder of life, it covets for its investment the phenomenal strangeness of romance.

Our hope of a vital literature is grounded upon genius as pre-eminently social—a communal heritage. It has hereditary distinction—else race would not count for so much—inexplicable distinctions also in diverse strains of specialization, but in no way associated with privilege, class, or circumstance. While it is corrupted by private ambition or spoiled by masterfulness, it, by virtue of its sympathy, naturally tends to mastery and leadership, as service demanded of its eminence—life rising to the height from which it may most beneficently fall. Individual genius is inseparable from that of the race, sympathetically blending with all the currents of contemporary life, and accepting its ideals.

A study of past examples of creative literature shows that while genius is essential to art, none of these examples would have attained eminence in its own time, or have survived for our admiration, by virtue of genius alone. The pure gold has in this mint been very much adulterated by mixture with baser metal, and it is this adulteration which gave ancient art the structural excellence and objective impressiveness which have preserved it to us, conveying, through an investment not wholly the product of creative imagination and alien to our thought and sympathies, the beauty of form which is born of pure genius and has an everlasting appeal.

The demand upon genius changes its character with the transformation of our ideals and especially with such a transformation of human sensibility, from the central principle of sympathy, as has occurred since the middle of the nineteenth century, radically modifying our appreciation of the past and our expectation of the future. Our interest in past art and literature has come to depend more upon what we have in common with the past, so that our criticism has become sympathetically interpretative rather than formal and scholastic, selective of that in the life of the past which has duration and penetration into the living present. We appreciate the heroic impulse, Homeric, medieval, and Elizabethan, but as turned from its aims in the past toward those which appeal to our modern humanism. The tendency is toward a literature creative in its whole texture, or, as we phrase it, a creative realism, following the lines of a life felt as well as imagined rather than those of invention or romantic fancy, yet not infantile in its plasticity, but structural to the full stature of virile and buoyant humanity. This new path may lead to no Æschylean or Shakesperian heights, and so our coming literature may be deemed mediocre for lack of towering eminences, but it will not be pulseless, nor void of the mighty reactions which make for surprising renewals.

Genius entering and fully occupying its heritage of commonness, becoming the leaven of the humanity it illuminates and this a principle of social evolution, gains more than it surrenders, and its increase is in the terms of living wisdom and power. Novelists like George Eliot, Hardy, Meredith, Howells, and James, wonderful as their culture of this field has been, have only begun to realize its possibilities. Among the later writers of fiction, none has more closely, more sympathetically and with clearer intuition followed the lines of life than Mrs. Deland has in her recent novels.

We are not of those who fear that when men cease to fight one another they will find no other test of courage and virility, or that there can be no nobler heroism to displace the vanishing heroisms of the past, or that higher human ideals must connote a decadence of literature. The literature we are expecting, as the result of tendencies already manifest, will not sink into vague subjectivity, but more eagerly and passionately than any previous literature will, for its investment, seize upon the whole world open to an ever-broadening consciousness and experience.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A Spasm of Economy

BY FREDERICK M. SMITH

MISS BETTY MALLARD, sparkling as the November morning, stood in front of the long, three-paneled mirror trying on a winter hat, while I lounged in a cane chair fiddling with my stick. Madame Florette, a comely milliner, the tightness of whose black gown drew prompt attention to her bodily presence, stood in polite tolerance holding a second hat.

The one on Miss Mallard's head was brown, shaped like a shallow inverted bowl, had a coil of brown velvet round the crown, and at the side one little bunch of orange-hued roses held in place by a silver ornament. The one in Madame Florette's hand was smaller and simpler; it was all of black save for the brim's white edge and a single white gull's wing poised at the side. It was not obtrusive, but it had distinction.

"Which do you like, George?" asked Betty.

"The other one," and I indicated the creation in Madame Florette's hands.

"I like it best myself; but I simply can't pay thirty dollars for a hat now. This one is only fifteen; and I've got to be economical."

"It's poor economy to buy something you don't want just because it's cheaper than something you do want," I remarked.

"But this one looks very well on me."

"You could say as much for a fish-basket," said I.

Her eyes had a momentary gleam of appreciation, but her only answer was a sniff. Any other retort was precluded by the fact that she was changing hats and her mouth was doing duty as a pin-holder.

"That is much the most becoming," declared Madame.

"Naturally, since it costs thirty dollars," retorted her customer. "But there's not enough difference in looks to make the difference in price."

"The black one is imported," submitted the milliner.



"THE OTHER ONE," AND I INDICATED THE CREATION IN MADAME FLORETTE'S HANDS

"I can't afford foreign luxuries," sighed Betty.

"If you were poor," I observed, "it would be different. But you're not. You're the spoiled daughter of a well-to-do banker and you're merely having a momentary spasm of economy."

"It isn't a spasm. I've already drawn half my next month's allowance; and, besides, it's Thanksgiving and I *must* have some money for charities."

She threw this over her shoulder at me as she was tilting her head at strange angles to give herself a better view of the hat. With reluctance, but decision, she finally removed it and again assumed the brown one with the roses.

"I rather like this," said she.

"But you want the other," said I.

"And I can't afford it. Think how much one can do with fifteen dollars. There are lots of poor people who need things at this time of year."

"The poor have far too much attention at these times," I declared. "What we need is a philanthropist who will give to persons of modest means the things of beauty which their souls crave. Is not life more than meat?"

"Well, meat comes first," decided Betty. "I'd like this." And here she tried on for the third time the black affair. "But"—and here she put it off again as if she were repelling Satan—"but I simply can't afford it. I'll take the other."

Again Madame Florette adjusted the brown on Miss Mallard's head, the latter using her hat-pins with a vigor that meant no retreat.

"I'll wear it," she announced. And I saw in her decision a fear that if she didn't make the bargain inevitable she might yet change her mind.

Madame Florette permitted herself a French lift of the shoulders which signified an unenthusiastic acceptance of the sale. Though, to be sure, the shrug was not very French, as the lady is Irish by parentage, Gallic merely by profession.

Betty paid cash, it being one of her rules never to have things charged, and we departed. In her defense I must explain that she had returned from the South but two days before; which accounts for her late purchase of so important a thing as a winter hat.

As we emerged into the street she smiled righteously. "Now I can do lots of things. First we'll go down to Hunt's and I'll send a basket of groceries to Sarah, the old colored woman who washes for us."

There was a cheery atmosphere outside—a still and snappy cold, slippery sidewalks crowded with intent and careful shoppers, appetizingly decorated windows, a sound of creaking wheels.

"I'll have a turkey," Betty decided when we arrived at the grocery.

"But turkeys are twenty-eight cents a pound," I warned. "A duck or a chicken will be quite as acceptable to Sarah."

"I don't have to economize now. And it looks so stingy to send a chicken when at Thanksgiving everybody wants turkey."

Of course she had her own way, and a basket of groceries, including a small turkey, celery, cranberries, hominy, and flour was sent to Sarah. The bill was four dollars and fifty-five cents. We left the grocery with the glow of philanthropists.

On the corner stood a Salvation Army lass collecting funds for the big dinner. Betty had out her purse in an instant. "It's a good opportunity to get rid of these horrid silver dollars," said she, dropping two into her hand.

"Poor thing!" she added, as we proceeded. "Fancy having to wear a hat like that!"

"Pretty is as pretty does," I reminded her.

"It can be carried to an extreme," said she, pausing in front of a jeweler's window to gaze at her new hat in the great mirror that backed the display.

As we turned away a limousine swept up to the curb, the door opened, a splendidly bedecked head was thrust out, and a shrill, feminine voice called, "Betty! oh, Betty!"

It was young Mrs. Phil Philips.

"I'm glad to see you!" she bubbled. "I'm collecting money for the Associated Charities feed. We're going to give a turkey dinner and a pair of mittens to every poor child in the lower town."

"Of *course*," said Betty. "I'm glad to help. Here's five. I happen to be flush."

"Oh, then if you're flush," beamed Mrs. Phil—she's one of those annoying women, who leave their children at home to play godmother to Tom, Dick and Reginald—"if you're flush, maybe you'd like to put your name to *this*. We're getting up a subscription to send Dr. Radway to the Holy Land in January. I know you belong to the First Church, but we're all Presbyterians."

"Oh, well," agreed Betty. "Put me down for two dollars. Here, I'll pay you now so as to get it off my mind."

"I haven't any change," demurred the wily Mrs. P., holding on to Betty's bill.

"Never mind; five, then," said Betty, gazing so fascinatedly at Mrs. Phil's hat that she forgot business.

"George?" coaxed Mrs. Philips, extending her list to me.

"You don't expect an Episcopalian to contribute to the high jinks of a Presbyterian?" I countered.

"The dinner, then?"

"He's already given to that," said Betty, sharply. "Bye-bye."

The door of the limousine closed. "How pretty the hats are this year!" observed my companion as we moved off. Three yards farther she stopped deliberately in front of a dry-goods store, in the window of which was a display of black goods. They made an effective mirror, and though Betty pretended to be looking at the cloth, I saw that she was re-estimating her late purchase. She settled it on her head with a shake, and a small sigh escaped her as she turned away.

Just then, as if Fate were stage-managing the thing, whom should we meet but Maud Knowlton. I was going to say that she looked like a princess, but that would be unjust to Maud. She has the hardy northern European variety of princess left a very considerable distance in the rear. She looks just what she is—a handsome young American girl with a large allowance, a boarding-school education, and not enough book-learning to have visibly affected her looks. She is thoroughly likable and a great friend of ours. On this morning—mark the hand of Fate—she was wearing a hat most beautifully and wonderfully made. It did not look like the invention of man: it was rather as if it had been dreamed by Virot or made to music by Chanel.

Maud stopped to greet Betty, and ended by asking, "How do you like my hat?" It was not her vanity; she was as a child asking the approval of the connoisseur, for everybody knows that, though Maud dresses well, Betty usually dresses better.

The latter responded volubly that it was lovely; though I saw that it cost her a pang to admit it.

"It's a Paris-pattern hat that mother got in Cincinnati. Do you really like it?"

After leaving Maud we went into Prindle's to get a hot chocolate; and here Betty gazed long at herself in the wall mirror.

"I wish I could have afforded the other hat," said she.

"Take it back now and get the other," I counseled.

"After I've paid for this and worn it! I couldn't be so small, even if she'd let me. And I tell you I can't afford it. It's awful to be poor."

"It's worse to be stubborn."



"It's a Paris Pattern. Do you really like it? I'm so glad!"

"And it's worse still to be disagreeable. If I have to wear old things you might at least be sympathetic."

I put my hand out and touched the pink of her wrist. "Cheer up, old lady," said I. "You look very well in it."

"You're just trying to console me," she objected.

I gave up. There was no use trying to please a woman in that state of mind.

On Thanksgiving Day I dined at the Mallards', and we did not leave the house. On the day following I turned up there at three in the afternoon, for Betty was going with me to call on my aunt Jane.

I thought she looked queer when she came in dressed for the street; but it was a minute



"YOU DID CHANGE IT?"

before I realized just what had happened. She was wearing the black hat.

I gaped. "You did change it?"

She shook her head, and stared straight at me without the flick of an eyelash.

"But—"

"I'd worn it three times and it was full of holes. She wouldn't change it."

"You got both!"

"I couldn't go on wearing that other thing, could I?"

"I thought it was a very good hat."

"You know I looked horrid in it. I was just pretending to myself that I didn't. And it was foolish to pretend longer."

"I thought you never had things charged," I ventured, weakly.

At this she gleamed. "I didn't. I went to father and made a clean breast of the whole thing; and it turned out beautifully. He'd just made a lot of money on a business deal, and he was so good-humored that he gave me fifty dollars in addition to my allowance. So you see," and in her eyes appeared a humorous twinkle—"you see it was a good thing, after all. If I hadn't got that first hat I wouldn't have had so much money to give away; and I did do some good with it, didn't I?"

I sniffed, and she whipped round on the other tack. "Still, I've learned my lesson," said she, solemnly. "I've learned that as a rule it's not economy to buy something you don't want just because it's cheaper than something you do want. Come along; I'm ready."

Quotation is the subtlest form of flattery. I was so tickled at the whole business that that afternoon when she saw an eighteen-dollar pendant that she liked I got it for her. And we were both correspondingly happy.

Still I wonder if an economist would have found something to criticize in our philosophy. For I figure that Betty's experiment cost her father and myself sixty-eight dollars more than it would have if she had bought the hat she wanted in the first place.

A Domestic Tragedy

IT is said that the tragedies of early married life sometimes seem to lessen as they are seen through the perspective of years.

A young wife came to her mother-in-law with a heart-broken expression not long ago, and threw herself on the couch in the abandonment of grief.

"Why, Annette, what is the matter?" anxiously exclaimed the older woman. "Has anything happened to Frank?"

"Oh, mother, how can I tell you. He's taken to staying out nights!" cried the unhappy bride.

"How long has this been going on, dear? It doesn't seem possible! I used to know all about my boy's habits, and certainly that was not among the number. How late does he stay away?"

"Well, you know he usually leaves the office at five-thirty, mother. Night before last he never got home until twenty minutes after six, and last night he never set foot in the house until half-past six. Oh, what shall I do!"

Called Home

A NOTED clergyman whose pastorate is in a well-known city was spending a few days at the summer home of one of his congregation.

While seated on the piazza one afternoon with his hostess her little boy and girl came running toward them; the former with a rat, held at arm's-length by the tail.

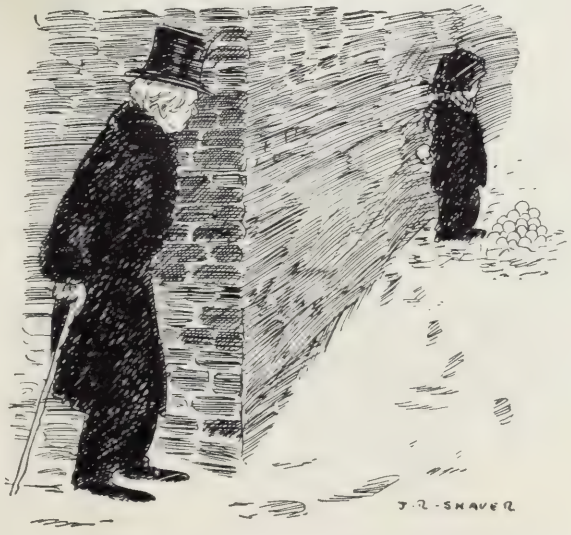
"Don't be afraid, mother," he called. "It is quite dead! We beat him and beat him!" each declaration being illustrated by an imaginary blow on the rat. Then, feeling a deference might be due the clergyman, he said, in measured, solemn tones and with uplifted eyes, "Yes, we beat him and beat him until — God — called — him — home."

Too Close for Comfort

A GROUP of grieving depositors stood on the sidewalk before the closed doors of a recently defunct bank. It wasn't a merry scene. One man who had lost his all was trying to brace up a colored grandpa whose white wool bobbed up and down into the folds of a bandana.

"Don't cry, Uncle," he said. "Banks burst every day, you know."

"Yes, sir, I know it, but—huh! huh! huh!—dis bank—huh! huh!—done bus' right in mah face!"



THE OLD GENTLEMAN: "*Bless my soul! Perhaps I'd better go 'round the other way.*"



A Skeptic

MARY had a little lamb,
Missouri was its source,
And everything that Mary said
The lamb would doubt, of course.

It never contradicted her
Openly, but ah!
To everything that Mary said,
It always answered "Ba-a-ah!"

A Puzzler

EVERY mother knows of the time when questions, often unanswerable, come too thick and fast for the nerve-balance of a busy housewife.

On baking-day mamma turned rather crossly to little Elsie.

"For mercy's sake, stop asking so many questions, child!"

"Well, mamma, just tell me this: which is the front end of this biscuit?"

A Time for Everything

ONE of the surgeons at the United States Naval Hospital, Boston, was making preparations to perform a slight operation upon a negro sailor, when he noticed that the patient had become quite nervous, so, in order to reassure him and divert his mind, the surgeon said:

"Johnson, you must not think about this; just think of Booker Washington."

To which the negro replied, "Now, boss, don't you talk to me about Booker Washington; you talk about Gawd."



The trouble—some players think too much of mere chess

Exceptions Noted by Moses

THERE was no love lost between a certain pupil and the teacher of a colored school in Richmond. Moses thought the teacher was too critical, to which effect he had expressed himself more than once, with the result that he had been disciplined.

"You are giving attention to what I say, Moses," said the teacher one day during the course of a talk to her class.

"Yes, teacher, I is payin' attention, 'deed I is," Moses hastened to say.

"You should never say 'I is'!" admonished the teacher. "I have told you a thousand times. You know the correct form. There are no exceptions to its use. Give me two examples at once."

"Yessum," said Moses, meekly. "I am one of de letters of de alphabet. I am a pronoun."

Non-partisan

GEORGE, the sexton's youngest, was recounting the prowess of his grandfather to Herbert, the rector's son, who was properly impressed, and asked:

"Your grandfather on your father's or mother's side?"

"Oh, he sticks up for both of 'em," said George.

The Remedy

MRS. RAY had just engaged a new nursemaid for her baby. One morning, shortly after the girl's arrival, she appeared before her mistress, and said:

"Please, ma'am, I don't know what's the matter with the baby, but he cries and cries. I can do nothing to quiet him."

Mrs. Ray was lost in thought for a moment. Suddenly she brightened up and replied:

"I know what it is, Minnie. Baby's last nurse was a colored girl. You will find the stove polish on the third shelf of the kitchen closet."



November's Guest of Honor



The Usurper

His Choice

BY SARAH REDINGTON

HE likes his Humpty Dumpty with the comic painted grin;
He likes the great big strap-on drum that makes a warlike din;
He loves old Prince, the spotty horse with nostrils wide and red;
But they lie upon the hearthrug when he's carried off to bed.

Before his supper's ready, when nap and walk are done,
With dump-cart and with choo-choo cars he has the best of fun.
And sometimes when the Sandman comes he leaves them with a sigh,
But he never takes them with him to the Land of Sleepy-by.

For even when you're only two (which isn't very old),
You know that toys of wood and tin are hard and sharp and cold,
Not nice at all to cuddle, . . . and when all is done and said
The cuddly kind's the only kind of toy to take to bed.

Old Fritz, the brown-plush dachshund, is a shabby, tailless dog;
A button eye is missing from the friendly Golliwog;
The Bunny's lost his stuffing, the Teddy Bear's a sight;
But oh, they're just the nicest toys to share your crib at night!

It's drum and sword and trumpet in valiant daytime plays;
For garden path, the wagon red; the spade for seaside days;
But oh, the toys you love the best when you are half past two,
They surely are the comfy ones that sleep o' nights with you!



"Willie, take your spoon at once! How often do I have to tell you it's bad manners to drink up your soup with your trunk!"